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JANUARY

HOLLYWOOD'S UNMARRIED HUSBANDS

Four Pages of Hilarious Star Caricatures by W

eat Features by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT · LOUIS SOBO RETTA PALME

Behold!

a miracle on my teeth when LUSTER-FOAM began its *Bubble Bath*

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments above are typical.

New Listerine Tooth Paste with amazing Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath" cleanses teeth new, thrilling way . . . more penetrating . . . more thorough . . . millions choose it

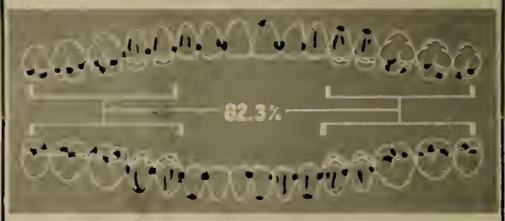
You simply can't imagine how clean your teeth can be . . . how brilliantly they gleam . . . until you have used the New Listerine Tooth Paste, energized by Luster-Foam.

Luster-Foam detergent is an outstanding contribution to dental care . . . the energetic foe of decay. It is not a soap, yet has far more penetrating power than soap. It is not a powder, yet has powder's effectiveness.

A tooth paste especially created to thoroughly cleanse the countless tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the teeth . . . the "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line so frequently neglected in the past. These are the areas to which dull film clings, where germs breed, fermenting acids form, and where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of all decay starts.

Into some of these areas, ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter. But Luster-Foam enters them . . . especially created to do that very job.

TYPICAL DANGER SPOTS WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE UP TO 98% OF DECAY STARTS



Tiny pits, cracks and fissures are the breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that **82.3%** of all decay starts in the molars and bicuspids. The remaining **17.7%** in all the other teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste containing Luster-Foam was created to reach these decay breeding areas.

That lively, aromatic Luster-Foam "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) starts performing a miracle the moment brush and saliva set it off.

Dull film is whisked away. Food accumulations come off like magic. Dangerous decay acids are combated. Millions of decay germs are removed.

You scarcely feel this going on—all you know is that your mouth feels wonderfully alive and fresh, and remains that way for hours afterward.

Get the new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent, right now! It will bring you a new conception of health and beauty. At all drug counters, in two sizes: Regular 25¢, and Big Double-Size containing more than ¼ lb. of toothpaste for 40¢—by all odds your best buy.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

for Super-cleansing

For afternoon wear, Betty Grable selects as her Essential Wardrobe a luxurious Seal Dyed Coney coat with softly rippled collar, a black crepe dress with gold embroidery and sash, black felt pill-box, black suede shoes, black suede pouch bag and black suede gloves. Betty Grable is appearing in Paramount Pictures.

advertisement

The LION'S ROAR

VATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer
hristmas!
I'm feeling merry already, because I've
ot an Xmas gift that warms this old
ingle heart.

's a studio-full of letters from you and
u and you (thanks to each of you) tell-
g me you liked my personal column in
st month's magazines and you want me
continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★ ★

ell, here's real news!
Remember my Christmas picture a few
ars ago—Charles Dickens' "David Cop-
field" (who could forget?) . . .

u'll see another heart-warming Charles
ckens story soon. M-G-M's "A
RISTMAS CAROL" comes at the
day season, and its message of "peace
earth, good will to men" so sorely
ded in these times will strike you as
ther fine job by the producers of
ys Town."

pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan
ford will show you that she's learned
of new steps as the dancing bride in
E SHINING HOUR." Plenty of
ners for Joan, among them Margaret
van, Robert Young, Melvyn Doug-
Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks.
a picture, too!

★ ★ ★ ★

ertainly started the festive season
The All-American rage now is "OUT
T WITH THE HARDYS", latest
ment from your favorite screen
y. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone
ll the folks are fine, thank you!

★ ★ ★ ★

'll remember December" is a good
for M-G-M . . . and the New Year
off to a happy start as those gay
s of love songs, Jeanette MacDon-
d Nelson Eddy bring us their first
n musical, "SWEETHEARTS"
echnicolor, too!

★ ★ ★ ★

said Christmas comes but once
?
'll get a holiday package on the screen
eek of 1939 from
anta Claus—

Leo

PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE-MEDAL

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Hedy Lamarr, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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VOL. LIII., No. 1, JANUARY, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) playing press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (*Oct.*)

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper than time with a family who becomes rich overnight and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (*Nov.*)

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With the simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians. Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (*Dec.*)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (*Oct.*)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (*Nov.*)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War has ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on. (Pat Ellis is wasted.) (*Nov.*)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (*Oct.*)

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of *Father Flanagan* and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitey*. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (*Nov.*)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice-skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (*Nov.*)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (*Dec.*)

★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (*Nov.*)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (*Oct.*)

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (*Oct.*)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (*Oct.*)

★ DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the *Jones Family* continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's divertissements on *Aunt Ida's* farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (*Dec.*)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the Northwest Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (*Oct.*)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (*Oct.*)

Roland Young and Connie Bennett, mad zanies of "Topper" fame, find that etherealism and jail don't jibe in Roach's sequel, "Topper Takes a Trip"

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (*Oct.*)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshie leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (*Nov.*)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (*Nov.*)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (*Oct.*)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash someplace. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island, though! (*Oct.*)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (*Nov.*)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (*Dec.*)

★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (*Oct.*)

(*Continued on page 88*)

"LET THERE BE A GREAT LAND, BRAVE WOMEN—AND BOLD MEN TO GUARD THEM!"

From the rocky cliffs of Newfoundland to the western slopes of the Yukon —sweeps a wild-hearted empire of rushing rivers, plains and towering peaks. Guarding this vast dominion—a handful of red-coated heroes maintain their tradition, "Get your man!"... Now, for the first time, the epic story of the Royal Canadian Mounted is told in living colors . . . told in the beat of love-torn hearts and glory of brave rash deeds!

HEART OF THE NORTH

A WARNER BROS. PRESENTATION

With a big cast
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Lee Katz and Vincent Sherman • Based on a Novel by William Byron Mowery • A First Nat'l Picture

ENTER · · · EVENING, 1939

a beguiling mode, rich in silver

Evening, 1939, sweeps in with trailing velvet . . . head regally high . . . hair sleekly "upped" . . . shoulders and arms gleaming with silver . . . FEDERAL Silver Fox. Federal is the perfect complement to the new after-dark mode. Beautifully frosted and thickly, silkily furred, it dramatizes your costumes.
And the name, stamped on the leather side of the pelt, insures *lasting* loveliness.
Insist upon FEDERAL Fox; it is featured by smart stores, everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES * HAMBURG, WISCONSIN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S LAST LETTER TO SANTA

DEAR SANTA:

Every year I write you a letter and on every Christmas you've always remembered what I ask for. I know it's not nice to ask for things but I've decided that telling you what I want might save you a lot of trouble. So this is a sort of shopping list and if you have time to get around to me after taking care of all the other little girls I'll be very glad if you take this list along.

But there is something I have to explain first. It is about last year. I didn't mean to play a trick on you. I just wanted to *see* you, Santa. Just once. That's why I put the bell on the toe of my stocking and hung it by my bed (instead of the usual place on the mantel) so I'd be sure to hear it. But I didn't. You filled it without ever making a sound—with those candy nuts I love so, and little glass figures for my collectchun and the small silver tea set. Remember?

And maybe I'd better explain about that stocking too. Mine isn't very big. Sonny and Jack (they are my brothers) only wear socks but they hold more. So I told a friend of mother's and she made me that glazed chintz stocking two feet long. I hope you don't mind because I'd like to use it again this year.

MRS. TEMPLE says that Shirley is "on the edge" in her belief in Santa.

This is probably the last Christmas she will ever write to him and we are proud to present her letter. We sincerely hope he'll bring her everything she asks for. . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

WHAT I want more than anything, Santa (even more than a double-folding sleeping bag and one of those jiffy tents) is another Jimmy. O I know it will be hard to find and you will have to look all over because Jimmy was the dearest baby doll in the world He went to Honolulu with me and he was so good. But on the trip we took last summer I left my Jimmy sitting in the car right in the sun when we went to the Grand Canyon. I never should a done that because my dad locked the car and it got pretty hot. When we came back Jimmy's cheeks were cracked The paint had run onto his little white rompers and when I picked him up his lashes fell out. I just could not help crying. My dad sent him back to the doll hospital in Hollywood but they couldn't fix him. When I got home I buried my Jimmy in our backyard and Mary Lou Isleib (she is my best friend and stand-in)

(Continued on page 56)

film folk I HAVE KNOWN

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

America's most distinguished lady brings you an intimate glimpse of the picture people she has met

SOMEWHERE in a paper not long ago I saw the following question: "Are actors and actresses the same in real life as they are on the stage?" It set me thinking, for, in the course of my life, I have known a good many artists of one kind or another—actors, actresses, musicians, dancers, painters, writers—all akin in the love they have for their art.

They spend their lives trying to give the world pleasure through this art. As far as actors and actresses are concerned, whether on the stage or in the movies, I doubt if any of them would like us to think that they were the same on the stage as off. Success, in their profession, requires that they create for us the illusion that they really are the characters which they portray and that those characters are alive and playing a part in real life for the time that we follow them on the stage.

Those whom I have known off the stage, however, frequently carry into their real lives something that is reminiscent of their stage technique. Others are so entirely different that you can hardly see any resemblance to the person you saw in such and such a part last winter, or in some picture last night.

The first great actress I ever met was Eleonora Duse. While the others talked, I stood shyly and devoured her with my eyes. She was the most beautiful and fascinating-looking creature . . . but I must stop talking about the past and tell you a little about some of my acquaintances in the movies who can be called contemporaries.

JEAN DIXON, of course, is a friend of some years standing, a charming, cultured woman who speaks French like a native, is a great reader and who has had the great advantage as a youngster of working for a while with Sarah Bernhardt. These memories she cherishes, as I cherish having seen the same great actress playing in "L'Aiglon" when I was in Paris as a schoolgirl.

Three years ago, I began to meet some of the very young Hollywood stars who were kind enough to come to Washington to appear at the various Birthday Balls given on the night of my husband's birthday.

The first year, Ginger Rogers stands out as a charming personality; the next year there were more and I saw them at lunch. They were Mr. Robert Taylor, Miss Marsha Hunt, Miss Maria Gambarelli, Miss Mitzi Green, Mr. Frederick Jagel and Miss Jean Harlow.

First these guests were taken to greet my husband in his study; then we ate in the state dining room. I confess I asked them, with some trepidation, if they would like to see more of the White House, wondering how much they would care for historic interests. Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor seemed to be considered first place by the others, but they all expressed a keen desire to see all there was to be seen.

We went through the White House from garret to cellar and over to the executive offices as well. The colored staff was agog with excitement and, on the third floor, Robert Taylor was held up and begged for his autograph, which he very generously gave. This only happened to him, however, because he lagged behind and I was not there to protect him.

I THINK I must also tell you that Marie Dressler, when she spent a night with us, was told by her maid how great was the interest of the staff below stairs in her visit.

Before she started out with the President and me in the morning to help unveil a monument,

Admiral T. J. Senn Mayor Frank Shaw

Two former White House visitors who honored Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson at an M-G-M luncheon are gone—Will Rogers and Marie Dressler

Shirley Temple won the heart of Mrs. Roosevelt, but the test came when she met Sistie and Buzzie

The First Lady, with Robert Taylor

she spent an hour in the kitchen, greeting everybody and signing autographs for them with that friendly manner no one else ever quite has been able to imitate.

Marie Dressler is gone and so is little Jean Harlow, but I will never forget the letters both of them wrote me, so filled were they with appreciation of what the White House means to American citizens. Perhaps an actress has to be a little more sensitive to atmosphere than the average person, but true it is that these two expressed it as few of our guests have done.

Looking at little Mitzi Green across the table, it was hard to realize that she was only sixteen and on her way to musical-comedy success in New York. One little incident I shall always remember. As we came into my husband's office, one of the girls said: "I wish we had told the President how glad we are to be here. Let's sit in his chair and leave him a message."

They wrote the message and one by one all of them, girls and boys alike, sat in his chair and signed it.

THIS past January, another group was with us and this time most of my children were at home, so they had plenty of young people to entertain them. At lunch with me were Miss Patricia Bowman, Mr. Joe E. Brown, Miss Louise Fazenda, Miss Maria Gambarelli, Miss Janet Gaynor, Miss Ann Gillis (the ten-year-old star), Mr. Glen Gray, Mr. Richmond B. Keech, Mr. Tommy Kelly (aged twelve), Mr. Anthony Labriola, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. Ken Murray and Miss Eleanor Powell.

Pretty Eleanor Powell made two of my daughters-in-law extremely jealous, or so they pretended, and I noticed that my boys were extremely anxious to act as guides through the White House. They usually hang back when any such suggestion is made.

They all returned, after their tour through the House, to my sitting room, Franklin, Junior, remarking, "We think perhaps you

(Continued on page 83)

Among those stars who lunched at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt before the President's Birthday Ball last year were (back row) Joe E. Brown, Eleanor Powell, Fredric March, Ray Bolger; (front row) Ann Gillis, Tommy Kelly, Maria Gambarelli and Janet Gaynor

Photoplay turns back the Hollywood calendar to bring you the marital mergers and tangles, the Blessed and not-so-Blessed Events in a bulletin that's town talk

THIS YEAR'S

BY GRETTA PALMER

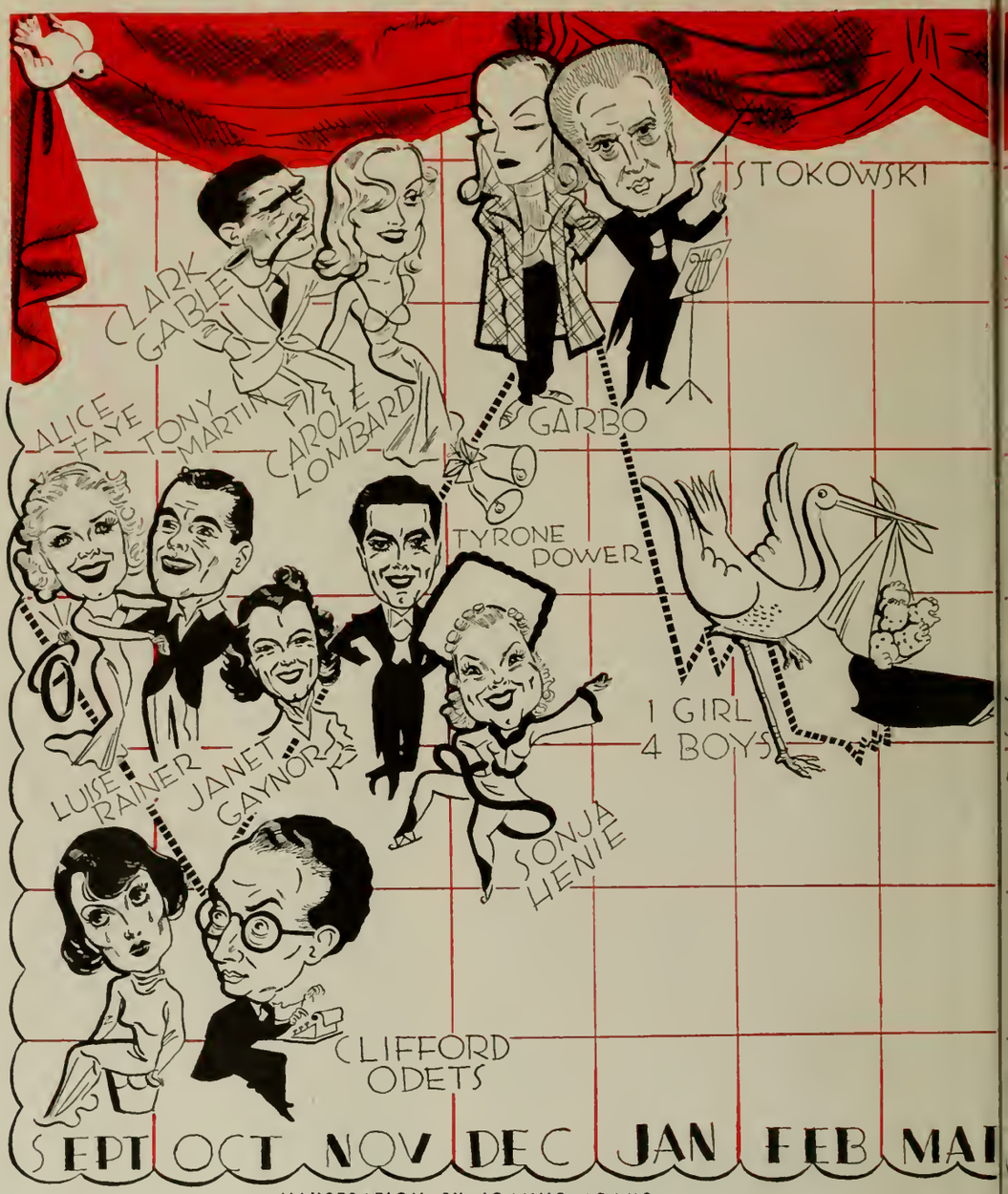


ILLUSTRATION BY JOANNE ADAMS

September, 1937: Saw the birth of a new Photoplay. The following months have brought record-breaking events. So the editors mark the close of its first fiscal year with these hilariously vital statistics. Romance opened strong, with marriage quotations giving the market a bullish trend. Announcement of the marriage of Miriam Hopkins to Director Anatole Litvak, early in the month, marked the beginning of the broad upswing. Cupid Common soared when Alice Faye and Tony Martin were wed. Other issues responded: Luise Rainer, in a statement, assailed bears who sold short her marriage to Clifford Odets, the playwright. The Tyrone Power-Loretta Young interests were reported firm, although a nervous tone prevailed over the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie collaboration. Stork rallied with the new Gary Cooper-Veronica Balfe issue.

October: Marriage held firm, in spite of bearish interest in the Clark Gable ménage, with rumored participation by Carole Lombard. Hearts advanced when Francis Lederer wed Margo, showing strong foreign interests in the Domestic Hearts' market.

Rumors of a rise in Garbo-Stokowski, formerly unlisted, were denied by the company involved.

The Virginia Bruce-David Niven romance sagged. Conflicting rumors on the Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck amalgamation confused observers.

November: Romances soared, with a firm undertone of wedding bells. The market for the month closed strong. Jackie Coogan's marriage to Betty Grable, Betty Furness' to orchestra leader Johnny Green and Alan Curtis' to Priscilla Lawson were pivotal points in the latter half of the session.

Public participation was marked. Traders and usually authoritative sources rumored new listings and the gossip tape lagged behind events. The new Tyrone Power consolidation mentioned Janet Gaynor. The Ginger Rogers-Playwright Robert Riskin deal attracted attention. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable were bracketed for a sharp rally. Robert Taylor's European interests included Barbara Stanwyck, according to London and domestic tipsters.

December: Matrimonial shares reached year's high when Virginia Bruce and Director J. Walter Ruben brought out a new and eagerly received gilt-edged debenture. The Hearts' Exchange reflected sentiment.

Continued upswing raised Romance averages to new highs on the year's movement. Early in the month several matrimonial issues were retired: Leopold Stokowski changed his listing and tape symbol from Husband to Divorcé. Gloria Holden released her holdings in Harold Winston. There was profit-taking in Stork Preferred by the firm of Henry Fonda and Wife.

Garbo denied plans for a Stokowski merger. Well-informed observers reflected coldness towards Lupe Velez-Weissmuller shares. Nervousness was expressed by the tape on the Clark Gable-Lombard company shares.

A broadly bullish tone prevailed, with Cary Grant-Phyllis Brooks and Loretta Young-Joe Mankiewicz moving briskly.

January, 1938: The New Year's Marriage Market opened sluggish, with little support. The Stan Laurel wedding on the opening day was bullish, but general nervousness prevailed. Volatile issues, such as Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck, remained unchanged. The Lili Damita-Errol Flynn romance encountered resistance.

The Stork Market showed an improved technical position. Stork Preferred announced four new listings when sons were born to Allan Jones, Bela Lugosi, Arline Judge and Bing Crosby. A daughter born to Claude Rains made this the outstanding month for stockholders in the Baby Commodity Market.

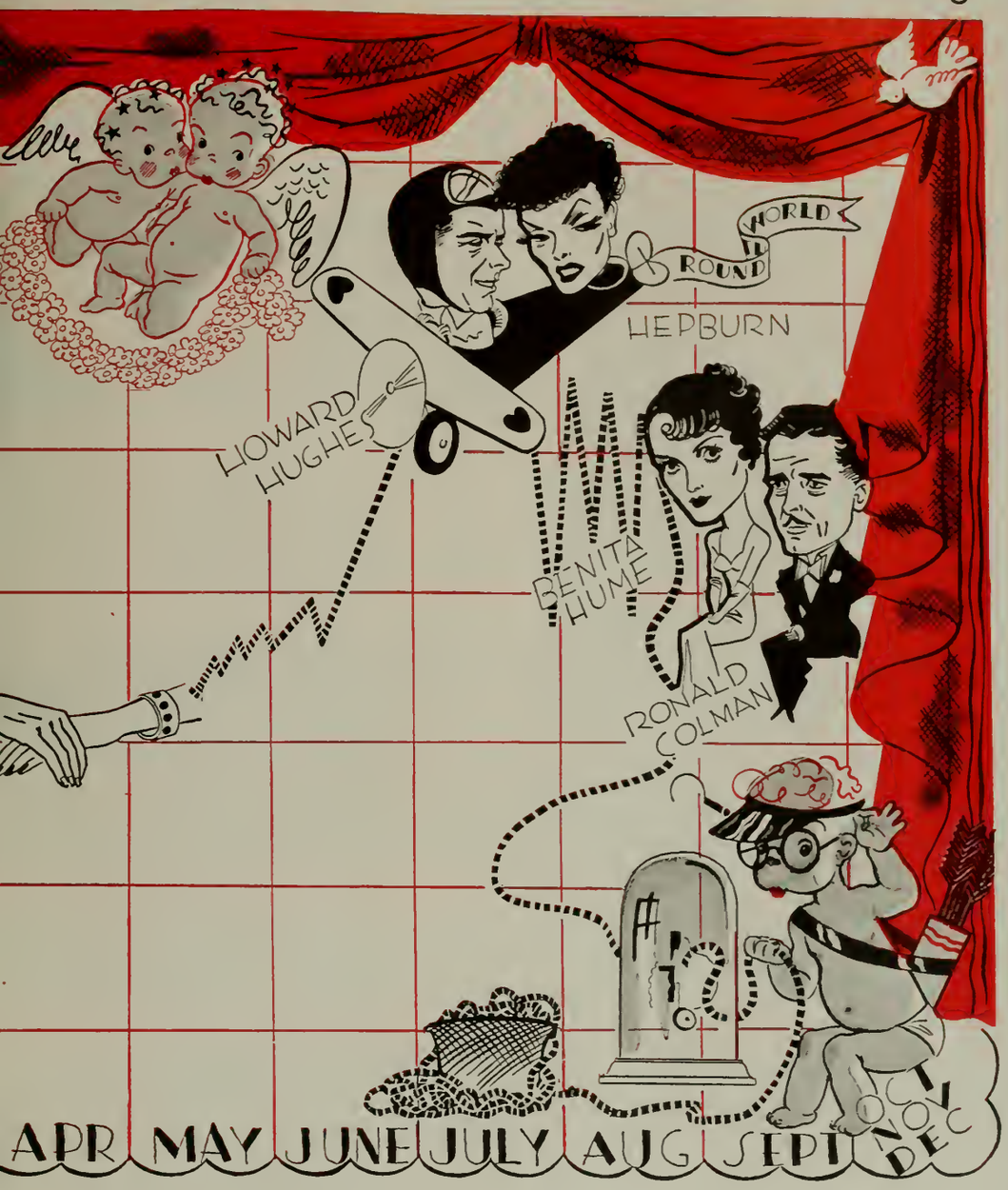
February: The Hearts' Exchange opened with little volume and scant outside participation. Traders were inclined to be bearish and Romance moved sluggishly. Certain observers profited on the downside with the announcement of Fay Wray's separation from the writer, John Monk Saunders, and Walter Wanger's divorce from Justine Johnstone.

Valentine Common sagged sharply, in the dullest session of the year. News of Stokowski's sailing to join Garbo brought only a faint response.

March: The month opened with a bulge in Love, but Matrimony attracted few bidders. The Kay Francis engagement to Baron Eric Barnekow brought some public participation. Babies were bullish, with Bob Burns' new son attracting interest.

The Stokowski-Garbo issue moved sidewise, with conflicting rumors arousing uneasiness among gossip-brokers. The Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor bond remained firm. Hands-Holding received some support from the increased activities of the A. C. Blumenthal and June Lang interests.

LOVE MARKET . . . *Its Highs and Lows*



April: Romance continued to lag, with many shares striking the low for the year on the Hearts' Exchange. Gossip-brokers were reluctant to take a position and the specialists' book showed few offerings. The tape reported bearish developments in Marriage Preferred when Herbert Marshall, handsome star, was sued by Eddy Brandt for alienating the affections of Mrs. Brandt (Lee Russell).

Eternal Triangle responded with a brief flurry of interest, but the Love market remained disappointingly stagnant for the session as a whole.

Infant Commodities attracted interest with the birth of a daughter to Doris Warner and M-G-M producer Mervyn LeRoy.

May: The Hearts' Exchange continued its recent listless tone, with few offerings. Shorts were vindicated when Luise Rainer and playwright Clifford Odets announced their separation early in the session.

Hearts advanced on a narrow front with the rumor of a rise in Melting Glances, Inc., sponsored by the strong Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel interests.

Slight gains were reported at the Fox lot, with Sonja Henie and Richard Greene said to be participating in Beating Hearts Preferred. Usually reliable sources did not authenticate the rumor that large interests were watching this issue.

June: Hearts advanced with a sharp rise and shorts scurrying to cover their positions. Love encountered little resistance in the almost perpendicular return.

All matrimonial issues shared in the most rapid upturn in months.

Leaders in the Matrimonial advance were Lily Pons-Andre Kostelanetz Nuptials, Frances Langford-Jon Hall Elopement, Inc., Gloria Dickson-Perc Westmore Knot, Cecilia Parker-Dick Baldwin Wedding-Bells, Virginia Walker-William Hawks Bridal Shares and Russell Gleason-Cynthia Hobart Honeymooner.

The strength of the movement was reflected among the Rumors, where Richard Greene was claimed on behalf of three important shareholders: Arleen Whelan, Loretta Young, Sonja Henie.

Bidding for the favors of the young British star sent his stock soaring to remarkable new highs for the year.

July: The Hearts' Exchange held its gains this month, in spite of a rapid turnover as reflected in the Franchot Tone and Richard Arlen separation reports. The latter was unexpected and caused gloom among Heart Throb dealers.

A general optimistic tone, however, prevailed. Trading in Matrimonial shares was brisk, with the Claire Trevor-Clark Andrews marriage leading the movement. The rise was reflected in the Lee Tracy wedding. Lita Grey Chaplin's recovery was marked, with announcement of her participation in Matrimony, Preferred. The Mary Lou Lender-Delmer Daves nuptials attracted the attention of traders and insiders considered the marriage of Carole Lombard's secretary, "Fieldsie," to Director Walter Lang significant.

Foreign holdings were depressed by reiterated attention to the affairs of Sigrid Gurie, hailed as deriving from Norway but actually originating in Brooklyn. Her divorce from Thomas W. Stewart and the Zita Johann-John McCormick split caused Foreign Hearts to lag, but they recovered during the session.

Romances shared in the month's recovery, along with Matrimonial shares, on a broad front. Hepburn stock broke through the old high, with rumored association with Howard Hughes. The Michael Whalen-Ilona Massey participation caused a flurry and much out-of-town interest was reflected by the rise in Romances, based on the Simone Simon-Gene Markey rumor. The Loretta Young status continued to interest Exchange heads: her adoption of the George Brent directorate was said, though not authenticated, to be distressing to the Tyrone Power interests.

August: The market held its gains, in spite of considerable speculation on the downside. Bears' raids were reflected in the precipitate decline of the Jack Oakies' Matrimonial listing. The suspension of Velez-Weissmuller Maritals had been predicted by all the insiders and caught few gossip-traders short. Foreign shares were easier, with Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick) splitting, two for one, with his former Countess. Other declines were shown in the Ann Sheridan-Edward Norris marital status: the Vera Steadman-Martin Padway listing dropped the symbol Mrs. on the tape.

The Blue Chips, however, firmed after their recent sharp rise and, in some cases, continued their advance. Marriages rebounded when Humphrey Bogart, twice divorced, and Mayo Methot, once divorced, were merged in a new corporation. The Sylvia Sidney-Luther Adler amalgamation sent Marriage shares to a month's high and caught many oldtimers unprepared. Marital Tangles reflected the rumor that Dorothy Lamour, wife of Herbie Kay, seemed somewhat interested in a new merger with Randy Scott. At least, the two were seen here and there at the different dine and dance spots.

Pivotal stars showed revived interest. The Ronald Colman-Benita Hume stock soared on the rumor that consolidation of their interests had already been quietly arranged. The Janet Gaynor-Adrian situation was regarded as very bullish by experts downtown. Incorporation papers were said to have been drawn up between Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, whose stock had been one of the most actively traded on the board in recent months. Hints that he had been managed by a pool were discounted by authoritative sources on the Exchange.

The rise in Hearts and Marriages was reflected

(Continued on page 75)

Ellen justified the faith of discerning fans by her performance in "If I Were King"

Mama IS IN THE MOVIES NOW

A famous columnist, who never believed in Cinderella stories, met Ellen Drew, whom stardom's magic wand has just touched. Now he knows there's one real Cinderella

BY LOUIS SOBOL

MISS TERRY RAY sat in the frantically cluttered cubicle I call my office and blurted out, "Oh, yes. I'm married. Why, heavens, I've got a little boy—Skipper. He's three-and-a-half."

The mild-mannered young gentleman who had accompanied Miss Ray to the office blanched. He thrust out a hand as if in shuddery disapproval. "T-t-tell him," he spluttered, "how you are really a Twentieth-Century Cinderella and—"

"Oh," murmured the girl. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that about Skipper—should I? May I have a cigarette, please?"

But she didn't sound too sorry—except, perhaps, for the nice young publicity man who looked woefully forlorn and let down at the awfulness of the revelation.

It was no hardship talking to and looking at the slim, pulchritudinous young matron who no longer is Terry Ray but listed on the Paramount pay roll as Ellen Drew. Since her nice press notices, earned after the critics surveyed her in "If I Were King," Ellen has become a Personality and the studio emirs are currently polishing up that precious wand, one wave of which transforms talented little girls into stars, with all the billing and salary concomitants, option pickups and exploitation flurries that keep a cinema notable in allegedly high spirits—and amply filled purse.

Personally, I think this Cinderella business is overdone. Every little girl who once went to high school and whose father was not a banker or senator is a Cinderella girl as soon as she lures a stage or screen contract and I, for one, am pretty bored with the description—and don't believe it anyway.

I wouldn't call Ellen Drew a Cinderella-girl. In fact, I won't. She is a trim-bodied, clear-eyed, self-reliant young woman with a keen mentality who is beginning to cash in on her assets. Neither her father nor her mother was ever connected with the stage nor was either abnormally interested in what went on behind the footlights. Nor, for that matter, was Ellen until someone in the Parker High School in Chicago thought the little girl with the green-blue eyes and the chestnut brown hair and the rather mellow voice was just the sort of girl who ought to show her school spirit by appearing in the school plays.

Ellen Drew, who was Terry Ray, was born in Kansas City, November 23, 1915, which proves to the mathematically inclined that she is twenty-three years old. The family moved to Chicago when Ellen was of high-school age. Two years later, her education was brought to an abrupt curtain when her father and mother parted and the girl decided she ought to go to work.

She told the employment man at Marshall Field's department store that she was eighteen, which she wasn't because she was only sixteen; but he believed her and every week thereafter she received a pay envelope with fourteen dollars in it.

Six months later she moved over to Grant's 5-and-10 where she sold jewelry and baby clothes and earned as high as eighteen dollars a week. Occasionally, she went to a movie, but she did not swoon over the current leading men or develop a hunger to dress and look like the prevailing feminine stars. As a matter of fact, she admits if you asked her quickly who was her favorite, she would have to answer almost as quickly, "I can't remember."

Friends were heading toward Hollywood by automobile and Ellen was invited to go along. She had lost her job at Grant's during an efficiency curtailment and work was scarce in Chicago. There was a tentative promise of a job in Hollywood. So she went—and the promise was fulfilled. Ellen Drew, pretty and ambitious, became a salesgirl in Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard, not a pebble's throw from Grauman's Theater. Salary, twenty dollars weekly.

The girl became a bit more movie star and

(Continued on page 70)

IT PAYS TO BE TOUGH

BY IDA ZEITLIN

John Garfield expected the worst, got the best. "Four Daughters" (in which he appeared with Priscilla Lane) made him a Hollywood booster

Introducing John Garfield—bright new luminary in the movie constellation

AT five o'clock on the day "Four Daughters" was previewed in Hollywood, a young man slipped into the theater. He was short and black-browed, blunt features lighted by a pair of fine dark eyes. He found himself an obscure seat in the gallery, sat through two features once and one newsreel twice.

At seven or thereabouts he produced a sandwich from his pocket and munched it, the faint crackle of waxed paper drawing scowls from his neighbors. You might have gathered that a certain surreptitious air about him arose from the knowledge that all along he'd planned to eat a sandwich where none should be eaten. You'd have been wrong. He was simply intent on hiding out in the crowd.

At five, few would have recognized him. At ten forty-five—he sat slouched in the darkness for half an hour after the preview was over—it was a different story. A star had been born. Or, since Mr. Garfield frowns on the word star, a luminary. For a change, movieland was cheering a young man who could never have posed for a collar ad—cheering not a face, but a performance. Autograph-hunters, wise in the ways of their prey, nabbed him as he tried to sneak through the side door. Still unaccustomed to his movie-given name, he signed "Jules Garfield."

"Waddaya mean, Ju-leez?" snorted one indignant youth. "Ain't you the guy wuz ina pitcha, name o' John Garfield?"

"That's my grandfather," explained the harassed Garfield, and fled.

He'd gone to the preview to take notes on what he did wrong. By arrangement, Roberta, his wife, had sat downstairs. He preferred to be alone with his agony. "I'll twist my own fingers instead of yours," he'd promised.

He'd been warned against Hollywood previews. But then he'd been warned against other aspects of Hollywood and found his fears to be groundless. "I expected the worst and got the best—a swell part, a director who directed and still left me free to make what I could of *Mickey Borden*, plenty of good parts lined up so I don't have to moulder. No, I'm a Hollywood booster —so long as they don't star me. Anyway," he grinned, "I've got my sixty-day stage clause. So what can I lose?"

It was the stage clause that postponed his arrival in Hollywood. Movie scouts had been after him for a couple of years.

"No contract," said Garfield, "without a clause that says I can go back to the stage on sixty days' notice."

"You're crazy," they told him, "giving up all that dough. The theater's dying."

Garfield's answer, undistinguished by logic, was nevertheless effective. "You're dying," he

(Continued on page 76)

MOTHER GOOSE goes HOLLYWOOD

With a twinkling eye on Hollywood's pet stars, Walt Disney turns the pages of Mother Goose's familiar nursery rhymes to create a brilliant new film—with results pictured exclusively in Photoplay

"Any resemblance of characters herein portrayed to persons living or dead is purely coincidental," Mr. Disney assures us; but, unless our eyes deceive us, that's satchel-mouth Joe E. Brown who's just done a hot truckin' number with Martha Raye. Joe won by a kiss—see the outline on his face?

Old King Cole (Hugh Herbert) was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he; he called for his fiddlers and he called for his bowl, but when the bowl was opened, the soup began to quack. Woo, woo, woo, it's not Mother Goose—but it is Donald Duck

The King's Jester (frozen-faced Ned Sparks), with cigar in mouth and stick (topped by Ed "The Perfect Fool" Wynn) in hand, sees nothing funny in the King's entertainers, so—"Woo, woo, woo, off with their heads . . ."

"My fiddlers, goody-goody-goody . . ." gleefully cries Old King Cole as Groucho, Harpo and Chico put in their appearance as Fiddlers Three. They tune their fiddles, get ready to play, then, in typical Marxian manner, break them over their knees

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall—much to the merriment of that smug little Charlie McCarthy who has aroused the ire of W. C. Humpty-Dumpty Fields by heckling, "Hah-hah-hah—lovely day—lovely day—what a beautiful sunrise—or is that your nose?

I-vant-so-much-to-be-alone Garbo has her wish gratified when she plays "See-saw Marjorie Daw" with Robinson. "O.K., Babe, you asked for it," says Eddie, as he teeters from his end of the totter

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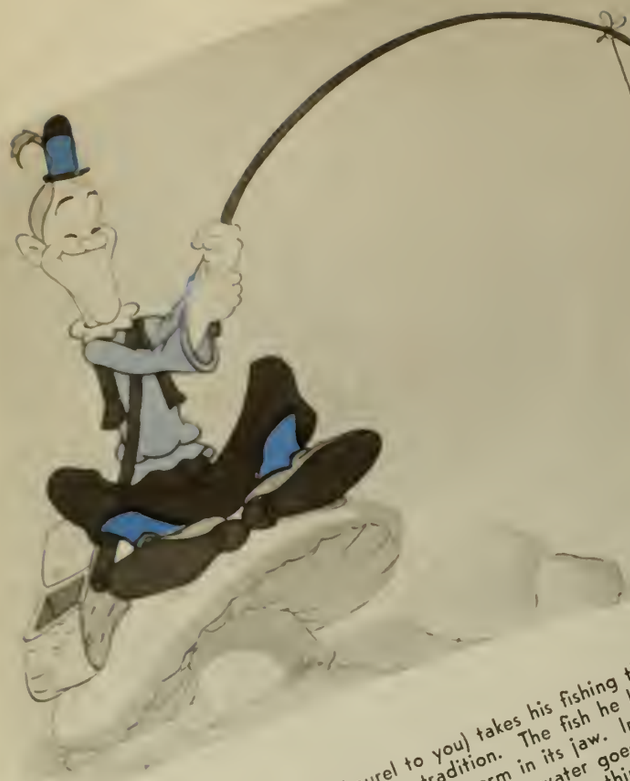


Simple Simon (Stan Laurel to you) takes his fishing the easiest way and breaks all angling tradition. The fish he hooks from the tomato can has a fat juicy worm in its jaw. Into the fishing basket goes the worm, back to the water goes the fish for more worms. Wonder what Mrs. Simple Simon thinks of the haul

Along comes Oliver Hardy, the Pieman whom Simple Simon meets at the Fair. Simon pulls a pie from the middle of the pieman's wares without disturbing the order of the stack. But when Mr. Wiseman Pieman tries it, what happens to the pies never occurred in any volume of Mother Goose

CONTINUING

MOTHER GOOSE

The Little Boy Blue, sleeping under the haystack while "The sheep's in the meadow and the cow's in the corn," turns out to be "Bad Man" Wallace Beery, who proves he can blow his horn just as well as he can tote a shotgun

Nimble-footed Fred Astaire is a star member of the large and famous brood who "lived in a Shoe." When they put on a show to help out their poor dear mother, kiddies Edna May Oliver, Mae West and ZaSu Pitts are trumpeteers who, with Cab Calloway and Fats Waller, offer a mad and merry finale

Rub-a-dub-dub. Three men and a maid in a tub. Bold Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton) is "at sea without even a compass." Mariners two and three are Manuel (Spencer Tracy) and his too, too refined "leetle feesh," Freddie Bartholomew. Little Bo Peep (La Hepburn) moans for her lost sheep

Out from behind a large pie pops Little Jack Horner. He neglects to "stick in his thumb and pull out a plum" in his haste to sing, in the inimitable Eddie Cantor manner, the tuneful "Sing a Song of Six Pence, a Pocketful of Rye, Four and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie"

GOES HOLLYWOOD

Fraught with drama is the tragic situation of poor Little Bo Peep Hepburn, who, scanning the horizon, recites dolefully and with perfect diction, "I've lost my sheep—really I have. I can't find them anywhere—really, I can't. They were such lovely sheep — really they were"

Two of the musical children belonging to the Old Lady Who Lived in the Shoe are piccolo-player Clark Gable, who keeps time with his ears, and dignified George Arliss who toots away on the saxophone

HOLLYWOOD'S UNMARRIED

"Just friends" to the world at large—yet nowhere has domesticity taken on so unique a character as in this unconventional fold

The romance of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is an interesting manifestation of how famous untied twosomes take to one another's hobbies. But calling the case of Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin (top) is something else again. Did they take the vows on Charlie's yacht? Even Hollywood wonders

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EVERY afternoon, for the past three years, a little meat market on Larchmont Avenue, near Paramount studios in Hollywood, has received a telephone call from a woman ordering a choice New York cut steak.

Sometimes she orders it sent to the Brown Derby, sometimes to an apartment penthouse on Rossmore Street, sometimes to the studio.

Wherever George Raft happens to be dining.

The woman who sees that George Raft has his favorite evening meal, no matter where he may be, is Virginia Pine. She is not George's wife, although there's little doubt that she would be if George's long-estranged wife would give him a divorce.

Carole Lombard is not Clark Gable's wife, either. Still she has remodeled her whole Hollywood life for him. She calls him "Pappy," goes hunting with him, copies his hobbies, makes his interests dominate hers.

Barbara Stanwyck is not Mrs. Robert Taylor. But she and Bob have built ranch homes next to each other. Regularly, once a week, they visit Bob's mother, Mrs. Brugh, for dinner. Regularly, once a week, too, Barbara freezes homemade ice cream for Bob from a recipe his mother gave her.

Nowhere has domesticity, outside the marital state, reached such a full flower as in Hollywood. Nowhere are there so many famous unmarried husbands and wives.

To the outside world Clark Gable and Carole Lombard might as well be married. So might Bob Taylor and Barbara. Or George Raft and Virginia Pine, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Unwed couples they might be termed. But they go everywhere together; do everything in pairs. No hostess would think of inviting them separately, or pairing them with another. They solve one another's problems, handle each other's business affairs.

They build houses near each other, buy land in bunches, take up each other's hobbies, father or mother each other's children—even correct each other's clothes—each other's personalities! Yet, to the world, their official status is "just friends." No more.

Yet George Raft, a one-woman man if there ever was one, is as true to Virginia Pine as a model husband would be. He has been, for three years. He has just bought her an expensive home in Beverly Hills. Recently, when they had a slight tiff, George took out some other girls, but was plainly so torch-burdened he could hardly stand it. He has never seriously looked at anyone else. Nor has Virginia.

Consider the results—strictly out of wedlock.

Before they met and fell in love, George was the easiest "touch" in Hollywood. He made big and easy money and just so easily did it slip through his fingers and into the outstretched palms of his myriad down-and-out friends. George, who came up the hard way, still has a heart as big as a casaba melon and as soft inside. But he is more careful with his money now. He invests it—and well.

Before he met Virginia, George's civic interests ventured little further than Hollywood and Vine, the fights, and a few of the hotter night spots. Now George Raft has his finger in a dozen Los Angeles business ventures and community interests. He is a solid citizen.

Before George and Virginia teamed up as a tight little twosome, George gloried in flashy, extremely-cut clothes. His suits, always immaculately knife-edge creased, had trousers with the highest waistlines in town. His coats were tight across the shoulders, narrowed extremely at the waist. His shoes were narrow, pointed and Cuban-heeled. He was Mister Broadway.

Virginia talked him into seeing Watson, one of Hollywood's most exclusive tailors. What's more, she talked him out of the theatrical clothes and into a more conservative taste.

All this is called "settling down." It usually happens to people after they've been married. Only George and Virginia still aren't married. He lives at the El Royale Apartments and Virginia lives in another building up the street. They just go together. But she orders his meals. And he spoils her little girl to death.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Gilbert Roland (top) has been Connie Bennett's devoted slave for years, while Connie's titled husband remains in Europe. Just "going together" are Virginia Pine and George Raft—but she orders his meals and he fathers her little daughter, Joan

Another "almost perfect" domestic picture—Barbara Stanwyck (top, with her son Dion) and Robert Taylor. Interests—deep, expensive, permanent—merged when Bob bought the knoll adjoining Barbara's Northridge ranch. Marriage couldn't have worked more of a change

No real father could be more infatuated than George with Virginia's five-year-old daughter, Joan. Nor would you call George the perfect picture of a family man, either. He has already paid up an insurance policy that will guarantee Joan a nice little stake when she is ready for college. He seems to lie awake nights planning something new and delightful to surprise her with whenever he sees Virginia, and that's usually all the time.

One of the stories the salesgirls still tell down at Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles' swankiest store, is about the day Virginia Pine and little Joan came into the shop. Joan spied something she wanted right then. But Virginia, wishing to impress upon her daughter that a person isn't always able to have what he or she likes in this world, said, "But, Joan, you can't have that. You haven't the money to pay for it."

"Oh, that's all right," stated Joan in a loud, clear voice. "Just charge it to George Raft!"

When Bob Taylor docked in New York from England and "A Yank At Oxford," he waited around a couple of hours for a load of stuff he had bought over there to clear customs. Most of it was for—not Bob—but Barbara Stanwyck and her little son, Dion.

They've been practically a family since Bob bought his ranch estate in Northridge and built a house there.

Northridge, itself, is an interesting manifestation of how Hollywood's untied twosomes buy and build together. It lies in a far corner of the San Fernando Valley, fairly remote from Hollywood, all of fifteen miles from Bob's studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. No coincidence can possibly explain his choosing that site, pleasant and open though it is, right beside Barbara Stanwyck's place.

Barbara was there first. With the Zeppo Marxes, she established Marwyck Ranch to breed thoroughbred horses. She built a handsome ranch house and moved out. Bob Taylor had never been especially interested in either ranch life or horses until he started going with Barbara. But witness how quickly their interests—deep and expensive, *permanent* interests

(Continued on page 74)

CIVILIZING SABU OF INDIA

The story of a jungle child in a modern world

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

Sabu, the little Hindu lad of "Elephant Boy" and "Drums" fame, has grown into a poised cosmopolite, sharing interests in common with such stars as Ann Sothern and Fredric March (above, left)

THOSE who saw a very small, half-naked brown boy making an oversized elephant do exactly as he wanted him to in the picture called "Elephant Boy," released just a year and a half ago, might have been somewhat surprised to meet a young fellow named Sabu Dastagir on his recent visit to these United States. Even seeing his new picture, "Drums," was no preparation for the Sabu that came into a drawing room at the Ritz-Carlton, shortly after a giant Sikh guard who wore his beard rolled up in a hair net had waved us toward a chair and said, "Pliz—down-sit?"

We down-sat with our back to the door and our attention was riveted momentarily on another large uniformed Sikh, minus hair net, who stalked across the room and, it being one of those chilly autumn days, pointed an electric fan straight at us and turned it on full blast.

Then, almost as though he had sprung out of the carpet, there appeared a slim, brown-skinned young fellow in a gray English-cut suit and scarlet turban. Mercifully, a sudden wide smile turned this poised young person into the well-remembered little boy, Sabu.

We hadn't heard him come in. He seems to enter a room as noiselessly as he ever moved about a jungle. Thoughtfully, he ordered the fan turned off. He spoke to the Sikh in his own language, but, turning back to us, lowered his voice and, indicating both guards, said, "I think they know more English than they say. You know, they have been in England longer than I have." Then he added, "But who learns a language faster, a grown man or a boy?" A boy, of course. "Yes," said Sabu, "because a grown man—he always wants to go in the evenings and have a good time at night clubs. A boy can work." His own English is very good and has surprisingly little accent.

"Do you need much guarding?" we asked, looking back at the colorful Sikhs. Sabu grinned and we suggested, "Of course, they are very good decorations for a visiting picture star."

"I ought not to say that," observed Sabu sagely.

IT is pretty evident that the great change in Sabu is due not merely to the fact that he has grown ten inches in height since he made "Elephant Boy"—as youngsters of his age are bound to do—or that, instead of the scant cloth tied about his middle like a relic of infant days, he is now wearing coveted long trousers. That rollicking Hindu child with his occasional strange small dignity has grown into a poised young cosmopolite, albeit with a boyish eagerness and a mischievous sense of humor breaking through. He is a likeable kid—very direct.

Whenever you talk with Master Sabu Dastagir these days, the conversation invariably gets around to airplanes. It usually includes fast cars, too. After all, he grew up with elephants and they are said to be the fastest travelers in the animal kingdom.

So, in the two years that he has been in England, the progress to an interest in motors and planes is probably a natural development. He sketches pretty well and it is significant that nowadays every time he picks up a pencil he draws either elephants or airplanes. It used to be only elephants. Maybe he is transportation-

(Continued on page 80)

The CAMERA Speaks

Epitome of aesthetic Hollywood: English Madeleine Carroll, wife of London's Philip Astley; co-worker, in "Cafe Society," of Paramount's Fred MacMurray; and chief cardiac disturber of males the world over

Walling

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

"WHO'S BEHIN

The "eyes" have it here—or they will, after you've worked this special Photoplay optical guessing game and spotted the wearers of the dark glasses. P.S: they take their glasses off on page 84

IE GLASSES?''

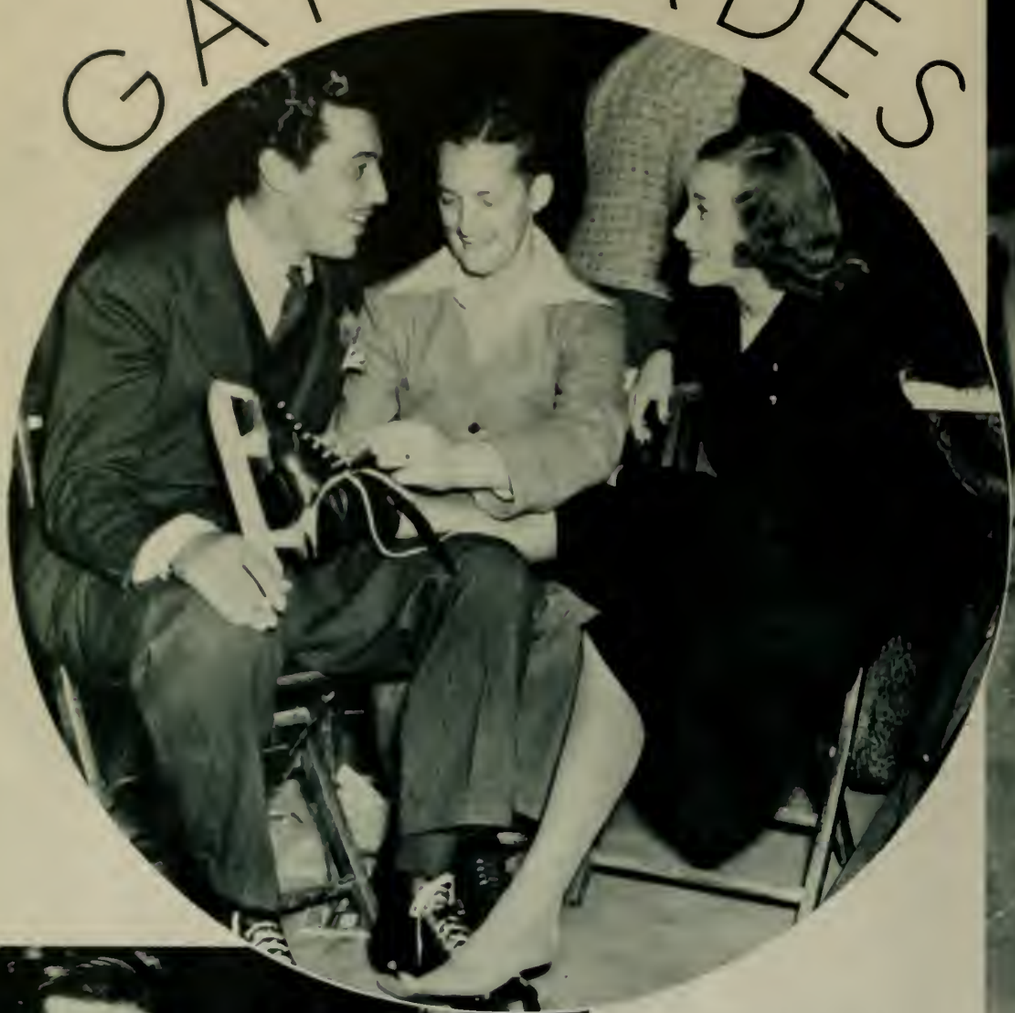
Youngest of the "lucky MacDonalds" of Philadelphia — Jeanette, the redhead, whose voice has awed gaping grammar-school audiences, Broadway musical critics, commercial connoisseurs of Hollywood. A-1 member of the West Coast "teamsters' union" by right of her persistent partnership with Nelson Eddy of M-G-M's "Sweethearts," she defied conventions over a year ago by being married—in pink—to another man and, as Mrs. Gene Raymond, has been seeing a rose-colored world ever since

Bull

The "half and half" Merle Oberon, international by birth and profession, who, by a special film pact, emotes eight months for American Goldwyn, eight months for English Korda. The Lady now of Goldwyn's "The Cowboy and the Lady," the erstwhile "Queenie" O'Brien Thompson of Australia confirms her heritage by talking like an Englishwoman, wearing clothes with a French flair, stating with American frankness that someday she'd like to marry and have six children, "three for each side of the table"

Coburn

GAY BLADES



Joan Crawford gets a professional change by trouper Shipstad and escort Romero

Style interest centered in Janet Gaynor, wearing "new personality" clothes designed by her rumored fiance, Adrian

Dolores Del Rio, Best Pupil of the evening, with J. Walter Ruben and wife Virginia Bruce

Product of icy Montana, Gary Cooper, came with skates slung over shoulder, but just "spectated" with Mrs. Cooper

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The merry young skates of Hollywood flash their stuff after the opening of the Ice Follies—which solves the Great Movie Mystery as to why, on a certain "morning after," half of filmtown took their meals standing up

how, celebrities donned skates at the Pan
wards were: a laurel to Betty Grable and
posite page) for endurance; to Charlie
ero (top), for honest endeavor; to Joan
of the troupe), for "catch on quickly"
palm to veteran Mickey Rooney (above
for his ice tricks, which made professionals
elming nonchalance of his sartorial effects

Favorite Stories of

Dolores Ethel Barrymore, the eight-year-old daughter of Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, is as lovely as a bit of rare lace or a portrait you have put away in lavender and lemon verbena. On the day she was asked her favorite story, she wore a short-waisted, puffed-sleeved, ankle-length frock of shadow-pink organdie with a sash of dusty blue baby ribbon velvet. She is called Deda, and her favorite story is the story of Honey Bear because of the old bear's sunny disposition, consideration of which would materially lessen her fears if ever she found herself lost in the woods!

DURING the past twelve months, Dixie Willson has personally called upon forty of America's most illustrious children to ask each of them two questions: first, his favorite story; second, his reason for the choice.

Forty portraits, with autographs, and twenty of the chosen stories retold, are to be found in one of the most interesting and unusual books of the fall season, which made its bow on November, the first, called "Favorite Stories of Famous Children," published by Henry Holt.

Herewith we present a bouquet from the book's pages; a bouquet of those children who reflect Hollywood and in whom our readers will have an especial interest.

A child's favorite story is more than just . . . a favorite story. Because one day it will be the memory of a certain armchair by a certain window, gray rain over a certain November garden, the eyes or the voice you love to remember best of all. So to have found that favorite story when you are yet as young as Johnny-jump-up in April is to have found one of the rarest treasures you will ever possess. As expressed with enchanting seriousness by Helen Hayes' seven-year-old daughter, Mary . . . "Your favorite story is one of the very most importantest things you ought to decide because it's going to be one of the things you want to save for your children."

CAPTIONS BY DIXIE WILLSON

FAMOUS CHILDREN

Sandra Burns, who has just turned four, is the sweetest punctuation in a day for her mother, Gracie Allen, and her daddy, George Burns. She can't quite toss off an autograph, but she's perfectly certain about her favorite story, which is "Peter Rabbit," because he is always doing exactly the things she likes to pretend she is doing herself

Gloria Lloyd, wearing a gay blue play suit, a bright daisy chain around her long light hair giving her quite the air of a Queen of the May, assured us her favorite story is "Understood Betsy," because she is certain that no matter how old she is, she will love it just as much as she does now

They don't come any finer, at fourteen, than young Paul Whiteman. And since he's always liked the sea, his favorite story is Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"; and with a reason typical of a straightforward American boy. "I always put a lot of faith in Santa Claus," says Paul, "and then I found out about it. Ever since then, the things I like are the things I know are real"

John Barrymore Jr

The favorite story of six-year-old John Barrymore is Andersen's "Snow Queen," and for the following sound reason: It is such a good story that they made a play out of it, and it was such a good play that he was taken to see it, and, since a play happens at nighttime, this enabled him, in addition to the thrills of the play itself, to find out for the first time in his life what the real moon and stars and night look like

Leslie Howard, Jr. possesses that quaint charm which is the inheritance of all English children. Quite English, too, is her love of horses. She has owned them and has ridden them ever since she can remember. And so her favorite story is the tale of a horse; the story of Hildebrand . . . "Such a jolly ridiculous beast," says Leslie, "that I'm sure it will always be my favorite story because I never can quite finish laughing at it."

Father of two—Don Ameche, leading young benedict of the film colony. Personable possessor of a Coast-to-Coast name, he wins celluloid sanction in Fox's "The Three Musketeers" by his smile, radio royalties by his "Sunday night" voice, Hollywood's homage by reason of his "take a chance" technique

Kornman

Mother of two—Joan Blondell, good wife at heart, actress at will, tomboy by nature; the shining light of Warners' "Love Bites Man" and of the fourfold Powell ménage

Hurrell

Those two supreme quick-change artists —Time and Hollywood—missed their mark in these twelve cases. Some rare old pictures of a few modern stars prove—

THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT

4

5

6

Culver

1. **WILLIAM POWELL:** What every smart sheik should know, or Turkey-Trotting your way to a lady's heart—as done by Bill Powell ten years ago. The Fred Astaire of '28 in a desert comedy presents a certain likeness to his wackier rôles today—eh, Watson?

2. **MAY ROBSON:** Many times a grandmother and more recently a great-grandmother, she looks younger every year. Left, as she was in 1907 in "The Regimentation of Aunt Mary." This screen mother doesn't believe in sparing the rod and spoiling the star!

3. **MIRIAM HOPKINS:** Seen here in a middy blouse, she was almost as cute as she is today in mink! At this time (fifteen years ago), she thought she'd be a dancer, signed later for a ballet tour. Luckily, she was saved for films by a last-minute broken ankle

4. **LIONEL BARRYMORE:** Now called the greatest living actor, he's been in the spotlight for fifty-nine years. Eighteen years ago in "The Copperhead" (above), his piercing eyes were as familiar as they are now. Time changes everything but the Barrymore profile!

5. **FREDRIC MARCH:** Time and March—but Freddie has the march on time, for he hasn't changed in ten years! In 1928 (above), when he did his Barrymore stage take-off in "The Royal Family," John was there and roared! Footlight fever is still in Freddie's blood!

6. **ADOLPHE MENJOU:** The same mustached Menjou seventeen years ago—when he bluffed his way to stardom with Valentino in "The Sheik." A $35 flivver and a $1,000 wardrobe did the trick. The flivver was paid for—the wardrobe, a walking ad for a tailor!

7. **ALAN HALE:** Some villains have all the luck! Twenty-five years of scoundrelhood have won Alan fame and fortune. Where there's a movie there's a menace: the Hale pictured here began in 1914 with the tintype. Flickers came and went; Alan always prospered!

8. **FRED MacMURRAY:** Vocal boy before he made good; but even in 1924, Fred (right) had plenty of sax appeal. After tooting his way into a band, he went West—but the movie moguls were tone-deaf! Later, scouts "discovered" him touring on Broadway

9. **GARY COOPER:** Twenty-one years haven't changed that lopsided grin. The anti-glamour boy himself, bursting with pride over his first hard-won motorcycle, when he was long, lean and seventeen in Helena, Montana. Today he rides a Goldwyn saddle

10. **CHARLES RUGGLES:** Fifteen years ago, he was rolling 'em in the aisles as the "Battling Butler" of '23—the same solemn stuttering Charlie (left); and his gags packed the same hearty laughs. Usually on a spree in his film rôles, he's really a quiet, soft-spoken fellow

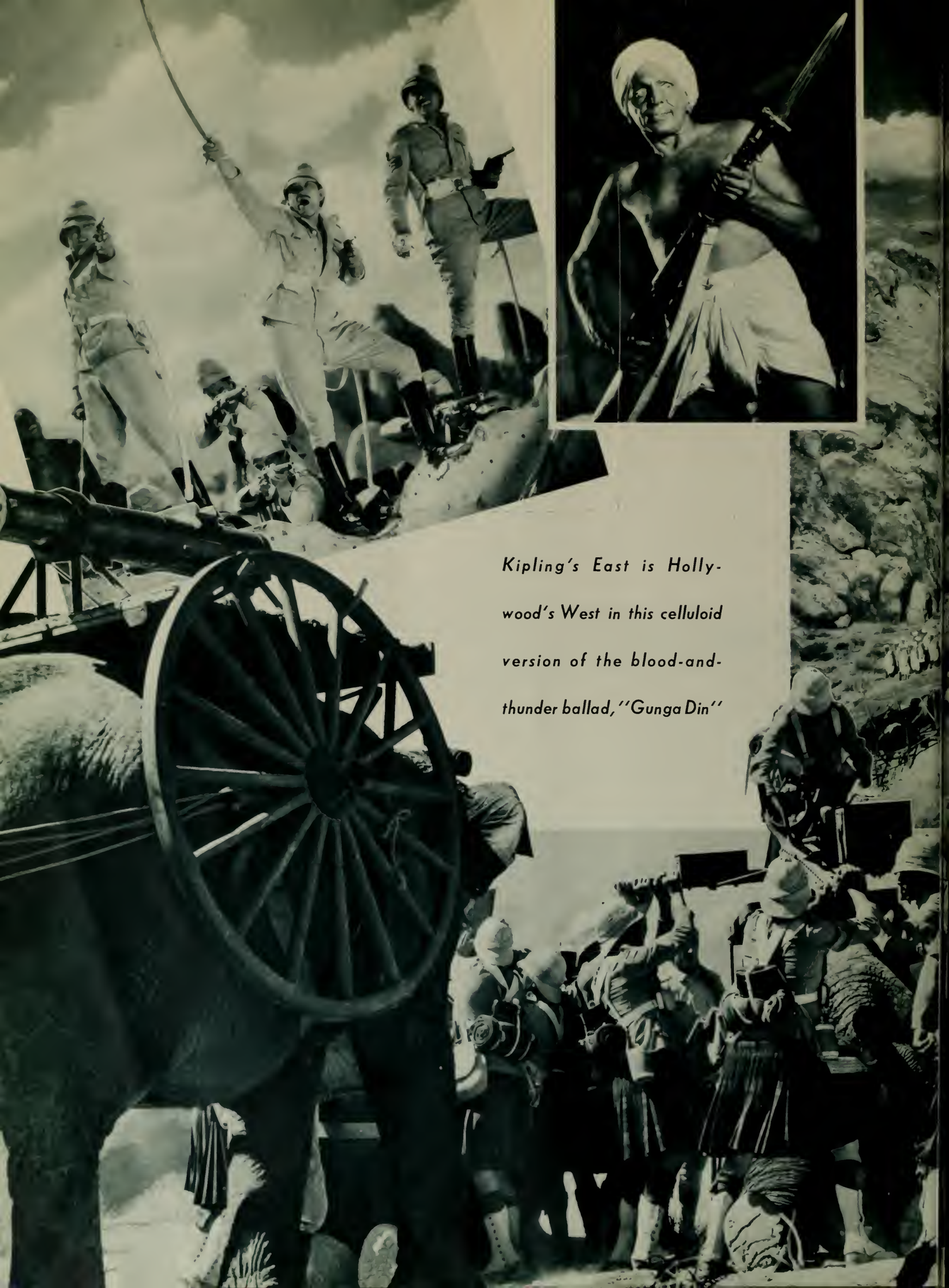
11. **GENE RAYMOND:** Ruffle him up today and this is the way he'd look—as he did in 1923 in "The Potters" when his stage name was Raymond Guion. His new leading lady (and missus), Jeanette MacDonald, now fixes his neckties—and we'll bet they stay tied!

12. **WALLACE BEERY:** A slippery fellow in 1914, his villainous career began over twenty-five years ago. Hissed and booed then for this mustache and wicked curl, bad-man Beery is today one of the screen's most lovable rascals—but he looks the same as before!

8

Culver

9



Kipling's East is Hollywood's West in this celluloid version of the blood-and-thunder ballad, "Gunga Din"

KHYBER PASS, CALIFORNIA

On California's Himalaya-like Mt. Whitney, RKO's George Stevens is directing a major production battle, the majestic scope of which may be judged somewhat from these stirring scenes. It is the film saga of Gunga Din, native hero of the Kipling poem on the British conquest of India. By means of a loud-speaker and telephone system, Director Stevens jogs up musketeers Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; keeps Gunga Din (Sam Jaffe, top) in action; lines up Highlanders, white-skinned, and Hindu Thugs, brown-skinned—by wholesale spray-gun action. Relaxation from the battle fray consists in more personal and pleasant direction of the Fairbanks-Joan Fontaine romance

SHINING MOMENTS

—Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan . . . in that spectacular M-G-M presentation, "The Shining Hour," a film to merit the public's cheers . . . in the arms of their respective screen husbands, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young. Featuring two glowing girl breadwinners, top stars of a top-budget picture

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

What, what? We thought our eyes deceived us—but, when we looked again, it was still Sonja Henie with Ty Power at a recent preview

Come wind or rain, earthquake or hurricane, Mrs. Grundy's precocious offspring brings you the latest gossip on the flicker-folks

Solo Act—With Reason

ARE you free, white, twenty-one and can you date a beautiful girl any night in the week if you choose?

Well, lucky you. It's more than two famous screen stars, James Stewart and Tyrone Power, can do.

One evening last week at the Beverly Brown Derby, Jimmy Stewart sat alone having a solitary dinner. Across the way sat two young ladies from Idaho. They were unable to swallow a bite—just sat watching the handsome young actor.

"Just think," one said to the other, "of all the thousands of girls who would give their eye teeth to be eating dinner with Jimmy Stewart and yet here he is alone." Finally, one of the girls could bear it no longer and sent over a note saying, "Couldn't you get a date tonight?"

Jimmy grinned back but said nothing.

"It isn't a question of getting a date and certainly not with Jimmy," Ty Power said, when we told him of the incident. "It's a question of having a date and facing embarrassment for both you and the girl. It's got so I never step out the door with a young lady, even an old friend, that our marriage isn't predicted by Hollywood. Or some romantic question is attached to it, at least.

"You can imagine how any girl feels when she's faced with these constant explanations and embarrassments. So, like Jimmy, these days I either trot off alone or go everywhere with my mother, sister or friend who I know understands and won't mind."

Comment on Miss Davis

WE'VE said it before and we say it again: Hollywood is small-town to the core. And like every other small town, it has its favorite drugstore. At Schwab's, neither elaborate nor unusual, can be found, at most any hour, a movie celebrity at the soda fountain.

Here Robert Taylor, perched on a fountain stool, eats many a solitary dinner.

And of course one is bound to hear interesting tidbits as the coca colas fly hither and yon.

For instance, Bette Davis' chauffeur, waiting for a package at the drug counter, met another chauffeur also waiting.

"What goes on up at your house?" the second chauffeur asked.

"I don't know what it's all about," Bette's chauffeur sighed, "but I can tell you this: I never knew two people to love each other as much as Miss Davis and Mr. Nelson. I just can't understand it."

Thoughts on Deanna

HOLLYWOOD is amused at a story about Universal's young lady wonder—Miss Durbin.

It seems an extremely self-assured and sophisticated chatter-writer lunched with Deanna at the studio one day recently. All briskness and efficiency, the writer assumed command of the situation and proceeded to talk. Gradually, however, the writer became less and less voluble until finally, around dessert time, there was a complete change in the situation. The writer, her tail feathers plucked for a fare-thee-well, was listening quietly to sensible and adult observations delivered by Deanna.

"It was the way she looked at me," the writer said afterward, "with those clear penetrating eyes looking through me and that little half twinkle thrown in for good measure. I've never been rendered so unsure of myself in my life.

"I wonder what she really thinks of me," the writer sighed.

Finis for Garbo?

ANYTHING can be overdone, even in Hollywood, and all this secrecy surrounding Garbo has finally overreached itself.

When Garbo returned to Hollywood after her long European sojourn, one of the star's few friends phoned a friend of hers.

"Look," she hissed in the phone, "Greta will be here tomorrow, but I dare not name the time or place of her arrival. I must keep it secret for a while."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

For once, Carole Lombard was on the receiving end of a practical joke. When her birthday rolled around, the crew of "Made for Each Other" threw a party. Her present?—a mule, whom "Missy" promptly christened Scarlett and added to her menagerie at home

Two and two make four—and four of the nicest people in Hollywood are the Allan Jones and the Bob Youngs. Why? See what Cal says about them

Hank Fonda, out stepping with one of the prettiest wives in cinema circles. But don't get ideas—it's his own First Lady

"Why?" queried the friend.

There was a sudden sputtering and stuttering over the wire.

"Because it is *Greta*. She is *coming!*"

"Yes, but who will care?" was the next question. "Who will be bothered or what will it matter?"

The receiver went up with a slow click; you see, the friend was right. It didn't really matter much to anyone in Hollywood, anymore.

Concerning Four Nice People

IT'S the life of Riley for the Jones and Young families of Hollywood. When Mr. and Mrs. Bob Young and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones decide to do a bit of sight-seeing, the four hop into Allan's trailer and are off for whatever place offers the most excitement.

Partners in a riding academy, Bob and Allan are the best of friends and so are their wives, which makes it pleasant when the evening chops must be cooked in the trailer for the evening meal, or housekeeping duties divided between them.

Card games or good old-fashioned singing bees are the entertainment between hops from rodeos to the races or the shore.

Nice people, these Jones and Youngs!

"I'm Married to Ronald Colman!"

BENITA HUME, the English actress who married Ronald Colman, is considered Enigma Number Two in Hollywood; her famous husband being the top winner in the know-little-about group of people.

"So few people know her," is the usual Hollywood cry, "I can't say what she's like."

But old Cal knows.

After a friendly chat we discovered several things about the lady.

To begin with, she's dark haired, vivacious, frank and honest and is just as thrilled over marrying the prize catch of Hollywood as any girl should be.

"I wake up in the morning and think to myself, 'It can't be. It just didn't happen.' "

Her accent is charming. Her sense of humor (and she's English), keen as a razor.

She was quite the big star in London, with all the fun, fans, thrills and excitement that go with that very important status.

In fact, after one jamboree in which she and Noel Coward were brought together head on by clamoring fans, she declares Mr. Coward, his collar wilted and hair awry, looked at her and said,

"Isn't this disgraceful? I wouldn't do without it."

In Hollywood she spent sixteen months in a row making an M-G-M *Tarzan* epic. "I made a great deal of money—oh, a lot," she said. "But nearly everyone had forgotten me in the meantime.

"And then after *Tarzan,* for some reason, nothing happened. Every picture I was scheduled for fell through or the part didn't fit. Suddenly I found myself using up all the money I made on *Tarzan.* After 'The Last of Mrs. Cheney' I didn't make another picture. Ronnie, of course, can afford to stay off the screen a whole year. He's so well established. But I'm not.

"Even my part in 'The Cowboy and the Lady' was eliminated from the story and there I was again.

"I can't say how happy I was to go into 'Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus.' You know, after a while one's confidence gets undermined and presently I found myself wondering if all my London success was about anything. I got to thinking maybe I wasn't an actress at all."

HER blue eyes laugh as she talks. Her best friends are Heather Thatcher, the English actress, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the former Lady Ashley.

In fact, Benita accompanied the Fairbanks on their round-the-world honeymoon as far as Tahiti.

"I was engaged to Jack Dunfree when I arrived in Hollywood first," she confided, "but that was broken off.

Bob Young may have tough luck with his movie gals, but daughter Carol Ann thinks he's the tops

—dinner hour at the Troc, where Randy Scott her friends) are caught in a serious discussion

"Sewing, eating and arguing are my favorite sports," she says, her eyes twinkling. "Of course, I like swimming, boating and riding, but I do love sewing, eating and arguing.

"The sewing came about after I stood for all the smug satisfaction from Heather and Sylvia I could bear as they sat knitting or sewing away with such a satisfied look. So I took it up and I'm even smugger than both of them together."

She doesn't dare wear her hair atop her head. "I'd grow pompous right away," she explains, "sweeping my hair up with a gesture of elegant pompousness." But she does put it up in curlers at night to get the right curl in her short bob.

"I've moved into Ronnie's Beverly Hills home, cats, dogs, birds and all. And it's too wonderful. I can't believe it yet.

"I'm really married to Ronnie Colman!"

Also at the Troc—the Charles Boyers. While his femme fans are losing sleep over him, insomnia-sufferer Boyer takes to night clubs when Morpheus eludes him

High Lights and Low Lights of the Month—

THE rift between George Raft and Virginia Pine grows wider and wider, while the love between George and Virginia's little girl grows stronger and stronger. . .

Clark Gable, attempting to master the art of tap dancing for his rôle in "Idiot's Delight," doesn't know an electrician hid on a high rafter of the sound stage to watch Clark, who permitted no watchers. And the electrician became so convulsed at Clark's awkwardness he nearly fell headlong at the actor's feet. . .

After two years of courtship, Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward are saying their "I do's" . . .

Charlie Chaplin's threat to play Hitler in his next picture has the town a-twitter. . .

People are wondering about that sudden weariness in Ty Power's eyes. Could it be just physical exhaustion that has so changed Ty, taken the sparkle from his eyes—or is it some deeper reason? . . .

The love story of Jack Oakie is more hectic than any he has ever played on the screen. Jack was so in love with his estranged wife, he escorted her home from every party and they sat for hours before the house talking it over. Mrs. Oakie's answer was—a reconciliation!

Oh, to be so young and full of enthusiasm! Deanna Durbin, Hollywood's wonder child, and Edward Ludwig, director of "That Certain Age," dine at Café Lamaze

It's a Paramount Parrot

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is having, not servant problems, but servants' animal problems in abundance these days. Claudette has a cook, a jewel, so to speak, who owns a parrot that Claudette's two dogs can't stand. So she's had to have a cage built way at the back of the yard for the bird who, when he wants to come visiting at the house, calls loudly for "Miss Zaza," and then insists on being brought in personally by the star herself.

Stork News

IT'S baby season in Hollywood with the long-legged bird the most popular celebrity in town.

Over on the Metro lot, Maggie and Maureen, the two "Sullivan" girls (only Maggie spells hers with two a's and Maureen goes individual with an "O' ") are discussing daily the problems of movie mothers. Maggie, wife of Leland Hayward, is expecting her second child and Maureen, wife of John Farrow, her first baby.

But Al Jolson isn't letting anyone get ahead of him. Al, with one adopted son, is searching for a set of fine twin boys to carry on the name of Jolson.

(Continued on page 65)

★ **JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox**

AFTER a series of mediocre vehicles, Shirley Temple's studio has given her, in this gay little picture, the perfect formula for her growing-up talents. A little girl in a swank seminary, she is brought back to New York because her father, architect Charles Farrell, has been hit by the depression. His return to the big time depends on the repentance of a flint-hearted old finance-mogul who is holding up industry; and, of course, Shirley, through her naïve charm, brings the old fellow around. Romance is between Farrell and Amanda Duff; entertainment is provided by Bill Robinson, Bert Lahr, Joan Davis and Cora Witherspoon. The film is frankly childlike in theme, but Shirley is very cute and very capable. Nice to see Charles Farrell again, too.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ **ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners**

THIS is by all standards the best picture with a crime motif since "Scarface." It has compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and excitement and a kind of gross beauty. The fine cast, capably directed and abetted by superb photography, find the well-written script an opportunity to give memorable performances. It's the story, told without compromise, of two boys of the New York slums; one grows up to be a great criminal, and that is Jimmy Cagney The other becomes a priest—Pat O'Brien. Cagney reappears in his old stamping grounds to find his pal, O'Brien, busily trying to reform the neighborhood. The greatest problem of all is a group of kids—the Dead End brats, of course—who are following in Cagney's lethal footsteps. They generally blight the good name of American adolescence, basing their actions on a hero worship for the big crooks of our day. Cagney takes the boys out of O'Brien's hands and gives them tips on how to be more successful as thieves. Meanwhile, he strong-arms his way into the town's leading racket; and with him takes, for romance's sweet sake, another of O'Brien's converts, beauteous Ann Sheridan At last, the priest sets militantly out to clean up the town. He warns Cagney it's a fight to the finish, and it is. Cagney gets the chair and it is here that he is called upon to do a fine thing: he must die 'yellow,' so the kids won't respect him—or crime—any more. Cagney's performance is swell, but he is given all the meat; O'Brien grabs off honors with his perfect work in a difficult rôle.

★ **ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount**

ANNUALLY, for the past few years, Paramount has tossed an "Artists and Models" epic at you and you have responded with pretty much enthusiasm. This time you've good reason; the '38 edition has pace, a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep everything rolling. Jack Benny plays the theatrical managing producer who is stuck in Paris with his troupe of girls. By sundry hooks and crooks he keeps them one step ahead of the gendarmery, so that part of the time the gang are locked in a hotel room and part of the time they are hiding in a couturier's shop. Here, of course, is the opportunity for the fashion show, which is a feature of each "Artists and Models" installment. The story is centered about Joan Bennett, an American heiress visiting Paris because her fiancé, a diplomatic attaché, is there. She hates the quiet life—after all, she came from an oil town—and when Jack Benny, thinking she's also a down-and-outer, offers his help she accepts. Thus, with the gang of singing and dancing beauties, she runs from adventure to adventure. Her pop comes chasing after her and the troupe adopts him, too, believing him to be an old guy on his uppers. Real trouble comes when Joan covets part of the French collection of Josephine's crown jewels and Pop borrows a piece to have it copied.

Benny, as usual, has good patter, which he delivers with his incomparable timing. Mary Boland, the Yacht Club Boys and others supply comedy. The fashions are spectacular but impractical.

★ **SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox**

DURING the World War America had a group of little wooden tubs—called "The Splinter Fleet"—which, unsung, went sailing over the seas in search of enemy submarines. Most of the time it was nip and tuck, with the submarine having the edge, naturally. Well, Twentieth Century-Fox has told the story of the "Splinters" in this film of a rich man's son, Richard Greene, who joins the Navy and is assigned to one of these little boats. The crew is composed of men from all walks of life, green and untutored. A sea captain in disgrace, Preston Foster, has been demoted to command of the ship after court martial and decides to regain his reputation by blowing up the very worst Hun submarine of them all. Thus the poor crew, who had thought they had a snap setup, are forced into heroism. Of course, Greene is shown the error of his snobbishness and, of course, there's a girl: one Nancy Kelly, new but beloved of her studio. She's the daughter of a freighter's captain. The captain thinks Richard is a no-good playboy—which, until War tests him, is true. For your information, there are two great suspense scenes in this movie, each highly exciting. The rest is background.

Mr. Greene is likeable and good-looking; Preston Foster steals the piece with a really fine performance; George Bancroft—as Nancy's father—does his work with understanding and good will. Miss Kelly herself is not pretty, but her bony Irish face has an interesting quality. She shows promise of being a good actress.

BLONDIE—Columbia

AS the beginning of a series which, if its comic-strip progenitor is any indication, will have fans panting in line to see every episode, this is mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie*, Arthur Lake is *Dagwood* and little Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling*. When you have finished seeing the picture you will remember nothing of it except that you laughed a good deal, which is by way of calling it a success. There's no story, just a series of predicaments got into by *Dagwood* and *Baby Dumpling*, with *Blondie* working hard to save the day. Gene Lockhart does the best work as *Dagwood's* boss, but Miss Singleton has vivacity and Lake is quite wonderful as the perpetually tramped-on, misunderstood, frantic husband. Take your children to this.

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

WITHOUT a battle montage or blonde spy, set in the drab surroundings of German prison camps, this foreign import is one of the finest of war films. All types of men in uniform are thrown together—each one contributing an important part in building up a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. The performances of Jean Gabin, middle-class realist, Pierre Fresnay, idealistic aristocrat, willing to sacrifice his life that his comrades might escape, and Eric von Stroheim, disillusioned German officer in command, are only a few of the excellent characters.

French director Jean Renoir has borrowed the Impressionistic technique of his painter father. Emotions are suggested rather than sharply defined and the result is a restraint which will fascinate you.

★ THE GREAT WALTZ—M-G-M

TO the thrilling strains of the waltzes he composed, the story of Johann Strauss, the great Viennese musician, has been brought to the screen with all the color, verve and drama which crowded his life. Fernand Gravet brings great understanding and humanness to his portrayal of Strauss, while Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife is superb. Miliza Korjus, newest foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark and completely won over the preview audience with her magnificent voice. The music is one golden shower of melody featuring such favorites as "Tales of the Vienna Woods" and "The Blue Danube." Among the supporting cast Lionel Atwill and Hugh Herbert are conspicuous. Julien Duvivier earns his place among top directors for this.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Angels with Dirty Faces — **Brother Rat**
Artists and Models Abroad — **The Citadel**
Suez — **Just Around the Corner**
The Mad Miss Manton — **Men with Wings**
Submarine Patrol — **Grand Illusion**
Sweethearts — **Young Dr. Kildare**
The Great Waltz — **The Young in Heart**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

James Cagney in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
The Dead End Kids in "Angels With Dirty Faces"

Jack Benny in "Artists and Models Abroad"

Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat"
Jane Wyman in "Brother Rat"

Rosalind Russell in "The Citadel"
Robert Donat in "The Citadel"
Ralph Richardson in "The Citadel"

Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner"

Preston Foster in "Submarine Patrol"

Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"
Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts"

Minnie Dupree in "The Young in Heart"

★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

VICTOR HERBERT'S music, as melodic as the color tones in which this extravaganza is filmed, sustains a familiar story here. The newest of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy pictures is a welcome addition to the list of their successes. It has beauty, charm and great production and, in addition, a masterly blending of yesterday's light-opera technique with today's ultra-modern tempo.

In the story, Nelson and Jeanette are sweethearts celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary and also their sixth year as stars of a Broadway play named "Sweethearts." Into this tranquil bit of happiness comes Reginald Gardiner, agent from Hollywood, who attempts to steal the pair for the movies from stage producer Frank Morgan. When it appears they are about to accept, playwright Mischa Auer steps in with a bit of plotting that not only stops the Hollywood plans, but causes the team to separate. Jeanette and Nelson go their separate ways until Auer's machinations are uncovered and Morgan confesses his part in the strategy. There is a happy quality about the entire piece which may be sorely needed amid the deluge of bleak pictures with a message which Hollywood has produced lately and, as a result, you will remember especially the blithe manner in which both Jeanette and Nelson handle their assignments. Neither has ever been in better voice. You will appreciate the work of little Terry Kilburn who plays Jeanette's brother and you will like Florence Rice as the faithful secretary. Director W. S. Van Dyke is to be congratulated.

★ THE YOUNG IN HEART—Selznick-United Artists

"THE Gay Banditti," a novel by I. A. R. Wylie, introduces a wonderful family, who trot gaily about the world hunting for people to cheat. Mr. Selznick has made it all into a picture and, with the exception that one is rather flooded with whimsey, he has done a good job.

Roland Young is very well cast as the *Pukka Sahib*, "late of the Bengal Lancers," who in reality was born in Canada and learned about Sahibs from his rôle in a roadshow. There could have been no choice but Billie Burke for *Marmy*, the vague, unmoral pretty mother. Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are the offspring who busily do their duty by searching out heirs and heiresses. At least, they do until the Riviera police find them out. Then, as they are on their way to London penniless, they meet an old lady, *Miss Ellen Fortune*. There's a train wreck and the banditti save the old girl's life. In return she asks them to stay with her in London. The rest of the story is that of the gradual decline and fall of the banditti into sentimental and honest ways, due to *Miss Ellen's* good influence. The *Sahib* gets a job selling super-cars; Doug. Jr. gets a clerk's position and his immediate superior is Paulette Goddard. This, by the way, is Miss Goddard's second picture and, although she has a cut-and-dried part, one still feels she has not sufficient warmth. Doug. Jr. gives the best performance of his growing Hollywood career. Minnie Dupree is very sweet and sincere as *Miss Ellen* and Richard Carlson does a nice job.

(Continued on page 81)

WE COVER THE

It's humiliatin'. Mickey Rooney's professional dignity takes a tumble when he meets up with Virginia Weidler in "Out West with the Hardys"

Fascinating as only movie news can be is this month's digest of the hijinks of the sound stages

BY JACK WADE

EUROPE may be all worked up about what Adolf Hitler will do next. But as far as Hollywood and the rest of the world are concerned, the future activities of another tough little terror with the same initials are a darn sight more vital.

That's why we skip the million-dollar epics on our monthly set tour to check first on one *Andy Hardy* and the prospects of peace and quiet in the movie world. They're not so hot, we might as well tell you at once. But what can you expect with Mickey Rooney tangling with bucking broncos, cowpokes, red-eyed steers—and deadly little Virginia Weidler?

"Out West With the Hardys," we understand, doesn't make Mickey Rooney feel very happy about the whole thing. Never before has Mickey's professional dignity taken such a tumble. M-G-M has hired little pig-tailed Miss Weidler to make *Andy* look like twenty cents in every manly department of the Wild West, including riding, roping, shooting and even bragging.

Mickey claims such a humiliating breakdown will ruin him with adoring adolescents the world over. His shining car, fancy wardrobe, football prowess and truckin' ability, says Mickey, have made him hot stuff with the high-school kids. He doesn't want to be exposed!

As usual, "Out West With the Hardys" contains three distinct stories: Lewis Stone's business deal, Mickey's boastful shenanigans and Cecilia Parker's romancing. In each picture one of them gets a break. This time it's Cecilia's turn. Mickey's chief picture chore is to get progressively skunked by *Jake* (Virginia Weidler), the little ranch girl.

We watch Mickey writhing on the spot as Lewis Stone, in checked shirt, boots and sombrero, accuses him of abandoning *Jake* to the coyotes. Usually Mickey is smoothness itself—he never forgets a line—but suddenly in the middle of this scene he bursts out with a loud guffaw.

The cameras stop immediately and everybody looks Mickeywards, completely astonished. "What in the world is the matter, Mickey?" asks Lewis Stone.

"Haw, haw!" chortles Mickey, pointing to Gordon Jones, the male lead and Cecilia's heartbeat. "His stomach growled at me!" That breaks it up for everybody, including us. We cool off on the "Ice Follies" set next door.

"ICE FOLLIES" aptly demonstrates a new trend in movie-making that we find growing in Hollywood, spurred, no doubt, by the shortage of pictures. That is, shooting pictures before a cast, or even a story is ready. A trim little fancy figure skater named Bess Ehrhardt seems likely to have one of the dramatic leads as well as the skating lead, with Joan Crawford as the star of the picture. Bess, shapely and more on the pretty side than Sonja Henie, glides, as the prima ballerina, through a graceful number on a vast indoor rink inside a Metro sound stage. It's a startling set. Giant Indian totem poles with brilliant thunderbirds tower over the ice and brightly painted tepees line it. The skaters whirl like golden birds in glittering Indian costumes. They can think of everything for the "Ice Follies," it seems—except what to use for a story.

THINGS are very different, however, with Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery on the "Stand Up and Fight" set. There's enough story in Bob's third he-manizing picture to satisfy anybody. Director Woody Van Dyke unspins it to us the minute we enter the big colonial-tavern set where Bob, in a high beaver hat, stick and fawn-colored waistcoat is a sight—but hardly for sore eyes.

"Stand Up and Fight," says Woody, is the story of early scraps between stagecoach lines and the pioneer railroads. The locale, Western Maryland, has never been featured on the screen before.

This, believe it or not, is Bob Taylor's twenty-first picture part. It seems only yesterday that he burst so suddenly into big-time fame.

ON the next set we visit, and the last place we'd expect it, we encounter hostilities and plenty of them. "Tailspin" at Twentieth Century-Fox, a sort of feminine "Test Pilot," pits Connie Bennett and Alice Faye against each other in a bitter script rivalry for aviation honors and handsome Kane Richmond. As we enter they're telling each other off.

". . . selfish little heel!" cries Alice.

". . . cheap little chaser!" returns Connie.

Bop! Alice lets her have one. Smack! Connie retaliates with a roundhouse left. They mix,

Hank Fonda and Tyrone Power, the famous brothers in "Jesse James," come in for plenty of personal Zanuckian attention

no holds barred, keeping up a running fire of choice insults. When the hair is all pulled, the clothes ripped and the breath gone, Roy Del Ruth, grinning wickedly, waves each to her corner with his "Cut!"

When the gals drop, exhausted, and the scene's in the can, Connie smiles wanly. "I hope I didn't hurt you?" she asks Alice anxiously.

"Oh, a few teeth and my spare rib—that's all," laughs Alice. They walk off arm in arm, smiling happily. The weaker sex—hey? Listen—neither Connie nor Alice has had so much fun in *weeks!*

Nancy Kelly is booked with them in "Tailspin," but she's not around. That's not hard to understand when we see her up the alley, a few stage doors away, giving *Jesse James* a farewell, ever-lovin' kiss before he goes to the jailhouse.

Nancy is Twentieth Century-Fox's new wonder girl. Only seventeen, she's just about the best actress on the TCF lot right now. The way Darryl Zanuck is spotting her in his biggest pictures spells only one thing—genuine stardom and right away.

For "Jesse James" is Zanuck's epic of the year, from the standpoint of filming time, money and personal Zanuckian attention. It will nick the stockholders for two of those millions the Hollywood people mention so casually.

Zee (Jesse's lovin' wife, and also Nancy

Mam-m-y! Virginia Bruce, in a hilarious scene with Gordon Oliver, is behind that mud pack in "There's That Woman Again"

Kelly) is in a clinch with Tyrone as the mike boom hovers close, just brushing their hair. The scene is a tender one, the voices low—so low that even the sound monitor protests. We can't even hear what they're saying, and we're practically at Ty's elbow. When Ty tries to make it louder without stage-whispering, his voice slips into one of those middle-register notches and cracks into a soprano squawk like a boy whose voice is changing. That ruins the scene but hands everybody a laugh, including Ty.

"At last," he grins, "I am a man!"

They do it right next time, but before the director calls for a print a voice yells, "Give 'em a lily!" We expect someone to rush forward with posies for Nancy and Ty. Instead, a camera assistant holds a color chart before the still running camera. The film is in Technicolor, and "Give 'em a lily," we learn, means give the camera a color test! We're a little relieved, at that, for *Jesse James* with a lily in his hand would be a little too much for us, at this point.

FROM Jesse to Jascha is only a matter of two or three miles and from horse pistols to a famous fiddle is, of course, no trick at all in Hollywood. It is a trick, though, to fit the great violin virtuoso into a great moving picture, if you consider the headache facing Sam Goldwyn.

He had a contract with Heifetz at a fabulous price. Moreover, it had a time limit. The time limit was about to expire, but—here we go again—no story! So what we see is Jascha fiddling while Sam burns, but doing a very nice job of it, of course. Both Jascha and Sam.

What interests us most about Heifetz is a little thing we notice out of the corner of our roving eye. We always thought geniuses (or is it genii?) were strong silent men, individual, imperative, harking only to the Muse.

But after every take we notice Heifetz peering across the sound stage at a beautiful woman who sits quietly at his dressing-room door. It's Florence Vidor, his lovely wife. If she shakes her head, Heifetz asks for another take. If she nods, he says "Okay!" Yes sir, it's the little woman who says what's what—even to a genius.

Our next stop is Columbia, the Gem of Gower Street.

After Frank Capra makes a picture, Columbia usually relapses into a state of economy coma. But the instantaneous profits of "You Can't Take It With You" have emboldened Harry Cohn into another immediate A. He's shooting "There's That Woman Again," a sequel to "There's Always A Woman," with Melvyn Douglas again a private detective, driven to exasperation by an active but addlepated spouse. Joan Bondell did the first one with Melvyn, you'll remember. But this time, when Columbia touched Warners for the loan of Joan, they said they could use her themselves. So Virginia Bruce got the nod.

Judging from the antics of Virginia and Melvyn on the set, they shape up nicely as the top screwball comedy team in town.

AROUND the corner, at Paramount, we run into a real-life situation, on the face of things irrational as the plot of "There's That Woman Again." The first set we visit, "Ambush," taken from the Liberty Magazine serial, features Gladys Swarthout without a song to sing! What's more, it's straight action melodrama, jammed with wild rides, gangsters, cops, bank robbers, kidnappers and gunplay. Now who would have thought a Metropolitan opera star would ever end up in a picture like that? The only explanation we can offer is that Hollywood is currently selling opera talent short.

Paramount is also busy with "King of Chinatown," "Say It In French" and "Tom Sawyer, Detective" all rolling at once.

A constitutional weakness for Mark Twain's *Tom* and a desire to see Hollywood's latest pair of Cinderella kids take us at once to the "Tom Sawyer, Detective" set. Billy Cook as *Tom* and Donald O'Connor as *Huck* have the biggest chance of their young lives to turn into child stars, if they cash in on their luck. Billy is the son of a Stanford University chemistry instructor. Billy's mama gave him the choice of learning to act or washing dishes. He chose acting and made a hit on the radio. Donald is a lucky theatrical kid Director Wesley Ruggles discovered one night at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. They got the jobs when Paramount couldn't persuade Mickey Rooney and another young name star to fill the bill.

There's just time to lamp Olympe Bradna in "Say It In French" before we leave the Paramount lot, so we duck in dangerously close to a red shooting light where Ray Milland, Olympe, Irene Hervey, Mary Carlisle and Janet Beecher are throwing French fast-talk around so furiously we get a little dizzy.

This one's a farce, as you might imagine. Rich man's son Ray marries a French cutie in Paris and brings her home, only to find his family have arranged another marriage for vital business reasons. So he poses Olympe as the maid and gets engaged to Irene Hervey. Having your wife around the house playing housemaid can be a little awkward at times and that's where the fun comes in. Especially when Irene catches on and helps out with the grand illusion.

The main attraction on the "Say It In French" set, to us, though, is Janet Beecher's blue hair. Janet is the only woman in Hollywood with sky-blue tresses. It all started as a mistake once when a beauty operator spilled some blueing on her head. Janet thought she was ruined for the movies. But to her surprise, she photographed a lot better. And she's kept it that way ever since! But don't go round dipping your coiffure in the inkwell—it might not work on everybody.

UNIVERSAL hasn't anything new to show us this month, but we hustle out to the San Fernando Valley anyway and on to Warners where one of the most interesting pictures of the month is just starting. We catch "Dark Victory" on its opening day.

"I can hardly wait to get into this one," Bette Davis, the star of the picture, tells us. And Bette was the girl who said in court they were working her too hard at Warners!

"Dark Victory" is the story of a modern woman who faces blindness and death, conquering the fear of both by love and courage. Bette plays the rich girl who marries ambitious doctor

(Continued on page 69)

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

This classic afternoon frock of heavy wine-colored crepe was created for Carole Lombard by Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire. The flowing side drape that cascades to the hemline lends striking contrast to the pencil-slim silhouette of the frock. Lilly Dache designed a matching draped turban of an interesting straw and wool mixture fabric and Carole wears it with her most becoming "long" coiffure. Miss Lombard is currently appearing in Selznick-International's "Made for Each Other"

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY HURRELL

Ray Milland and that little French cutie, Olympe Bradna, are the magnets that draw our reporter to the "Say It In French" set, but there he finds still another attraction

WELCOME 1939

—pretty as a picture in a romantic gown of pink slipper satin like this one worn by Bette Davis, soon to be seen in Warners' "Dark Victory." Tiny cartridge pleats release the fullness of the skirt, joined to the fitted bodice at a low waistline. The clever pleats hold in the soft fullness of appealing puffed sleeves. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood

—or greet it in regal mood in a sophisticated gown of green and yellow gold lamé (right), chosen by Myrna Loy, M-G-M star, vacationing at the present time. The exquisite styling of the gown, also selected from I. Magnin, Hollywood, reveals alternating treatment of the dual-tone lamé, both in the horizontal-tucked bodice and in the chic sunburst-pleated skirt

For opening day at the Santa Anita Races Bette Davis, star of Warners' "Dark Victory," chooses this dressmaker ensemble of soft rose tweed. Square carved wooden buttons close the jacket which tops a long-sleeved frock of identical tweed, trimmed at the neckline with a matching velvet bow. Note that the softly shirred blouse is joined to the skirt at a high-curved waistline. Bette's high-crowned rose felt hat with badger brush trim is a Galer creation. The costume is completed with shoes and bag of brown alligator. This ensemble and hat were selected from the French rooms of the May Company, Los Angeles

Wilbourne

Lucky the lady who can follow the sun and escape dull wintry days in sport clothes such as these. Adrian designed Jeanette MacDonald's slack ensemble (opposite page) for her to wear in M-G-M's Technicolor production, "Sweethearts." Easy fullness distinguishes the action sleeves of the black linen shirt which buttons to a round neckline and tucks into the corselet waistline of the white linen slacks. Jeanette's sombrero is of white baku with a black linen bandana crown. Her gauntlet gloves, striped in red, lend a dashing color note. Picturesque clothes like these give fashion interest to Palm Springs' play spots, such as Smoke Tree Ranch, El Mirador, Del Tahquitz and The Lone Palm

For resort wear M-G-M's Myrna Loy chooses a casual coat of heavy natural linen with patch pockets and roomy sleeves, designed by Kornhandler of Los Angeles. Front panels curve at the shoulders, the line followed by the curved revers. Miss Loy's hand-woven green and natural straw hat from the Bahamas ties under the chin, coolie-fashion, with multicolored raffia streamers. Beneath, Miss Loy wears a white silk jersey frock with front panel and sleeves of apple green and white print designed by Dolly Tree (sketch above). Ensembles such as Miss Loy's are often seen on the terrace of the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, California's famous spa

Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Midseason hats put all the emphasis on face value. June Gale and Lynn Bari, of 20th Century-Fox's "Samson and the Ladies," pose in perfect examples of this trend. Lynn (top) wears the Byron "Sweetheart," which makes the most of your mouth. Try a brim turned up steeply over a crown leveled off like a kepi and a dramatic veil drawn over all to call attention to your glamorous lips

June Gale (top, center) models the Roxford "Lucky." To emphasize the dimple in your chin, pull on a severe tailleur shaped to your head in back. Roxford styles this chic hat with a pinched crown smartly stabbed by an antiqued gold dagger

Lynn Bari also wears the Byron "Duchess" (above, left). It dramatizes your eyes. Experiment with the effect of a brim pulled down not too sharply but far enough to cast fascinating shadows over your eyes. Note the fur pompon that underscores your coat trim

June (left) models the Roxford "Show-Off." This hat plays up your profile. Outline your face against soft felt, with a high-sweeping brim and crushed suede band to match your eyes. These hats may be had in a wide variety of colors in the leading department stores

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Jean Rogers, petite 20th Century-Fox player who will soon appear in "Inside Story," models three stunning Jeanne Barrie* evening gowns that you will find in the leading department stores throughout the country. You will look as fragile as a Dresden doll in this empire gown of cyclamen chiffon (above). The softly draped bodice, caught with an antique jeweled brooch, is of cyclamen, violet and orchid

Gold glitters on the wide suede corselet that joins the sunburst pleated skirt to the picturesque "V" neck, short-sleeved blouse of Jean's Schiaparelli blue crepe dinner gown (above, center)

A sparkling rhinestone girdle defines the waistline of Jean's black chiffon dinner dress with short, full sleeves and deep "V" neckline (above and left). These lovely holiday gowns may be purchased in all sizes and a wide variety of colors

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

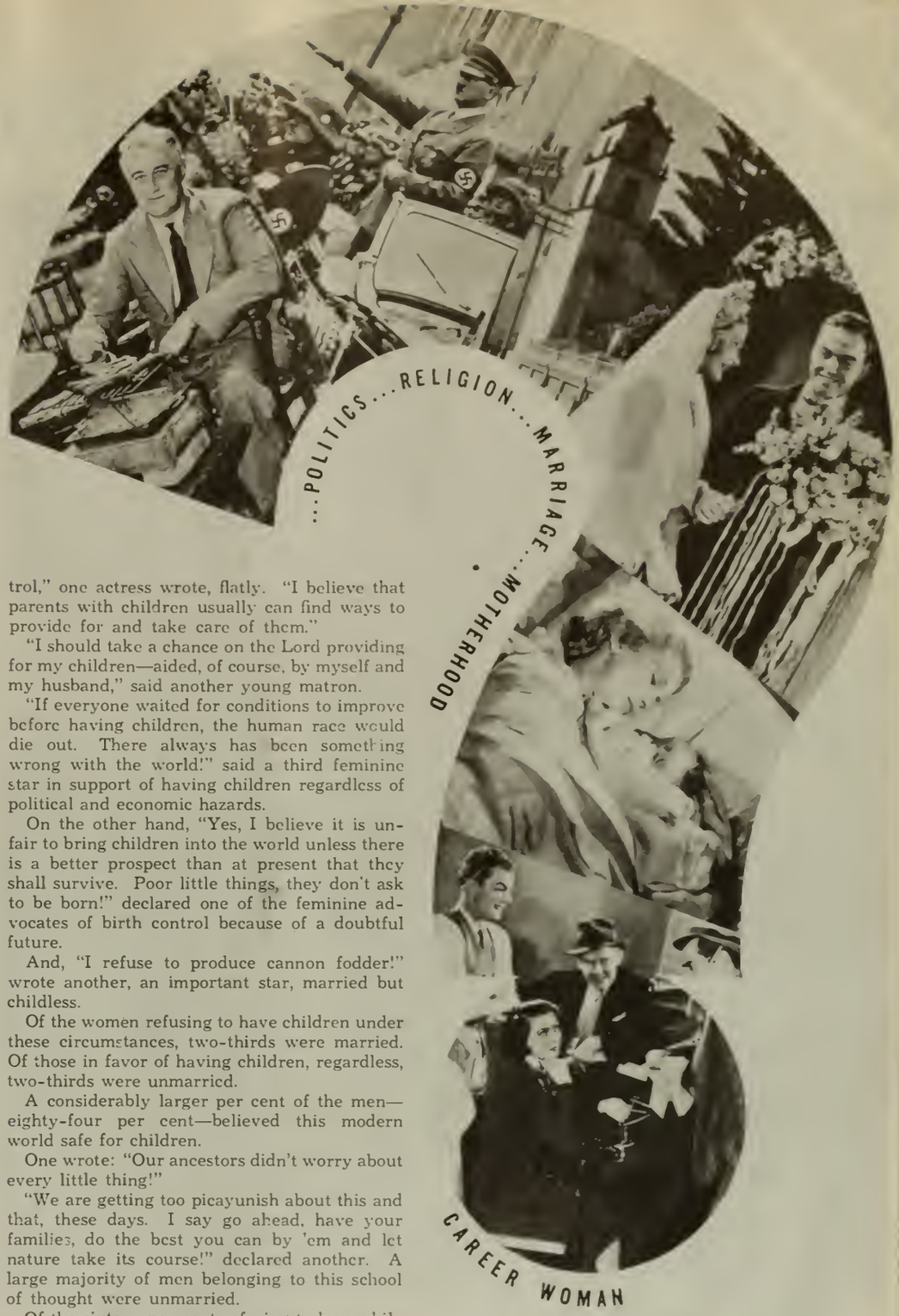
A heavy crepe frock, topped by a smart fur coat, is an essential wardrobe requisite for wear this month. Mary Carlisle chooses such an outfit in the chic color contrast of violet and black. Her crepe dress, in two shades of violet (the blouse is of lighter hue), is worn with a seven-eighth length black coney fur coat which boasts broad shoulders and a collarless neckline. Mary's eight-button gloves are of deep violet—her bag, shoes and hat, cunningly contrived of felt and velvet, are of black. Edith Head designed Mary's dress for her to wear in Paramount's "Say It In French"

English

WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS THINKING

The second in a series of the frankest answers film stars ever gave to a set of questions. Photoplay dared them to tell what is in their hearts. The dare was taken

BY MARIAN RHEA



IS Hollywood so busy it does not have to consider the world outside studio gates? Is Hollywood so ambitious it will not stop to contemplate problems which have nothing to do with picture-making but everything to do with modern social welfare? Is Hollywood so egotistical it cannot look beyond self to a broader horizon of affairs political, economic and religious?

In the following article, the second of two setting forth the results of a remarkable dare which PHOTOPLAY made to Hollywood, is to be found answer to each of these questions.

"We dare you, Hollywood," PHOTOPLAY said, "to forget motion pictures and tell us what you think about the fundamental problems of life as it is being lived today!"

Hollywood accepted the challenge. Last month, through means of a questionnaire circulated by PHOTOPLAY among a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to the various studios, and upon the promise of anonymity, it told frankly and honestly what it thought about such problems as romance after marriage, chastity before marriage, love adjustments of all kinds.

This month, through the same means, it speaks its mind with equal forthrightness concerning child rearing, sterilization, social theories, world affairs and religion. And, as you shall see, Hollywood neither is so busy, so ambitious nor so egotistical that it cannot use its head actively and for the most part, wisely. . . .

PHOTOPLAY'S first question in this second phase of its inquiry was: *"Do you, or will you, refuse to have children because of an unstable future?"*

In answer to this, fifty-one per cent of the women said no—several of them a vehement no, their decision definitely colored by their religious scruples against birth control for any reason.

"This is just an excuse to practice birth control," one actress wrote, flatly. "I believe that parents with children usually can find ways to provide for and take care of them."

"I should take a chance on the Lord providing for my children—aided, of course, by myself and my husband," said another young matron.

"If everyone waited for conditions to improve before having children, the human race would die out. There always has been something wrong with the world!" said a third feminine star in support of having children regardless of political and economic hazards.

On the other hand, "Yes, I believe it is unfair to bring children into the world unless there is a better prospect than at present that they shall survive. Poor little things, they don't ask to be born!" declared one of the feminine advocates of birth control because of a doubtful future.

And, "I refuse to produce cannon fodder!" wrote another, an important star, married but childless.

Of the women refusing to have children under these circumstances, two-thirds were married. Of those in favor of having children, regardless, two-thirds were unmarried.

A considerably larger per cent of the men—eighty-four per cent—believed this modern world safe for children.

One wrote: "Our ancestors didn't worry about every little thing!"

"We are getting too picayunish about this and that, these days. I say go ahead, have your families, do the best you can by 'em and let nature take its course!" declared another. A large majority of men belonging to this school of thought were unmarried.

Of the sixteen per cent refusing to have children because of unsettled conditions, all were married and many of them gave danger of future wars as the reason for their stand.

"I was a soldier. I wouldn't raise a kid to be the same for all the tea in China!" announced one, vehemently.

PHOTOPLAY'S second question was: *"Do you advocate sterilization of mentally unfit persons?"*

To this, eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women and ninety-four per cent of the men said yes.

"Certainly I believe in it!" wrote one feminine starlet, still in her 'teens. "My father was a disabled American War veteran and most of my life has been spent near army hospitals, where the need for stopping perpetuation of hereditary disease of body and mind cries out on every side!"

"Emphatically, yes!" said another. "This talk about violation of personal rights is a narrow and selfish attitude which should have gone out with witchcraft and snake doctors."

One feminine dissenter said, however, that such is the miracle of modern medicine that the unfit person of today may be cured tomorrow.

While endorsing sterilization in greater majority than the women, the male supporters were, in the main, pretty cautious about it.

"Yes, but with strong legal safeguards," said one young star.

"Yes, but only when there is absolutely no chance for improvement," was the vote of another.

Most of the small percentage of men who declared themselves against such a measure said they thought it too final and irrevocable to be arbitrarily enforced upon society. "Why not examination before marriage, instead, and prevention of marriage among the physically and mentally unfit?" several suggested.

Turning, then, to a question which was once upon a time the center of considerable con-

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CORRIGAN LANDS IN HOLLYWOOD

The world called Doug a hero. It saw in him the same rare qualities —shyness, resolve, courage—that had molded his idol, Lindbergh

"Wrong Way" Doug lost his direction on another path, only to discover that all roads lead to filmtown

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

DOUGLAS "WRONG WAY" CORRIGAN. He flies to California and lands in Dublin. He flies toward Dublin, across the briny deep, and lands smack on a moving-picture lot in Hollywood.

He puts a couple of candy bars and a five-cent package of cookies into the pockets of his leather jacket, gets into his silver ship and makes a three-point landing on the silver screen.

He's the first important Hollywood star to crash the movies in a plane. And though he's making his first—and maybe his only picture—it is probable he will prove a box-office star.

Doug Corrigan had three ambitions when he was a little boy. One was to be a pitcher for one of the major league teams. Another was to be a locomotive engineer. And the third was to become a moving-picture actor.

He lost his direction on all three of these paths, got lost in the clouds and went the wrong way. But he got to Hollywood just the same. He didn't realize that all roads lead to Hollywood.

He fell and broke a leg when he was a child in San Antonio, Texas. He went to work selling papers shortly after that. His father had deserted him and his mother, his little brother and sister and Doug had to help out, so there wasn't much time for playing baseball.

He learned, in a desolate moment, that a man had to be a fireman and shovel coal into the engine for hours at a time before he could become a railroad engineer. He realized he could never do work like that. He was too slight. His leg bothered him too much. And he had no ambition to throw coal on a fire so many hours a day. So he gave up the idea of becoming an engineer.

His mother kept a roominghouse in San Antonio, but after the war conditions were bad. It was hard to make a living keeping roomers. So she went to Los Angeles with her children, hoping to find conditions better there.

Doug had turned his face toward a moving-picture career even before he arrived in Hollywood.

He had seen moving pictures, quite a few of them, in the days before his father left. And he had one big shining idol. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior.

Doug Corrigan's real name was Clyde Corrigan. He was named for his father. He changed his name after he learned that his father would never come back.

"My mother never quite forgave my father," he said. "She didn't even want to hear his name mentioned. My name was the same as his and, naturally, every time she heard my name, she thought of him. It was she who decided I must change my name."

Doug thought of a lot of names, but when his mother casually mentioned Douglas Fairbanks, the boy didn't have to hesitate any longer. He's

(Continued on page 86)

LINDBERGH'S

MOVIE CONTRACT

$1,000,000 for one picture was the offer made to America's greatest hero, who accepted, and then—

BY MAJOR THOMAS G. LANPHIER

SUPPOSE you were in your twenties—and in Hollywood.

You had never acted before—not even in a high-school drama. You had not had so much as a screen test. You didn't know whether you'd photograph. You didn't know whether you'd be able to act at all. You already had a career in which you were interested and in which you seemed on your way to success.

And then they pushed it into your hands. A contract. A very fat contract. To do one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

To make it even more enticing, the picture was to be a history of the industry you had turned to for your career.

For this one picture, you were to receive one cool million dollars in cash and ten per cent of the gross receipts of the film.

Would you sign the contract?

Easy, now. This is no fantasy invented to amuse you. It's the story of an incident that really happened. It's the story of a lank, blond-haired young man and a moving-picture contract. If the young man signed the contract, he became worth more than one million dollars.

That young man was Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh, freshly returned from his epochal New York-to-Paris flight and in Hollywood, at the moment, on his good-will trip around the United States.

Young Lindbergh did what, I think, you also would have done.

He signed the contract. It was a contract with William Randolph Hearst to make a picture of aviation from its beginning down to his historic transatlantic hop.

While in Los Angeles, Lindbergh was the guest of the movie colony at Hollywood. Because of his tremendous popularity, numerous offers to enter the movies were made to him. He rejected all of them, until Mr. Hearst offered him this million-dollar contract to do an aviation spectacle for M-G-M.

Lindbergh signed that contract. But, though he had committed himself in writing to make the picture, it was never made. Had it been, America's hero might, conceivably, have become, overnight, the greatest box-office attraction in the history of the film industry. And Charles Lindbergh's whole future might have been drastically changed.

Instead . . . but here is what happened.

On Lindbergh's return to New York, his friends learned what he had done. They felt he was making a mistake by branching away from his chosen career—aviation. Though Lindbergh had signed the picture contract without consulting his advisors, he was stubborn about it. He refused to give up his plans; to attempt to break his contract.

He was determined to make the picture and his advisors could do nothing with him.

That is where I was brought into the situation. I had met "Slim" shortly after his return from Paris while I was acting as Commanding Officer of the First Pursuit Group stationed at Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

I had led a squadron of twenty-four army pursuit planes to Bolling Field to escort Lindbergh and his *Spirit of St. Louis* to New York City for the huge "welcome back" demonstration there.

Since that meeting we had become rather

(Continued on page 85)

"Lindy" had just made his epochal flight in "The Spirit of St. Louis" (above). The movies wanted him. He turned down numerous offers until . . . Right, with Louis B. Mayer, whose studio planned a film on the history of aviation

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

Murder will out—and so a thrilling mystery reaches a climax of revenge and romance

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

author of "The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when the secretary to Lawyer William Foley was injured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." As I stepped into the hall I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I groped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the ear I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

At the corner drugstore I tried to telephone Bruce Eaton. He wasn't listed in the phone book, so I called his agency. I impressed upon them the importance of Bruce Eaton's calling me in the morning at the law office of William Foley.

As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. It was Mr. Foley. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him my experience. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

MORNING papers brought the first definite information about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, had been found murdered in the Temmler home. I was the subject of an intensive search. When I arrived at the office I discovered that my desk had been rifled and my notebook taken. Before I could tell Mr. Foley, Frank Padgham came in and, while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, Bruce Eaton called. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property I had found.

During the morning, a woman in the late forties came sailing into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box at Las Almiras in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. It was then that I realized the full importance of the key that I had found the previous night.

When I met Bruce Eaton, he apologized for his behavior of the previous evening and then asked abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?" I started to hand the key to him and then, in a bantering tone, I told him he would have to identify it. To my amazement, it wasn't the key he asked for, but—his *stickpin!*

During luncheon Bruce told me the whole story of his part in the previous night's affairs. Woodley Page, an old friend of his, was being blackmailed. Charles Temmler had obtained possession of some incriminating letters; his chauffeur, Carter Wright, had stolen them; Frank Padgham had been delegated to get them back; Bruce had gone to the Temmler house to protect the interests of his friend; there I had found him, the victim of an unknown assailant.

When he had finished I pushed the key across to him and told him about the lockbox. A shadow fell across the table—it was the detective who had interrogated me in such a suspicious manner during my first day in the office. He reached for the key but Bruce held fast. A scene ensued. I rushed for the phone to tell Mr. Foley of this latest encounter.

When I returned, the detective was gone and Bruce suggested that we leave immediately for Las Almiras. There was a lone cashier in the bank and Bruce had no difficulty in getting access to the box. After what seemed an interminable period, I heard him slam shut the door of the box. At that moment a car slid to the curb—a police car. I called to Bruce to hurry. The banker became suspicious and I saw him reach for his gun. As Bruce rushed out, the officers were rounding the corner. The cashier pulled the trigger but the jar of the recoil jerked the gun from his hand. As he stopped to pick

"You lie," Mrs. Temmler screamed and, jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a wild rush for the door

it up, I grabbed the letters and dropped them into a lunchbox on the counter.

The officers poured through the door. "The jig's up," the sheriff said.

BRUCE EATON stepped forward and said, "I'll take the entire responsibility for this."

The man with the big hat answered, "Oh, you will, will you?"

"Yes, this young woman has nothing to do with it."

The bank cashier said, "Don't let them fool you. It's a well-planned holdup. They put on the act together and. . . ."

One of the city officers interrupted, "Good Lord, that's Bruce Eaton, the actor!"

"Actor nothing," the bank cashier protested. "They tried to hold me up. That man's no more Bruce Eaton than I am. He's a stick-up artist. If they hadn't jerked the gun out of my hand, I'd have had them. But one of them knocked the gun out and. . . ."

One of the city officers laughed an interruption, "Bruce Eaton isn't going around sticking up banks."

"I tell you they tried to stick *me* up," the cashier protested, doggedly. "This man walked into the bank and, while I was waiting on him, this woman came in and stood at the counter. I asked him if she was with him and he said he'd never seen her before. Then when you gentlemen drove up in your car, she started yelling at him and ran around behind the counter. I figured she was handing him a gun. I knew right then it was a stick-up and yelled at them to stop. She kept right on coming and. . . ."

The sheriff's cold eyes fastened mine in cynical appraisal. "How about it?" he asked.

I said, indignantly, "I was simply trying to get the man's autograph. You can imagine *my* surprise! I dropped in here to try and cash a check. I noticed someone was back in the vault with the cashier. Then I suddenly realized who it was. Do you think I'd pass up an opportunity like *that?* Why, when I go back and tell my roommate about having been in a country bank at the same time Bruce Eaton was there, her eyes will stick out a foot. Naturally, I wanted his autograph. I felt, under the circumstances, he wouldn't hesitate about giving it to me."

The officers exchanged dubious glances. I could see that the cashier's excitability and his hysterical gunplay were putting him on a spot.

Bruce Eaton said, calmly, "Well, it's been rather an exciting experience, Miss . . . what's your name?"

"Miss Bell," I said, "Claire Bell."

"It's been quite an experience," he said, smiling. "I've had autograph hunters pursue me before, but never under *quite* such unusual circumstances. Perhaps, if you're going my way, you'd care to accept a lift back to Los Angeles?"

"I'd be delighted," I told him.

(Continued on page 77)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF

1938

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

THIS is the nineteenth time we have asked our readers to vote for "The Best Picture of the Year." We know you will vote with your usual enthusiasm and judgment for the picture produced during 1938 which, to your mind, had the most superb story, casting, direction, acting and photography. We will then present to the studio which produced that film the most distinguished award in the motion-picture business, Photoplay's Gold Medal.

Despite the acrimonious controversy that has raged this year about pictures and picture personalities, no one can honestly say that the studios, particularly in the last six months, have not earned the right to say in truth, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment." It is well to remember, however, that you, the public, are judge of what is a good picture. Here is a way to register your opinion . . . Do you want to cry at the movies? Do you want to smile and forget there might be a world in which laughter comes but seldom? Do you want homespun stories that dramatize the daily lives of us all . . . or do you want high-spirited tales of knights in shining armor toting off their lady loves in a shower of arrows? Do you want scenes of hurricane, fire, flood and wind to sweep you off your feet? Do you want musical comedies, opera, dancing delights or crime stories? All these you have had this past year. If you vote for the picture you liked in 1938, the producers will know what type of picture to make in 1939.

As no one can remember all the pictures he saw during the past year, we list below some of the outstanding ones. Space, of course, does not permit us to list all the fine pictures, so, if your particular favorite is not here, vote for it anyway.

There are no rules to this contest. You either fill out the ballot printed here for your convenience, or write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Each and every vote is carefully counted; the picture that wins the most votes wins the Gold Medal.

This shining medal (a facsimile of which appears above) is a symbol of achievement, and as such is vied for by all the Hollywood studios. There is no board of judges. You are the judge and the jury. What *was* the best picture of 1938? You know. Vote for it!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"
1937
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alexander's Ragtime Band
Adventures of Marco Polo, The
Adventures of Robin Hood, The
Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The
Algiers
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The
Angels with Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blockade
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Boy Meets Girl
Boys' Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buccaneer, The
Carefree
Citadel, The
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crime School
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Drums
Four Daughters
Goldwyn Follies, The
Girl of the Golden West, The
Gunga Din
Happy Landing
Having Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jezebel
Joy of Living
Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Mad Miss Manton
Mannequin
Man to Remember, A
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rage of Paris, The
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Shopworn Angel, The
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The
Slight Case of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Sweethearts
Submarine Patrol
Suez
Test Pilot
Texans, The
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Too Hot to Handle
Toy Wife, The
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It with You
Young in Heart, The
Yellow Jack

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

Paging Mr. Chamberlain

DON'T believe all the Hollywood feuds exist only between the fair sex; oh, no. Two of movies' huskiest villains have maintained a pout at one another since the days when Barton MacLane and Charlie Bickford were actors on Broadway.

Fortunately, the two never came into contact until the Universal picture, "The Storm" (and what a fitting title), and then things happened.

The script called for a fight and each husky he-man threatened to annihilate the other.

The publicity boys looked forward gleefully to the fracas as a great source of ballyhoo, but the studio itself, a little alarmed at the enmity, feared trouble. So the scene was called for a Sunday wh

olomew congratu-
Garland on being
he rôle of Doro-
Wizard of Oz"

Tonight

romance very quietly
e Warner lôt. Since
ole thing off with Phil
yan has been having
vith a new beau for
ot lately. A little bird
quietly, you under-
se Jimmy Stewart is
rt interest in her life
aving any dates open
ains.
soon as he has the re-
(he now has eighty or
is going to join the
ir Force as a pilot. He
cense to pilot a private
ry much the aviation

Whitney; right, Irene
rica dance-conscious

Mystery of the Month

ALL of a sudden, and out of a very cle
sky, Hollywood husbands are behavi
themselves for the cameramen. Hithe
to, husbands of famous stars did a qui
fade-out when the boys, headed by o
own Hymie Fink, would approach f
pictures.

Then came a swanky première. Fi
to appear was Myrna Loy with her p
ducer-husband, Arthur Hornblow.

"Won't you pose with Miss Loy
once?" the cameraboys asked, me
as a routine question.

But imagine their amazement
Mr. Hornblow very readily agree
walked back to his car, holding
Loy's arm, so the boys could get
view of their walking in.

In fact, one photographer was sc
prised he forgot to load his camera
was almost too overcome to shoo
picture when Mr. Hornblow offere
make the walk from car to th
entrance all over again.

Encouraged, the boys next tri
Griffin, husband of Irene Dunn
almost always eludes the photogr

To their complete amazemen
Griffin consented, graciously posi
the boys several times.

Courage mounting still furth
photographers decided to crac
hardest problem of all—Dr. Joel
man with his wife, Claudette C
Having permitted Dr. Pressman t
the theater without asking for p
they now trudged down the aisle
seat.

"Sure," he smiled, "go ahead

It was almost too much.
the cameraboys are wonderi
husbands have decided to tu
new leaf, once and for all, o
it was just a good night for h ds.

Every Dog Has His Day

WHEN it came to selecting a dog to play with her in "Dark Victory," Bette Davis went to the bat for her favorite pooch—a setter belonging to her sister—not one of the show dogs, you understand, but one her sister claims is about the scrubbiest dog in the kennels. And since the canine has never worked before a camera, everyone is looking for some fun—except Bette's sister!

Russell Touch on a Resolution

ROSALIND RUSSELL, whose English-made film, "The Citadel," is a great hit, is still groggy over the British methods of movie-making.

"After Hollywood, where one talks pictures twenty-four solid hours in a day and to the exclusion of all else, I found the subject strangely ignored after working hours," she says.

"'I wonder if I did that scene just right today?' I asked an English co-worker one night at dinner.

"'Oh, by the way,' he answered, 'what about the tennis matches at Wimbledon next week? You're going, aren't you?'

"At first, I tried to talk shop after hours to everyone on the set and got in return discussions of English gardens in the spring or the possibility of war. So I finally gave up and, strangely enough, most of my physical tiredness and nervous tension disappeared.

"I've returned with a new resolution: no talking shop after working hours. Not even to myself. I don't care how lonely I get."

to

"A
Cary Gr
was off to
bicycle-built-
At Kansas City
Doug (about to
"Well, the old handle ba
It was still on, in modified
Grant hit New York and
shores of England. So Doug
bet. By the way, guess what
brought back to Phyllis Brooks, his o
and only girl friend.

Phyllis received several sets of old English glass for her bar and some lovely brasses for her fireplace. And, what's more, she was more pleased than if Cary had brought back a diamond mine. Whatever are these modern girls coming to?

Man the Boards, John

"NO actor who works with him ever sees Barrymore's eyes," a director declared. "They are always fastened on that dialogue blackboard from which John reads his lines. He reads them with more expression in words and eyes, with more freshness and spontaneity than any other actor on the set. I don't care who it is.

"He's the envy of every actor who works with him. Apparently he does less to prepare himself for the rôle than anyone in Hollywood. And always ends up with the most finished performance.

"That is being an actor in every sense of a word, even if the word is written on a blackboard. In fact, I'm convinced what this town needs are more blackboard readers like John Barrymore."

A pioneering spirit is indicated by Anne Shirley (above) in her New Year's resolution, while Gale Page (above, right) has an age-old problem to conquer. Costume pictures taught Olivia de Havilland (right) a lesson she'll profit by next year

help y
You're going
to do last year
you were too busy
all about them. And
to your heart, of course,
looks and your personality.
stars feel just the same way.
making beauty resolutions for the
These resolutions should be yours,
here they are.

Loretta Young was very firm about her beauty resolution. She said, "I resolve not to wear my hair up no matter how many other women do so or how many hats are made for it. I'm going to stick with the hair-do that looks best on me because I think that the really chic woman is the one who studies her personal requirements and enhances them."

Hollywood is about evenly divided on the subject of hair up or down. Many of the stars compromise by wearing the long bob during the day, dressing it high for evening. Gloria Stuart, for one, likes the "upped" hair-do and finds it most becoming. Her beauty resolution concerns it, too, because she thinks that earrings are almost a necessity to take away that "bare-faced" look, so she's going to increase her collection of earrings.

Loretta's statement that the smart woman is the one who sticks to her type at all times was borne out by several other stars, too. Barbara Stanwyck is one who says she won't be swayed by the current craze for furbelows. "I'm the tailored type, I can't wear anything fancy. I just look overdressed and I feel silly, so all my clothes are going to be very simple and plain. The only fad that I do yield to is the fad for tricky jewelry. I love costume jewelry, but I shall show restraint even in that. One interesting piece is enough. If I'm wearing a tailored suit, which I generally am, I wear a simple lapel ornament; or a lovely necklace with an evening gown."

Rosemary Lane has decided also that she will not be swayed by the decrees of fashion. "If they aren't becoming to me, and I feel that I don't do justice to them, I'm not going to take them up. I'm just going to be honest and natural and, at all times, myself. But don't get me wrong—I'm going to give every one of the new whimsies a try, to see if they will be becoming on me. But if they're not, then nothing doing."

Anne Shirley's going to try everything new, too.

At least once a month she's going to try a new make-up or hair-do because she feels that only by experimenting can a person discover what's most becoming to her.

"From past experience I know better than to make the kind of resolution that ties me down to a daily task," said Joan Blondell, when I asked her about her resolutions, "because I'm thoroughly unhappy until I break it. But I do resolve to change my personality several times during the coming year. To me, the whole secret of beauty is change. A new appearance may not be a vast improvement over the old, but at least it's different and it buoys up the spirit. A girl who neglects changing her personality gets stale mentally as well as physically. So I'm going to vary my hair style, my type of make-up, nail polish, perfume. I'm even going to change my toothpaste and mouth wash so I'll start the day with a completely different taste in my mouth."

Joan Bennett and Gloria Stuart, setting a 1939 high for blonde beauty, are trying out a new form of charm insurance—a beauty resolutions policy that pays heavy male dividends

If you get bored with yourself at times, let your resolution be to do something about it. Experiment with new makeups, change your hair style and make yourself over into a new person.

A new make-up is even better for your morale than a new hat, so take yourself in hand because you can be just exactly whatever you want to be—if you'll just take the time and the trouble.

Ginger Rogers doesn't overlook the importance of perfume in her beauty resolutions. "I like delicate and elusive fragrances rather than heavy musty odors and I'm going to collect a lot of different scents this year. I already have several perfumes but I don't think you can have too many because you should vary your perfume with your clothes and your mood of the moment."

Anita Louise is going to form the habit of spraying her hair with fragrance for evening, because she's found that this method of applying perfume is the most lasting and the least obvious.

"Malted milk three times a day," sighed Joan Fontaine when I approached her.

"I'm practically wasting away to a shadow, and that's my way of gaining weight. I'm so busy remembering to drink it that that's probably the only resolution I'll find time to keep."

GALE PAGE is another girl who considers beauty quite a "weighty" matter. I know that's bad, but I really couldn't skip it.

"I resolve this year," said Gale with grim determination in her voice, "to keep a daily watch on my weight and do something about it the minute the scales tip an ounce in the wrong direction."

When Gale started her movie career the first order she received was to reduce because of the camera's deviltry in adding poundage. So she did it by stringent diet and exercise. All very well and good, but, when she made a trip to Chicago, she put all the weight back on and had to go through the same stringent routine when she returned to Hollywood.

That is the reason, she confessed, for the grim determination when she says, "Now I know a daily morning weighing is the only way to keep painlessly slim. And, so help me, the minute I'm over one hundred and fifteen pounds, I'll go on a buttermilk diet until I'm back to my standard."

Irene Dunne's fondness for driving in open cars all year round brought on her 1939 beauty resolution. "I resolve to do something definite about the depredations of the wind this year," she told me. "I'm going to use a moist foundation for make-up and when I come home from a ride I'm going to take off all my make-up with a liquid cleanser and then use a softening lotion.

"And I'm not going to forget to wear glasses in the car and bathe my eyes when I come out of the wind to prevent them from becoming bloodshot. I'm going to protect myself from overexposure to the wind."

A good tip for you to follow, too, because winter winds can be most unkind to your skin by drying it and causing little lines.

BETTE DAVIS realizes that there is great beauty in serenity and she determines to relax more during the coming year. Ann Sothern, too, resolves to achieve the gift of relaxation and rid herself of the tenseness that is the usual result of motion-picture work. Here's how she's going to do it: "I will rise half an hour earlier and arrive at the studio in a leisurely manner. I will not rush home and I'll take a short nap before parties, premières or lengthy social events of any kind. Every two weeks I will spend the greater part of a day in bed, reading or just resting."

Joan Bennett, too, knows of no better aid to fresh, vital appearance than relaxation and serenity and she's going to abolish calisthenics and find more time to play tennis and badminton and go swimming.

She's going to get a lot of sleep and worry less and laugh more, and stay out in the open air as much as she possibly can. That, from the standpoint of health, as well as beauty, is one of the wisest resolutions any woman can make.

Penny Singleton says she wants to form the habit of using two powders. The blend of two shades, one deeper than the other, gives the skin a depth of tone and is more lasting. The first powder should be the lighter shade and the second in a deeper tone, giving warmth to the skin.

Try it and see if you don't get a better effect, too.

Both Phyllis Brooks and Olivia de Havilland are resolved to improve their walk and their posture. "I'm going to study ballet dancing all through the coming year," Phyllis said. "My mother think's I've too much of an athletic stride for the screen. As a matter of fact, she occasionally refers to it as a 'lope.' I know this would never do when I come to that superscene that's sure to find me descending a marble staircase swathed in ermine. So I'm getting ready!"

Olivia's experience in recent period pictures which required heavy and cumbersome costumes has taught her how necessary it is to walk gracefully and have a correct carriage at all times. "In 1939," she said, "I resolve to bicycle an hour each day. I bought a bicycle this year and was surprised to learn how much cycling can do for one, besides being a lot of fun. It's my favorite form of exercise and daily cycling is the best thing in the world to insure a graceful and correct posture at all times.

"So, no matter how tired I am, every single day, for one hour, I'm going to go bicycle riding."

"TO make regular use of a mild beauty mask before I go out evenings," resolves Wendy Barrie. "This is as important for young faces as for any because it stimulates and freshens the skin for special occasions when one wishes to look one's best.

"And I'm not going to hurry my make-up. I'm going to take plenty of time to use a beauty mask and be sure that my make-up is on evenly and smoothly."

And we can't forget the importance of using a good hand lotion every time you wash your hands and of remembering to smooth a softening cream into your elbows as consistently as you use it on your face.

Resolve, too, always to wear a fresh make-up. Keep some cleansing cream and facial tissues in your desk at the office so you won't have to keep adding new make-up on top of the old. Try always to have a supply of fresh powder puffs on hand.

Soak your fingernails in warm olive oil two or three times a week to soften the cuticle and keep your nails from splitting. And resolve to brush your hair every single night to keep it soft and shining. You'll find that this is definitely a most effective compliment-catcher.

And I hope that 1939 will be the brightest and happiest year you've ever had; that it will bring you new loveliness and charm and, most of all, your heart's desire.

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES: *beginning with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

Most Talked-of Comeback of the Year—Lew Ayres'! "Holiday" started him on the upgrade; "Cousin Henry" in "Rich Man, Poor Girl" added momentum; then—the first of a series of starring pictures, "Young Dr. Kildare" (above), with Lionel Barrymore

FINK IS FINE

JUST a word of complete approval of your fine magazine and its lack of sticky gossip and fan-lure.

Your photographs are always excellent—which means Mr. Hyman Fink must be a whiz at the shutter. I, too, am a picturetaker of sorts and am interested in all points of photography. That short bit about photography advice by Mr. Fink should be enlarged into a department in your magazine. My job is to photograph portraits and activities of the students at this college for American Indians, the only college for Indians in the world.

I'm positive that any advice from Mr. Fink would be worth while. Why not think it over? Incidentally, I'm thinking of enlarging my attic, in order to find more room to store away PHOTOPLAY, which I have bought for years.

EDMUND C. SHAW,
Bacone College, Bacone, Oklahoma.

We appreciate Reader Shaw's praise and trust he will be pleased to see the new department, "Movies in Your Home," on Page 70. This will be an occasional feature and any camera addict should find many new pointers which will be helpful.

P. S.—Mr. Fink is a whiz at the shutter.

EASY COME, EASY GO

YES, Hedy Lamarr is gorgeous and glamorous, but can she act? All she did in "Algiers" was look alluring in close-up after close-up and certainly that's easy enough with her glorious face. Of course, one must admit that she reacted nicely to Charles Boyer's passionate glances, but who wouldn't? No, unless Hedy can prove that besides her haunting loveliness she can also act, she will be doomed to failure, for the public is tired of "glamour girls" and their eternal posturings and posings. Dietrich lost out and Garbo's appeal is certainly on the wane, so if Miss Lamarr has nothing to offer us but her exoticness, she too will fade into obscurity, for, to be an actress, one must be more than just "a thing of beauty."

MARGARET LEMWORTH,
New York City.

Hedy Lamarr's next picture will be "I Take This Woman" with Spencer Tracy and Walter Pidgeon at M-G-M, the studio which lent her out to Walter Wanger for "Algiers." The director is Frank Borzage, the man who was responsible for Janet Gaynor's sensational work in "Seventh Heaven" in 1927—the picture, you recall, which really made Miss Gaynor a star. As for Miss Lamarr's acting, it is hard to judge from one picture. Shall we give the gal a chance?

RULES FOR WRITING TO A STAR

I'VE long enjoyed your magazine and look upon you as a true friend. I am a star's secretary, which is why I must regretfully withhold my name. Every year a new crop of fan-mail writers appears and I'm sure that many of them need a few pointers. Here they are: please write legibly—print the name and address if your handwriting isn't legible—and don't squeeze your name and address into one small corner. What a blessed relief it is to see a typewritten letter turn up!

Please don't write five-page letters, if your handwriting isn't legible. Please write in ink. Some letters come a long way and are so pencil-smeared when they arrive at the studio they are practically illegible.

Please put your address on the letter itself and not refer the reader to the envelope.

Please write a letter, if possible, and not a card. The cards come in with postmarks all over the back and front and often it is impossible to make out names and addresses because of this.

Please don't ask the star to do you a favor. He can't get you a job, nor can he get you into the studios to look around, much as he would like to help you. Don't pry into his private life, tell him all your troubles, or ask for his home address.

Most of the mail is very nice and interesting and both my employer and myself enjoy reading it, but some of it isn't, hence this letter. Thank you for your time and trouble.

PRIVATE SECRETARY,
Hollywood, Calif.

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

SINCE the early "nickelodeon" days, I've been an avid moviegoer. I've seen two and sometimes three pictures a week. I'm quite in accord with the slogan "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment"—but, now I'm through. When the double-feature nuisance came into being, I began shopping for my movies, only to find that this necessitated either a 5:30 dinner, hurriedly eaten (in order to be at the theater by 6:10), or losing a couple of hours' sleep because the second show wasn't out until midnight. Then came Bingo, under the various titles of Screeno, Bank Night, or what-have-you. That, I could avoid and did, but it meant that I often missed a picture I very much wanted to see. But now an even more deadly menace is rearing its head—stage shows, and theater managers have the effrontery to tell you (and right in the midst of the "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" campaign) that they are trying to bring back vaudeville.

I don't want vaudeville; I don't want Bingo; all I want is one good picture an evening. So, I'm through until theater owners and managers get back to the fundamental purpose of a motion-picture theater.

GRETCHEN MANNING,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

This brings to mind another problem—that of change of titles. After the studio has exploited pictures for months under one title, it is confusing, to say the least, when one keeps looking in the newspapers for a picture to come to town, only to find out it's been in town the week before under another title. Has this bothered you? If so, can you think of a solution?

(Continued on page 75)

(Continued from page 48)

George Brent, finds she has one year to live and spends it spurring him on at the expense of her doomed spirits. It's the heaviest rôle Bette has ever attempted, next to "Of Human Bondage."

We sit on the sidelines with Bette while George Brent struggles through the opening-day jitters in an all-male doctors' scene. After a series of disheartening breaks before the camera, George says, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm sorry." Then he walks across the stage and sits in his chair, alone and mad at himself. Nobody can help him; it's just one of those opening-day things. He'll be all right after a while.

We can't resist asking Bette how about her personal future, especially since her separation from her husband, Harmon Nelson, took place between "The Sisters" and "Dark Victory."

Very frankly she tells us there's absolutely no other man and no other interest unless it's her work. And the biggest effect the split-up has had so far is a deeper devotion to work. "I *live* it now," says she.

"And that's no figure of speech." It's true. Warners gave Bette Kay Francis' gorgeous bungalow, when Kay bowed off the lot. So, when the marriage division happened, Bette moved into the studio bag and baggage! Now, during the filming of "Dark Victory," she eats and sleeps there. And the rest of the Warner stars are getting the same idea. Paul Muni is moving into the studio for his next picture and several others, too, are following Bette's lead.

It's a great idea, but we hope it doesn't spread over Hollywood. What would become of all the swimming pools?

AND now we will look over the stars in the radio studios. With NBC opening a brand-new, bigger and better apple-green broadcasting studio at Sunset and Vine and Columbia's new plant keeping the air crackling a block down the street, Hollywood is now in radio for keeps—and vice versa.

The air is full of stars and the stars are full of—well, call it eloquence. At any rate, where one Hollywood program failed to return to the ether this season, three new ones popped up. The Radio scene shifts around quicker than a Notre Dame backfield and what do we have? Well—

For one thing, we have Bill Powell running Hollywood Hotel and the best news item of the month is that Bill's health is standing up under radio perfectly. He likes it; it likes him. His friends are urging him to give up making movies entirely, to concentrate on radio, have more fun out of life, live to a ripe old age and make just about as much to put in his piggie-bank.

Charles Boyer has taken over Tyrone Power's dramatic spot on the Woodbury Playhouse. What's more, Charles is carrying on the Power tradition of orchids for the leading lady each week. Gail Patrick, Olivia De Havilland and Maureen O'Sullivan have got 'em so far. The best remark we ever heard about Boyer was a romantic little Radio extra's sigh—"That guy," she heaved, "has menace in both eyes!" His voice is the same way. Better fill up on Charles. He leaves the air in a few weeks and Ty comes back.

Bing Crosby's return from Bermuda deserves a paragraph. Bing left for the island with twenty-five trunks. He came back with thirty-eight! He bought everything in the joint, including British walking shorts for his whole band. Now you should see 'em—especially Man Mountain J. Scott Trotter! On Bing's first return program he arrived at the mike wearing a vivid map of the Caribbean and the Atlantic Ocean for a shirt. It scared Bob Burns off to Hawaii, where he's vacationing now.

Lux Radio Theatre, like the brook, runs on forever. They have the right microphone menu, the best scripts, the biggest stars—and C. B. De Mille. C. B., incidentally, is casting most of the radio steadies in his next epic, "Union Pacific."

We caught the Lux air edition of "Seventh Heaven" the other night and saw Jean Arthur and Don Ameche run over and stick their noses in a piano in the middle of the show. How did we know a mike was underneath? They talked through the piano strings for that echo effect you heard.

ALONG Radio Row, the Hollywood Headlines are these:

Texaco Star Theatre is a solid hit, but suave Adolphe Menjou can't help truckin' when Jane Frohman sings . . . Eddie Cantor's next Deanna Durbin may be Betty Jaynes . . . Gracie Allen came back from New York with a trunkful of screwy hats . . . Claire Trevor's new husband, Clark Andrews, is producing her air show, "Big Town." He and Eddie Robinson warble old college songs at rehearsal—it's awful . . . Fanny Brice is on the war path for people who spell her name "Fannie" . . . Every week Frank Morgan and Fanny do the Lambeth Walk to a raucous accompaniment by Merideth Wilson's band the minute "Good News" goes off the air. You miss it, but the audience gets a good laugh. . . .

Joe E. Brown was burned up all last fall because his new show came on Saturday and he couldn't watch his son, Joe L., do his football stuff with the U.C.L.A. team . . . Frances Langford, who's tiny, got ten pounds more fat and sassy on her honeymoon, while Jon Hall, a moose, faded to a shadow. He's at every Hollywood Hotel rehearsal, because they're still very much in love! . . .

Bob Young and Allan Jones have reaped plenty of business for their Bel-Air riding stables from those radio comedy plugs on "Good News" . . . W. C. Fields never takes off his hat or removes his toothpick during the whole "Hit Parade" . . . Grover Jones, the movie-writing fellow, is doing the script for Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart on "Silver Theatre" . . . Jimmie Fidler will break a broadcasting record when he gossips over both NBC and Columbia any day now. . . .

Dorothy Lamour is now third in record playings over the air. The Chase and Sanborn hour did it. First is Bing Crosby; second, Nelson Eddy . . . Jean Hersholt sketches everybody on the "Doctor Christian" show . . . Edgar Bergen is rhumba-mad. A brave gentleman, Edgar—he tossed a party the other night and invited all his girl friends—Andrea Leeds, Anita Louise, Nancy Carroll and so forth. Charlie McCarthy, by the way, now has a tailor working overtime sewing him up a new wardrobe for practically any occasion you can imagine. . . .

But the best for the last—The *Judge Hardy Family* will soon be on the air—intact—if present plans go through. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may put Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker and all the rest on radio each week with a typical *Hardy* escapade. And how would you like that?

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

John Payne in "Wings of the Navy"

TEST your memory of the pictures that Photoplay selected as the most outstanding of the year 1933. Give yourself five points for every one you remember correctly. The score should be at least eighty for a seasoned moviegoer. Check up on page 82.

1. Herbert Marshall played a super-crook in "Trouble in Paradise." The two women in the film were:
Kay Francis **Lilo Hyams**
Elizabeth Allan **Miriam Hopkins**

2. In "Night After Night" a new star was born:
Katharine Hepburn **Mae West**
Barbara Stanwyck **Lupe Velez**

3. Richard Dix was the pioneer in "The Conquerors." The wife who helped him start a banking business was:
Ann Harding **Loretta Young**
Irene Dunne **Diana Wynyard**

4. In "The Animal Kingdom" Leslie Howard's wife was played by:
Nancy Carroll **Dorothy Jordan**
Myrna Loy **Ruth Chatterton**

5. The De Mille spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross," gave this actress a chance as Nero's consort:
Bette Davis **Claudette Colbert**
Elissa Landi **Evelyn Brent**

6. "Rasputin and the Empress" featured John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore. Which one of these actors played the Czar?
Alexander Kirkland **C. Aubrey Smith**
Monte Blue **Ralph Morgan**

7. The father in "Cavalcade" was:
Clive Brook **Adolphe Menjou**
Ronald Colman **Alan Dinehart**

8. The children of Will Rogers in "State Fair" were played by:
Lew Ayres **Janet Gaynor**
Norman Foster **Sally Eilers**

9. The rôle of M. Topaze in "Topaze" was played by:
John Barrymore **Maurice Chevalier**
Dick Barthelmess **Fredric March**

10. "Sweepings" was the story of a disillusioned father:
Henry Travers **Lionel Barrymore**
Lewis Stone **Henry Stephenson**

11. In "Today We Live," Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone were in love with this girl during the war:
Constance Bennett **Mary Brian**
Carole Lombard **Joan Crawford**

12. The venal politician who became President in "Gabriel Over the White House" was played by:
Edmund Lowe **Walter Huston**
Clark Gable **George Brent**

13. In the comedy, "Good Bye Again," this comedian got his first big rôle:
Hugh Herbert **Robert Young**
Jack Oakie **Charles Ruggles**

14. You remember George Arliss in "Voltaire," but who was Mme. Pompadour?
Adrienne Ames **Norma Shearer**
Marian Nixon **Doris Kenyon**

15. "Morning Glory" lifted Katharine Hepburn to new heights as the stage-struck girl who fell in love with:
Joel McCrea **David Manners**
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Cary Grant**

16. The man who got the chance to live his life over again in "Turn Back the Clock" was played by:
Lee Tracy **Paul Lukas**
Warner Baxter **Rod La Rocque**

17. "Three Cornered Moon" was one of the first of the screwy family pictures. Mary Boland was the crackpot mother; her daughter was:
Bebe Daniels **Claudette Colbert**
June Collyer **Constance Cummings**

18. Three of these women were Charles Laughton's wives in "The Private Life of Henry VIII":
Binnie Barnes **Merle Oberon**
Greta Nissen **Wendy Barrie**

19. In "One Sunday Afternoon" two men loved Fay Wray. She married Neil Hamilton but the other man was:
Gary Cooper **Nick Stuart**
Ricardo Cortez **James Dunn**

20. "Lady for a Day" was about a blowzy old apple-selling woman. Apple Annie was brilliantly played by:
Helen Westley **May Robson**
Marie Dressler **Louise Dresser**

(Continued from page 16)

movie director-conscious because the film notables used to drop in for their rations of sweets and there was even some talk that began to spread that down in Brown's candy store there was a honey of a little queen, smart as a polished trophy—that she had a certain manner.

Actor William Demarest, who had become an agent, heard the talk, went in to inspect the girl and found her to his liking. So he told her he would like to put her in the movies.

"Well," giggled Ellen, recalling her first meeting with Demarest, "here I was from a big city like Chicago and I read the papers and also the magazines and a fellow comes in, holds my hand, looks me in the eye, and says: 'How'd you like to be in the movies? I'll get you in.' I laughed right in his face and I'll never forget how droopy poor Bill looked when I told him I was over five and to try another line."

Ellen preferred to believe another fellow—a nice-looking young chap who was in the movies, too, after a fashion. His name was Fred Wallace and he was a make-up man. He didn't tell her she ought to be in pictures. He said he thought he had never met a more wholesome-looking girl in his life. The next time he saw her, he told her he would like to take her out. And two or three weeks later, he told her he would like to marry her.

This was the type of line which appealed to the girl and, when he proposed to her again, she said yes.

So the girl who was then Terry Ray became Mrs. Fred Wallace and a year or so later Skipper arrived—he has no other name. It was then that she remembered Bill Demarest who had tried to prove to her that he was interested in her only as a client. She was getting pretty tired of sitting around the house, so she decided perhaps there was a place for her in the movies.

Demarest gave her a script to read and a few days later she went through the terrifying experience of giving an audition. "I honestly didn't care much," Ellen confesses, "because I couldn't believe there was anything I could do except perhaps get on as an extra or something. So I didn't take the audition seriously and it didn't scare me. I guess my mood was the luckiest thing for me because they were so impressed they signed me up without even making me take a screen test."

And that, briefly and simply, is how Terry Ray, who was renamed Ellen Drew, went on the salary list of Paramount.

They tossed her small morsels at first. A bit in "Yours for the Asking," an extra part in "The Return of Sophie Lang," a few lines and a few gestures in "My American Wife." But fantastic results were noted. The bit player was receiving fan mail. And susceptible young men from Texas and from Illinois, from Montreal and from Mexico, were writing in, asking for information about that pretty girl with the airy manner.

So they—I mean the Paramount executives—decided perhaps there was a great deal more to this Ellen Drew who was not a chit of a child—and decided to experiment. She was assigned to an important rôle in "Sing, You Sinners." The reward came in hundreds of approving fan letters and warming reports from the distributors. Ellen Drew, it was decided, was just the girl to share the feminine lead in "If I Were King." Following that, so it was hinted to me, the girl who handled cash in Chicago and sold candy in Hollywood might be elevated to full stardom.

It's enough to scare the living daylights out of a young housewife with a three-and-a-half-year-old son—and an overwhelming awe of glamorous ladies like Merle Oberon and Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy.

Ellen Drew, who is earning a nice three-figured weekly salary and will in time leap into the four-figured class, has no elaborate home, no swimming pool, no tennis court, riding horses. Not even her own estate.

With her husband and Skipper she lives in a rented house in Cardiff Avenue on the fringe of Beverly Hills with two cars—one of which is a battered but gay little Ford of 1931 origin—the other, a cheap popular make, purchased a year ago.

"How," I asked, "does your husband regard your career? Wouldn't he prefer to have you stay home and run the house?"

"Heavens," exclaimed Ellen, "where do you get the idea I don't run my house? I most certainly do—before and after studio hours. And sometimes between. No, there has never been an argument between Fred and myself about my being in the movies. We just don't discuss it at all. That's safest, don't you think? I don't tell him what's happened in my studio—and he never bothers to tell me what's happened in his. He's not jealous of me—and, bless his handsome soul, I'm never jealous of him."

Did I remember to say that Ellen Drew's fine little nose is tiptilted like the Maid of Astolat's, that her brown, soft hair hangs in seductive ringlets? Sometimes—at a quick glance—she has a resemblance to Phyllis Brooks.

She has no preference in literature and makes no pretense at being just too, too devoted to Baudelaire, Chatterton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Proust or Sterne, but she has read a few stories by Edgar Allan Poe and a book entitled "David Copperfield" by Charles Dickens. Ellen likes the light reading in magazines or a good modern novel.

She can't recall a single outstanding adventure in all her twenty-four years of life. No escapes from near death—no threats from irate wooers—not even a slip on the ice. It has been an uneventful life with no extraordinary hardships. The fact that she had stepped out of a candy store into marriage and motherhood and then driven down to an agent and had her naïve request to be placed in the movies fulfilled does not seem eventful to her. Nor that within a comparatively short time she has leaped from obscure bit parts into featured rôles with stardom poking out an invitation for her to grasp—that was the way it was destined, if you believe Ellen Drew.

"You do," I commented for want of something better to say, "smoke a great many cigarettes, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I guess I do. But I never smoke in front of Skipper. And Skipper—never smokes in front of me!"

The young man who had sat quietly, looking out upon the waters of the East River under our windows, spoke up.

"Miss Drew," he said with something of awe in his voice, "has a grand sense of humor. Don't you think?"

MOVIES *in your home*

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

All of a sudden this country has become camera-conscious.

Every time you stick your face out of the front door, you are pretty certain that your head is going to be snipped at the neckline and recorded on film for posterity.

Every day more people are buying sound and silent motion-picture cameras and projectors. Consequently, Photoplay proposes to devote space in this and future issues for you who are taking part in this 16mm industry.

This month we are reviewing some short films, giving you news on equipment and telling you where you can purchase these things. Next time, we will give you advice from expert directors and cameramen.

We are lucky in being able to start off during a month of plenty, and when we say plenty we mean that this month is packed with late pictures for 16mm which have never been on the market before.

First on our list is a football short, nicely put together and breathless, a Castle Films production, entitled "Football-1938." In this film are action shots from all the big games which have been played so far and it will be a swell help to you in recording games in the future. It's in one reel and cheap, too.

Pathegrams have just released two "town studies": one, "Dynamic New York," the other, "Historical Washington." Both of these one-reelers are beautiful photographic jobs, particularly the New York film, which surpasses anything we've ever seen Hollywood take of Bagdad On The Subway. This same company has proven that a film can go educational and still keep you on the edge of your seat with their one reeler called "Millions of Fish." It's a study of the sardine industry from stream to plate. These three films are in both sound and silent editions.

If you are well stocked on shorts and are interested in getting a very unusual picture, have a look at the first full-length picture made specifically for home consumption, "Pinnochio," a 16mm sound movie made by a fellow in Hollywood named Bresler. Bresler's second eight reel 16mm is also almost finished. It's called "The Return of Rip Van Winkle." You'll probably be able to get it soon after you read this.

Politically speaking, there is some exciting stuff on the market, too. Castle Films are releasing a film called "Czechoslovakia." Garrison Films have just released those splendid films produced by Frontier Films, "Heart of Spain," which rents for $10; "People of the Cumberland," which is $7.50; "China Strikes Back," which rents for $10. Garrison also is releasing for rent the one reelers, "Germany Invades Austria," for $1.00, and "Austria Vanishes," for $2.00; the Gilbert Seldes film, "Towards Unity," for $1.50.

The Christmas season is the time to stock up on the excellent cartoons which are old but good. Eastman Kodak has the Disney "Silly Symphonies"; Gutlohn and Film Exchange, as well as Bell and Howell, have a large stock of Christmas shorts. All at very reasonable rates. Castle has produced a special holiday short called "Christmas Cartoon." It's better than the usual run of film of this type.

Winding up this month's releases are two more Castle Films, "Sahara," and their monthly newsreel, "See No. 6," which has fine aviation sequences and some shots of lumberjacks in action.

Many Hollywood cameramen are now using the new Cine-Kodak focusing finder. It slips inside the camera just as a film magazine does and with its magnifying eyepiece an exact focus can be obtained regardless of lens combinations used. A new Dust-off Photo Brush is just out and is a honey for removing dust without scratching cameras, lenses and film. The Fisher Film Cement Pen you'll find handy for editing film. And have a look at the new Wonderlight enlarging bulb for 16mm. frames.

Cameraman O'Connell, now at work on a Warners' Technicolor epic, has devised an ingenious sun mirror, made of a pane of glass backed by black paper. It cuts down cloud glare about 65%, according to exposure meters.

The films mentioned above can be bought at department stores or at your own camera shop.

TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with *only 1 coat* instead of 2 . . . makes nails gleam like sparkling gems.

At last, a cream nail polish of *enduring loveliness* . . . a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and *stays perfect* for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling . . . to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents *more* than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an *entirely new way to buy polish* ...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

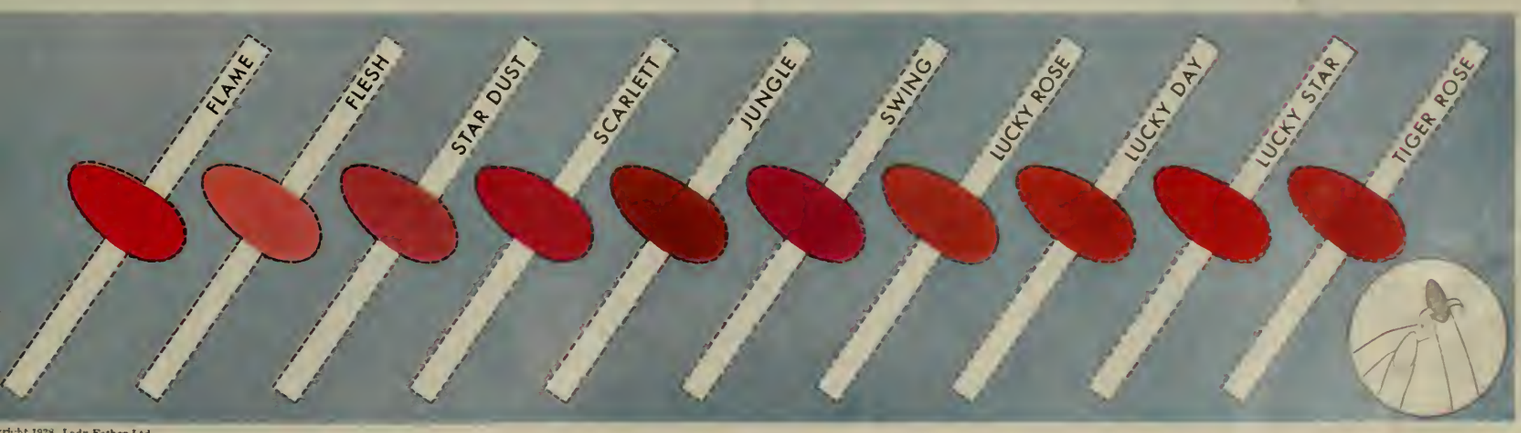
Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right . . . but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" below—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money! . . . You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" *and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.* **IMPORTANT NOTICE**—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. *Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.*



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Far left, Willys and RKO designer Edward Stevenson. Above, Joseff. Left, Irene

CLOSE UPS OF HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS

DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

II

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

LAST month your Fashion Editor felt gay and frivolous and brought you, instead of her usual fashion letter, a surprise package in the form of a Hollywood production which gave you, not only fashion high lights, but also a keyhole peek into the careers of famous designers.

This month I am again forsaking my fashion letter to add "Part Two" to last month's production, so that I may continue my story of outstanding designers who, like Galer-Ainsworth and Voris, have combined courage and vision to win recognition in the fashions of the commercial and motion-picture worlds alike.

Quiet, Please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire—on her own admission a career girl "by mistake"—her chum decided to go to designing school and she just tagged along! Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Irene is now the leading custom designer of the West—but I assure you that is no "mistake." To her salon in Bullocks-Wilshire the illustrious flock for the ultimate in chic—Los Angeles and Hollywood Blue Bookers, the wives and daughters of Hollywood producers and directors, such well-known stars as Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Paulette Goddard, Dolores Del Rio, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett and so on and on. Irene also designs screen clothes for motion pictures—her most recent assignment was the wardrobe for Virginia Bruce to wear in the Hal Roach production, "There Goes My Heart."

Irene's clothes are individualized by perfection of line, subtle color contrast, rich fabrics and intricate dressmaker details. They are costumes of unassuming elegance!

This season, Irene features, as usual, her famous three-piece suits in plain or contrast woolens—classically draped and molded black silk jersey frocks—tailored dressmaker dinner suits styled of rich brocades and velvets—luscious feminine evening gowns interpreted in souffle, jersey, taffeta, crepe and lamé, each model scintillating like the perfection and color of the jewels that Irene uses for inspiration! Fade out.

CLOSE SHOT: Joseff—who started his costume jewelry enterprise with one rhinestone bracelet "for rent." Fade out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Joseff has over a thousand pieces of jewelry rented to the studios at one time (and thousands more filed away in drawers for immediate call) and each piece of his own making, for Joseff is the creator of the only costume jewelry designed and made in Hollywood!

He works closely with all the studio designers in planning distinctive jewelry which corresponds to the mood of their modern creations—he makes authentic reproductions for their historic costumes. Nearly all the costume jewelry that flashes from the screen is rightfully credited to Joseff.

He also creates jewelry for the personal wardrobes of such famous stars as Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Alice Faye, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett and many others.

This season he has made a reality of a long-cherished ambition! For the first time, he has reproduced his cinema jewels and offered them to the public. (You will find them in the leading department stores throughout the country.) Fade Out.

CLOSE SHOT: Willys—who entered the hosiery business via the "grease paint route." He sold hose to stars on the sets between scenes while working as an extra in pictures. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Today Willys has the distinction of being the sole hosiery stylist for stars as well as studios. Willys is pictured here with Edward Stevenson, designer for RKO Studios—they are discussing hosiery styles to be worn in the forthcoming RKO production, "Beauty For The Asking."

Willys creates the styles of his hose as well as their colors. A few of his innovations, made universally popular by the stars of Hollywood, are the complete sandal foot hose, first created for Dietrich—the ombre (two-tone) hose also designed for her—complete lace heel and toe hose created for Ginger Roger's dancing feet—peck-a-boo hose (toes cut out to vie with open-toe shoes) styled for Lily Pons—and on and on indefinitely.

The most outstanding hosiery color idea conceived by Willys was the lipstick hues that matched the lipsticks of a famous Hollywood cosmetic house. To these rosy hues he added a wide range of pastel tints and Willys gave Hollywood the first gayly colored hosiery for evening wear.

Willys' star clientele, of course, includes the top names of the cinema industry.

Willys indicates the Hollywood hosiery trends of style and color.

When you "stocking-shop," you're bound to find your purchases influenced by the inspiration of his genius. Fade Out.

Print Them! That's All For Today!

RECOGNIZE THEM?

They're beautiful—adored—they use a simple, inexpensive Complexion Care

Here's IDA LUPINO, charming screen star, using Hollywood's favorite complexion care. "Let me give you a tip," she tells you. "Really lovely skin makes any girl attractive! Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*."

Bewitching JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to risk the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that may mean Cosmetic Skin," she tells you. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather leaves skin soft and smooth."

Here's LORETTA YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Kentucky," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against *choked pores*. "Use cosmetics, of course, but before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It's an easy care that leaves skin *smooth*."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Hollywood's Unmarried Husbands and Wives

(Continued from page 23)

—merged after they slipped into the unique Hollywood habit. Marriage couldn't have worked more of a change.

Bob bought the acres next to Barbara's ranch. He started putting up a ranch house within a good stone's throw of hers. He bought horses. He spent every minute of his spare time working on the place. Overnight, he turned into a country squire. When, in the middle of it all, he was called to England, the work never stopped. Barbara supervised it. While Bob was away she ordered the things she knew he wanted. She oversaw the decoration and furnishing of the place. It was all ready when Bob came home.

Bob's house and Barbara's house stand now on adjoining knolls. The occupants ride together and work together and play there together in their time off. Bob trained and worked out for "The Crowd Roars" on Barbara's ranch. Almost every evening, after work at the studio or on the ranch, he runs over for a plunge in her pool.

If it isn't fight night—they've long had permanent seats together at the Hollywood Legion Stadium—or if they're not asked to a party—they're always invited together, just like man and wife—they spend a quiet evening together at either one or the other's place.

Or if Bob has a preview of his picture, Barbara goes with him to tell him what she thinks of it, and vice versa. Bob saw "Stella Dallas" four times. Once he caught it in London and bawled so copiously that when he came out and a kid asked him for his autograph he couldn't see to sign it! But he was a long way away from Barbara then.

When he's home, he's a little more critical. But never of Barbara's ice cream. Bob has never forgotten his Nebraska boyhood ecstasy licking the dasher of an ice cream freezer. That's why Barbara whips him up a bucketful every week, before they roll off to see the folks.

All in all, it's an almost perfect domestic picture. But no wedding rings in sight!

Even gifts and expressions of sentiment take on the practical, utilitarian aspect of old married folks' remembrances when these Hollywood single couples come across. Just as Dad gives Mother an electric icebox for Christmas and she retaliates with a radio, Bob Taylor presents Barbara Stanwyck with a tennis court on her birthday, with Barbara giving Bob a two-horse auto trailer for his!

THE gifts Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have exchanged are even more unorthodox. Whoever heard of a woman in love with a man giving him a gun for Christmas! Or a man, crazy about one of the most glamorous, sophisticated and clever women in the land, hanging a gasoline scooter on her Christmas tree!

For Clark, Carole stopped, almost overnight, being a Hollywood playgirl. People are expected to change when they get married. The necessary adaptation to a new life and another personality shows up in every bride and groom. All Clark and Carole did was strike up a Hollywood twosome. Nobody said "I do!"

Clark Gable doesn't like night spots, or parties, social chit-chat, or the frothy pretensions of society. He has endured plenty of it, but it makes him fidget.

Carole, quite frankly, used to eat it up. She hosted the most charming and clever parties in town. She knew everybody, went everywhere. When the ultra exclusive and late lamented Mayfair Club held its annual ball, Carole was picked to run things. It was Carole who decreed the now famous "White Mayfair" that Norma Shearer crossed up so wickedly by coming in flaming scarlet—an idea you later saw dramatized by Bette Davis in "Jezebel."

These things were the caviar and cocktails of Carole Lombard's life—before she started going with Gable. But look what happened—

Clark didn't like it, Carole found out—quickly. What did he like? Well, outside of hunting in wild country white men seldom entered, and white women never, he like to shoot skeet. Shooting skeet, of course, is an intricate scoring game worked out on the principle of trapshooting. It involves banging away at crazily projected clay pigeons with a shotgun.

Carole learned to shoot skeet—not only learned it but, with the intense proficiency with which she attacks anything, rapidly became one of the best women skeet shooters in the country!

Gable liked to ride, so Carole got herself a horse and unpacked her riding things.

He liked tennis, so she resurrected her always good court game, taking lessons from Alice Marble, her good friend and the present national women's champion. Playing with a man, Carole had to get good and she did—so good that now Clark can't win a set!

It goes on like that. Clark, tiring of hotel life, moved out to a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. What did Lombard do? She bought a Valley ranch!

Carole has practically abandoned all her Hollywood social contacts. She doesn't keep up with the girls in gossip as she used to. She doesn't throw parties that hit the headlines and the picture magazines. She and Clark are all wrapped up in each other's interests. While Gable did all the night work in "Too Hot To Handle," Carole, though working, too, was on his set every night. She caught the sneak preview with him and told him with all the candor of the little woman, "It's hokum, Pappy—but the *most excellent* hokum!"

Like any good spouse might do, Carole has ways and means of chastening Clark, too. When she's mad at him she wears a hat he particularly despises. Carole calls it her "hate hat."

Their fun now, around town, is almost entirely trips, football games, fights and shows. Their stepping-out nights usually end up at the home of Director Walter Lang and his new wife, Madalynne Fields, "Fieldsie," Carole's bosom pal and long-time secretary. They sit and play games!

Yes, Carole Lombard is a changed woman since she tied up with Clark Gable.

But her name is still Carole Lombard.

THE altar record, in fact, among Hollywood's popular twosomes is suprisingly slim.

Usually something formidable stands in the way of a marriage certificate when Hollywood stars pair up minus a preacher.

In Clark and Carole's case, of course, there is a very sound legal barrier. Clark is still officially a married man. Every now and then negotiations for a divorce are started, but, until something happens in court, Ria Gable is still the only wife the law of this land allows Clark Gable.

George Raft can't marry Virginia Pine for the very same good reason; he has a wife. Every effort he has made for his freedom has failed.

Some of them, like Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, go in a perfect design for living, apparently headed for perpetual fun with each other. Connie maintains one of the most luxurious setups of them all, with a titled husband in Europe and Gilbert Roland her devoted slave in Hollywood. Years have passed and the arrangement seems to please everybody as much now as it did at the start. Why should it ever break up?

On the other hand, the unmarried partners sometimes get a divorce—or at least a separation, a recess, a moratorium—whatever you care to call it. Calling the case of Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard requires more than a bunch of handy nouns.

No one has ever been able yet to say definitely whether or not the gray-haired Charlie and his young, vivacious Paulette were ever married. Such things as public records exist for just such purposes, of course, but in spite of the fact that none can be unearthed, a strong belief hovers around Hollywood that Charlie and Paulette did actually take the vows, some say on his yacht out at sea.

But when, a few months back, Charlie was seen more and more in the company of other young ladies and Paulette began stepping out with other men, an unusually awkward contretemps was brewed. What was it? The breaking up of a love affair? Or the separation of a marriage? If a divorce was to be had, there had to have been a marriage. But was there? Charlie wouldn't talk; neither would Paulette. Hollywood relapsed into a quandary. It's still there as concerns the Chaplin-Goddard unmarried marriage. Meanwhile, both Charlie and Paulette seem to be having a good time with whomever they fancy. But the interesting thing is that Paulette still entertains her guests, when she wishes, on Charlie Chaplin's yacht. So maybe she has an interest in it that a mere separation couldn't efface.

THE most tragic, as well as perhaps the most tender match of them all gave way to an irresistible rival wooer, Death. At the time of Jean Harlow's untimely passing, she and William Powell had reached an understanding that excluded any one else from either's thoughts. Both had fought for happiness in Hollywood without finding it, until they found each other. Then Death stole Jean away and Bill has never recovered from the effect of that stunning blow.

There was only Jean Harlow's family, her doctor and William Powell in her hospital room the night she lost her fight for life. Jean died in Bill's arms.

In every way since, he has acted as a son-in-law to Jean's mother. He bought the crypt where Jean lies today and arranged for perpetual flowers. This year, on the anniversary of her passing, Bill Powell and Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother, went alone to visit Jean's resting place. He sent Mrs. Bello on a trip to Bermuda last winter to recover from the severe grief she has suffered since Jean's death. She visited Bill regularly during his recent spell in the hospital. Both have one regret—that Bill and Jean never got to be man and wife.

And that, it seems, would point a lesson to the unique coterie of Hollywood's unwed couples—Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who could get married if they really wanted to; George Raft and Virginia Pine, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable and the other steady company couples who might swing it if they tried a little harder. You can't take your happiness with you.

For nobody, not even Hollywood's miracle men, has ever improved on the good old-fashioned, satisfying institution of holy matrimony. And, until something better comes along, the best way to hunt happiness when you're in love in Hollywood or anywhere else—is with a preacher, a marriage license and a bagful of rice.

M-G-M's reputation for smart showmanship advances another notch with their release during the holidays of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Reginald Owen takes the rôle of crusty Scrooge; Terry Kilburn, as Tiny Tim (in doorway) will give the traditional happy blessing, "Merry Xmas to you all—God bless us every one"

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 68)

OH, FOR A DEAD PAN

THERE ought to be a "No Smile" week naugurated out in Hollywood. It would give the stars a chance to relax their jaw nuscles and perhaps, occasionally, look he way they feel when they go out of an evening. I'm fed up gazing at pictures of ny favorites with eternal grins on their aces, snapped at the Troc, at the Victor Hugo, etc., leering at me from the Cal York pages of PHOTOPLAY. They're all having a simply marvelous time"—NUTS! If I do happen to spot a star keeping a "straight face" when looking Mr. Fink's camera in the eye, he or she, as the case may be, goes up one hundred per cent in my estimation. (And this s a hint to a certain First Lady of the Screen whose dignified beauty has not been enhanced these days by her constant smile—which verges on a smirk.)

JUDY MITCHELL,
Wauwautosa, Wisc.

And we thought Americans were a nation of optimists! But maybe this is a debatable question . . . do you like to see your favorites look as though they are having a good time, or would you prefer to see them a shade more on the sedate side? Let us know.

TO TONE THE MATTER UP!

I DO not agree with a recent editorial summing up the Crawford-Tone separation. You state that there was the brutal fact that Joan was making more money when they met and as the years passed she kept on being more important and making more money.

I beg to differ about her being more important. To Franchot's millions of admirers and friends, he is more important than Joan ever was or ever will be. He is the son of a millionaire and to him money means practically nothing. The real reason for the separation is because Franchot is a gentleman and hates all the publicity which seems to be the very breath of life to Joan. I will admit that a certain amount of publicity is necessary to the success of any film star, but there should be reason in all things. The reason for Joan's flop at the box office can be traced directly to her ambition to be the one and only film star in pictures.

J. D.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

KNAVES OF HEARTS?

WHAT nearsighted producers started Don Ameche and Robert Young in their "also ran" Cinderella rôles? Are they destined to reach a mournful old movie age vainly pressing their suits and smiling wistfully in endless romantic defeat—without once winning that girl, except in secondary spectacles?

Two such delightful players merit assignments more in tune with their outstanding talent. Even a lowly "B" picture acquires distinction with the comprehension and humor of an Ameche or a Young performance to the rescue.

How about some super parts for these underrated actors before they are forever typed?

Do I hear shouts of "A"-greement with this wilderness voice?

NANCY LOUISE COUPER,
Baltimore, Maryland.

It is true that every so often Robert Young and Don Ameche don't get their women in the last clinch, but, as both are noted in film circles for being all-around good guys, it is to be wondered if they would want to pay the price of being known as "glamour boys" even to be always starred in super-productions. We like them as they are.

This Year's Love Market

(Continued from page 15)

on the Stork front. The Morton Downeys (Barbara Bennett) profited when their stock rose 1 baby girl during the month. At the close of business Stork was still firm, with the Melvyn Douglas-Helen Gahagan firm reporting a new and important member.

September: Romances were easier, with many participants taking profits after the recent upswing, and news scarce. Year-end reports are said to be gratifying, but the interest was not yet reflected in the street. The Margot Grahame-Francis Lister divorce caused a slight decline in the Marriage Stability Index, but the Hearts Exchange went up a few days later with Margot's marriage to Canadian Allen McMartin.

The renewed rumor of a merger between Gaynor and designer Adrian helped maintain the list, while definite announcement that Marie Wilson and Director Nick Grinde would merge was considered good news by the traders.

A setback was caused by a hinted Reno visit by Bette Davis. The Tyrone Power issue, which had been very volatile in recent months, again rallied sharply with much widespread participation. The Norma Shearer firm was rumored to have the largest commitments in T. P. Preferred.

Three events of major importance brought renewed activity into the market in the last two weeks of the month. Marriage stocks jumped three points upon the definite announcement of a consolidation between Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, Genevieve Tobin and Director William Keighley and Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan. The list sagged a little at increasingly serious rumors of divorce between Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson, picked up later at the notice that Frances Drake and Cecil Howard (brother of the Earl of Suffolk) would amalgamate their American-British interests some time in the near future.

October, November, December: Despite the jitterbug quality of Love stocks due to the War scare in Europe, the list took a slight turn for the better with the merger of Martha Raye, once divorced, and Dave Rose and these two major mergers: Margaret Tallichet and Director William Wyler; Doris Kenyon, former wife of the late Milton Sills, and Albert Lasker.

Stork went to a new high with issues made by the following firms: the Ernst Lubitschs, the Jules Garfields, the Anthony Quinns.

Straws in the wind indicate also that the English glamour bonds soon will rise again with the long-waited combine of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. American glamour bonds rose sharply with the Odets' and Oakies' reconciliations.

"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

Shirley Ross* (Paramount Star) tells girls: "HANDS can have power to charm"

*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Usual result for careless girls—is coarser, harsher hands. Wiser girls often supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin. Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Helps you have "darling hands". Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1749 Alfred St. Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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It Pays to Be Tough

(Continued from page 17)

said, and turned on his heel.

Garfield started the job of standing on his own feet at the age of seven when his mother died. The chief problem centered round his year-old brother and that was solved when a well-to-do uncle took the baby. Though his father worked all day in a garment factory, Julie offered no problem. He could walk and talk and go to school. A kindly old couple next door undertook to give him his meals. For the rest, he was left to shift for himself.

His life became the life of the streets in a New York ghetto. He grew adept with his fists and the sidewalk lingo, with the arts of cop-chivvying and fruit-swiping. He had no kick coming till his father married again.

His stepmother never had a chance with Julie. Julie was a wise guy. He knew all about stepmothers and how they treated kids. But he'd show this one. She happened to be a gentle, patient woman with no wish but to make life more comfortable for her husband and stepson. She found a sullen rebel, flint to all overtures, too old to turn to her for tenderness, too young to appreciate her qualities.

The family moved to the Bronx, and the boy was sent to Angelo Patri's school—not a reform school, but an experimental institution for difficult children. He didn't much care what school he went to, so long as his extra-curricular activities remained unhampered. He annexed himself to a promising gang.

"We were really fancy," he recalls. "Threw bottles from roofs and made war on other gangs. The classier kids crossed the street when they saw me coming. 'Don't hang around with Julie,' their mothers told them. 'He's a bad boy.'"

What was eating Julie, though he didn't know it, was the yen to be a hero. He wanted to be looked up to. The only talents he'd developed lay in being a tough guy, so he cultivated those for all he was worth.

He had another talent of whose possibilities he was still unaware. His friends called it "makin' crazy."

"C'mon, fellas," they'd yell, "listen to Julie makin' crazy."

Mounted on a box under the corner lamppost, Julie would improvise tall tales. The kids were all reading Frank Merriwell. Play by play he'd describe a thrilling football match, featuring his father who was a tailor but had somehow managed to make the Harvard team, and his brother who was eight but the star of the Yale eleven. The street rang with yells of laughter and Julie went home with a sense of warmth in his breast.

IT was Angelo Patri who diverted his energies into less anti-social channels. "He took me out of the gutter," says Garfield blandly.

Patri got wind of the boy's speech-making gifts. He pointed out that the school offered classes in dramatics and oratory and that any student could elect eighty minutes a day of any course that appealed to him.

Julie decided to enroll. Not long after, the *New York Times* sponsored an oratorical contest on the Constitution and the erstwhile strong-arm guy brought home the bacon—a hundred dollars in cash, assorted medals, honors for himself and the school.

Suddenly his world was looking on him with respect. Hitherto stony-faced teachers smiled and clapped him on the back. Boys who had ostracized him courted his nod.

To realize that he could achieve a place in the sun by using his head instead of his fists came as a revelation to Julie. More important still was the revelation that he had an absorbing aim in life. He was going to be an actor. Not that his turbulent heart was suddenly tamed. The itch to roam seized him just before graduation, so off he went to visit an uncle in Chicago. This fall from grace cost him the medal, already engraved with his name, which the school conferred on the boy of whom it was proudest.

Last year he returned to his alma mater to address the graduating class. On the platform Mr. Patri handed him a leather case. "Here's something you forfeited seven or eight years ago. We feel it's coming to you now."

It was during his years at the Patri school that he met a girl named Roberta Mann. The gently-bred Roberta was alternately chilled and fascinated by "that crazy Julie," whose hair was as wild as his ideas. "You're crude," she'd storm at him. "You don't behave like a gentleman."

"Who wants to be a gentleman? I'm a free spirit."

"What's so free about you?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm starting off tomorrow to see the world."

"*Yes*, you are!"

A week later she'd received a postcard from a distant city.

EXCEPT for some such occasional lapse, he kept his eyes fixed on the goal. A teacher advised him to apply to the Heckscher Theatre, a training school for dramatic students, where he was accepted and assigned alternately to the rôles of *Quince* and *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Jacob Ben-Ami attended a performance and word reached Garfield that the actor had spoken well of him. So he sat himself down and wrote Ben-Ami a letter, asking where he could go for further training.

"To the American Laboratory Theatre," Ben-Ami wrote back.

This was an organization run by two graduates of the Russian Art Theatre, Richard Boleslavski and Mme. Ouspenskaya. Garfield made an appointment with the lady. For an hour he rehearsed himself in a casual rendition of his opening line.

"Jacob Ben-Ami, who happens to be a very dear friend of mine," he told her, "sent me here. I would like an audition." (Suppose she phones him, you dope, and finds out what a liar you are, he was telling himself meantime).

Luckily, she didn't. He got his audition. "We'll give you a month's trial," said Mme. Ouspenskaya. "Then, if you've proven yourself, a seven months' scholarship."

He was earning five dollars a week, selling the *Bronx Home News* from door to door. He knew that, to take advantage of this opportunity, he would have to give all his time to it. He also had to have the five dollars a week. He couldn't tell his father he'd given up his paper route. So he took the problem to Mr. Patri. "I'll substitute for the *Bronx Home News*," offered Patri, and loaned him five dollars a week while, for eight months, Julie tried frantically to absorb all that the Russians could teach him.

Came autumn, and Garfield turned once more to Ben-Ami, for no good reason except that he'd turned to him before. It worked again and he found himself apprenticed to Eva Le Gallienne's stock company—no pay, but a chance to learn and, if he made good, to be given a job when his apprenticeship was served. He earned his keep as he could—running errands, washing dishes, pushing a handcart in the garment center. Meantime he was playing extras and bits in the training school.

THE apprentices put on "Journey's End" as their graduation play. Garfield made a distinct impression. This was the night of wild suspense and hope, the night when Miss Le Gallienne chose from among her apprentices a few of the most promising, to be made regular members of the company.

She called his name. "Garfield, I want to give you a little lecture. The discipline of the theater is as strict as the discipline of the army. Why did you take Mr. C's shoes and hide them?"

"What are you talking about?" he stammered.

"The night Mr. C gave a guest performance here, his shoes were hidden just before the rise of the curtain. Why did you do it?"

"But I *didn't*—"

"I'm sorry, Garfield. All signs point to you. And we have no room here for people who jeopardize a production to prove that they're smart alecks."

Garfield hadn't hidden the shoes. He had a notorious and well-earned reputation as a practical joker, but he confined his activities to the gentry above-stairs. His reverence for the sacred traditions of the theater was as deep as Miss Le Gallienne's.

But what was the use! He stood miserably silent while the jobs went to others. Later, he received a letter of apology. The culprit had been found. His chance, however, remained lost.

In a state of thorough disgust with himself and fate, he fell in with an artist friend. "The function of the artist," said his friend, "is to know the country he lives in."

"Let's go," said Garfield.

They left New York with six dollars between them. They worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and the wheat fields of Kansas. For handouts at kitchen doors, they paid as they could. Garfield recited "Gunga Din." His friend presented the lady of the house with a pen-and-ink sketch. Eventually they separated, because it was easier for one alone to get a lift than two together. They were to meet at a certain gas station, but missed each other.

ARRIVING on the coast, Garfield tried to join the navy. They wouldn't have him. He tried to join the marines. They wouldn't have him. So he started back east. In Nebraska he began feeling sick and drowsy, but he kept on moving, and ten days later stumbled into his stepmother's kitchen. Panicstricken, she phoned Roberta, who took one look at her friend and called an ambulance. He spent the next eight weeks in the hospital with typhoid.

As he convalesced, resolution took shape and hardened. On his second day out, he walked into a producer's office. "Give me a job," he said.

"What do you mean, give you a job? What job?"

"Any job."

"What are you, nuts? How do I know you can act?"

"How do I know you can produce? I'm taking a chance on you. You don't have to take any chance on me. Give me a part and I'll read it for you."

The producer was sufficiently tickled with this unorthodox approach to let him read a part in "Lost Boy" and sufficiently impressed with his reading to give him the job.

Success achieved is pleasant, but makes for a less varied story than the struggle to achieve it. An agent saw Garfield and presently he was playing the office boy in the road company of "Counselor-at-Law." The thrill of his young life came when he was called back to do the same part with Muni on Broadway.

Muni was his paragon. He met Victor Wolfson, who loved books and found Garfield drinking in all he could teach him with the thirst of a parched mind. For a while, indeed, he planned to interrupt his stage career for college, but things were happening too fast.

He met Clifford Odets, who had just finished "Awake and Sing."

"What it's produced, I think you're the one to play it," he told Garfield.

Odets did for him in music what Wolfson had done for him in literature. The fire was laid, waiting only for a match to kindle it.

He and Odets would spend hours drinking wine, listening to music, talking their heads off. The playwright told him, too, about the Group Theatre, about the young people who'd formed it, their hopes, their plans and ideas.

"Sounds like heaven to me," said Garfield.

It ended in his becoming an apprentice, then a regular member of the Group. A couple of flops were followed by "Waiting for Lefty." Next day they were the talk of the town.

It was then that Garfield and Roberta married. The ceremony took place at nine o'clock.

The groom dashed downtown to perform at a benefit and dashed back to stand beside his bride for the wedding reception at ten thirty.

"Awake and Sing" brought him still more brilliantly into the limelight and he began turning down his first movie offer.

"I want to be in the theater. I need more training."

Only after "Having Wonderful Time" and "Golden Boy" did he feel that he might be ready for a stab at Hollywood. He joined Warners, because they agreed to his "back to Broadway" platform. But he gets an extra kick out of being on the same lot with Muni.

He blushed like a boy when Muni visited his set one day.

"What are you doing here?" smiled the older actor.

"Just came out to see what it was like."

Muni nodded. "You'll be all right. Don't give up this for this," he added, pointing to heart and head.

"I won't," promised Garfield, earnestly.

HE was frightened by the advance raves on his performance in "Four Daughters."

"They've given me a hurdle too high to jump at," he groaned.

He needn't have worried. Now that the picture's released, no complaints have been heard.

There's a long list of what he calls "real people" waiting to be played by him. He's alive to his times and finds them exciting. He's using his talent well. He has his precious stage clause to hug to his breast.

The kid who composed comedy fairy-tales under a lamppost to entertain his gang hasn't "made so crazy."

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 63)

BRUCE EATON calmly started for the door, cupping his palm under my elbow.

The city officer said, "Just a minute, please," and then to the cashier, "What was he *doing* in the bank?"

"He wanted to get some things out of a lockbox," the cashier said.

"Did he have the key to the lockbox?"

"Yes, of course."

The officers exchanged glances. There was a sudden, significant tenseness about their attitude. "What," the city detective asked, "was the number of the lockbox?"

"Number five," the cashier said.

The sheriff gave a low whistle. The city detective said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Eaton, but we came down here to investigate that lockbox. If you had the key to it, perhaps you know why."

"I'm sure I know nothing whatever about your reasons for coming here," Bruce Eaton said, with dignity.

"Did you open the box?"

"Yes."

"Do you have the key to it?"

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

"I see no reason for giving it to you."

There was a harsh note in the detective's voice, "Now listen," he said, "I'm asking you nice. I've asked you once and I'm going to ask you once more. That's going to be the last time. *I want the key to that box.*"

The sheriff said, "Wait a minute. We don't need to bother about the key. We're more interested in the contents. What did you take out of the box, Eaton?"

"Don't answer questions, Mr. Eaton," I warned. "Sit absolutely tight. This is outrageous!"

The city officer said, ominously, "You keep out of this, sister, or you'll wish you had," and then to Eaton, "You answer questions and cooperate, or we'll search you."

I was hoping frantically that Bruce Eaton would get the significance of my quick wink. He did. "Go ahead and search me," he said. "You have sufficient force to do it, but I won't submit to the indignity of answering questions about matters which are simply none of your damn business."

The sheriff hesitated. I saw that he was impressed, but the hard-boiled city officers closed in on Bruce Eaton. They held his arms, went through his pockets swiftly. "Here's the key to the lockbox," one of the officers said.

The officer in charge nodded to the bank cashier. "We'll open it up and take a look."

"It's irregular," the cashier began. "There was a blank power of attorney left by. . . ."

"Forget it," the officer said, sliding a thick arm around the cashier's shoulder. "Come on, Buddy, let's go."

THE gentle pressure of his arm pushed the cashier into motion. As one in a daze, he produced the bank's key. I heard the double click of locks opening and then the officer exclaimed, "It's empty. There ain't a thing in here."

The bank cashier said, "Then it's a hoax. There never were any notes about an invention in that box. It was a swindle game."

The officer looked at me with uncordial eyes. "You," he said, "have taken in a lot of territory in this thing, Sister."

I said, scornfully, "Get a matron and you can search *me*."

The officer looked me over. It was a warm day and I was wearing light clothes. I'd left a lightweight coat in Bruce Eaton's car. "I guess," he said, "you haven't *very* much concealed on you. Take a look in her purse, Bill."

I stood erect, scornfully silent. The eyes of the officers took in every curve of my figure in a calm, unhurried appraisal that seemed to strip the clothes right off me.

The screen door of the bank swung open and shut, as Mr. Foley, looking cool and calmly competent, entered the bank.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb your little party, but I think it's about time for you to get down to brass tacks and catch the murderers, don't you?"

The city detective was the nearest to Mr. Foley. He said, "Who the hell do you think *you* are?"

Foley ignored the question. "You came down to set a trap," he said. "Because of a little premature gunplay on the part of a hysterical bank cashier, you were talked into springing your trap before you'd even set it. You were trying to catch a lion. In place of that, you've caught a jackal."

The officer said, "You're full of advice, brother. Suppose you tell us how it happens you know so much about it and we'll just take a look at your driving license and any other means of identification. . . ."

"I'm not going to argue with you," Foley interrupted. "Two people are coming into this bank. If they find it full of officers, you're never going to get anything on them. Unless you can get some additional evidence, you can't pin a thing on them. Get your men scattered about, filling out deposit slips, standing up at the windows. Make this look like a busy bank and you'll catch your murderer."

The officer seemed dubious.

I looked out through the window and saw the detective who had interrupted my lunch and Mrs. Temmler just getting out of an automobile. The detective's right eye was badly swollen, but, aside from that, he had managed to make himself quite presentable.

I knew that seconds were precious. I had a sudden inspiration.

"All right," I said. "I'll confess everything, but I'm not going to take the rap alone."

I saw Mr. Foley's eyes widen with surprise; saw Bruce Eaton start incredulously. The city officer nodded. "Now," he said, "you're talking sense."

"All right," I told him, "here come my two accomplices. If you want to get the goods on them, go to it. If you muff this chance, try and make *me* squeal. *I'll* never rat."

I realized my use of criminal jargon left much to be desired, but Mr. Foley got the idea. I saw his eyes twinkle, and then, after a moment, Bruce Eaton got it, too.

The officer turned to his men, "Okay, you boys," he said. "Get up at the windows. You," to the cashier, "get back there and start waiting on them. Make it snappy! Let's go."

The men dispersed into groups. The officer took me by the arm and said, "You come on over here and stand at the table. Remember, we're making out a deposit." He pushed a deposit slip in front of me. One of the other officers had Bruce Eaton by the arm. Another walked up to stand at the cashier's window. He had a roll of currency on the slab in front of him and was peeling off twenty-dollar bills.

Mrs. Temmler and her escort entered the bank. Accustomed as they were to banks in the larger cities, neither of them seemed to see anything suspicious about the sudden activity of the bank at Las Almiras. Mrs. Temmler strode directly to the cashier's window.

The city detective at the counter stood slightly to one side. "Pardon me, ma'am," he said, "I'm apt to be here for some little time. Was there something you wanted?"

"Thank you," she told him, with one of her best smiles, and then to the white-faced, tight-lipped cashier, she said, cooingly, "My friend," with a nod toward the man with her, "is a detective. My husband is an inventor. He had an invention he wanted to sell and left notes about the secret of the process in a safe-deposit box here. The box is number five. I'm suing my husband for divorce and I have here a court order appointing this gentleman as a receiver to take charge of all of the property belonging to the community. Here's a certified copy of the order of the court."

She pushed a legal-looking document across the counter.

"And don't tell me that you haven't an extra key to it," she went on, "because we know that you have and, of course, you wouldn't want to be guilty of contempt of court."

Her smile would have been provocative in a younger, more slender woman. In her case, it was just a silly simper.

The cashier glanced helplessly about him. The man who accompanied Mrs. Temmler and was now posing as a receiver appointed in a divorce action glanced casually over his shoulder, and evidently became suspicious as he saw the men, who were gathered in little groups in the bank, suddenly frozen into attentive immobility—all eyes on Mrs. Temmler.

Then he saw me. I saw panic in his

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eyes. He turned and started for the door. One of the officers casually stepped between him and the screen. Abruptly I saw the flash of a fist, heard the thudding impact of a blow. The city detective staggered back, said, "Oh, you would, would you?" and lashed out.

MRS. TEMMLER turned just as the city officer slammed her accomplice up against the wall so hard that it shook the building. Then, she, too, started to run. Men grabbed her by the arms. For a moment, she struggled with them, forming the nucleus of a little group which swayed back and forth, this way and that. Then the group resolved itself into component parts. The man who had told me he was a detective had his wrists circled by handcuffs and Mrs. Temmler, white of face, her heavy bosom rising and falling in heaving rapidity, was in the grip of one of the officers. The city officer in charge said, "Okay, sister, here are your accomplices. Now go ahead and give us the sketch."

I tried to make my laugh sound casual and carefree, but I knew it was a hollow failure as soon as I heard it. I managed, however, to make my voice breezy and nonchalant. "Don't be silly. I was simply fixing things so you'd trap these people intelligently. It looked as though you were going to lose your chance in a lot of arguments with Mr. Foley. *I* don't know anything about the crime."

The handcuffed man sneered, "That's what *you* say! I'm an operative, I've been shadowing this little lady ever since she started to work for that man, Foley, over there. She. . . ."

"Wait a minute," the officer interrupted, staring hard at Foley. "Is this woman working for you?"

He nodded.

I saw the officer's lips tighten. He said to the handcuffed detective, "What's your name?"

"Thompson Garr."

"All right, Garr. Go ahead."

"Well," Garr said, "she went out to Temmler's house the night of the murder. She went in there by herself. When she went in, Carter Wright was alive. He had the key to that safe-deposit box with him. When this woman came out, Carter Wright was dead and *she* had the key. You can draw your own conclusions."

I saw that the officers were drawing them, and drawing them fast. I realized that circumstantial evidence had caught me in a trap. I whirled to the detective and said, accusingly, "And you and that blonde accomplice of yours tried to run me down a block from Mr. Temmler's house."

I realized as soon as I had spoken that I'd said exactly the wrong thing. It didn't do any good to accuse *him* of trying to run *me* down. But what I said was an admission that I had been out at the house the night of the murder. I saw from the expression on Mr. Foley's face that it was a disastrous admission.

Garr said, easily, "*I* didn't try to run you down, sister. That was another car. I was tailing you. I got the license plates of the other car, but they turned out to be phony."

The officer said to me, "So you *were* out there?"

Mr. Foley said, "Just a minute, gentlemen, I think I can clarify the situation. The woman who is with this man appeared at my office earlier in the day. She stated she was Mrs. Charles Temmler; that Carter Wright had stolen the key to the safe-deposit box from his employer; that her husband didn't know anything about the theft and she was afraid to have him find out because it would indicate she had given the chauffeur the opportunity to steal the key."

Mr. Foley took a telegram from his pocket. "I wired a detective agency to check up on Mrs. Charles Temmler. I found that Mrs. Charles Temmler was with her husband in New York City. I also found that Carter Wright had a woman traveling with him as his common-law wife and the description of this woman tallies identically with that of. . . ."

"You lie," she screamed, and, jerking herself free of the officer who was holding her, made a wild rush for the door.

OFFICERS grabbed her. She brushed them to one side. She almost made the door before they subdued her and got handcuffs on her.

Mr. Foley said, "I think, gentlemen, you'll find that Thompson Garr, the detective here, was hired by Mr. Temmler to get back the key to this safe-deposit box, but Garr saw no reason why he should get a potential fortune and turn it back to Charles Temmler for a per diem rate of compensation. He decided to get the key, recover the contents of the box and keep whatever he found there.

"He first resorted to trickery and then to violence. He actually got the key, but lost it and, even then, didn't know where the safe-deposit box was located. He knew that Padgham and Wright were going to reach an agreement and that that agreement was to be negotiated through my office. He acted upon the entirely natural assumption that the information he wanted would be contained in the agreement.

"He deliberately injured my secretary in an automobile accident, planted one of his operatives in the employment agency which handles all of my employment problems. His operative, Miss Blair, had an inside track with Miss Benson, who runs the agency. Miss Benson recommended her to me very highly and I probably would have accepted her, if she hadn't made the mistake of thinking she could land a job more through sex appeal than through a display of ability.

"Then, after Carter Wright's death, this woman, who had been passing herself off as his wife, saw an opportunity to trick me into getting possession of the key. She thought either Padgham or I must have it, so she posed as Mrs. Temmler and tried a bold and audacious trick. It didn't work. Shortly after she tried that, however, Garr must have got in touch with her. You can see what happened; they hatched up a phony court action, in which she sued a fictitious husband under an assumed name and got this order of receivership."

The city officer seemed impressed. He said to Bruce Eaton, "How did it happen *you* got the key?"

"I gave it to him," I said, before Bruce Eaton could answer. "I found it on the floor of Mr. Temmler's house when I went there to get Carter Wright to sign the agreement."

Mr. Foley said, "Surely you gentlemen don't need to detain Mr. Eaton. *He* isn't going to run away."

"How do we know?" the officer asked.

Mr. Foley laughed, and said, "In the first place, he's innocent; in the second place, even if he wanted to run, there'd be no place for him to go. Every man, woman and child who has ever been to a movie knows Bruce Eaton."

The sheriff said, "I reckon that's right, boys."

Mr. Foley said, "I think I can finish with the rest of these details. Miss Bell, I'd like to have you go back to the office and wait for me. You'll drive her back, won't you, Mr. Eaton?"

"Certainly," Bruce Eaton said. "It will be a pleasure."

I said, "Do you want to give me any instructions about these papers in the bank case, Mr. Eaton? I haven't them in the files, but they're where I can put my hand on them."

I saw him frown.

"No," he said, thoughtfully.

IT takes a long time under ordinary circumstances for two people to get to know each other, but when some emergency arises and two persons are teamed up against the outside world they either click, or they don't. Mr. Foley and I clicked. I felt suddenly as though I'd known the man all my life.

"After what happened last night," I said, "I want to be sure there won't be any misunderstandings. You didn't want me to get those papers in that bank case?"

There was comprehension in his eyes. "Yes, I did. I hope you didn't misunderstand me."

I laughed and said, "Quite the contrary. I feel any difficulty would be quite vice versa," which I hoped was sufficiently goofy to fool the officers. I knew Mr. Foley would get it.

"Exactly," he said.

The officer said, "Well, don't stand there chinning. We have work to do. Get started, you two—if you're going."

"I take it, then, that you'll take care of that matter?" I asked Mr. Foley, casually.

"Yes. You took the papers out of the file?"

"Yes, Mr. Foley. If you want them you can get them *any time before lunch* tomorrow."

I saw that for a moment he was puzzled. Then his face lit. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'll take care of the matter at the earliest opportunity. You run along and get the office open. I'll vouch for you here."

I nodded to Bruce Eaton. "Ready," I said.

And this time we managed to walk out of the bank, although I momentarily expected to feel the hand of an officer clapped down on my shoulder.

BRUCE EATON drove rather slowly, returning to Los Angeles. Several times I caught him stealing quick glances at me, sizing me up, but it wasn't until we had left Pomona behind that he said, "I wonder if you realize just how much it means to Woodley Page, and to me—what you've done?"

"I haven't done anything," I said, making the usual stereotyped answer, with my mind not at all on what he was saying, but on what must be happening back in Las Almiras, wondering if I shouldn't have stuck by Mr. Foley until after the situation had been finally cleared up.

Bruce Eaton said, "I've been sizing you up. Do you know you'd go places in pictures? You have the looks, the figure, the personality. I don't know how you'd screen, but I most certainly do know that you can act. You had us all fooled with that stunt of claiming those two were your accomplices. It took quick thinking and good acting to put it across . . . I'd like to have you come out to the studio and arrange for a test . . . of course, the details of what you've done can't be broadcast, but enough of it will get around so you'll find you'll have plenty of friends in Hollywood. Woodley Page is one of the best-liked actors there and . . . well, Hollywood people just naturally fall for a girl who comes through in the pinches."

"You're mighty nice," I told him, "but I'm afraid you're overrating any ability I may have just about a thousand per cent."

"Well," he said, smiling, "we'll wait for the screen test to tell about that. In the meantime, how about dinner tonight?"

"You forget," I told him, "I'm a working girl."

"But you don't work in the evenings."

"I may have to."

"Well, let's take a chance that you won't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eaton, but. . . ."

"Aren't you going to call me Bruce?"

I flashed him a smile. "All right, Bruce, I'm sorry. I'm worried about Mr. Foley. I'm not certain that I've given him exactly a square deal. After all, we left him in something of a spot."

"You're boss, Mr. Foley, looks to me very much like a person who could take care of himself under almost any circumstances," Bruce Eaton said. "I don't think you need to worry about him, at all."

"I'm worried just the same."

He glanced at me sharply. "I wonder," he said, "if . . ." his voice trailed away into silence.

"If what?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, smiling. "How about that dinner date?"

"Thanks all the same, but I'm holding the evening open for the boss. May I have a rain check on it?"

"You most certainly may," he said and then, after a moment, added, as he pushed his foot down on the throttle, "and I presume that means you're in a hurry to get back to Los Angeles and your office."

The car leapt ahead like a frightened animal. There was no more conversation.

He slowed down before we reached Los Angeles, but still he seemed in no mood for conversation and I was busy with my own thoughts. It wasn't until he'd stopped the car in front of my office building that he took my hand and said, "Claire, you've done a great deal for Woodley Page. You've done a lot more for me. I don't suppose there's any use trying to tell you how much. And, above all, you've made me realize something of what my acting

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By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Next Month in PHOTOPLAY

---

stands for. You've renewed my faith in the real purpose back of the whole picture game. I'm afraid, before, I saw it too much from the side of the actor. You've given me an opportunity to see it from the side of the audience . . . and, remember, you're going to have dinner with me sometime within the next week."

I wanted to say something else to him, but someone recognized him as he stood there holding the door open for me. People began to crane their necks, so I just gave his arm a squeeze and said, "It's been grand getting to know you, Mr. . . ."

"Bruce," he interrupted.

"Bruce," I said, and grinned.

"Okay, Claire," he told me. "I'll be giving you a buzz."

I crossed the sidewalk to the office building. People stared at me as though I'd been a queen.

MR. FOLEY didn't come in until nearly six o'clock.

"Great heavens!" he said. "Are you still here?"

I nodded.

"You're supposed to go home at five o'clock."

"But I hadn't heard from you and . . . and I was waiting."

"What happened to your actor friend?" he asked, frowning. "After all you did for him, didn't he. . . ."

"He wanted me to go to dinner," I said. "I took a rain check on it."

"Why the rain check?"

"I wanted to hear from you. I was worried about leaving you in a spot there at the bank."

He looked at me with frowning contemplation as though perhaps trying to find confirmation in my face of something he had heard in my voice. So I said rapidly, "Tell me, what happened?"

"Thanks to what you told me over the telephone," he said, "I had a pretty good angle to start on. This detective, Garr, is a bully who adopts the attitude of getting the other man on the defensive. You'll notice he was masquerading very cleverly as a police detective. He used the word 'detective,' and didn't say whether he was from headquarters or a private detective. It was part of his technique to keep the other man on the defensive so no questions were asked. But when you suddenly turned the tables on him and made an accusation against him, he forgot himself for a moment. Now, notice the peculiarity of his conversation.

"I'm satisfied he started to say, 'Say, you ain't got anything on me.' Under ordinary circumstances, if he had been saying, 'You ain't got anything on me,' he'd emphasize the 'you,' in that sneering, sarcastic way of his and his chin would have been up and thrust forward. This time, he ducked his head and not only failed to emphasize the 'you,' but ran the words together as though he had been reciting a fixed formula.

"Now that's the natural reaction of a crook, whenever he's arrested—particularly a man with a criminal record. He pulls his chin down and says, in a voice which is a defiant whine, 'You ain't got anything on me.'

"That little tip of yours over the telephone convinced me that the man was a crook, convinced me further that he was in this thing pretty deeply. So, after you'd left the bank, I told the officers to take his fingerprints, and they'd find he had a criminal record. That floored him."

"Did he confess?" I asked.

"Not just then, he didn't," Mr. Foley said. "The woman was the first to confess. She was afraid she was going to get roped in on the murder rap. When the going got good and rough, she caved in and put all the blame on Garr's shoulders. Garr tried to get out by making *her* the goat. When I left, they were both going sixty miles an hour, calling names and making accusations. I lifted the letters out of the cashier's lunch box."

"Do you know exactly what happened on that murder?" I asked.

He grinned, "I think so. One of the things that's been puzzling you is what happened to your shorthand notebook and that agreement in the brief case. Right?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "you see, it's this way. Padgham went out to the house a little early. He got there a few minutes before you did. He found the corpse in the upstairs room. Your actor friend had evidently been tied and gagged in the closet—Garr admitted slugging him and tying and gagging him after a struggle, but wouldn't admit the murder. Anyway, Padgham beat it. After ten or fifteen minutes he started worrying about what was going to happen to Woodley Page. He wondered if Carter Wright happened to have the key to that safe-deposit box in his possession and he thought it would be a good plan to find out. He drove back toward the house.

"He didn't care to be seen in the house, so he took a flashlight out of his car and slipped it in his pocket. Then he went around to the back screen porch, pulled a master switch which plunged the whole place in darkness and walked around to the front door. He rang the doorbell, just as a precaution, not thinking it possible anyone was in the house, but not wanting to take a chance on being discovered if someone *did* happen to be there. When you opened the door, it almost knocked him for a loop.

"You didn't notice the significant part of his conversation. He didn't ask you anything about *when* the lights went off and, despite the fact the house was in darkness, started upstairs to see what he could find. That shows he had a flashlight in his pocket and he wouldn't have had a flashlight with him unless he'd taken it, knowing that he had use for it.

"SO," Mr. Foley went on, "after thinking the matter over, I got hold of Padgham, accused him point-blank and made him admit the whole business, in addition to telling me about the real purpose back of the agreement. It was, of course, a species of blackmail."

"But why did Mr. Padgham steal the agreement and my shorthand notebook?" I asked. "If he. . . ."

Mr. Foley grinned and said, "He didn't. Now don't get mad, Miss Bell, but *I'm* the guilty one. I lifted the agreement out of your brief case while you were in the drugstore, telephoning the police. I came up to the office late last night to get your shorthand notebook. I was afraid you were going to get dragged into it. I was afraid the police would grab the agreement and I didn't think that was exactly the right way to treat my clients."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"Because then you'd have had to lie to the police. As it was, you rather suspected Padgham of having taken the agreement, which was perfectly swell as far as I was concerned. Why did you take a rain check on Bruce Eaton's dinner invitation?"

I felt color in my cheeks, but tried to make my voice sound casual. "I thought perhaps you might want me. . . ."

"I do," he said. "Let's go out where we can eat and dance and forget all this."

"You give me five minutes with my compact," I told him. . . .

That finished the case as far as the office was concerned. As far as I'm concerned, it's just started things and I don't know how or where they're going to end. Bruce Eaton called me at the office this morning. He's arranged for that screen test and he's insisting on a definite date for dinner.

Mr. Foley came in a few minutes ago and paused by my desk to look down at me. I don't think I can ever forget last night, with the rhythm of the dance music, and drifting across the floor in his arms. He said, "Let's do that again sometime, Claire."

I nodded. "Soon," he said.

I didn't tell him about the screen test. "Any time," I told him.

He put his hand on mine for a minute and said, "Incidentally, if you're really interested in studying voices, you're going to have an excellent opportunity."

"Oh, I *am* interested," I exclaimed. "I think it's one of the most fascinating things I've ever encountered. Tell me more about it. What's the opportunity?"

"One of the big radio companies," Mr. Foley said, "has just made me an offer to put on a new feature. You know, I've been acting as talent scout for this company for several weeks. Now they've become very much interested and have made me this offer."

"Just what is it?" I asked.

HE said, "I'm to have a telephone, with a number which will be broadcast. Any person at any time during the day can call me up on the telephone. The person doesn't need to give his name. He simply asks for a number. I assign that person a number. The person then talks with me, telling me something of his or her problems, occupation, ambitions and discusses any contemplated changes in environment or career.

"Then, on my broadcast, I call out these numbers, analyze the person's character, advise that person of his or her strong points and weak points, the things to seek in life, the things to avoid. It will all be absolutely private because the person who is involved is the only one who will know the number allotted over the telephone.

"The general radio public will hear me say only for instance, 'number twenty-three: I note that you have a sympathetic voice. I further note that you are inclined to do a great deal of explaining in connection with decisions you reach, or instructions you give. That shows me that you are not the executive type. It shows me also that you are altogether too considerate of other people's feelings. You'll note that the executive seldom gives reasons for his conclusions. The man who can answer a question in actual conversation with a brief "yes" or "no" is one usually accustomed to command. He is the executive type and usually he's relatively inconsiderate of other persons' feelings. He focuses his mind on a result which he wants to accomplish, whereas . . .' You get the point," he said.

"Indeed I do! I think it would be wonderful!"

"Well, we're going to give it a whirl," he told me and then said abruptly, "You certainly look mighty fresh and sweet this morning" . . . and then, as though he were afraid he'd become too personal, he made a great show of grabbing his mail and bustling away.

I picked up the paper with its big headlines reading, *"POLICE OBTAIN CONFESSION IN WRIGHT MURDER CASE."* I started to read and . . . I picked up the receiver as Mr. Foley buzzed my signal. I thought he wanted to give me some dictation so I was reaching for my book, but instead he said, "How about lunch today?"

I didn't dare answer right away—not after what happened last night. He's too darned clever at reading voices.

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Civilizing Sabu of India

(Continued from page 24)

minded. But it looks more like an interest in speed.

He knows the records of every kind of aircraft, will go into a technical discussion of their engines and backs his knowledge with a kind of shy firmness. When a discussion of the speed of army pursuit planes as compared with bombers came up, he thought the pursuit planes went faster than some of the older men in the party believed.

Investigation proved that Sabu, so recently out of the elephant stables, was right and that his American elders were wrong. It's a little disconcerting when you realize that he has picked up all his information in the brief time he has been learning the English language.

In his off moments, he has been studying under special tutors at a school near the studio, outside of London.

He plays on the school football team and, while in New York, went out to watch the Columbia University squad practice, apparently with the idea of taking a few new tricks back with him. But his favorite diversion is iceskating. "I skate all day if they let me," blissfully states the youngster who never saw ice until he reached England. But in no time at all, he's back to the subject of motors. How fast are we allowed to go on country roads in America? The big car they gave him in London can do eighty or ninety on a good clear stretch, he boasts. No, he isn't allowed to drive it. He can't get a license till he's seventeen "—only two years now," he murmurs with pride.

ALL of this does not mean that he has given up an interest in elephants—far from it—though at first we suspected he was a little bored at everyone's talking to him about them and at being obliged to meet personally, and ride, all of the elephants in the zoos of the various cities he visited. When we got to the bottom of the matter, however, we found that the sober expression at the mention of them was due to the fact that he thought they ought not to be taken to large cities outside of their own country.

"When I get enough money to buy my elephant," said Sabu with decision, "I shall leave him in India, even if I go away. An elephant has no—no home life in London or New York." His own elephant must have some home life. "He must go sometimes into the jungle," explained the young man in the Bond Street clothes and added, with a sudden nostalgic impulse, "When I go back to India, the first thing—I am going into the jungle."

"Do you want to go back very much?" we asked.

"Oh—" There was real emotion under his voice, "who does not want to go where he was born?"

PROBABLY one of the reasons for Sabu's inordinate pride in achieving the ripe old age of fifteen is that celebrating birthdays is a new thing with him. Until three years ago, he didn't know his age.

The boy's true history sounds like a cross between the Horatio Alger books and Kipling, with a dash of the stuff that miracles are made of. But it does not seem unusual to Sabu.

He was born in a little village at the edge of the jungle in Mysore. His mother died when he was very small. His father, who was a mahout and always busy with the elephants of the Maharaja, taught one of them, named Gudisti, to rock the baby's cradle.

Sabu doesn't know how old he was when his father died, but it was before he'd got his second teeth.

Shortly after that, his elephant friend went musth and had to be banished into the jungle. This left the little boy pretty completely on his own. He had an older brother, but he wasn't around there much. So Sabu stood on his small man's feet and faced things for himself. With the munificent dole of seventy-five cents a month, he managed his own affairs. It was not a lavish life, he admits, but he seems to think it wasn't so bad.

He learned where to get the cheapest rice and discovered that, if he helped one man with his garden, he would sometimes give him vegetables for it—a little overripe, perhaps, but good. People were nice to him. But he found his best friends in elephants—especially a very large one named Iravatha in the royal stables. No one minded his playing there.

SABU'S greatest ambition was to be a mahout. All the other young urchins around the stables wanted to be mahouts, too. It's the Hindu gamin's substitute for that desire to be a policeman that surges in young American breasts. He taught the big elephant to pick him up in his trunk and set him atop his head, instead of following the usual elephant driver's custom of making an elephant kneel and mounting by way of the bent knee. But Sabu's mahoutship looked a long way off.

One day news got around the stables that some new white sahibs had come and were going to pick a boy to play at being a mahout and have his picture taken. The whole gang got exited over this. So did their parents who—although they knew very little about such things — instinctively foresaw something of the ease enjoyed by parents who have been wise enough to give birth to picture stars.

Sabu, having no parents to speak for him, decided he didn't stand much chance. He thought about it a good deal, it seems, but rather bleakly.

One day he went to get his monthly stipend. When he came out of the office, he saw a strange white man and, of course, stared at him.

The white man stared back. Sabu smiled politely. The white fellow spoke to him, but Sabu didn't understand until someone came along and explained that this was the picture man and he wanted to know if Sabu would be interested in a chance at the much-discussed part. Also, did Sabu know anything about elephants?

Sabu happily explained that he knew nothing else but. Then, for the first time, he got into one of those things called an automobile. As he looks back from the vantage point of three years, it was a very amusing moment, that first ride. But, of course, he was just a little boy then, you understand.

HOWEVER, nothing was settled about the picture part for quite a while. It was almost as bad as casting *Scarlett O'Hara*. They were considering a number of other boys. All of them lived together and Mr. Flaherty, watching them as they played together, learned things. Flaherty still does not know how he happened to ask Sabu to go with him one day to Karapur to film some elephants crossing the river. The boy was playing alone and suddenly the man found himself saying, "Would you like to come along?" Sabu would.

Much to Sabu's amazement, he found Iravatha in the herd that had been borrowed for the river shots. He and the big pachyderm did the mounting trick, via the trunk, just out of pure joy in reunion. Then a request was sent out for a mahout to ride the big elephant across the river.

The current was very treacherous and the mahouts all refused. So Sabu, sitting atop Iravatha, started for the water. In midstream, the current got the better of them. They were carried swiftly down the river. Everybody on shore held his breath as the small brown scrap of humanity, looking smaller and smaller, was drifted toward the crocodiles.

But a mile down, Iravatha, urged on by his infinitesimal mahout, made a supreme effort and they struggled up onto the bank. The others reached them as soon as possible. Sabu, beaming with pride in his elephant friend, dashed up to the white gentleman, who was looking a bit whiter than usual.

"Do we get the job?" asked Sabu, who had retained his poise and knew a psychological moment when he found one. They got it—the boy and the elephant.

FROM then on, he and Iravatha pretended they were two other fellows. Sabu became *Toomai* and the elephant was rechristened *Kala Nag*. It was not until much later that Sabu began to learn what acting really meant—which may account for the beautiful and poignant restraint with which he played the more dramatic scenes. The elephant was sick twice during the picture and his understudy, Lakshmi, took his place. Sabu did not like that elephant. He was "very no good." The elephant proved it by killing a man.

Along about this time, Sabu began to learn the few words of English necessary to the film. He also heard about birthdays. Somehow, the question of his age had to be settled for legal purposes. But no one was able to give any information until they found an old man who had lived in Sabu's village. He remembered that the boy was born on the same day that one of the elephants in the royal stable had had a calf. That, of course, had been noted in the palace records. So they looked it up and discovered that Sabu and the little elephant punk were both twelve years old.

Another incident in Sabu's early life is said to have come to light at the same time. When he was still a very small boy, long before he had ever heard of pictures, it seemed that a wild elephant came charging out of the jungle into the village, which was often invaded by one kind of wild animal or another. Everybody ran in panic and no one stopped to pick up the child who was playing in the road. When his fellow citizens looked out afterward to see what had happened to him, they saw the small boy and the wild elephant playing together.

There were also several incidents in which Sabu showed this same lack of fear while the picture was being made. In the old days, Sabu used to explain such things easily by saying that he knew no harm could come to him because, before she had died, his mother, who had planned on his growing up and being a fine mahout like his father, had tied a talisman about his neck and said that as long as he wore it and had faith he would be safe. But today, when asked about such things, Sabu looks a little uneasy. He knows that most English and American people have different ideas. So he just states that "elephants are all right if you know how to handle them." And with a quick laugh he adds, "In fact, they even have one advantage over motor cars—there's no bother with gears and brakes." And the conversation is back on safe ground.

IN the two years since he left India for England, he has been pretty busy getting adjusted to the new ways of life and has made only the one picture, "Drums," but three new scripts are now being readied for him. The next will be "The Chief of Bagdad"; after that comes "Burmese Silver"; then Kipling's "Mowgli," which is, of course, inevitable.

In "Drums," Sabu proved himself as much at home on a horse as on an elephant. Alexander Korda, who had promised him a trip to America, decided to make good on his promise just at the time the new picture was opening. "Drums" proved a prophetic title. Everybody from New York to California was beating drums for Sabu. He was invited for polo at the most exclusive clubs and was feted by society as though he were the son of a maharaja.

This last bit of news will, no doubt, add to the fury of the already indignant elect of caste-conscious India, who have deluged Korda with letters asking how he dared "let Sabu impersonate an Indian prince" in the film.

Mr. Korda's response was characteristic. "The point has not worried me in the slightest," he answered, "since I have no caste myself."

Sabu had a grand time in the United States. He had already acquired a good deal of our slang from American technicians in the London studios and from an intensive study of American films. Even upon arrival in New York, he was terminating telephone calls with a brisk "Okay," and exclaiming "Oh, boy!" at appropriate moments. By the time he left, it was predicted that the English customs authorities would probably have to sort out his vocabulary and put a special tax on imported slang before letting him back into the country.

Sabu pursued a steady policy of inquiry from the time he landed here until he left. He has an intensive way of going at things until he gets at the inmost core and people who were delegated to chaperon him hither and yon are seriously thinking of memorizing the Book of Knowledge before his next visit.

It is doubtful if any visitor to our shores has ever asked so many questions or imbibed so many ice-cream sodas.

The young man seems to have done a good deal of thinking. Both physically and mentally, he appears well-organized and the attention he has been getting these past three years has in no way disturbed his simplicity of manner or added any false notes. Perhaps he has been much too busy learning all the things that make England and America so different from the country he knew before. Or possibly, when you've had a whole herd of elephants bow to you when you were twelve, you can take anything in your stride by the time you are fifteen.

There is a saying in India that elephants teach wisdom to those whom they know well.

If the unspoiled Sabu is a sample, it might be good for many of us to go get acquainted with an elephant.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 45)

THE STORM—Universal

A WHIRLWIND of action takes place in this minor screen story and makes it interesting to watch. Charles Bickford is a sturdy, he-man wireless operator. When his pal, Preston Foster, goes to his death at sea, Bickford blames the captain, Barton MacLane, and a terrific brawl ensues. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are the romantic pair and Andy Devine and Frank Jenks the comical twosome.

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

ALTHOUGH lacking on story and therefore suffering from too-much-weight-in-the-middle, this presents an accurate and, in the main, exciting saga of man's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Besides, it's in Technicolor; and this offers the opportunity for some breathtaking photography. Holding it all together is a triangle story in which two friends, Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray, both love Louise Campbell, who is new to films and very pretty. MacMurray is a daredevil with wanderlust; Milland is a genius who stays at home to design planes. Louise falls for Fred, of course. Ray suffers like a man. Andy Devine, Lynne Overman and others do good jobs. See this for spectacle, for historic interest, and for occasional scenes which unaccountably have rather splendid drama.

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

THE story of three cadets at V.M.I.—the "West Point of the South"—and their almost endless troubles made a grand play last season. Now comes the film version; and it's a honey. Made with fervor and a brisk feeling for the psychology of youth, it departs from the usual type of school movie. The standard types are absent—in their stead you will discover youngsters with imagination and brilliant vitality which they use to full advantage in conjunction with the worldly wisdom that seems to be the new possession of modern students. Wayne Morris, a happy-chappy with plenty of ideas that somehow go wrong; Eddie Albert, all athlete, short on brains but a great worrier; and Ronald Reagan, conservative but a pal in need, form the trio who have three aims in life. These are wimmen (meaning Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Jane Bryan); graduating from V.M.I.; and winning the ball game. Eventually, everything revolves around Eddie, who has secretly married La Bryan. She's going to have a baby, and he's broke, and he'll be fired if anyone finds out. All is saved by the fact that friend Jane Wyman (a cheery new Warner discovery with lots of charm) is the Commander's daughter. Important for its dialogue and the excellent gags, for its portrayal of the lighter side of life in a military academy, "Brother Rat" also has the good fortune to present Mr. Albert to Hollywood for the first time. He's direct from the stage version, and can he act! You'll have a roaring good time at this.

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

WITH all the trappings of a cinema Epic, yet somehow without the grand spirit, "Suez" is at once a great success—as history artistically told—and a notable failure as entertainment. Its main attraction is a kind of howling desert twister which the studio would like to have called a "simoon" (possibly in memory of a recent French contractec there), but which acts like a hurricane and an earthquake let loose all at once. Except for this disaster, and a dandy explosion, you must expect a pretty stuffy account of the trials Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, has in scooping out the Suez Canal. These range from the treachery of *Louis Napoleon* to the predatory meanderings of Annabella. What is really wrong with the picture is that there is no sex in it. Mr. Power has a kind of honorable yen for Loretta Young, who turns him down for the crown of France; but this is frustration. Annabella throws herself at him bodily in the hot desert and you are led to believe that he refuses her, which is not only disappointing but fragrant of deceit. In the end it all comes out—he's in love with a ditch. And by this time you are pretty bored with it. Miss Young seems a bit bewildered at being an Empress; Power has a nice tan and gives the performance you are coming to expect from him. Huzzahs are in order for Edward Bromberg's magnificent portrayal of *Prince Said*, Peverell Marley's photography and the 20th Century-Fox budget.

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

GOLLY, this is a bad picture. Originally, there was a good idea in the thought that a woman who runs a personal service bureau would like a self-sustaining kind of man for a husband. But Connie Bennett, finding newcomer Vincent Price, is no thrill; neither is she funny. Writing and direction are nondescript. Price, in a good part in a good film, probably will do well enough. Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer manage to get a few laughs.

LISTEN, DARLING—M-G-M

AS fresh as a daisy and cheery as spring is this warm little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it. The cast, headed by Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew, seems to catch and maintain just the right tempo to keep the story swinging along. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, in order to provide security for her children, daughter Judy Garland and her pal Freddie kidnap Mama and little brother Scotty Beckett, haul them away in the family trailer. Whom should they meet in another trailer but handsome Walter Pidgeon! The children decide that here's the perfect papa for a ready-made family. How they finally land him will cause more than one good guffaw, it's that funny.

The Jack Bennys turn out for Sonja Henie's thrilling new ice show

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

THIS heartwarming story, the first in a new series, pairs Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres in the tale of a veteran physician and his faith in a young interne. When Ayres, who has chosen a city hospital in preference to his father's country practice, lands in trouble it's Barrymore, sharp of tongue but kind of heart, who proves to be his friend. Both Barrymore and Ayres handle their jobs with competent and sincere artistry.

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

THE second in the "Roving Reporter" series finds Michael Whalen, as the reporter, involved in a night-club murder. When Jean Rogers, who has witnessed the murder, seeks safety with Whalen, the villain steals her away and attempts to kill her. Chick Chandler is again the lively cameraman and June Gale the comedienne. Ricardo Cortez makes his bow in this as a director. Only fair.

★ THE MAD MISS MANTON—RKO-Radio

FOR your delight, and probably to your surprise, East Side New York's Barbara Stanwyck is cast as a screwball Park Avenue heiress in this. Carrying her rôle, as well as her furs and jewels, with insouciance, Miss Stanwyck runs afoul of a murder in the first scene. Almost immediately after that she bangs into Hank Fonda, who's a newspaper man; and there you have the setup. Corpses continually disappear, but through it all strides Barbara and her clique of good-looking, wise-cracking pals, all determined to clear up the mystery. The dialogue is fresh and naughty; and the plot is so well turned you really will have trouble guessing whodunnit. Sam Levine and Frances Mercer contribute and Fonda is engaging as always.

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

ONE cannot help feeling here that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The Quints are box office in themselves and little effort is made to dress up the picture. There's a newspaper feud idea, with Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero as the principals, and something about a faked birth of sextuplets. If you enjoy watching the Quints toddling about, squealing, and being almost five years old, okay; otherwise it's waste. Jean Hersholt still plays *Dr. Dafoe*.

★ THE CITADEL—M-G-M

"THE CITADEL," as a book, touched the hearts of millions; and now Metro, working with English stars in an English studio, has made a compelling, powerful motion picture of it. Robert Donat plays the young doctor who has ideals about medicine and stews in poverty until the easy way out presents itself. This is an expensive rest home for hypochondriacs and here he prostitutes his talent until his best friend dramatically shows him the light. Admittedly, the doctor's regeneration is a little too pat; but you will like Donat's work and that also of Rosalind Russell, who plays his wife in the best rôle of her career. King Vidor directed, drawing with sure finesse every iota of drama, pathos and laughter from every scene. Best support is given by Ralph Richardson, as the drunken, cynical, honest surgeon who brings Donat to his senses.

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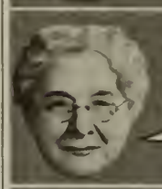

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(Continued from page 59)

troversy, PHOTOPLAY asked: *"Will you let your daughter earn her living?"*

To which all of the women and ninety per cent of the men said a hearty yes.

"Why not? I've always earned mine!" wrote one woman star, the mother of two small daughters.

"Certainly. This is a new world. A woman who cannot take care of herself gets kicked around," said a second mother.

"Yes, although not until she is over eighteen," said a third actress, unmarried but betrothed.

And a fourth: "Yes, if she has sense enough. Kids, these days, seem much more addlepated and irresponsible than I was in my 'teens." This star is, herself, not yet thirty-five, but she was earning her own living at fourteen.

While most of the men declared themselves in favor of a career for their daughters, they were a little more conservative in their answers.

"Yes, but not as a fad," said one father. "If she starts, she must see her job through."

Among the dissenters, one young father wrote: "At risk of appearing 'horse and buggy,' I think woman's place is in the home. We wouldn't have a depression today if so many women weren't competing with men for jobs!"

"IF *married, what is the subject you and your husband, or wife, most frequently discuss?"*

To this query, twenty-six per cent of the women said the future; thirteen per cent, money; thirteen per cent, motion pictures; ten per cent politics and six per cent world affairs, with other answers mentioning children, sports, music, books, art, the "isms."

"Building toward the future is a vital thing in marriage. Naturally my husband and I talk of it most," said one young star.

"We talk about our future. This means in our case, our careers, because we are both in pictures," wrote another.

"Money," wrote a third. "After all, you can say what you will, it is money that makes a marriage go 'round!"

One good wife wrote, commendably: "Sports. I don't know a baseball from a football, but my husband is crazy about all kinds of sports and I try to be a good wife."

A fair-sized group—sixteen per cent, to be exact—of the married men also said they discussed the future oftener than anything else, but thirty-two per cent said that money and finances held first place in their marital conversations.

"A good many of our discussions and, I am sad to relate, all of our quarrels are about money," one male star wrote, somewhat disconsolately.

"The thing is," he added, "we are trying to save it to forestall a precarious future and the present is too expensive to make that project successful."

"Money and what we will do with it is our favorite topic," said another, confiding, also, that: "My wife is non-professional and I never made very much until so recently that it still is a very pleasant novelty."

Other favorite topics of discussion, according to masculine players questioned, were world affairs (sixteen per cent listed this topic), home building, music, pictures, children and social theories.

Disregarding these, however, one bridegroom said, with refreshing honesty: "We discuss ourselves. Nothing else seems quite as important two months from your wedding day!"

IN answering PHOTOPLAY'S fifth question, the difference in point of view between the average Hollywoodite and Mr. and Mrs. America, concerning finances, became apparent.

"What do you consider an adequate income for marriage?" PHOTOPLAY asked.

"At least $100.00 a week!" said fifty-seven per cent of the women and fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men!

A pretty high figure, you protest? Certainly. But incomes are high in the picture business compared to those of other industries. And so $100.00 a week looks to the average screen player about the same as $35.00 to anybody else. Moreover, when you consider the extra expenses anyone in the movies has—photographs to fans, fine clothes to be "seen" in, the countless expenses of "keeping up appearances"—$100.00 a week *is* about the same as $35.00 a week, or perhaps less.

Sliding down the scale, thirty-three per cent of the women chose $50.00 a week as an adequate income for marriage, while only nine per cent selected $75.00 a week. Three per cent selected between $25.00 and $35.00. A few more said: "It depends upon station in life and demands from outside interests"; still others, that anywhere between $25.00 and $50.00 would be fine for a childless couple, but that for each child there should be from $10.00 to $20.00 more, weekly.

In the majority of cases, the "$100.00-a-weekers" mentioned this sum because it would allow a margin for saving. "The future is precarious, especially for a movie actress," announced one, frankly.

One of the "$75.00-a-weekers" pointed out that she thought she and her husband could get along on less, but that this much money meant "freedom from worry and possible squabbles over money."

Taking a rather different and not unsound point of view, one young actress suggested as adequate, "any steady income."

Besides the fifty-five and one-half per cent of the men who stipulated $100.00 as the lowest sum on which a married couple can live satisfactorily, there were the seventeen per cent who chose $75.00 a week; the ten per cent who said $50.00; the ten per cent who declined to set a figure on the grounds that circumstances alter cases, and the small group who mentioned $35.00 and $30.00.

"I need to make a hundred bucks to keep things going right!" wrote one married actor. "I've made less and we've lived on it, but I wouldn't call it adequate. Women are too expensive and a man likes his wife to have what she wants."

"At least $100.00 a week if there are children. This would provide funds for insurance, education, doctors' bills and emergencies," wrote another.

"As low as $30.00 a week, but it should be *sure!*" said another. He is a big star now, but a few years ago he was broke and hungry.

Of all who answered this question, only one, a woman, put the sum above an approximate $5,000.00 a year. She is the daughter of well-to-do parents and a ranking star. Her figure was—and understandably, after all—$10,000.00 a year.

Of the women who thought $100.00 a week necessary for marriage, two-thirds were married; of those who chose $50.00 a week or less, only one-fifth. Four-fifths of the men who specified $100.00 a week were married, as were two-thirds of those who selected $75.00. Only a fraction of the men who thought $50.00 a week adequate were married.

PHOTOPLAY'S sixth question was, logically: *"Do you save a certain per cent of your income regularly?"*

In response, eighty-four per cent of the feminine contingent said yes, and eighty-five per cent of the men.

"Of course," wrote one feminine star. "I'd be a fool not to. My big income can't last forever."

But, "Save? Tell me how!" wrote one perturbed contract player. "It costs *me* money to be in pictures!" This player, a beginner, has a private income. Apparently, she needs it.

Eighty-five per cent of the men also save something regularly, PHOTOPLAY'S questioning revealed.

"I have a business manager and he makes me save, whether I like it or not," declared one, recently risen to stardom.

"I should save, but I'm married and have two kids and I can't," wrote one of the small per cent who revealed himself *sans* a savings account.

Of the women who said they saved regularly, two-thirds were single. Of those who admitted they did not save, three-fifths were married. Among the men, approximately half boasting savings accounts were single. All of the men who said they could not save money were married.

EXTENDING its survey to embrace other phases of modern existence, PHOTOPLAY then asked: *"Were the time and money spent on your education worth while?"*

"Yes!" declared eighty-seven and one-half per cent of the women, but only sixty-two and one-half per cent of the men.

"I went to school only a few years. I wish it could have been three times that long!" wrote one feminine star.

"Not much money was spent for my education, but, as usual, the best things in life are free!" said a second. "Certainly," she added, "the *time* spent was worth it and then some!"

On the other hand, "I went to a so-called 'smart finishing school'," said one of the minority dissatisfied with the returns on their educational investment. "All I learned to do was to ride horseback, balance a teacup and look bored at any given social event! My real education has come since I began to make my own living. . . . And how!"

"Definitely!" wrote a large group of men who felt satisfied with their education. However, others in this class qualified their approval.

"Well—yes," wrote one, "but college less grammar and high school."

"No!" announced one of the masculine critics of modern education. "I was trained to be an electrical engineer, but I had a job in a filling station before the movies got me!"

FROM education, PHOTOPLAY turned to a question omnipresent in contemporary thought, to wit: *"What do you think constitutes the greatest danger of another world war?"*

Here, for the first time, the women proved hesitant about answering, with twenty-five per cent either leaving the space after this question blank or saying, frankly: "I don't know." The next largest group—twenty-two per cent—chose Fascism. After that came Communism, greed of dictators, bad economic conditions, aggression, overpopulation and discontent. In selecting Fascism and Communism, many expressed belief that attendant disregard of the church and principles of Christianity is far more dangerous than other phases of these "isms."

"The arrogance of rulers has been a vital factor in war-making of the past, and history repeats itself," wrote several others, in effect.

Without exception, the men had an answer to this question, with twenty-three per cent choosing dictators as the most formidable menace to peace; seventeen per cent selecting Fascism, its principles as well as dangerous greed of dictators; ten per cent, propaganda; eight per cent, Communism; and the rest being fairly well divided in the choice of dictators, capitalism, overpopulation, upset economic conditions and "popular hysteria."

"All the 'isms' are dangerous," wrote another. "People should pay more attention to the blessings of democracy."

"Propaganda, carefully dished out by the Allies, led us into the last war. It will do it again if we are not careful," said a third, considering, particularly, America's position in the case of war

"ARE *you interested, personally, in any of the outstanding social theories, such as Communism?"*

To this inquiry, seventy-five per cent of the women and sixty-seven per cent of the men said no.

"No 'ism' but Americanism interests me!" said many of both sexes, emphatically.

"No! And it's too bad more people don't pay less attention to Communism and such and more to the principles of democracy!" said others.

Several were specific. "Neither Communism nor Fascism!" they said.

"No, I am an American!" announced one of the men, tersely.

Another thoughtful male star, taking a somewhat broader view of the ques-

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 69 with these correct ones:

1. Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins
2. Mae West
3. Ann Harding
4. Myrna Loy
5. Claudette Colbert
6. Ralph Morgan
7. Clive Brook
8. Janet Gaynor, Norman Foster
9. John Barrymore
10. Lionel Barrymore
11. Joan Crawford
12. Walter Huston
13. Hugh Herbert
14. Doris Kenyon
15. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
16. Lee Tracy
17. Claudette Colbert
18. Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon, Wendy Barrie
19. Gary Cooper
20. May Robson

tion, said: "Democracy is, in reality, an 'ism.' I am vitally interested in Democracy. The others, only academically."

The majority of both sexes who said yes to this question qualified their answers by saying they were interested in, but not in sympathy with, the two outstanding 'isms'—Fascism and Communism.

"I am interested! I believe that the more thoroughly grounded I am in knowledge of these social evils, the more easily I can combat them!" was one answer.

Another: "Yes, in the sense that from studying all social theories we may achieve a truer and happier democracy. I do *not* believe that ignorance is bliss!"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was the choice of forty-nine per cent of the women and fifty-five per cent of the men in answer to the query: *"Whom do you consider the outstanding figure in world affairs today?"*

Hitler was next, chosen by thirty-three per cent of the women and thirty-one per cent of the men. British Prime Minister Chamberlain was the selection of twelve and one-half per cent of both men and women. Mussolini was mentioned by many, but always jointly with Hitler. Henry Ford, Douglas Corrigan, Walter Winchell came in for a vote or two, each, from the women; Thomas Dewey and Charles Lindbergh were mentioned by the men.

"President Roosevelt because, while he has made mistakes, his combined idealism and ability are outstanding," said a feminine player.

"President Roosevelt because he is president of the United States—not because he is a great man," said several of the men.

Unanimously, Hitler was chosen, not because of personal greatness, but because of his unique position of power.

"I *hate* him, but I can't ignore him!" said one of the women who put him first in importance.

"Hitler and Mussolini because of their threats to democracy," said another.

The men seemed a little less resentful of the German *Fuehrer*, but equally inclined to rate him as a world menace.

"His attitude is similar to Napoleon's. He thinks he cannot be beaten," said one.

Choice of Chamberlain, without exception, was because of his contribution to world peace.

"He acted in the interests of his own country first, which was right. But he never forgot the welfare of the world," was one comment.

"I believe his ideal of peace at any price to be right. Nothing—no country's so-called 'territorial integrity' is worth the sacrifice of human life in war," was another.

The feminine star who voted for Winchell said, frankly: "I chose him because he is a great influence in my particular world—that of the stage and screen."

THE question put last by PHOTOPLAY was: *"Do you go to church regularly? . . . Occasionally?"*

To this fifty-nine per cent of the women said occasionally; twenty-two per cent regularly, and nineteen per cent not at all. The men's answers were: seventy-two per cent occasionally; fifteen per cent regularly and twelve per cent not at all.

"I only go occasionally, but my religion is always with me," remarked one woman star.

"Occasionally, yes," said a second. "But I should go oftener. Mentally, I do!"

"I have never thought much about religion, but the infrequent times I attend church, I get something out of it," admitted one of the men.

"Church every Sunday brings me a certain peace of mind, inexplicable but definite," asserted one young actress declaring regular attendance.

Another said: "I think if more people went to church regularly, the world would be a better place—just as I am a better woman—for so doing."

On the other hand: "No, I do not go to church! I used to, but found nothing that I wanted in any of them," declared a certain famous woman star. "I believe in God, though," she added, "and try to practice a religion of my own."

"Neither my wife nor I go to church anymore," admitted another, "because we have not gotten much from it. But we send our children to Sunday School so that they may know what religion is all about and pass upon its value, themselves."

Yes—Hollywood does think about other things besides the movies!

Film Folk I Have Known

(Continued from page 11)

had better check on our history, Mother. We are not really very sure that the stories we have told about the rooms are entirely correct." Then we had photographs taken, in which even some of my grandchildren picked out their favorite stars to stand by.

WHEN I was travelling to Los Angeles this spring, Louise Fazenda got up from the table in the dining car to come to speak to me. For a second I could not place her, for she is one of those who, off the stage, is more interested in her home and her child and seems to belong in that picture. I was particularly glad to see her again and on this trip I had my first real view of Hollywood and some of its studios.

For the first time I met Shirley Temple whose praises I had heard sung many times by Secretary Morgenthau and Postmaster General Farley. That young lady has a way with the gentlemen, whether she is on the stage or off, and I do not wonder, for she won her way to my heart immediately. She rehearsed a part with Jimmy Durante as she was told to do and then in a minute she was dashing down to sit beside me, asking: "How are Sistie and Buzzie?"

Her mother is, of course, to me a remarkable person, for the child is mature in certain ways, wise beyond her years and yet she hasn't lost the charm of childhood.

Shirley told me in Hollywood that she hoped to come East in the summer to see the President, so she turned up in Washington with her parents and everything stopped in the Treasury Department while the Secretary of the Treasury took them through the White House and through the Treasury. Then she came to New York and my grandchildren, who were staying with me, invited her to come to Hyde Park for a picnic.

Sometimes children are sharper critics of their own age than we elders, but she won her place that day as far as all the children were concerned. We had to have some pictures taken because her own company wanted them, and she accepted the fact that this was work, and must be done, even telling me how I should walk and where I should stop! When that was over, she let her mother go through the tedious performance of pinning up her curls and putting on a bandana. After that she was free to play with the children. My two hung outside the door while her hair was being arranged and it must have been tantalizing to have them ask every few minutes: "Aren't you ready, Shirley?" She never complained and when I asked her later if having to be so careful and take so much care of her hair was not rather trying, she said almost wistfully: "Yes, but my mommie does it so well."

I have an idea that whatever she does, she is always going to be a leader and if I were asked to pick out the thing which is to me most characteristic about her, I think it would be her walk. As the children all came trooping toward us from the house, she was in the lead and she remained there all the rest of the day. She was as good as any of them at devising games to play. She had a grand time I think and was quite oblivious of the fact that everybody who could possibly make up an errand to come to that picnic, came. We suddenly discovered that instead of having rather scant service, we could have the whole neighborhood waiting on us that day. Our three colored maids were supplemented by all of our neighbors and, when the picnic was over, I had one or two messages to the effect that if they had known that Shirley Temple was there, many people would have come miles to see her.

That is where her mother is clever, for she never allows anyone to make a fuss over Shirley and she expects complete obedience; yet she left her free to have a good time.

Ann Gillis, who lunched with us last winter, was too shy to say anything in the White House, but Tommy Kelly, aged twelve, found himself seated beside an army officer who took the trouble to discover that Tommy did not care so much about his acting as he did about all the mechanics of the movies and together they talked machinery all through luncheon.

Long before I came to Washington many and many an artist in the various fields of art had sat at our table and showed us his work and, strange to say, my interest is just as great in the young things struggling to begin an artistic career along any line as it is in the men and women at the top. It is such a gamble when they start out. Will they have the spark which makes them great or not? If they have, all the hardship which goes before will be worthwhile to them and to those who sensed their ability when they were young and gave them a helping hand. I often think what a thrill it must be to those people who bought the first Van Goghs. They had to have so much confidence in their own judgment and to find it vindicated today by the world must give them rather a triumphant feeling. So it must be to anyone who discovers a genius in any of the arts.

It is said that all artists are hard to live with because of their temperaments and this may be so, but I know nothing pleasanter or more interesting than a chance to be in a mixed group of people whose interests center in the stage or in the wider field of some sort of artistic expression. I like them one and all and I am even willing to put up with a certain amount of temperament.

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Romantic Recluse

(Continued from page 13)

parts of spectacular, adventurous men. And as he is a free lance, which means that he, himself, chooses the stories he wants to make for the screen, it is fairly obvious that he deliberately chooses to play exhibitionistic characters.

This is, Mr. Colman agrees, a point well taken. He said, "Perhaps the contradiction can be further explained by my admitting that if ever I am called upon to make a speech at some affair which I am attending in a private capacity, I am sunk, miserably self-conscious, regrettably inadequate. If, on the other hand, a script calls for me to do a scene in which I must stand up and harangue a thousand extras, I can harangue away for hours and think nothing of it. Which simply means, I think, that as an actor I am neither inhibited nor self-conscious; whereas, in my own capacity as a man, I am both.

"I am not much of a hand at analyzing myself. But I have heard of 'split personalities.' Perhaps, in my case, the split comes between my screen self and my real self. I have never thought of this before but it now occurs to me that I may have become an actor so that I could pretend to be the kind of a fellow I cannot be in real life.

"To try to explain why the sword-swallowing hero I like to play on the screen is so different from my unexciting self is, for me, a task almost too difficult to attempt. 'I' is a subject about which I know very little. I am not given to introspection. The majority of my interests, apart from my work, are active interests such as tennis, gardening, sailing. Which indicates, if I understand correctly my cursory readings of psychology, that I would be classified as an extrovert.

"My way of living, then," concluded Mr. Colman, "probably does date back to my childhood. Certainly I learned, very early in life, that to make myself as unobtrusive as possible was to make myself as popular as possible."

BORN in Richmond, County of Surrey, England, Ronald Colman was the fifth child in a family of six children. Now a fifth child does not occupy any particular spotlight in the family circle unless he is in some way exceptional, which, Ronald insists, he was not.

Of the six young Colmans the first-born, a boy, died before Ronald was born. There were two sisters, Gladys and Edith, girls in their teens when Ronald was in the nursery. Next to the sisters in age came Eric; four years later Ronald was born. So that, just at the age when the small Ronald was beginning to feel the shape of his own individuality, the sisters were at the ages when their beaux and activities demanded—and got—the major portion of their parents' attention.

A small boy is never considered an asset by sisters in their teens and Ronald was no exception to this rule. Moreover, Eric's four years seniority placed him in a position of overlordship to the smaller brother, while Frieda, born when Ronald was three years old and destined to creep into his heart and affections as his best friend and constant companion, was, at first, just another reason for a small boy to be as quiet and out-of-the-wayish as possible.

It is obvious, then, that the family setup could not have contributed very much to the boy's sense of self-importance.

Charles Colman, the father and very much the head of his family, was of the old school which holds that children should be "seen but not heard." Ronald, as a small boy, was devoted to his father, but, admittedly, a little frightened of him.

Marjorie Colman, whose maiden name was Fraser, was, as mothers usually are, softer, more yielding than the father. Such confidences as the naturally reticent boy gave to anyone he gave to her. But the family was large and the differences in the ages of the children made too many demands upon the mother for her to be able to concentrate for any length of time on any one of her brood.

Ronald does not seem to recall feeling any lack in his life because of the impersonal bustle of the household. He was, if anything, vaguely grateful for it. He preferred to be alone. He liked to keep his thoughts to himself. He even insisted upon saying his bedtime prayers to himself, feeling very silly indeed when a nurse or one of his sisters or even his mother came in to overhear his devotions. So, from infancy, we discover, he guarded his privacy as a precious and inviolable possession.

Once every month Charles Colman took one of his sons up to London with him to visit his offices in that city. One month Eric would go with his father, the next month it would be Ronald's turn. The object of these pilgrimages was the father's desire to implant an interest in his business in one, or both, of his sons.

The elder Colman was an importer of silks from the Orient. And the business was thriving enough to supply the family with all of the comforts of living, a few of the luxuries.

"I enjoyed those trips to Father's offices tremendously," Mr. Colman remembers. "They stimulated my imagination as nothing else did. And my imagination needed stimulating, for I was not a very imaginative child. I didn't care to read fairy tales. I didn't believe in fairies or, indeed, in anything I couldn't see, touch, hear or taste.

"I remember being told by my nurse that a certain house in our neighborhood was 'haunted' and my reply was a matter-of-fact, 'Nonsense, it just needs a coat of paint!' I had none of the dreams by day or nightmares by night which delight or terrify the highly-strung child.

"Nursery tea was, I am afraid, the high spot of my day. Toward buns and tea and jam were all my dreams directed. And I was ungallantly displeased when I was told that the muffins and tea must be passed to Frieda first 'because she is a girl.'

"So, you see, I benefited greatly by my trips to Father's offices where I heard talk of ships coming in from the Straits Settlements, from India, China, Japan. I liked the smell and color of what I heard. I am sure that my nostalgia for travel was born as I listened to that talk of ships and things . . . I assured my Father that I would be in his business when I grew up. 'But not,' I told him, 'in the London offices. I will be in command of one of the ships coming in from the Orient. . . .'

"I saw my first motion picture with my father, too. It was my eleventh birthday, I remember, and Father took me to the old Earls Court Exhibition. It was a catchpenny show, with bands, whirligigs, fortune tellers—a very dreamland of noise and excitement and innocent baits for suckers. I loved it. And here again my childhood 'conditions' my maturity. For I have never outgrown my passion for amusement parks. Whenever Noel Coward is in Hollywood we always give one evening to the Venice Pier at Santa Monica, where, Noel sharing my enthusiasm, we 'do' the merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, ferris wheels and so on.

"But those years ago at Earls Court Father and I came upon an attraction which was new, at any rate to me. Over a cavernous entrance we saw a sign which read: *Animated Pictures*. What, I thought, were *they*?

"We paid our admissions and went into an inky-black pit. Directly before my dilated eyes an express train was running out of the tunnel and heading straight for the bench upon which father and I were seated. The sensation it gave me of narrowly escaping a violent death did not seem to me to come under the heading of amusement. Father laughed when, safely out in the open air again, I told him what I thought of this divertissement. Then he said, 'This invention has a future, son, watch it. It is going to make the fortunes of a great many people.'

"Why I remember those words so exactly all these years later I can't say. Because at the time they seemed to me to be pretty silly. If that invention was going to make money for people, I thought, I would not be among them. When we got home I told Frieda about 'the pictures that move,' and earnestly advised her to stay away from them!"

In the mind of the grown man those early days in Richmond blend into a comfortable pattern of days spent in the garden with Frieda where they shared such projects as rearing expanding families of guinea pigs, making rabbit hutches, digging holes in the earth in the belief that they would reach China.

SMALL Ronald, done up in his father's waistcoat and silk hat, enjoyed playing doctor to the various pets. He listened to their heartbeats through long and porous milkweeds which imagination easily transformed into stethoscopes; took temperatures with a glass pendant from a windbell which, without any mental strain at all, became a clinical thermometer. . . .

"Quite frequently an animal masticated the thermometer," chuckles Mr. Colman, "whereupon the 'doctor' became a skilled mortician!

"Of course I went through all the normal phases of wanting to be a cabby, a fireman on a train, a captain of a cargo ship when I grew up. Frieda and I agreed that it would be pretty fine to see me sitting up there above the heads of my fares, cracking a whip and wearing a battered topper. I also hoped to become a fireman on a train. I was thrilled whenever I saw an engine roar past me in the night, the fires stoked by a stalwart, half-naked man who bent and rose again in the flames as he fed the gigantic bowels of the monster. I felt a very little, colorless person by comparison. Even then, you see, I 'admired' to be a man of venturesome, violent action."

Yes, it was certainly a comfortable, rather commonplace childhood that the small Ronald led in the bosom of that busy family life, on the bosom of the rich-earthed countryside. And it was the kind of a life which, in no sense, prepared him for the Hollywood life, the Hollywood ways.

The family lived well, but carefully. The girls had their "best dresses," the little boys had "Sunday suits" and were taught to keep them carefully brushed and hung away against "special occasions."

"We always had plenty of everything but we were aware that there were limitations. We had plenty of playthings, for instance, but few duplicates. So that when Eric had a bike he had to share it with me and when I had a cricket bat I had to let him have his turn at it. We learned to share and share alike as a matter of course. Which rather gave us the idea that one fellow is not supposed to have more than the other fellow.

"But that they were happy years, those early years, of this I am sure. Because we never thought about whether we were happy or not. It is only when we are unhappy that we give any thought to it."

CHARLES COLMAN died when Ronald was sixteen. His going was not only a deep personal grief to each member of his family, but added to the grief was a complete upheaval of the familiar way of living. For the father's death considerably reduced the family circumstances.

Ronald was recalled from the Hadleigh School of Littlehampton, Sussex, which he had been attending. And there was no further talk of preparing him for Cambridge or Oxford.

"WHO'S BEHIND THE GLASSES?"

Answers to the Photoplay guessing game on pages 26 and 27 are:

1. Una Merkel
2. Ronald Colman
3. Spencer Tracy
4. Gary Cooper
5. Robert Montgomery
6. Merle Oberon
7. Virginia Bruce
8. Deanna Durbin
9. George Brent
10. Mary Astor
11. Carole Lombard
12. Joan Bennett
13. Joan Crawford
14. Barbara Stanwyck
15. Warner Baxter
16. Ginger Rogers
17. Ann Sothern
18. Cary Grant
19. Tim Holt, Jr.
20. Clark Gable
21. Irene Hervey

"Leaving school was no great blow to me," Mr. Colman told me, "although I liked school well enough. I liked it because I felt a certain self-confidence when I was in the schoolroom. It is the same kind of confidence I feel now when I am on a sound stage in a studio. On the sound stage I am not Ronald Colman, I am an actor with a job to do. In the schoolroom I was not Ronnie Colman, either, I was a scholar with a job to do. When I can sink my personal identity in work, I am always well content. But I had made no close friends at Hadleigh—in fact, up to this point in my life, Frieda and I were 'all the friends' either of us had—there was no Damon to my Pythias at an age when such friendships are most often formed—and so I left the school without an emotional wrench, since the ties of the mind break less painfully than those of the heart.

"Soon after my father's death, we removed to the outskirts of London and I began the job of job-hunting in the city. I was completely lacking in aggression. I was one of those unfortunate people born without a conspicuous vocation. I didn't know what I wanted to do or to be. I was willing to do the first thing that turned up. In fact, that is what I did do. For, while I was waiting for one of my applications for a clerkship to be answered, I ran into a chap I knew who asked me how I'd like to do some amateur acting. He explained that I might get a chance in some of the plays being produced by the Bancroft Professional Club or the Wyndham Stage Society. These clubs were the vogue in London at that time. A group of would-be actors engaged the services of a professional director, the director coached the amateur actors and the plays were put in for short runs at such theaters as were available.

"I thought it might be 'fun' to act. So I played juvenile rôles, atrociously, I am sure, in such pieces as "Charley's Aunt," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Private Secretary" and others. It was amusing. But I had not the slightest idea of becoming an actor. There was in my mind an instinctive barrier against such an idea. I think my father would have hated it had he known.

"I went to the theater quite often in those days, too. And I suppose that the great personalities of the London stage then, Mr. Lewis Waller, Charles Wyndham, Forbes-Robertson especially, influenced me more than I realized. But it never occurred to my conscious mind that I had anything in common with their world. Any more than, looking through a telescope, I thought I had anything in common with the workings of the zodiac."

IN course of time, one of Ronald's applications was accepted and he became an office boy for the Britain Steamship Company at a salary of half a pound a week, some two dollars and fifty cents in our money. He was then seventeen years old. There followed three "inexpressibly dreary years" during which time he worked his way up to the post of junior accountant. This rise in the world was made manifest by his enthronement upon an ancient three-legged stool placed before an old black desk. And by raises in salary which, after three years, gave him twelve and one-half dollars a week. He says now, "My demands on life must have been very modest, for I remember thinking that it was all deadly monotonous work but that otherwise I was doing very well."

DURING this time the young man continued to play in amateur theatricals for the Bancroft Dramatic Club and undoubtedly his escape into the world of make-believing made his office work endurable. He found other escapes, too. He began to read in real earnest, and hungrily. He read Shakespeare and the vigor and vitality of the bard came through to him, quickening his blood, giving him an awareness he had not had before. He read Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, novels, biographies, the odes of Keats, the sonnets of Shelley and discovered a rich, abundant life. He extended his interests and activities in other ways, too. He enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment, an organization similar to the National Guard in the United States. And in the regiment, for the first time in his life, he made friends of his own age.

"I was shy with girls until I was past sixteen," the man whom Hollywood has called a "woman-hater" will tell you. "But when I became an office boy, I discovered that it was more comfortable to do as the Romans did, to be one of the fellows. And, to be one of the fellows, a chap had to talk about girls and dates and necking parties. To this end I went to a few subscription dances given in and around London, accepted a few invitations to dances in the homes of girls I met. Now and again I took a girl to dinner and the theater. The chief profit and pleasure I derived from these excursions, I must ungallantly admit, is that it gave me the right to talk like the other fellows."

But the adolescent heart of the young Colman was, save for the brief brushing of a dream, left untouched. He did become enamoured of a girl who lived in his flat building. She was blond and blue-eyed and not much more than a child. And he never got past the stage of silent adoration so that she is no more than a picture framed in his mind. But, as a picture, she remains unfaded.

At the age when he might have been romancing, going about socially, he was at first too shy, then too short of funds; then, just as he had begun to overcome these drawbacks—the War came.

Ronald Colman was one of the first to enlist. War strengthened a conviction this sensitive man had held from early childhood: launched him on a career that changed his whole life. The fascinating story of his early theatrical days, his first efforts in pictures, his marriage—

February PHOTOPLAY

Howard Sharpe, who has created for PHOTOPLAY *its magnificent biographies of Sonja Henie, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Margaret Sullavan, now tackles one of the most unusual men in Hollywood—Melvyn Douglas—whose life story in complete detail, with exclusive pictures, begins next month*

Lindbergh's Movie Contract

(Continued from page 61)

close friends. We flew together, he stayed overnight at my army quarters and, later, we were to plan, with the help of a map spread on the floor of my living room, the first transcontinental air passenger line across the United States.

"Slim's" advisors knew of our friendship; knew, too, that at that time he had more confidence in the judgment of a fellow flier than in that of anyone else.

Accordingly, they summoned me to New York from Montgomery, Alabama, where I was on maneuvers with the First Pursuit Group.

They wanted me to try to talk him out of "this movie idea."

I flew to New York and talked with "Slim." But his advisors had overestimated my influence; underestimated Lindbergh's tenacity. He was not to be dissuaded.

He did permit me to accompany him on his visits to Mr. Hearst's apartments on Riverside Drive, where he was holding conferences with Mr. Hearst and members of M-G-M who were submitting the plans of the forthcoming picture for flyer Lindbergh's approval.

Before this, he had allowed no one to go with him to these conferences. I was asked by Colonel Breckinridge and Harry Guggenheim, Lindbergh's two closest friends, to note what occurred at these meetings and to dictate a report to a stenographer in Colonel Breckinridge's office as soon as they were over.

This went on for a fortnight. During all that time, we were trying to persuade Lindbergh to give up the contract.

He refused.

MANY prominent men in New York brought their influence to bear. Among them were Daniel Guggenheim, father of Harry Guggenheim, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then managing editor of the *New York World*.

I think "Slim" was most swayed by the arguments of Daniel Guggenheim. In any event, at one of the conferences, Mr. Hearst seemed to sense a change of heart on Lindbergh's part. He was not unaware of the objections of "Slim's" friends. He asked Lindbergh, plainly, if he still wished to go through with the contract.

Lindbergh's hesitation revealed that he was no longer sure he wanted to make a picture.

Mr. Hearst asked no more questions. He did something, then, for which I have always admired him. He brought out the contract and tore it up in Lindbergh's presence.

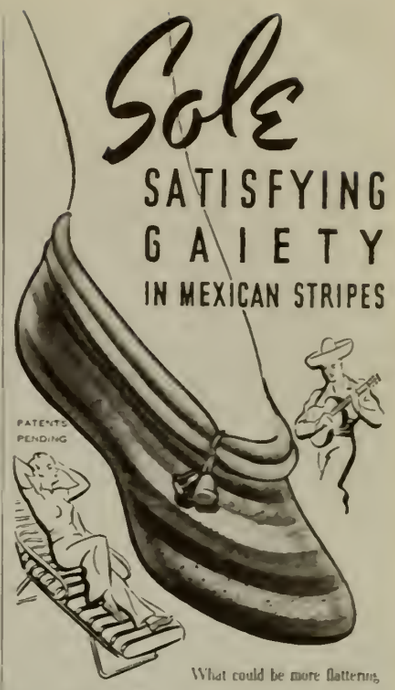
"You are as much of a hero to me," he told "Slim," "as to anyone else in the world. If you and your friends feel that making a picture will interfere with your career in aviation, then I want you to know that I will be the last man to stand in your way."

Had that picture been made. . . .

Well, speculation is intriguing. Many things that lay ahead of Lindbergh might have happened differently.

And, undoubtedly, Hollywood would have produced one of the greatest pictures of all times.

About those things, I don't know. This is, after all, the story of how one of the most ambitious movies of all times, starring America's hero, Charles Lindbergh, was *not* made.



What could be more flattering, than the slimming effect of these Mexican stripes? Beneath its gay exterior the "Siesta" conceals a world of downright usefulness, grateful warmth and relaxation for tired, cramped muscles; fade-proof washability, compactness in the overstuffed week-end bag. "Siesta" makes a sure-to-please, sure-to-fit gift. Only two sizes that s-t-r-e-t-c-h to fit the foot. *For sale by the better department stores.*

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Shirley Temple's Last Letter to Santa

(Continued from page 9)

was pall-bearer. So please let me have another Jimmy.

And I would like to have:

1 pr dungaries (blue)
1 shirt (blue and red check like Bill's the cowboy at Hillsdale ranch)
1 pr 6-shooters.

That is to wear when I ride the pony Mr. Schenk gave me. (We play G-men of the West. The pony is awful smart.)

And if it's not asking to much I certainly would like the wardrobe that goes with Lottie. I bought Lottie myself last week with money I saved up. But when I went to the store after her the clerk said—This doll's clothes are extra. And I did not have enough. They are on the 4th floor so you will know and they are in a big hatbox marked My Dates. She has a dress for every day in the week. A blue one with a brown fur jacket (my favorite) and a red snow suit.

LAST year I went to that store to see a man who *said* he was you. But I told mother He is not the real Santa because he said—Well, Shirley I see all your pictures—and I know you cannot do that up at the North Pole. But mother said He is a stand-in for Santa. I guess you have a lot of stand-ins.

We had a swell time last Christmas. I went to the Assistance League the day before and they let me help push the wagons and fill the baskets. Then we went home to supper but I could not eat much. We always have the Tree on Christmas Eve. A big green one (I do not like the white they smell so funny) with electric candles and balls on it. My dad puts it on a turn-table which plays Silent Night. Only it did not work last year. The tree was to heavy.

Did you see the Star of Bethlehem lit up on the pine tree outside? Sonny put that up. He nearly fell.

We never open presents before Christmas morning but one kind of opened itself up. There was a terrible scream in the kitchen and we all ran out and sitting right on the floor in a cage was a big red macaw. Somebody had brought him for me around by the back and he had peeked through his paper covering. He was screaming at Elizabeth May (she is our cook) and Elizabeth May was screaming right back at him with a broom. My brother Jack said Haha and the macaw said Ha ha to and everybody laughed.

Once I got a very nice cow for Christmas. It was from the children of Tillamook where the cheese comes from. The Xpressman brought it to the studio and mother said My goodness where are we going to keep it? We tied it to the little fence outside my bungalow but it ate all the tops off the flowers and the studio gardener was pretty mad. I wanted to take it home it was so beautiful, only we lived in the house on 19 St in Santa Monica then and when we phoned dad about it he said Well it is a case of keeping the cow or the car. We have not room for both! So a milk farm man came and got it. It has little cows now.

Every Christmas morning when I was a little girl mother woke me with sleigh bells. Now she lets me ring them. My dad says 5 is to early so I wait till 6. We all go in the room together where the family presents are (The other presents are downstairs). Granny gave me a green sweater she knitted herself last year. And there was the nicest kitchen store from You with tiny jars and little potatoes and lemons and everything for my playhouse. I am just learning to knit. I made my dad a tie but he has not worn it yet. He says he is saving it.

I LOVE Christmas dinner. Sometimes Elizabeth May lets me help. I can not cook much xcept biscuits. I make those on my little stove out in the playhouse. I did when Miss Carrie Jacobs Bond came to tea last Monday. (She is coming to visit me on the set of The Little Princess to.

But Santa when I was washing my dishes afterwards my dog Rowdy jumped up and broke three cups and the tea pot cover. I would like very much to have another tea set if it is not to much trouble. There is a very pretty one (blue with yellow flowers) on the 4th floor of that store I told you about. And in case your not in a hurry could you just sort of look over the new Wizard of Oz book? And some of the Ranger series?

Mother says Christmas is a family day so we do not go out. We play and open presents and it is the Best day of the year. But the next day Mary Lou and my friends come over. We make Christmas last the whole week! In the evening my dad drives us around to see all the trees lit up outdoors and they are so beautiful. One house in Beverly Hills has studio snow piled all over the yard and raindeer in front. Some time I would like to see real snow on Christmas.

Did you see our wreath? A lumber Jack man up north made it for me with my name on it. It must have been hard because holly pricks. People are awful good. So are you. Please give all my friends (like the cripple boy in Spokane and the lady from DeTroit who writes me every week) extra presents. Thank you Santa.

Love,

Shirley Temple.

P. S. Mother says Please do not bring any more rabbits. I got two darling Chinese ones last year and when we came back from Honolulu there were 45.

Corrigan Lands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 60)

been Douglas Corrigan ever since then.

He saw Doug Fairbanks once. In the depot at San Antonio. He was standing on the back platform of a train, famous smile and all. There was a crowd around him and everybody asking for his autograph, and everybody proud as could be that he could stand there and look at a real live movie star.

Doug managed to get up onto that back platform with his bundle of papers. And when he got up there, he couldn't think of anything to say, couldn't think of anything to do except offer the great man a paper.

Doug Fairbanks took the paper and gave Doug Corrigan a dime and a friendly smile. The boy treasured that dime for years.

WHEN his mother announced she was going to take the family to Los Angeles, Doug's heart beat so fast it almost choked him. Maybe he'd see Doug Fairbanks again. Maybe he'd see a lot of other movie stars. Maybe—maybe someday—oh, just maybe—he'd get a job in the movies, might get a chance to play in a picture with Doug.

He had to forget about being a movie actor though, because his mother grew too weak to run a roominghouse and Doug had to be the breadwinner of the family. He got a job at $8 a week, washing apricots and beans and bottles, and in a few years he had run his salary up to $25 a week.

He had to keep on working after his mother died. He had to take care of his brother and sister.

He couldn't afford to wait around the movie lots until some casting director saw him and put him in a picture. He had to get meat and potatoes and bread and milk for those dependent on him.

He got a job in a lumber yard and gave it up to work in the building line. He was a bookkeeper, a timekeeper, a storekeeper, a rough carpenter and an errand boy, all in one for a time. And then he learned to fly.

His brother and sister grew up and married. Doug had no one to support now but himself. And that was an easy task. He had learned to live on very little money. He had grown used to eating only one meal a day, supper. That seldom cost him more than twenty cents, or possibly a quarter. He didn't have to buy fancy clothes, for all he needed in his business was a pair of pants, a shirt or two, a pair of shoes—and maybe a leather jacket.

He seldom saw a movie. He had no time. He seldom spoke to a girl. He had no time for girls. And he had always been shy with them, always a little afraid of them.

Of course, Doug had his romances. But they never amounted to anything—except to make him despondent and a little bit shyer than he was before. There were girls he liked—maybe not at first, but certainly after looking at them day after day, and dreaming about them night after night, and thinking about them when he wasn't absorbed in building or flying planes.

There were girls, all blonde and pretty and petite, but they always got away from him. Doug couldn't tell a girl he liked her. He might feel it deep down within him, but he couldn't bring the feeling to the surface where the girl could see it.

Yet maybe it was his fate to be a movie star and thrill the millions of girls he never had a chance to see. Who can say no?

He attained fame in one hop. Overnight he became a universal hero—and told the world he wasn't a hero, only a misdirected aviator. Nobody believed him and everybody saw something rare in him: shyness, faith, diffidence. And everybody saw humor in him and genuine courage.

How could he help go into the movies? The public demanded him.

He tried to avoid his fate, but he couldn't. He declared he would sign no moving-picture contract. But moving-picture people gave him no rest until he signed on the dotted line.

HE agreed that RKO might make a picture out of the story of his life. He half agreed—and with what reluctance—to play a part in that picture. But, in that case, he insisted, he wasn't to be forced to kiss any girl for the screen.

"But wait until you see the girl we'll put in your picture," a producer said. "You'll change your mind then."

Doug shook his head and grinned.

That gave the producer a shock.

"You mean to tell me you wouldn't kiss a pretty girl, just for a picture?"

Doug pointed out that he didn't kiss girls in real life and that if he kissed them on the screen the picture would be untrue.

"Imagine," a bystander groaned, "he wouldn't even kiss a girl for money. Big money!"

Doug laughed and blushed a little. Yes, he blushes. But he was still adamant. He didn't want to kiss any girl for the amusement of the public. And, if he did—and sometimes a fellow will—he didn't want a nickel for it. It didn't seem right to take money for that sort of thing, even if it was only acting.

To make matters certain, to insure himself against the possibility of being drawn into any screen embrace against his will, Doug had a clause inserted in his contract, a paragraph stating he didn't have to make love to anyone during the picture or for the picture.

He signed up with RKO for one film.

But you know how Hollywood is. Once a fellow gets into a picture, once he realizes he's an actor, it's hard to turn him back into what he was. So, it's possible, if not probable, that Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan will wind up, not as the president of an aviation company, like Lindbergh, but as a movie star.

And it's possible, and probable too, that thousands of girls will be writing to him and asking him to send them his photograph and waiting for his next release.

Corrigan, as a lot of writers have pointed out, is unpredictable. So is his future.

Right now, Doug intends to finish the film and get some sort of aviation job.

But moving-picture officials have discovered that he screens remarkably well and that he is extremely popular not only in the United States but all over the world. They have listened carefully to the impromptu speeches.

During his tour across the country, Doug had to talk two or three times a day. He earned the reputation of being a natural wit. And the movie producers liked his voice and his manner of talking.

"He's a natural for the movies," they insisted.

Maybe they can sell Doug that idea, as they sold him the idea of taking a part in this picture. Maybe they can't.

I know half a dozen men, older and younger than Doug Corrigan, who would give their right eyes, if they had to, for the chance RKO is giving him. So do you. Maybe you know a hundred, or a thousand.

Nobody knows what Doug will do or won't do. But wait until he's a little better adjusted to Hollywood. Then you can judge more accurately which way "Wrong Way" will fly.

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff and John Wexley. From a story by Rowland Brown. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: *Rocky Sullivan*, James Cagney; *Jerry Connelly*, Pat O'Brien; *Fraser*, Humphrey Bogart; *Laury Ferguson*, Ann Sheridan; *Crab*, Huntz Hall; *Pasty*, Gahriel Dell; *Hunky*, Bernard Punsley; *Soapy*, Billy Halop; *Swing*, Bohby Jordan; *Bim*, Leo Gorcey; *McKeefer*, George Bancroft; *Steve*, Ed Pawley; *Soapy's Mother*, Vera Lewis; *Maggione Boy*, Eddie Syracuse; *Detective*, Jack Mower; *Detective*, Lee Phelps; and the Boys' Choir of St. Brendan's Church.

"ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play hy Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse and Ken Englund. Original story hy Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Directed hy Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: *Buck Boswell*, Jack Benny; *Patricia Harper*, Joan Bennett; *Mrs. Isabel Channing*, Mary Boland; *James Harper*, Charles Grapewin; *Chickie*, Joyce Compton; *Swifty, Dopey, Jimmy, Kelly*, The Yacht Club Boys; *Eliot Winthrop*, G. P. Huntley; *Punkins*, Punkins Parker; *Becky*, Sheila Darcy; *Red*, Yvonne Duval; *Miss America*, Gwen Kenyon; *Jersey*, Joyce Mathews; *Dodie*, Dolores Casey; *Kansas*, Marie DeForrest; *Madame Brissard*, Adrienne D'Ahmricourt; *Brissard*, Andre Cheron; *Cabby*, Louis Mercier; *Porter*, Louis Van den Ecker; *Grocery Boy*, Charles de Ravenne; *Waiter*, Joseph Romantini.

"BLONDIE"—COLUMBIA.—Based on the characters created hy Chic Young in the comic strip of the same name. Original screen play hy Richard Flournoy. Directed by Frank Strayer. The Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Dot*, Dorothy Moore; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Alvin*, Danny Mummert; *Chester*, Gordon Oliver; *Blondie's Mother*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Haclip*, Gene Lockhart; *Elsie*, Ann Doran.

"BROTHER RAT"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. From the play hy John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Directed hy William Keighley. The Cast: *Joyce Winfree*, Priscilla Lane; *Billy Randolph*, Wayne Morris; *A. Furman Townsend, Jr.*, Johnnie Davis; *Kate Rice*, Jane Bryan; *"Bing" Edwards*, Eddie Albert; *Dan Crawford*, Ronald Reagan; *Claire Adams*, Jane Wyman; *Jenny*, Louise Beavers; *Colonel Ramm*, Henry O'Neill; *Captain "Lacedrawers" Rogers*, Gordon Oliver; *Harley Harrington*, Larry Williams; *Misto Bottome*, William Tracey; *Mrs. Brooks*, Jessie Busley; *Slim*, Olin Howland; *Nurse*, Isabel Withers.

"CITADEL, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead and Elizabeth Hill. Novel by A. J. Cronin. Directed hy King Vidor. The Cast: *Andrew*, Robert Donat; *Christine*, Rosalind Russell; *Denny*, Ralph Richardson; *Dr. Lawford*, Rex Harrison; *Owen*, Emlyn Williams; *Toppy LeRoy*, Penelope Dudley Ward; *Ben Chenkin*, Francis Sullivan; *Mrs. Orlando*, Mary Clare; *Charles Every*, Cecil Parker; *Mrs. Thornton*, Nora Swinhurne; *Joe Morgan*, Edward Chapman; *Lady Raebank*, Athene Seyler; *Mr. Boon*, Felix Aylmer; *Nurse Sharp*, Joyce Bland; *Mr. Stillman*, Percy Parsons; *Mrs. Page*, Dilys Davis; *Doctor Page*, Basil Gill; *Dr. A. H. Llewellyn*, Joss Ambler.

"FIVE OF A KIND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play hy Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed hy Herbert I. Leeds. The Cast: *The Dionne Quintuplets*, Themselves; *Dr. John Luke*, Jean Hersholt; *Christine Nelson*, Claire Trevor; *Duke Lester*, Cesar Romero; *Jim Ogden*, Slim Summerville; *Dr. Scott Williams*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Libby Long*, Inez Courtney; *Asa Wyatt*, John Qualen; *Mrs. Waldron*, Jane Darwell; *Eleanor Kingsley*, Pauline Moore; *Dickie*, John Russell; *Dr. Bruno*, Andrew Tombes; *Sir Basil Crawford*, David Torrence; *Nurse Corday*, Marion Byron; *Andrew Gordon*, Hamilton MacFadden; *Rev. Matthew Brand*, Spencer Charters; *Editor Crane*, Charles D. Brown.

"GREAT WALTZ, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play hy Samuel Hoffenstein and Walter Reisch. Original story hy Gottfried Reinhardt. Directed hy Julien Duvivier. The Cast: *Poldi Vogelhuber*, Luise Rainer; *Johann Strauss*, Fernand Gravet; *Carla Donner*, Miliza Korjus; *Hofbauer*, Hugh Herbert; *Count Hohenfried*, Lionel Atwill; *Kienzl*, Curt Bois; *Dudelman*, Leonid Kinsky; *Cellist*, Al Shean; *Mrs. Hofbauer*, Minna Gombell; *Schiller*, George Houston; *Vogelhuber*, Bert Roach; *Mrs. Vogelhuber*, Greta Meyer; *Dommayer*, Herman Bing; *Mrs. Strauss*, Alma Kruger; *Franz Josef*, Henry Hull; *Wertheimer*, Sig Rumann; *Coachman*, Christian Rub.

"HARD TO GET"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macaulay. From an original story hy Wally Klein and Joseph Schrank. Directed hy Ray Enright. The Cast: *Bill*, Dick Powell; *Margaret*, Olivia de Havilland; *Ben Richards*, Charles Winninger; *Roscoe*, Allen Jenkins; *Case*, Melville Cooper; *Connie*, Bonita Granville; *Mrs. Richards*, Isabel Jeans; *Stanley Potter*, Grady Sutton; *Atwater*, Thurston Hall; *Burke*, John Ridgely; *Hattie*, Penny Singleton; *Judge Harkness*, Granville Bates; *Shaff*, Jack Mower.

"INSIDE STORY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play hy Jerry Cady. Based on a story hy Ben Ames Williams. Directed hy Ricardo Cortez. The Cast: *Barney Callahan*, Michael Whalen; *June White*, Jean Rogers; *Snapper Doolan*, Chick Chandler; *Gus Brawley*, Douglas Fowley; *Paul Randall*, John King; *Aunt Mary Perkins*, Jane Darwell; *Eunice*, June Gale; *Uncle Ben Perkins*, Spencer Charters; *Whitey*, Theodore von Eltz; *Collins*, Cliff Clark; *J. B. Douglas*, Charles D. Brown; *District Attorney*, Charles Lane; *Flora*, Jan Duggan; *Dora*, Louise Carter; *Hopkins*, Bert Roach.

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ethel Hill, J. P. McEvoy and Darrell Ware. Directed hy Irving Cummings. The Cast: *Penny*, Shirley Temple; *Jeff Hale*, Charles Farrell; *Kitty*, Joan Davis; *Lola*, Amanda Duff; *Corporal Jones*, Bill Robinson; *Gus*, Bert Lahr; *Waters*, Franklin Pangborn; *Aunt Julia Ramsby*, Cora Witherspoon; *Samuel G. Henshaw*, Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; *Milton Ramsby*, Bennie Bartlett; *Reporter*, Hal. K. Dawson; *Candid Cameraman*, Charles Williams; *French Tutor*, Eddy Conrad; *Henshaw's Assistants*, Tony Hughes and Orville Caldwell; *Gwendolyn*, Marilyn Knowlden.

"LISTEN, DARLING"—M-G-M.—Screen play hy Elaine Ryan and Anne Morrison Chapin. Story hy Katherine Brush. Director, Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *"Pinkie" Wingate*, Judy Garland; *"Buzz" Mitchell*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Dottie Wingate*, Mary Astor; *Richard Thurlow*, Walter Pidgeon; *J. J. Slattery*, Alan Hale: *Billie Wingate*, Scotty Beckett; *Abercrombie*, Barnett Parker; *Mr. Drubbs*, Gene Lockhart; *Uncle Joe*, Charley Grapewin.

"MAD MISS MANTON, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Philip G. Epstein. Story hy Wilson Collison. Directed hy Leigh Jason. The Cast: *Melsa Manton*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Peter Ames*, Henry Fonda; *Lieut. Brent*, Sam Levine; *Helen Frayne*, Frances Mercer; *Edward Norris*, Stanley Ridges; *Pat James*, Whitney Bourne; *Kit Beverly*, Vicki Lester; *Lee Wilson*, Ann Evers; *Dora Fenton*, Catherine O'Quinn; *Myra Frost*, Linda Terry; *Jane*, Eleanor Hansen; *Hilda*, Hattie McDaniels; *Sullivan*, James Burke; *Bat Regan*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Frances Glesk*, Penny Singleton; *Sheila Lane*, Leona Maricle; *Gloria Hamilton*, Kay Sutton; *Mr. Thomas*, Miles Mander; *Subway Watchman*, John Qualen; *D. A.'s Secretary*, Grady Sutton; *Mr. X*, Olin Howland.

"MEN WITH WINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play hy Robert Carson. Directed hy William A. Wellman. The Cast: *Pat Falconer*, Fred MacMurray; *Scott Barnes*, Ray Milland; *Peggy Ranson*, Louise Campbell; *Joe Gibbs*, Andy Devine; *Hank Rinebow*, Lynne Overman; *Hiram F. Jenkins*, Porter Hall; *Nick Ranson*, Walter Abel; *Martha Ranson*, Kitty Kelly; *J. A. Nolan*, James Burke; *Peggy Ranson (8 yrs.)*, Virginia Weidler; *Pat Falconer (10 yrs.)*, Donald O'Connor; *Scott Barnes (10 yrs.)*, Billy Cook; *Colonel Hadley*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Hill*, Dorothy Tennant.

"SERVICE DE LUXE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play hy Leonard Spigelgass, Gertrude Purcell and Bruce Manning. Story idea hy Vera Caspery. Directed hy Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: *Helen Murphy*, Constance Bennett; *Bob Wade*, Vincent Price; *Robinson*, Charlie Ruggles; *Pearl*, Helen Broderick; *Audrey*, Joy Hodges; *Bebenko*, Mischa Auer.

"STORM, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play hy Daniel Moore, Hugh King and Theodore Reeves. Directed hy Harold King. The Cast: *Bob Roberts*, Charles Bickford; *Jack Stacey*, Preston Foster; *Captain Cogswell*, Barton MacLane; *Jim Roberts*, Tom Brown; *Peggy Phillips*, Nan Grey; *Third Mate Hansen*, Andy Devine; *Peter Carey*, Frank Jenks; *Captain Kenny*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Bill Kelly*, Joseph Sawyer.

"SUBMARINE PATROL"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story hy Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland. Screen play hy Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Perry Townsend*, Richard Greene; *Susan Leeds*, Nancy Kelly; *Lieut. (j.g.) Drake*, Preston Foster; *Captain Leeds*, George Bancroft; *Spuds*, Slim Summerville; *McAllison*, John Carradine; *Anne*, Joan Valerie; *Luigi*, Henry Armetta; *Brett*, Douglas Fowley; *Rocky*, Warren Hymer; *Joe Duffy*, Maxie Rosenhloom; *Professor*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Sails*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Sparks*, Robert Lowery; *Irving*, George E. Stone; *Olaf*, Ward Bond; *Mr. Pringle*, E. E. Clive; *Guns McPeek*, Jack Pennick; *Kelly*, Charles Tannen; *Grainger*, Harry Strang; *Johnny Miller*, Dick Hogan; *Rear Admiral Joseph Mailland*, Charles Trowbridge.

"SUEZ"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play hy Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson. Based on a story hy Sam Duncan. Directed hy Allan Dwan. The Cast: *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, Tyrone Power; *Countess Eugenie De Montijo*, Loretta Young; *Toni Pellerin*, Annabella; *Prince Said*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Vicomte Rene De Latour*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Count Mathieu de Lesseps*, Henry Stephenson; *Marquis Du Brey*, Sidney Blackmer; *Mohammed Ali*, Maurice Moscovich; *Sergeant Pellerin*, Sig Rumann; *Sir Malcolm Cameron*, Nigel Bruce; *Benjamin Disraeli*, Miles Mander; *Prime Minister*, George Zucco; *Louis Napoleon*, Leon Ames; *Maria De Teba*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Victor Hugo*, Victor Varconi; *Bank President*, Georges Renavent; *General Changarnier*, Frank Reicher; *Count Hatzfeldt*, Carlos de Valdez; *Millet*, Jacques Lory; *M. Fevrier*, Albert Conti; *Franz Liszt*, Brandon Hurst; *Mme. Paquineau*, Marcelle Corday; *Duchess*, Odette Myrtle; *Doctor*, Egon Brecher; *General St. Arnaud*, Alphonse Martell; *Elderly Man*, Montague Shaw; *Campaign Manager*, Leonard Mudi.

"SWEETHEARTS"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta. Book and lyrics hy Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. Screen play hy Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. Music hy Victor Herbert; special lyrics by Boh Wright and Chet Forrest. Directed hy W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: *Gwen Marlowe*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Ernest Lane*, Nelson Eddy; *Felix Lehman*, Frank Morgan; *Hans*, Ray Bolder; *Kay Jordan*, Florence Rice; *Leo Kronk*, Mischa Auer; *Oscar Engel*, Herman Bing; *Norman Trumpetl*, Reginald Gardiner; *Hannah*, Fay Holden; *"Dink,"* Allyn Joslyn; *Appleby*, Olin Howland; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Lucile Watson; *Augustus*, Gene Lockhart; *Aunt Amelia*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Sheridan*, Berton Churchill; *Brother*, Terry Kilburn; *Orlando*, Raymond Walhurn; *Hartey*, Douglas McPhail; *Una*, Betty Jaynes; *Benjamin Silver*, Philip Loeh; *Concert Pianist*, Dalies Frantz.

"YOUNG DR. KILDARE"—M-G-M.—Screen play hy Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. From an original story hy Max Brand. Directed hy Harold S. Bucquet. The Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Alice Raymond*, Lynne Carver; *Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Barbara Chanler*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Dr. Steve Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *John Hamilton*, Truman Bradley; *Dr. Lane Porteus*, Monty Woolley; *Mr. Chanler*, Pierre Watkin; *Mrs. Chanler*, Nella Walker.

"YOUNG IN HEART, THE"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the Saturday Evening Post story, "The Gay Banditti," by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed hy Richard Wallace. The Cast: *George-Ann Carleton*, Janet Gaynor; *Richard Carleton*, Douglas Fairhanks, Jr.; *Leslie*, Paulette Goddard; *"Sahib" (Col. Anthony Carleton)*, Roland Young; *"Marmy" (Mrs. Carleton)*, Billie Burke; *Duncan MacCrae*, Richard Carlson; *Miss Fortune*, Minnie Dupree; *Mr. Anstruther*, Henry Stephenson; *Adela Jennings*, Margaret Early; *Mr. Jennings*, Charles Halton; *John Dickey (in photographs)*, William Worthington; *Sarah*, Eily Malyon; *Andrew*, Tom Ricketts; *Lucille*, Lya Lys; *Kennel Proprietor*, Billy Bevan.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

[illegible] $15[illegible] [illegible] night, [illegible] [illegible] with the help [illegible] [illegible] scrum [illegible] strength. [illegible] Jane Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the [illegible] Joe Brown [illegible] (Nov.)

HOLD THAT CO-EDO—20th Century-Fox

[illegible] Jean Berry-[illegible] campaign [illegible] George Murphy and [illegible] Jean Davis [illegible] Jack Haley add the comedy. (Nov.)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a fine translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual [illegible] style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (Nov.)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and costumes acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as Francois, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the crafty crown Louis. Al Frances Dee is delightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew had it. This is your dish. (Dec.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter [illegible] man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp, hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the [illegible]. Not so good for the audience, though for Marjorie. (Oct.)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a [illegible] who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous [illegible] when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (Oct.)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A well fitted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston, who forget their feud to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody frays. Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (Dec.)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young married [illegible] is evident in this simple tale. Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a readjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (Dec.)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cue) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingenue who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (Oct.)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (Oct.)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (Nov.)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (Dec.)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (Oct.)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (Oct.)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around, thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around muttering proverbs while solving murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (Nov.)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Scat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Leda Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (Oct.)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up . . . and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (Dec.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (Oct.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (Oct.)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (Nov.)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (Dec.)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony" . . . we hope you catch each and every one. (Dec.)

PRAIRIE MOON—Republic

In this Gene Autry special, the singing cowboy becomes the guardian of three East Side boys, almost as tough as the "Dead Enders." They can't even take a scenic ride without assorted bad men and cattle rustlers taking pot shots at them, but virtue triumphs, naturally! (Dec.)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (Nov.)

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gambini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (Nov.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (Nov.)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (Dec.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (Nov.)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90's, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (Dec.)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (Oct.)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (Oct.)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (Dec.)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fights scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (Nov.)

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gateson are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (Dec.)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balminess. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eight ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (Dec.)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (Nov.)

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting, but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. (Oct.)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (Dec.)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (Dec.)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old-time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naïve little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (Nov.)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to take a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (Dec.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (Dec.)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no . . . Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (Dec.)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (Nov.)

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

Second of the roving-reporter series, this again has Michael Whalen scoring as the flip-crack newsman solving murders. Harold Huber, a practical-joke minded, night-club man is a riot; Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully to round up things in a snappy way. (Nov.)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (Nov.)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl who wants a fireside. Lots of chuckles. (Dec.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1938.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Waterbury, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc. (Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, 122 E. 42d St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed] RUTH WATERBURY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1938.

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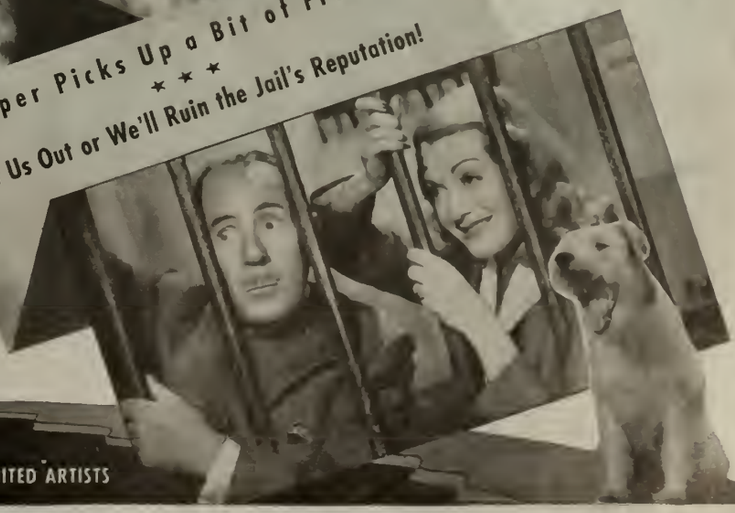

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ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE • ALAN MOWBRAY
VERREE TEASDALE
FRANKLIN PANGBORN • ALEXANDER D'ARCY
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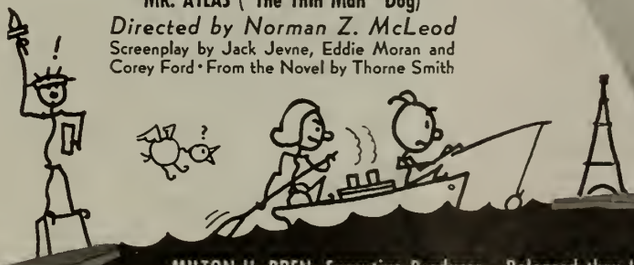
Screenplay by Jack Jevne, Eddie Moran and Corey Ford • From the Novel by Thorne Smith



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ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Colbert's costume by courtesy of Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills

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VOL. LIII., No. 2, FEBRUARY, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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BOOS AND Bouquets

With Wallace Beery to provide the fights and Florence Rice the fadeout kiss, Bob Taylor comes in for another de-glamorizing build-up in M-G-M's story of the bitter rivalry between stage-coach lines and pioneer railroads in "Stand Up And Fight"

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES: *beginning with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

MORE MORATORIUMS THE MERRIER

THANK heaven I've been to one picture show that set no example anybody could follow. Thank heaven for one show that featured no disaster or historical epoch. For we providers who have gone through the sixth year of the New Deal, along with a yellow fever epidemic, the Chicago fire, San Francisco earthquake, the French revolution, a simoon, a hurricane and a Texas stampede need a rest from calamity. We even enjoy a moratorium from wisecracks and the answers.

Yes, you guessed it. I'm talking about "You Can't Take It With You," the stage play that won Kaufman and Hart the Pulitzer prize and stuck another feather in Frank Capra's already befeathered cap when he turned it into about the best gol-durn moving picture of the year.

First about the settings. I figure everything in those three rooms at *Grandpa Vanderhof's* house cost about $150—that is if you leave out the fireworks. Then there were no orchids, no penthouses, no gin bills, no wardrobes, nothing to cost money but *Anthony P. Kirby's* duds, and of course being a banker, he paid for his and *Mrs. Kirby's* clothes. I liked this for it got my mind off overhead.

I like James Stewart who makes love so confounded easy. You don't have to worry whether he's got oomph or not, or if he made three flops, he'd be out. This chap just goes along being different people and letting the rest take care of itself—just like *Grandpa* said to do. Lionel Barrymore is like that, too, not afraid of Hollywood and flops. All this cast, including the raven, *Jim,* ought to have some kind of a prize.

I'll take back what I said about that example. When I left the show house with "God Bless Our Home" in its proper place, I refused to go back to the lumber yard for the rest of the afternoon. They said they got along just as well without me . . . like *Grandpa Vanderhof* said they would.

K. M. VAUGHN,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

MAYBE WE'RE PUNCH DRUNK

YOU are the most attractive movie magazine and the one which can really have effect on movie trends. So why don't you champion some real honest-to-goodness emoting on the screen? When girls cry, they don't sound the way the girls I know do when they cry—it is always a well-bred sniffle. Not since Clark Gable manhandled Norma Shearer and Jimmy Cagney pushed that grapefruit in Mae Clark's face have the actors been anything but gentlemen or else dyed-in-the-wool villains.

It must be against some movie law for a man to look as though he'd like to make more than a halfhearted pass at some luscious dame like Hedy Lamarr or Andrea Leeds. Sure, I know that the movies have cut down on bad taste, thanks to Will Hays and the League of Decency, but that ought not to keep actors from being human enough to kiss Myrna Loy longer than five seconds. Wouldn't you like to see someone act like Jean Harlow, when she was an obvious, but thoroughly satisfying wench in her screen rôles?

Your campaign for simplicity helped bring movie audiences pictures like "Four Daughters." How's for promoting us a little more punch and reality?

BOB FINLAY,
Glen Allan, Mass.

REELING AND 'RITHING AND 'RITHMETIC

I WANT to say something about my very special favorite, Deanna Durbin. I am a young fellow, eighteen years old, and am simply, uncontrollably nuts, foggy, goofy, and else-what over this nightingale of the fillums.

I recently became a member of the Deanna Durbin Devotees and have been doing nip-ups ever since I received my card of membership, which I carry with me always.

Why shouldn't I like her? When a guy depends upon the movies for entertainment, he wants the movies to give it to him. Deanna Durbin gives it to me—right smack-dab between the eyes and the surrounding territory of my heart. Her freshness, vitality, youthful loveliness and extreme beauty are unsurpassed.

I heard Deanna when she made her debut on the Eddie Cantor hour and, when Eddie said she was only thirteen, I was ready to call him a fibber. Who ever heard of a thirteen-year-old singing "Il Bacio" with a voice like that? But, a thirteen-year-old did sing "Il Bacio" and with a voice like that too!

A columnist recently said "Hollywood is a place where: Deanna Durbin gets bad marks in arithmetic." I knew we had something in common!

So, I'd like to meet Deanna for the following reasons—to see if she is as natural off screen as on, to see if she is as lovely off as on and to have a real talk with her.

What would she and I talk about? Arithmetic, of course!

ARTHUR G. BARRETT,
Norfolk, Virginia.

(Continued on page 84)

THE KENTUCKY OF GREAT TRADITION HAS INSPIRED A GREAT PICTURE . . . *IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!*

Proud romance . . . beautiful women . . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG · RICHARD GREENE

and **WALTER BRENNAN · DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**

KAREN MORLEY · MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler · Associate Producer Gene Markey · Screen Play by Lamar Tratti and John Taintor Foote · From the story "The Lock of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

Brief Reviews

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Glorifying the transcontinental air derbies in 20th Century-Fox's "Tailspin," Alice Faye and Kane Richmond continue to float through clouds even when grounded

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich overnight and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (*Nov.*)

★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-eaders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (*Jan.*)

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With this simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns' resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians; Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (*Dec.*)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (*Jan.*)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (*Nov.*)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slap stick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War has ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on (but it has worn well). (*Nov.*)

BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie*, Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, *Dagwood*, Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling*, Gene Lockhart, *Dagwood's* boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (*Jan.*)

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of *Father Flanagan* and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitey*. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (*Nov.*)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice-skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (*Nov.*)

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (*Jan.*)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (*Dec.*)

★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (*Nov.*)

★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (*Jan.*)

★ DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the *Jones Family* continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's divertissements on *Aunt Ida's* farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (*Dec.*)

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (*Jan.*)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshie leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (*Nov.*)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (*Nov.*)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (*Nov.*)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (*Dec.*)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins $1500 in a bank night, goes to college, tries out for the team with the help of a professor who injects him with a new serum which gives Joe superman strength. Then the riot starts. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For Brown fans. (*Nov.*)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (*Jan.*)

★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus recent foreign import sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (*Jan.*)

HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cinemantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (*Jan.*)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

The first of the fall football collegiate musicals, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Barrymore (swell) is the governor who wages his campaign on the gridiron; Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide the romance; Joan Davis and Jack Haley add the comedy. (*Nov.*)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual cyclonic style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (*Nov.*)

(*Continued on page 89*)

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!
They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!
WARNER BROS. present
ERROL FLYNN
as the adventurous leader of
"The DAWN PATROL"
with a dashing squadron of famous players including
BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP
Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Sally Eilers, starring in RKO's "Tarnished Angel," is a perfect example of what the new "up" coiffure does for piquant features such as hers. What's more, she tells you how she achieves that soft, graceful effect in back

Treat yourself to a brand-new face with these skillful make-up tricks borrowed from Hollywood's glamorous

THE BEAUTY RACKET — "Beauty is a racket and every woman is a gangster in this particular racket," said lovely Irene Dunne, who is not my idea of a gangster at all.

Irene and I had been discussing the weather, of all things, and how it affected one's skin, when she suddenly made the above statement.

"Well, you need protection," she explained. "Every woman knows from childhood that beauty is necessary in order to obtain the things she wants from life. I don't mean that you have to have a perfect face or figure. That isn't anywhere near so important as a clear skin, shining hair and perfect grooming. Any woman can be beautiful if she has those assets. And, as in any other racket, you have to have protection. In this case, you have to protect your skin and hair and hands against the weather. Against wind and cold or too much sun. That's what I mean," she finished triumphantly.

"One's complexion is the most important, of course," Irene went on, while I noticed that hers was as soft and smooth as a baby's. "A good foundation cream is an absolute necessity because it makes your make-up go on more smoothly and last longer. It's also a great protection against dust and the drying effects of wind or cold. The use of softening creams at night also protects the skin and keeps it soft.

"Shining, healthy hair is something that any girl can have. There's no reason at all for anyone to have dry, unruly hair when hair can be protected against dirt by frequent thorough shampoos or the use of cleansing tonics between shampoos. And brushing and massage will keep it shining."

If your hair is dry, protect it by oil treatments to bring back its natural luster; if it's oily, try one of the many astringent tonics on the market.

IRENE says that lip rouge is part of the protection, too, because it helps keep the lips from drying in cold weather. At night, smooth a little white vaseline or a rich cream into your lips to keep them soft and supple. If you find that your lipstick won't go on smoothly because your lips are chapped or dry, rub a little cream on them before wielding your lip rouge. You'll find it's a great help.

"Your hands need protection against dryness, also," Irene continued. "Never use a harsher soap for your hands than you would for your face. Protect them by being sure to wipe them thoroughly dry.

"While you're drying them, smooth back the cuticle of your nails to keep them in shape. And always use a hand lotion after they've been in water.

"It's a good idea, too, to rub a rich emollient cream into your hands at night about once a week and leave it on all night. Wear a pair of soft loose gloves when you go to bed so the cream will have a chance to soak into your hands and not into the sheets.

"Hands give away a woman's age quicker than any other one factor, so it's up to every girl to see that hers are always soft and young-looking. She's protecting herself that way."

Irene glanced over at a corner of the set where they were getting ready for the next scene. "They'll need me in a minute," she said hastily, "but don't forget that you have to protect the skin against hard water when you take your bath, too. Use softening crystals in the water or some of those marvelous creams that you smooth over your whole body before the bath. They're wonderful afterward as well, to keep the skin soft."

She got up to leave, then remembered something else. "Oh, and be sure to use a softening cream or lotion on the elbows, so they won't be roughened or red when you wear short sleeves or evening gowns."

When you see "Love Affair," in which Irene is co-starring with Charles Boyer at RKO, you'll see how well she has protected herself against all weather depredations.

NEW HAIR-DO—Sally Eilers wasn't on the set of "Tarnished Angel," her new starring picture at the same studio, but I found her down in the portrait gallery and when I saw her new hairdress I immediately demanded some portraits of it so you could see how very smart and attractive it is and perhaps copy it for yourself. The hair is brushed high off the ears, of course, and then piled in soft rolled curls. The lower back hair is divided in half. One half is swept across the back of the head and the ends curled into a soft roll. Then the other half is brushed across that, curled in the same way, and kept in place by a rhinestone pin.

Combing your hair across the back of your head in this manner gives your hair a softer and more graceful effect than if it's brushed straight up to the top of your head. Notice Sally's new earrings too. They follow the curve of her ears in the most approved modern fashion

(Continued on page 81)

"GUNGA DIN"
OUT of the stirring glory of Kipling's seething world of battle they roar — red-blood and gun-smoke heroes all! . . . The stalwart, loyal, swaggering Sergeants Three . . . Rash and reckless battalioneers, who'd rather fight than find the lips they're always seeking! . . . Like towering giants astride the bristling hills that hide the bandit hordes of India . . . Headlong through the terrors of the Temples of Tantrapur . . . Onward pushing the thin red line of Empire through a land the white man rules, but never conquers! . . . It's big! It's grand! . . . It's glorious! . . . No wonder it was more than a year in the making . . . No wonder it taxed all Hollywood's resources to give the screen a scope and a sweep and an emotional blaze that it never has had before! . . . DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU FROM SEEING IT!
STARRING
CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN
AND
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine
RKO RADIO PICTURE
Pandro S. Berman, in Charge of Production
Produced and Directed by George Stevens
Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.
THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY!
WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES ! ! !

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Things to cheer about in 1939 — the steady growth of Jackie Cooper and . . .

. . . the spectacular triumphs of Producer Hal Wallis (above, with two of the famous Lanes)

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Ruth Waterbury

HAPPY NEW YEAR, PHOTOPLAY readers . . . I write you that with the great surety that for all of us who love Hollywood and its people and its product a happy New Year will come true . . . I know the things that PHOTOPLAY itself has in store for you and even if I had been given no glimpse into the new films to come, as I have, I could yet tell you that great pleasure lies ahead for you on the basis of the year that has passed. . . .

For in a world beset by worries, darkened by the threat of war and bruised of heart through the oppression of innocent peoples, Hollywood itself has remained the one spot where the dream of happiness has gone on . . . not that that town has been without its troubles . . . the loss of the European market has meant that the margin of safety that lay before between possible failure and fair success has been quite wiped out . . . labor difficulties have arisen, making production more expensive and more precarious . . . yet, week after week, the great pictures have come out . . . "That Certain Age" . . . "The Cowboy and the Lady" . . . "Submarine Patrol" . . . "The Sisters" . . . "Four Daughters" . . . "Men With Wings" . . . "The Citadel" . . . products of no one company or no one star . . . but of all the companies and of all the stars combined . . . the successful efforts of a great industry to provide laughter and romance and the surcease of tender tears. . . .

You go one night and you see the discovery of a Nancy Kelly; you go another night and watch, as though he were your own son or brother, the steady, sincere growth of young Jackie Cooper . . . you worry and hope that Mickey Rooney won't get too cocky . . . you sigh with delighted relief when little Miss Temple comes round again and is still just as much of a darling as ever . . . you speculate as to whether Mr. Boyer can possibly be as sultry at home as he is on the screen . . . or Mr. Gable as debonair . . . or Mr. Taylor as handsome . . . such glittering people of all ages and moods to be a dream family for all of us . . . if they have their troubles, they are mostly hid from us, for which our thanks . . . for it is more fun to think that all this glamour and glory happen quite by chance . . . though nothing could be less true. . . .

THERE was a time, though, when it was true . . . when big, successful pictures just happened . . . when things were left to inspiration and to chance . . . and there are those people still about Hollywood who sigh and say that the "color" is gone . . . I think that is so silly . . . today's color is different, but a more vivid, brighter, truer color for all that. . . .

I thought of this a few weeks back when it was announced that Adolph Zukor, the guiding head of Paramount pictures, was leaving his production post in Hollywood to go to Europe . . . I thought of Zukor, really a figure of Hollywood's past, in contrast to a man like Hal Wallis, a typical personage of today's Hollywood. . . .

It was nearly thirty years ago that Zukor got his first and greatest inspiration . . . that of signing the then greatest actress in the world, Sarah Bernhardt, to do a movie called "Queen Elizabeth" . . . that picture and that idea were the whole basis of the company that was to be called Famous Players and later Paramount . . . and that method, the sheer inspiration of an idea that came out of the nowhere into the here, is typical of the way that pictures have been made until very recently . . . Zukor was a fur salesman originally; Sam Goldwyn, one of the pioneers, was a drummer in gloves . . . men who came from the outside world into the business of showmanship . . . today the great figures of the industry, David O. Selzniek, Darryl Zanuck and Hal Wallis, are men who have never known any other business than movies . . . and of these three it may yet be revealed that Wallis will be the greatest . . . for Selzniek and Zanuck both have temperament and to spare . . . but Wallis works with a head as cold as ice . . . yet one thing he has always possessed to a passionate degree and that is his love of movies. . . .

He first started working in Chicago and he never had to think twice about what he wanted to do . . . he wanted to be a movie producer . . . but how that could be brought about he couldn't perceive . . . he knew one thing, though . . . movies had to go into theaters, so perhaps he could do tricks backwards . . . if he went into a theater he might get into movies . . . so he got himself a job in a Chicago movie house . . . he started as an assistant there but presently he was the manager, and as manager he learned everything he could about what people wanted in movies, and how and when, and as soon as he felt he had mastered as much as he could, he betook himself to Los Angeles. . . .

TO THE world at large Wallis is as yet little known, for until very recently he was almost completely hidden behind his bosses, the Warner

(Continued on page 84)

At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!
W.C.FIELDS
in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY
A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!
Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

Silver goes south
. . . FEDERAL SILVER FOX, IDENTIFIED BY THE NAME FEDERAL . . . STAMPED ON THE LEATHER SIDE OF THE PELT
A new alliance for chic: casual, lightweight tweed and magnificent FEDERAL Fox, in a resort coat that is charted for another brilliant career, when spring comes north. Fashion puts the stamp of approval on the fox with the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of the pelt; it stands for sumptuous beauty and *lasting* loveliness. You'll find FEDERAL Fox at smart stores throughout the country.
FEDERAL SILVER FOXES
HAMBURG · WISCONSIN

He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands . . . after a time he arose and came down the aisle . . . then turned and said, "Want some help, kid?"

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

LOVERS COURAGEOUS

The first of a new type of feature which presents the true Hollywood heart-beat in many moods—the touching story of the Don Ameches' lost dream

BY MARIANNE

THIS is the story of a movie star and of the strange week in which Fate brought me to know him, to know him better than most people, even though I am but a mere acquaintance. For I saw him as himself, not the smiling actor, but as a man who played a sad part. And I saw the revelation of a great love as it blossomed and grew from a lost hope.

In these paragraphs I shall tell you the simple but deep love of Don Ameche and Honore, his childhood sweetheart. It happened like this.

Once I saw a man kneel and pray, tears in his eyes. At least, I thought I saw tears, but I was crying, too, so maybe it was my own tears.

That was the day the doctors told me I would never walk again, not normally, at least, like other girls. So I had hobbled into the little chapel in the hospital to ask for a miracle, but he had my place at the Blessed Virgin's altar. So I sat in the dimly lit pew and waited for him to go away because I felt like being alone.

He didn't move for a long time, just knelt there with a rosary in his hands, not counting off the beads, merely holding it. After a long time he arose and came down the aisle, sort of blindly, brushing past me as though I were not even there. He went a few steps, then turned around and said, "Want some help, kid? . . . It was my first meeting with Don Ameche.

I said, "No, thank you," and started slowly down the aisle.

He appeared to hesitate for a moment, then asked, "Sure you can make it?"

I nodded, but he stood there until I had knelt in his place at the altar.

In the next few days, heartbreaking for the three of us, I saw unfolded before my eyes the great love story of Don and Honore Ameche—

(Continued on page 76)

A fascinating new kind of interview in which Jean Arthur answers questions truthfully—

PLAY TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES WITH JEAN ARTHUR

Leave it to Photoplay to find a new way to make those stubborn stars talk! Remember the hilarious days when you used to play the old game of Truth and Consequences? Someone asked you any question in the world, usually as personal as possible, and you had to answer with absolute truth or take the consequences devised by the questioner. Knowing Jean Arthur's weakness for fun, as well as her steadfast refusal to talk about personal matters, Photoplay's Katharine Hartley dared Jean to play the new version of this favorite old game. Jean agreed and out of fifty-four of the most impertinent questions you'll ever read, she failed to answer only six. So six times she had to take the consequences devised by Photoplay—and what consequences! They're all on the opposite page, each and every penalty there verified by a certified public accountant to be the real Jean Arthur

1. (Q) If 100% is perfect, how do you rate yourself as an actress?
   (A) 25% of what I'd like to be.

2. (Q) What is your honest reaction to autograph hounds?
   (A) I realize autograph hounds are important to an actor's career, for they show her popularity with the public. I wish I could honestly feel as the late Will Rogers did—that the only thing to get bothered about autograph hounds is when they stop asking for autographs. But I can't—not honestly—for I'm easily embarrassed and I always feel that most of the autograph hounds are not interested in getting my particular autograph, but merely in adding to their collections. And sometimes when I'm with other persons who aren't in pictures, I feel it's bad manners on my part to delay them by keeping them dangling around while I sign my name.

3. (Q) Are you sorry you do not have children?
   (A) Yes, I'm sorry I haven't five.

4. (Q) Do you think you would make a good mother?
   (A) I don't know whether I would make a good mother or not—but I do know that I would take motherhood very seriously. I personally feel children should be treated like grown-ups—with tact, consideration, understanding, sympathy and love, and I'd have an awfully good time playing with them.

5. (Q) If you had your choice of selecting your own face and figure from a group of well-known female personalities, whom would you most rather resemble?
   (A) I can't decide between Katharine Cornell and Garbo.

6. (Q) In what way have you followed a fortune teller's advice?
   (A) I've never followed a fortune teller's advice for the simple reason I don't believe in them. Anyway, fortune tellers rarely give actual advice. They usually prophesy regarding the future

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or pays a forfeit on each query she refuses to answer

CONSEQUENCES

Forfeit on Question No. 10

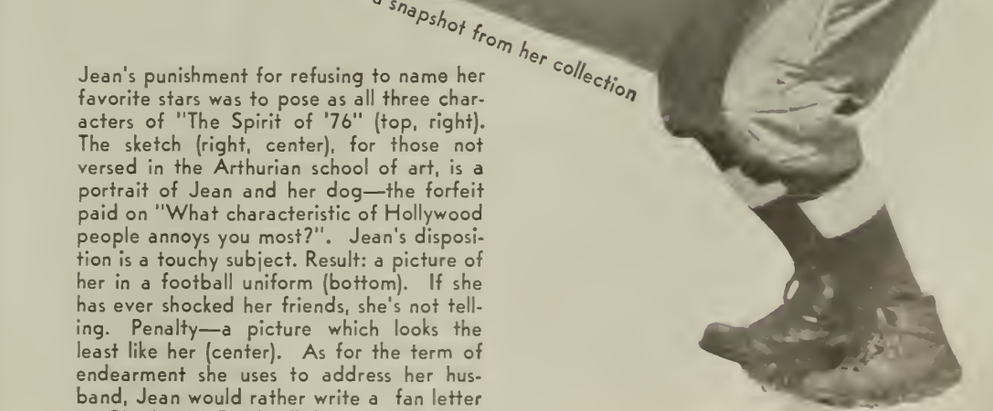
The consequence on question No. 51 was fun for Jean

As a consequence for failing to answer question number 51, Miss Arthur was required to invent three consequences to be given to the next star with whom PHOTOPLAY will play this game. Rising to the occasion with great glee, Miss Arthur has outlined the following punishments:

1. If you are a man, have your picture taken, wearing a woman's hat, or vice versa.
2. If you are a woman, pose for a photograph, impersonating Shirley Temple.
3. Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style, and have your photograph taken.

Consequences on Question No. 15

Dearest Charlie
I think you
wonderful - you my favorit
acter of I go to see all your picture
so will you please sen me
your picture with your autogra
to put on it - so I can show
it to my girl frens - they has
more picture than me so
am jelous - so I hope you
will please sen me your picture
soon - I has blue eye and
blon hair so I hope you like
blone best -
Yours very truly
Jean Arthur
P.S. Dont forget to sen me your picture
soon please



For failure to answer question No. 32—a snapshot from her collection

Jean's punishment for refusing to name her favorite stars was to pose as all three characters of "The Spirit of '76" (top, right). The sketch (right, center), for those not versed in the Arthurian school of art, is a portrait of Jean and her dog—the forfeit paid on "What characteristic of Hollywood people annoys you most?". Jean's disposition is a touchy subject. Result: a picture of her in a football uniform (bottom). If she has ever shocked her friends, she's not telling. Penalty—a picture which looks the least like her (center). As for the term of endearment she uses to address her husband, Jean would rather write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy (left) than tell. Another consequence (top) was meted out when Jean refused to name the leading man with whom she enjoyed working least

When the questions got too personal, Jean took the above punishment on No. 24 and the one far left on No. 39

Melvyn, at the age of two

Aged eight, after a year in Germany

At ten, he was a confirmed rebel

MELVYN OF THE MOVIES

A shatterer of conventions, a stormy petrel struggling for freedom —Melvyn Douglas. Beginning the vivid story of a rebellious youth

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE man's nervous fingers were not quite sure on the keys and the particular Chopin Nocturne he was playing thereby suffered. Still, the familiar chords were soothing; April sunlight came through the windows and struck notes of rich wine in the polish of the old square rosewood piano. From upstairs, a discordant wailing sound suddenly argued with Chopin over a passage and, involuntarily, Professor Edouard Hesselberg transposed to another key —the key in which the person you have come to know as Melvyn Douglas uttered his first cry on this earth.

It was symbolic, since here was the birth of discord—a brawny, lusty Discord who, even on the first evening of his life, proved his nonconformism by falling on his head from a nurse's clumsy arms and surviving with no perceptible injury, either mental or physical. It was a tough head. It still is. But perhaps the jolt it received on that night thirty-seven years ago dislodged the little normal scale which, in the brains of most men, weighs convention with convention to prove a stolid balance.

In any case young Melvyn turned out, to his parents' surprise and often to their horror, to be a renegade. He was not as other babies, nor as other boys. Often in the quiet night—Macon, Georgia at the turn of the century, was a peaceful town, especially after curfew—the professor and Lena (nee Shackleford), his good wife, would discuss this thing. They thought perhaps the child's mixed ancestry . . . Edouard was Russian-born; Lena had been a Kentuckian, with muddled English and harsh Scotch blood cooling her veins. The combination, felt these two artistic intellectuals, might be forming a strange alchemy of emotion and mentality in their son. They were wont to remember, wincing, during these discussions the trip to Europe they made when Melvyn was six weeks old. It was the first evidence that he was going to be a Trial. In persistent opposition to the rules most babies follow he had wept copiously and thrashed around in his basket all night, sleeping in peace throughout the day while the Hesselbergs, hollow-eyed, napped at noon and nodded at dinner.

That trip, agreed the Hesselbergs, had been hell. But they were optimists. Smiling hopefully, they planned to mold the boy and map his future and his ideas for him, as he grew older. "He will be a musician," Edouard would say, nodding his head and tapping his knees with his sensitive fingers.

"Or a lawyer," Lena would modify. She was a practical woman and she had been married for many years to a musician. "The law pays well."

The Professor had learned the habit of compromise. "He will make his own choice—"

She nodded. But neither meant it. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness. This son was a treasure to be nurtured with passionate care, to be shaped like modeling clay by ceaseless, watchful work; and the shell they built around him through the early years was of adamantine, made of too much love and too much solicitude and the deep-rooted belief of the Hesselbergs that a child must be a reflection of his parents, mindless, until manhood. Then, they seemed to feel, the personality of ego would spring into being suddenly, fully developed, at the stroke of noon on his twenty-first birthday.

Above, Melvyn's Kentucky-born mother and (right) his grandfather, Col. George T. Shackleford

Today, the sophisticated star of Columbia's "There's That Woman Again" is the product of the seventeen-year-old Melvyn (left) who knew what he wanted and how to get it

Melvyn's periodic attempts at rebellion were spasmodic, frenzied, like a chained animal that gathers strength over a period of time for a frantic struggle for freedom. And those attempts, in chronological order, are the story of his youth.

LATER—years later—when, in retrospect, he found time to assemble the reasons for what he was, for what he had become, he could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him. The Macon house, furnished for comfort but not stylized. The big piano. Music his father made which frightened him, but which the Professor continued to play as an experiment because this new upstart composer named Igor Stravinsky might one day amount to something. His bed, which had fences around it. A verse which began, "Now I lay me down . . . " and had no meaning, but which he was forced to learn and repeat as a requisite for being tucked in. Moving to Nashville, Tennessee, then. A new house, a new bed: but the same piano, the same music, the same verse. School. Teachers in blouses and long straight skirts and knots of hair piled high with things Mama said were "rats." The never-to-be-forgotten cynicism about teachers and the sanity of teachers, therefore. Church, and the stained glass crucifixion from which he could never take his eyes, although the violent scene made a knot form in his stomach. . . .

The church had hard pews and a minister whose face and voice you couldn't forget. You asked mother about him and also about the pictures in the church and she explained that these things were God. They were frightening and uncomfortable, so you slipped away from His House one Sunday morning and betook yourself on your six-year-old legs to the more congenial corner drug store where, with your nickel for the collection, you purchased and drank soda.

And you were caught, and returned to the Father's House, and later to your own house, where you were spanked, which was bad, and talked to with tears, which was worse, and put to bed, which was escape. And, after that, you gave God His due—respect and a nickel. But you wondered.

There was being eight, finally, and going to Germany for a year. School in Germany, and confusion. Where before there had been a striped flag, and "I pledge allegiance"—there was now a being named Wilhelm, who was either God or the president. And none of the kids knew English. You ate heavy, different food and watched magnificent parades in which men with spiked helmets marched stiffly, like lifeless mechanical men, down the street. All of them stepped too high with one leg only. And you were just getting used to all this when suddenly you were back in Nashville once more, and Germany was a colored patch on a map, and you were an American again.

There was being eleven, and a clearer conception of things, so that moving to Toronto,

(Continued on page 74)

HOLLYWOOD GIRLS ON THEIR OWN

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

The fascinating inside story of those Hollywood working girls—how they live and the special problems they face

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

She would be, anywhere but in Hollywood, the most popular girl in town, but here her problem is one in common with every bachelor girl—star, extra, writer, manicurist

FIFTY thousand girls are on their own in Hollywood today—more than in any other town in the world. What is the inside story of these girls? How do they live? How do they support themselves? What do they spend for their homes, their dresses, their hats, their shoes? How do they handle their "dates"? Do they say good-by to the men at the door of their apartments or invite them inside—and what are the consequences? What special sex problems do they encounter that are different from those encountered by girls the world over?

With the many girls who come to Hollywood with their families or are under the protecting grace of husbands, this story is not concerned. It is written about the girls who stand on their own feet and support themselves through their own efforts.

* * *

There are four types of girls on their own in filmtown—the girls who act, including stars, featured players, bit players and extras; girls in technical jobs, writers, script girls, designers, publicists; the people on the fringe of the industry, professional escorts, hostesses, companions and guides; and the great mass of working girls including waitresses, beauty parlor operators, cashiers, manicurists, maids and cooks. And all of them have one urgent problem in common—the scarcity of eligible Hollywood men.

Hollywood men, all four groups say, are spoiled. You often hear that Hollywood is a woman's town, but paradoxically enough, just because it is a woman's town—there are seven women in Hollywood to every man—it's really a man's town. The result is, Hollywood girls, no matter what their status, are easy to date. A man who in his own home town wouldn't get a second glance may come to Hollywood and if he's a moderate success and earns $100 a week or more, he may eventually be taking out a glamour girl who earns five times his salary.

Easterners, the Hollywood girls say, are the most sought-after males. They send flowers; they wouldn't dream of allowing a girl they take out to share the expenses of the evening (a West Coast practice frequently indulged in, by the way); they phone the girls to whom they're attracted to ask for dates instead of calmly saying when they meet those girls, "Why haven't you given me a ring?"; when they want to see a girl, they buy tickets for the latest play or the best picture in town; but they don't phone a girl to ask her, "Say, have you received passes to such and such a picture? If you have, why don't you take me with you?"

OF course, each girl in each group has her own very special man problem. Take the star, for instance. Every time the star goes to an important première or even to the Brown Derby, the columnists will pay special heed to her escort and the next day the newspapers may report that a romance is beginning between Gloria Glamour and ———. The star knows this will happen; the studio knows it; and all those inside the industry know it. The question is—just how does this situation affect the social life of a star? Well, generally, this is the way things happen. Her studio comes to her and says, "Look, Gloria, we're putting a grand new leading man into your next picture—swell guy, you'll be crazy about him. Name of Jimmy ———. He photographs perfectly, and is an excellent actor. But you know how it is, the guy isn't so well known in this country. In France, yes, but this isn't France. Why don't you go to the première with him next week?"

Maybe the star shrugs her shoulders and says, "Why should I go? What do I get out of it?" But usually she is persuaded to do it on the same principle that a man does his best for "good old Rugby"—it will help the studio, and, incidentally, help the box office take on her next picture, particularly if the nice young leading man is in it. Still, she's doing the studio a favor.

This "business" dating isn't always done so brutally as that, though. Often all the publicity department does is to arrange for the nice young newcomer to meet Gloria, knowing that he's just the type to sweep her off her feet, with the result that Gloria and Gloria's picture and the nice young newcomer all get reams of publicity.

So far as the star's sex problems are concerned, she has one great advantage over most of the other girls in Hollywood. Being important, she can nearly always pick and choose her escorts. And so long as she is friendly and not too high-hat, she doesn't have to accept the attentions of producers or directors, nor is it so important for her as it is for the little extra or bit player never to antagonize anyone in a position to help her.

The disadvantage the star faces is chiefly in *meeting* men. Her best chance of making a successful marriage is to marry someone so important in the industry that there will never be the slightest chance that her husband will be referred to as Mr. Grace Glamour. (The Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg marriage was this type.) Another possibility is for her to marry someone outside the profession who is doing something of such great humanitarian scope that, regardless of the income he makes, he will always command her utmost respect. (The Dr. Joel Pressman-Claudette Colbert marriage is this type.)

Having disposed of the star's "man problems," let's look into her mode of living.

The star probably draws down $1,000 a week or more, owns her own home, which she may have built herself, and buys her dresses at Magnin's, Bullock's-Wilshire, or Saks Fifth Avenue. If her home is in Bel-Air, she probably pays from $10,000 to $30,000 per acre for the lot alone. If she buys an estate in San Fernando Valley, she can get one with about fifty-five acres for anywhere from $60,000 up. Of course the star may pay $1,000 down for a home in Westwood and the balance of $13,750 just like rent. Most stars own their own homes. Ginger Rogers has one in Beverly Hills. Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have beautiful homes in Holmby Hills. Almost the only top-notch stars who still rent their homes are Garbo and Janet Gaynor.

THE life of the featured player is decidedly different. The featured player makes from $75 to $750 a week, generally rents her home if she's in the upper brackets, or if she's in the lower brackets lives in a very up-to-date apartment hotel with switchboard service, paying about $100 for such an apartment. Occasionally she splurges on a $100 or $200 dress which she may buy at Bullock's-Wilshire or in a swanky New York shop or have made to order, but as a general rule she pays about $30 to $50 for a dress, about $10 to $35 for a hat, about $15 for shoes.

In the upper brackets, the featured player is likely to have two servants, usually a maid and a cook; in the lower brackets, she has no personal maid, but gets daily or weekly maid service at the apartment hotel at which she resides. The maid who comes in cleans her apartment thoroughly but doesn't wash the dishes and, of

course, doesn't perform the little chores of a personal maid, such as darning stockings or ironing blouses.

Usually the featured player drives her own car. If she is making from $500 to $750 a week, it will probably be a new car, possibly a five-passenger sedan, costing her about $1,700. Very often she buys it on the finance plan, one-third down, and the rest in monthly installments. If she is making between $75 and $100 a week, she will buy an inexpensive secondhand car of a popular make on the installment plan.

As a general rule, the amount of money the featured player spends on her clothes is out of all proportion to her income. If she makes $600 a week, she may spend $200 on clothes alone.

Of course, some featured players refuse to follow this general pattern, and let their bosses know that they'll dress just as they please. When Jean Muir first came to pictures, she is said to have made $75 a week. She dressed in the simple, inexpensive dresses she would have worn in New York and actually saved some of the money she made.

When Frances Farmer insisted on wearing what she pleased, walking around the studio in faded old slacks, the executives, highly displeased, relayed a message to her through her dramatic coach, Phyllis Loughton. What did she mean, they wanted to know, going around the lot looking like someone's poor relation? Didn't she know that the fans expected their favorites to look glamorous? What would Miss Farmer's public think of her if they caught a glimpse of her some day in those disgraceful, worn-out slacks?

Not at all daunted, Miss Farmer told Miss Loughton to go up to the head office and deliver a message from her to them. "Tell them," she said (and this is probably the most perfect squelch ever delivered by a featured player) "that if they would pay as much attention to the parts they give their actresses as they do to the clothes we wear, we would both make a lot more money."

THE featured player's problem where men are concerned is highly different from that of the Hollywood star. She is much more apt to marry a producer, a director or someone else who might be able to help her become a star.

Where the star is expected to go out with some pleasant but not very well-known young leading man because it will "build" *him* up, the featured player or the star who has slipped a great deal has a lot to gain if an important and romantic young man takes her out. While no one doubts the sincerity of Barbara Stanwyck's love for Robert Taylor or Carole Lombard's devotion to Clark Gable, from a cynical Hollywood viewpoint those two girls were both lucky because the attentions of the two most romantic young men in Hollywood placed the spotlight of fame firmly on them and made them much more popular with the fans than they'd ever been before.

Yes—lucky is the featured player who can dangle an important young star before the eyes of the dazzled world.

Failing to accomplish that feat, the featured player is apt to look about for a director or some romantic young man who is dashing enough so that a rumored romance with him lends luster to her name.

If there's no dashing young man in the picture, a studio publicist sometimes makes one up. Quite embarrassed was Olivia de Havilland when she read in the newspapers that she had gone abroad to marry an English lord. On her return from Europe she explained that she had never met the English lord, that she had gone abroad to rest because she had worked so hard that she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that, when she had looked up the Englishman's name in Burke's Peerage, she had discovered that he was already married.

A story that Olivia was going abroad to rest would have received two lines in a newspaper. The exciting story about the English lord got about two columns in every newspaper in the country.

Because she stands so close to stardom and yet can so easily sink into oblivion, the featured player must be much more careful than the star never to antagonize the men upon whom her future depends. There was the case of the beautiful dark-haired young woman who was progressing very nicely in pictures. When a famous star had become too ill to complete the picture she had started, the dark-haired young woman was rushed into her rôle. For a time it looked as if Mary—which, of course, is not her real name—had every chance of attaining stardom. Then, suddenly, she was dropped by the very same studio which had been building her up. No one knew just why, although there were rumors that she had antagonized one of the big shots.

Word went round Hollywood that the Big Shot was furious at Mary—and that if any other producer hired her, he would find a way to get even with him. Since producers often have to borrow stars from each other or ask other favors, none of the big shots at the other studios would take the risk of antagonizing.

Yet Mary might have saved herself a terrific headache if she'd known more about the technique of saying "no." Mary's mistake was not in saying "no"—she could have gotten away with that if she'd said it tactfully—but in wounding the Big Shot's ego.

MOST Hollywood girls, no matter what group they belong to, have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily. She would just love to go to his apartment, but it's too bad, she has an engagement for this evening. The next night? Why, she's promised to be home at a certain time and her mother would be terribly hurt if she stayed away from home. That's the night she always spends with the family. The result is that the man never knows whether the girl will end by saying yes or no.

Sometimes, when the man takes her to the door of her apartment and is eager to come in, the wise Hollywood girl who has known him only a short time invents an imaginary roommate.

"Oh, I'd love to invite you in," she says, "but Glenda (that's my roommate) has gone to bed already and I promised not to disturb her."

Thus the featured player often prevents situations from arising which might cause her considerable embarrassment.

Although being "nice" to the right people is supposed to help the featured player attain success, often it has exactly the opposite result. One beautiful young blonde stage player was brought to Hollywood, where she was expected to become one of the biggest stars in pictures. She was glamour incarnate. Before long the leading man in her picture was desperately in love with her. Although he was married and she knew it, that made no difference to her.

She didn't even have the excuse of being in love with the leading man. Before long, she discarded him and he went back to his wife—a strangely listless and unhappy young man.

The blonde went on to bigger and better conquests. According to Hollywood theory, she should have reached the top, for she had everything and she found "yes" the easiest word in the language to say. Yet in the end, Hollywood discarded her. Instead of being grateful to her for being "nice" to them, the producers and directors grew weary of her too easy compliance.

And so your important featured player often finds herself between the horns of a dilemma. Theoretically, Hollywood believes that a woman's honor is her own affair, so long as she doesn't hurt a third person and isn't too promiscuous. If she has decided to say "no" and stick to it,

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Most Hollywood girls have a marvelous technique for letting a man down easily when he wants to come to their apartments after a date

The woman swayed . . . he put an arm around her . . . "You should — telephone—the police—" she said, her throat convulsed, the words broke

walls or tending the yucca that grew along the wall under the scrub oaks like giant candles. He lived over the garage. It was a clean, comfortable room, rather bare. "It was quieter like," he said. "My daughter wanted I should have a room in the house. But I liked it out here. I get up pretty early. I could be more to myself. It was quieter like."

So it was that he had heard nothing, seen nothing, upon that fatal night. Under examination by a grim young detective, he said that he would have heard a car if it had come round to the garage. But most of the cars stopped the other side of the house, in the little circular drive. Maybe, then, if he was asleep or reading his paper, he wouldn't have heard it at all. At about nine he had heard his daughter come in and call good night—cheerfully—to someone and go on into the house. No, he hadn't seen her. When she was working she was often tired and went straight to bed. Later, he had sort of remembered hearing a car or two go by on the winding highway up the canyon. There were two other houses higher up—half a mile away. He was sure they didn't stop.

As it turned out, a studio car had brought her home from location at 9:10 and the chauffeur had checked into the studio right on time.

The murderer had struck, as close as the doctors could figure, sometime after midnight, certainly not before. The solution didn't seem far to seek. For all her jewels were missing from the painted wall safe. And a window on the ground floor had been forced.

THE old man's story was convincing. Certainly he had everything to lose by his daughter's death—his beloved garden and the comfortable room over the garage. The servants—a man and his wife—didn't sleep on the place They went home when their work was finished They were a Mexican couple and lived down near the Plaza. Oh, she's always had an eye for effect, for a perfect background for her dark beauty. When she entertained, she gave small, elegant dinners with unusual Spanish food and excellent wine. The Mexican couple had a bullet-proof alibi. They had been at a dance down in Sonora Town, seen by a hundred people Obviously, they knew very little about their mistress' business. The further the detectives went into the matter, the more they discovered that nobody knew very much about her business. Her ways had been secret and careful in private.

The Mexican couple had returned that morning in time to waken her because she had a studio call at eight. They hadn't, this time, been

(Continued on page 85)

SYMPHONY

Among Hollywood women Myrna Loy has one unique quality

She's a rhapsody in freckles, as subtle as the music of Debussy; she's a lady of charm who would rather be real than artistic; she's the portrait of a happy wife—Myrna Loy

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THERE'S never been a good story written about her. There probably never will be, either.

For it's right in the same class with trying to describe the taste of coffee or the scent of night-blooming jasmine.

Still, Myrna Loy has something that Hedy Lamarr with all her mystery, Joan Crawford with all her ambition, Claudette Colbert with all her intelligence, Carole Lombard with all her humor haven't got.

Myrna Loy has serenity. She knows how to be happy though famous. Among Hollywood women that makes her absolutely unique.

It doesn't worry her that she isn't the most beautiful girl in town. She is relaxed even before the fact that she isn't actually beautiful at all. She lets the freckles pile up on the end of her nose, although her nose is what makes her face so provocative. To dodge freckles she'd have to stay in out of the sun, and she wouldn't do that for anything.

She knows that there are plenty of girls, even in the extra ranks, with better figures than hers. Dieting would improve hers, but then she would have to go without food, which she adores.

She realizes she could get lots more stories about herself in the papers if she talked more. But if she talked more, she would have to think out loud, and, if she did that, it would be a lot of bother, and what fun is that?

Other stars pine to go into opera, or conquer the New York stage. Myrna doesn't. She loves movies and everything about them. Maybe she could work herself up into feeling snobbish toward them, but why?

N SERENITY

She has a very strong conviction that modern women are more interesting than women have ever been in the world's history. She honestly believes they are more courageous, more sensitive and more loving than ever before. For that reason she prefers to portray them rather than hark back to any stuffy classics like "Hedda Gabler" or "The Doll's House" or such, even though the latter might get her a reputation for being artistic. She would rather be real than artistic any day.

ASK her about her future and she smiles at you from the depths of her sleepy eyes and says that oh, dear, she really can't worry about annuities and such.

It is completely typical of her that she recently refused to play *Nora* in a new *Thin Man* production if Bill Powell was not to play her husband. She said she wouldn't feel right with a new film husband. She wouldn't, either. She's sensitive about things like that. (P. S. Bill Powell will play her husband!)

She is terrifically loyal to her friends and it is of the utmost unimportance to her whether or not they are big or little shots. The man she married, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is a very big shot indeed, and a fine producer. But her closest woman friend is a hairdresser.

She didn't even get herself into a stew over her own wedding. She just went down to Ensenada over the Mexican border to be married by a Mexican justice who couldn't speak more than a dozen words of English, none of which Myrna could understand. She is pretty sure the marriage was legal, though Hornblow climbed a wall and picked a bridal bouquet for her out of a neighboring garden. The Mexicans didn't mind and Myrna loved it.

She was born on a ranch outside of Helena, Montana, which is such a small place that it is hard not to be outside of it no matter what you do, and she was her father's pet. Her closest pal was her younger brother. He still is. She learned about men from those companionships.

A fantastic number of beautiful, successful girls in Hollywood sit home alone night after night. Before she was married, Myrna sat home, too, but never alone. There were always plenty of beaux. She has what it takes.

She still sits home now that she is married. She loves being home. She hates night clubs. Her husband does, too.

When she was fighting with Metro a couple of years ago over her new contract, Bill Powell and her husband were much more steamed up over it than Myrna was. Bill went around muttering, "Why, the idea of their acting like that toward little Myrna," "their" meaning the studio. Her agent, undoubtedly egged on by the brilliant Mr. Hornblow, did all the quarreling. Myrna just sat quiet and waited for the studio to capitulate. She knew all along that it would.

An absolute burst of conversation from her is three consecutive sentences. On the other hand, she is a divine listener. This characteristic doesn't hurt her any with men, either. It never has any girl.

YOU can't honestly say that her life has all been a bed of roses, but you'd be fairly accurate in pointing out that it has been pretty consistently flowery—say a bed of morning glories. She never knew starvation or a bad kicking around. She came from nice people and therefore didn't have to begin learning her manners after she signed her first contract. Her severest loss was losing her father. That hurt.

She had a long, tough bout with success, though. It is hard to realize that she has been in pictures ever since 1925, but she has. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino was her first discoverer, but Warner Brothers were the first to put her under contract. The two auspices couldn't possibly have been more dissimilar, but they saw her alike—as something very strange and exotic. Their instinct was right, at that. She wasn't, of course, the Oriental enchantress they made her appear, but she was—and she is—as subtle as the music of Debussy or the lines of a Greek temple.

She went through an agonizing amount of inept rôles at Warners for several years and was finally let out by the Brothers. She was signed by Fox and the same thing happened there. Her last free-lance picture before signing her present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was made at RKO and in it she played her wickedest rôle of all. It makes her writhe to remember it. She had to be one of Those Girls.

She says her favorite studio of the many that she has worked in is Sam Goldwyn's. It was so adult, she claims. Arthur Hornblow was at Goldwyn's at the same time that Myrna was. That was where she first became acquainted with him. That probably had something to do with her fond memories of the place.

She is always eager to give credit where credit is due. She will get absolutely loquacious, for her, on the subjects of Henry Waxman and E. H. Griffith, the director. Waxman was the photographer who first helped her by revealing how photogenic her face actually is. Griffith was the original director to discover that she could play an American woman with warmth and almost startling accuracy.

EVEN as with her success, she had to wait for her real love. Arthur Hornblow was married when she first met him. He had long been separated from his first wife, but it took him several more years to secure his freedom. If, during that waiting time, Myrna ever got discouraged or frightened, she revealed no trace of it to the outside world. Such a situation has broken many a woman, but it did not break Myrna. Perhaps it was then that she studied as to what made an ideal marriage, studied it so thoroughly that she can now portray it tenderly both on the screen and in her private life. That is a sheer guess, though. It takes no guesswork to tell that the Hornblow marriage is an ideal one, however. That fact shines forth from the Loy eyes and glows forth from her healthy body.

Her house is like her, lovely, comfortable and unpretentious. It is out quite a ways from Beverly Hills in a wild, unfrequented section called, with no appropriateness to Myrna, Cold Water Canyon. You have probably heard the story that the site of it is a site where she used to go with her brother when they were both unknown and he was searching for spots to sketch. She loved it then and she still loves it, and that, too, is characteristic, both of her fidelity and the sentimental side of her of which she isn't at all ashamed.

She waxes highly loquacious (two whole sentences) about the patio which faces the hills behind her home. She gets a big kick out of eating there.

She and Arthur Hornblow revisit the Mexican town where they were married each time their wedding date rolls around. They also motor away on trips together whenever they can get free from their individual studios, tripping around like any average husband and wife to places like the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Death Valley and such. Myrna wants to travel in Europe, too.

Principally, though, she says she wants to live every minute of every day as fully as it can be lived. By that, she means to imply nothing that is jitterbug-ish. She means something much richer and deeper. But, like all her remarks, she does not amplify what she really means and you must draw your own conclusions.

For instance, I think her personal serenity and her professional and private success are all summed up in what she thinks is the trouble with modern marriage.

"The trouble with most women is that they aren't lusty enough for men," she says.

That isn't her trouble. She is.

On that fact hang all the Loy and the profits.

In a few terse words Myrna (with her husband Arthur Hornblow, Jr.) sums up the trouble with modern marriage and thus reveals the secret of her success

LIKE FERDINAND HE LOVES TO SMELL THE FLOWERS

Jimmy Cagney (above with Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces") confuses even his best friends by the marked contradiction of his screen and real personality

Revealing the sentimental side of a "tough guy" whose biggest theft is out of the cookie jar

BY SARA HAMILTON

IT'S pretty generally understood among his closest friends (though kept as quiet as possible) that Jim Cagney is not quite—well, shall we say normal—on the subject of cookies. In everything else Jimmy seems to be all right. His knee action is good; he dislikes screwy hats on his wife; he can carry a tune in a little brown and yellow basket. But, to be honest about the whole thing, Jim Cagney is not the same Cagney when a plate of cookies comes within smelling distance.

Bill Cagney, the brother with the business brains, insists that a peculiar wild gleam comes into Jim's eye whenever cookies go the rounds. As far as I can gather, it's a certain rolling of the eyeball that reminds one of War Horse Bay Billie about to stampede.

And it's the cocoanut kind that causes the real trouble.

A famous psychiatrist once tried to get to the bottom of what the family is pleased to call Jimmy's cookie complex.

"Do you ever dream about squashing grapefruit?" the psychiatrist asked. Well—you know what happened after that. . . .

To me, the most amazing fact in a boatload of contradictory facts about Cagney is that he has never once been recognized or claimed by his ilk. Nobody, except his family, of course, ever places Jimmy in the category to which he belongs. The mugs, who have no chance of meeting Cagney off-screen, are more or less convinced that Jimmy is one of them—a rough-spoken, tough-acting little thug. And so what if he is a blond. Accidents happen, don't they?

The intelligentsia assume that, because Jim's a low-spoken, well-read actor who plays hard-berled babies but isn't one, by contrast he must possess a really brilliant and unusual mind. And again the pendulum swings too far in the wrong direction. He is neither the best read actor in town, nor the best informed, nor the possessor of the keenest mind (though the latter is a fine one, believe me on that).

"What do you think about this question, Mr. Cagney?" a noted author or thinker will say in conversation, sitting slightly on the edge of his chair, star dust up his nose an inch thick.

And Jimmy will say what he thinks, logically, in good English, and in tones so modulated that one must almost lean forward to catch the words and everyone will be deluded into thinking something pretty dawgone unusual has just been uttered. It hasn't at all. It was merely one man's opinion keenly stated, and well thought out.

The business man, noting Jimmy's adjustments to contract troubles, will sigh, "Now there's a man who has a soul for business. There's a whiz."

As a matter of fact, I imagine Jimmy is as totally unprepared to cope with business propositions outside the studio as the amazed sewing machine agent was in his dealings with Aunt Tillie. And what went on there was plenty.

No, Jimmy just doesn't add up to preconceived ideas about himself. In fact, the very words "adding up" have little place in the life of Cagney, for, like most July-born people—whimsically strong, sensitive and sentimental, romantically unstable—facts and figures and adding up and taking away have little or no place in their lives.

"Hey, don't walk across there," he'll call to a friend, who has attempted a short cut across the grass.

"You mean you're actually going to walk all

(Continued on page 87)

THE Camera SPEAKS

A sweet, stubborn guy, whose magnificent work has made him the fair-haired boy at Warners — James Cagney, the talented "Oklahoma Kid"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

PHOTOPLAY INTRODUCES ITS NEW COL

PAUL HESSE

Mr. Hesse as a private citizen has his pet models—locomotives! But he obviously enjoys photographing the stars; he admires them not because of their glamour, but because he likes them "as genuine people capable of sincere hard work." Here he works on special Photoplay assignments with (left to right) Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye, Norma Shearer and Dorothy Lamour

nown specialist in
l Hesse will hence-
Man Behind the
or of the full-length
our fashion section
ng trip to the West Coast
graphed at work—which
es you see on these pages.
rs, Mr. Hesse is a compe-
artist with, surprisingly
e of humor and a devastat-
ing" his models so that they
t ease. There is a vibrant,
l quality to Hesse's work.

Watching him take pictures, one is fascinated by his ability to bring out the inner stimulating personality of the subject in a very short time. He explains it as a bond of complete harmony which must exist between the artist and the sitter, otherwise the picture is merely a mechanical registration of physical effort.

Born in Brooklyn forty-two years ago, Mr. Hesse yearned successively to be an actor and a surgeon. His great idea came in 1925 when he foresaw the future in color photography. In 1928 he was the first to record in color the likenesses of motion-picture stars; today his work decorates America's best magazines.

New patterns of cinema romance created by these latest members of the Hollywood Teamsters' Union —Tracy and Lamarr of M-G-M's "I Take This Woman"; Dunne and Boyer of RKO's "Love Affair"

3

Rope the cow, bring home the bacon—a bottle of milk!—and win the prize

5

Julia Faye

Alice Joyce

Virginia Pearson

Gloria Swanson

Billie Burke

Left, Marquerite Clark; above, Janet Gaynor

Olive Tell

Fashions

JUST FOR FUN!

Norma Talmadge

Norma Shearer

ry Miles Minter

Ethel Teare

Jobyna Ralston

Mary Fuller

e Moorehead

Violet Heming

Shirley Mason

In those days 'twas the sporting thing to do for a maid to lose a tennis set, but never, never her girlish modesty. Then in came shorts, out came milady, and into the trunk went these "fashion firsts"—but not so far that Photoplay couldn't resurrect them for this gay revival

orothy Dalton

Hope Hampton

Doris Kenyon

Leila Hyams; Myrna Loy

It's all a matter of facial form, so far as these athletic aspirants are concerned. Allan Jones (left, top), M-G-M chanter, lifts his eyebrow, grits his teeth—and the bowling alley hums. Jimmy Stewart (top, center), "Made for Each Other" hero, favors the wrinkled brow method, while Warner Baxter (right) of "Wife, Husband and Friend" dead-pans by comparison. Anita Louise (left) takes the Helen Wills poker-face way, performs as efficiently on the tennis court as on the set of "Little Princess." Johnny "Scat" Davis (right) of "Brother Rat" goes in for bangs and the tongue-in-the-cheek technique, while non-conformist Cagney, in trim from the new "Oklahoma Kid," plays his own little game

Candid calisthenics continue with Robert Taylor of "Stand Up and Fight" taking a stance on the baseball diamond . . .

. . . and Rosalind Russell in the rough. The star of "The Citadel" is a leading member of Hollywood's links fraternity

Bowler number two is Gene Raymond who believes in concentration for the cause

Nelson Eddy's new film love in "Song of the West"—Virginia Bruce, on the tennis court

Catch-as Catch-Can

—and Photoplay did. Result: some very odd angles on the stars, who mostly had their eyes on the ball and not on the cameraman's "birdie"

ZA

Claudett

—but not in the picture! The can
sequence, because of Hollywo
method of self-censorship, now lies on
cutting-room floor. One of the m
controversial pictures of the y
"Zaza" has been through a series of
visions during the past few mon

ZA

Can-Cans

nforming to the industry's own rules what's right and what's polite, Paraunt decided the Big Apple of Paris the early 1900's was definitely not nt—or polite—for stars Claudette lbert and Herbert Marshall. This is dance that now takes its place

Anguish

Defeat

Fear

BOY WITH 100 FACES

Master dramatist at sixteen is Wil liam Halop, first tragedian, at $650 a week, of Warners' "Dead End Kids." To his native Brooklyn, he was Billy, son of Attorney Halop; a normal, intelligent American boy; to Broadway, influenced by his record at the Professional Children's School, he was first choice for a spirited, hard-boiled juvenile; to Hollywood, he is the versatile artist of "They Made Me a Criminal"—the boy with the million-dollar face.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "MUKY

Defiance

Incredulity

Panic

Remorse

Gal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

GRAPHS
AN FINK

Luise Rainer, caught with her purse down (above, right), soon recovers her poise. Perhaps her reconciliation with Clifford Odets has made her coy

Our determined terror of the typewriter is on the loose again and already the stars' ears are burning

Modern Miracle of Love

THERE is a strange and lovely story about young Gloria Dickson (who is slowly but surely going places at Warner Brothers, currently in "They Made Me a Criminal") and Perc Westmore. It is a sort of modern version of the old tale of Pygmalion and Galatea . . . remember the myth about the sculptor, Pygmalion, who fell in love with the marble Galatea, statue of his own creation? And whose love was so fine and true that Aphrodite gave the statue life?

Well, as you know, Perc is head make-up man at Warners and it was to him that Gloria was sent pending her first test for a screen rôle.

Perc did his best to give her photographic charm, but Gloria failed in the test. Yes, she had a contract, but now they said she did not photograph as well as had been expected . . . which meant, of course, that her career was finished before it was, in truth, begun.

Heartbroken, she returned to Perc. "Can't you help me?" she begged.

And Perc did. He kept her with him for long hours, studying her face, its contours, its possibilities. He drew sketches of her and poured over them at every free moment, seeking means of improvement. He tried out a new type of lip rouge and different curves of mouth and eyebrow. He even invented a new kind of powder for her which provided more light and shadow and therefore made her face more interesting.

Mothers-in-law—one prospective (see below), the other factual. Richard Greene's mother (left) comes visiting from England to give pretty Arleen Whelan the once-over, while Mrs. Lupino (right, center) has already put her stamp of approval on daughter Ida's marriage to Louis Hayward

Farewell celebration—just before he took off for a vacation in South America, Tyrone Power stepped out with Mrs. Jock Whitney (her husband's in the East), properly chaperoned by the Hank Fondas

Painstakingly, patiently and, as time passed, tenderly, he created from this girl, lovely to look at but providing difficult photographic problems, a new and different screen personality. He, this modern Pygmalion, created a Galatea who, in her next test for a rôle, came through triumphantly!

And while the attractive young make-up artist was accomplishing this miracle, another happened . . . the miracle of love. This modern Pygmalion fell in love with the Galatea of his own creation, and she with him.

So, in due time, they were married and now they are living happily ever after!

Cradle Wit

ALTHOUGH not a member of that parental group given to perpetual discussion of their children, Irene Dunne can't resist telling this one about her small adopted daughter, Mary Frances, aged three.

While in New York recently, Irene and her husband, Dr. Griffin, Mary Frances and her nurse lived in a suite and always ordered meals, including Mary Frances' repasts, over the telephone. Came then a certain midday when Irene was busy with interviews and luncheon was delayed.

At first, Mary Frances, quietly playing with her dolls, appeared not to notice. But at last she moved determinedly to the phone and lifted the receiver.

"Room service," she said distinctly. And then, when the connection had been made:

"This is suite 1002. I want to order the baby's lunch."

She got it, too!

Very Light Housekeeping

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND and her sister, Joan Fontaine, have been having quite a time for themselves, redecorating and refurnishing their home in Hollywood Hills. They were about finished and expected to be particularly proud of the living room, when they discovered to their horror that their newly acquired *pièce de résistance* for this room, one of those famous and, I might add, expensive Jesso paintings, "fought" like the proverbial cats and dogs with the new furniture upholstering. So now they are having the furniture done over in hand-blocked linen especially designed to match the "Jesso."

Still speaking of household renovations and such . . . Bette Davis, who recently inherited Kay Francis' palatial "dressing room" on the Warner Brothers lot (which, incidentally, boasts of five rooms and *two* baths!), is having the fireplace done over.

Seems that Kay, for some reason, ordered the real fireplace bricked up and a gas log installed. On the other hand, Bette, possessing a particular affection for open fires, is having the old fireplace restored.

The other day, George Brent and some others in the cast of "Dark Victory" got together and sent her a present accompanied by a note.

"No hearth is complete without its white fur rug in front. Here is yours," the note said.

The "rug" proved to be a mangy goat skin, picked up in a shop in Los Angeles' Mexican quarter.

Love Will Find a Way

THEY don't talk much about it on the 20th Century-Fox lot, but everyone knows what is happening to Arleen Whelan, the little Titian-haired manicurist who a year ago was Hollywood's newest Cinderella.

Yes, she was busy with her buffer and scissors and polish, never seeking or expecting fame and fortune, when she was "discovered" by a 20th Century director and thrust into the limelight—photographed, publicized, rushed into the leading feminine rôle with Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." With that picture not yet released, she was groomed for the lead with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James." She was going places, everyone thought. Probably she thought so, too.

And then "Kidnapped" laid an egg, which means that it didn't do so well at the box office. And Arleen's rôle in "Jesse James" was given to young Nancy Kelly.

"Of course, she'll get another part soon," everyone said. She did—one in Shirley Temple's new picture, "The Little Princess." But that, too, was quickly taken away. Her hair was too dazzling beside Shirley's yellow locks, was the excuse. But Arleen, as well as everybody else, knew she was, as we say it here in Hollywood, crassly and cruelly, "on the skids"; that nothing short of a miracle could save her.

Still, there are such things as silver linings to many a dark cloud. There is, in Arleen's case . . . Richard Greene.

When Dick Greene came over here from the British stage, the publicity department thought it would be lovely if he should fall in love with Sonja Henie, whose leading man he was to be in "My Lucky Star." But he took one look at Arleen and that was that. He is crazy about her.

(Continued on page 68)

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK

WE REGRET that it is necessary for us to have this heart-to-heart talk with our readers and our friends in Hollywood.

For more than twenty-five years PHOTOPLAY has stood as a friend and champion of the motion-picture industry and has demonstrated consistently, we believe, its eagerness to play fair with our readers, the stars and the industry as a whole.

Unintentionally, we have been made to appear to step out of this character upon which we so pride ourselves.

Last month, we published in PHOTOPLAY a story in which we described friendships existing between prominent men and women in Hollywood, friendships which are well known to our readers and the public through articles that have appeared here and elsewhere for some time.

The purpose of our story was to show that these relationships in their companionable and mutually helpful aspects were so worth while that it was our hope that they could eventually culminate in happy marriages.

We regret that the purpose of this story was misinterpreted in certain newspapers. Excerpts were republished without permission and removed from the context, making these friendships appear in a light far from our original intention.

Such an interpretation is unfair, not only to this magazine but to the stars involved. We must stand on our reputation of solid and constructive publishing history when we assure the stars mentioned in the story, as well as their studios, that we genuinely regret these unfortunate interpretations of our meaning and motive. This article was intended merely to portray some of the finest friendships we have ever known.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ **PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M**

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S first full-length picture is worth waiting for. Humorous and philosophical, it is a modern interpretation of the mythological tale of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and has to do with a crotchety professor of phonetics who adopts an ignorant cockney flower girl, builds her into a social success with royalty, finally falls in love with his own creation. Mr. Shaw, aside from the original play, obviously had his finger in the screen version too; the directorial credit belongs to Anthony Asquith assisted by Leslie Howard. Wendy Hiller has a wistful charm and is an amazingly adept actress; Wilfred Lawson, as her dustman father, is a joy; Leslie Howard is his charming facile self and the production extremely clever.

THE DUKE OF WEST POINT—Small-United Artists

HERE'S "A Yank at Oxford" turned backwards. It's Louis Hayward, a Britisher who was a sensational athlete at Cambridge, who brings his accent and his physique to West Point. Gosh, do the cadets hate him! But he's nice to Tom Brown, and that young man develops a case of hero worship. There is the usual to-do about football, a widowed mother, and Breaking Limits. As a result of his actions Louis is "Silenced" by the other cadets, which is like being put in Coventry; wherefore you will spend much of the picture feeling embarrassed for everybody. This new Richard Carlson does some good work as Hayward's roommate; Joan Fontaine is the girl Louis wins when, at the last moment, he is put into the Big Game.

★ **THE DAWN PATROL—Warners**

THE Brothers Warner have been very successful making unusual pictures, and while it is true "Dawn Patrol" has been made before (in 1930), still it is also true that to a whole new generation of moviegoers, surfeited with love triangles, this stirring aviation war drama of men without women will prove a completely satisfying and thoughtful experience. Stressing the "War is Hell" angle, it builds up an amazing and gallant picture of heroism, horror and deep friendship among the men in the Royal Flying Corps in France in 1915. The combat scenes in the air are continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and the whole is carried to a logical if tragic conclusion.

You will weep watching a flight commander, Basil Rathbone, spiritually disintegrate under the task of sending men to their death in "old crates patched up with spit and a few wires" against the might of expert German squadrons. Errol Flynn, his captain, accuses Rathbone of being an executioner, until he himself is made commander and in turn has to send the young brother of his best friend (David Niven) to certain death. Later when Niven volunteers for a lone mission Errol goes in his place.

It is not a pretty tale, but the solid direction of Edmund Goulding prevented any maudlin sentimentality. David Niven emerges as a potential star of great magnitude; Flynn himself is capable, without any fireworks; Basil Rathbone, though inclined to keep that menace glint, is satisfying; Donald Crisp and Carl Esmond are outstanding.

★ **TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists**

IT'S in this picture that Joan Bennett dyes her hair black and looks so much like Hedy Lamarr you almost expect to see Charles Boyer pop out of her wardrobe trunk. Fraught with suspense and action, as well as romance, the story flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the world before its climax. In the beginning, Joan shoots Sidney Blackmer because she believes he has caused her sister's suicide. Then, with a grand splash, La Bennett drives her car off a ferry boat and Ralph Bellamy, after seeing her do this, considers the case closed. You can hardly blame him. Yet, like that penny you've heard about, the gal appears in Honolulu, does her transformation from blonde to brunette, and sails off to India. In pursuit are Fredric March, persistent detective Bellamy, and Ann Sothern, a secretary. Freddie falls for Joan and exchanges clews for kisses and flirtations; Ralph gets out his nighteyes for Ann. All's well until Robert Elliott, a rival sleuth, appears upon the scene. Then the entire company scampers back to San Francisco, just in time for the denouement. Many will think this is March's best rôle since "A Star Is Born." Certainly he handles it well. Bellamy does a repeat on his "Awful Truth" character, which you may be awful tired of, and Ann Sothern has beautiful chances to display her knack for comedy. Blackmer, Elliott and Thomas Mitchell do what they can in limited space; anyway, "Trade Winds" here blow up a highly entertaining Who-the-heck-done-it.

★ **BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners**

YOU will remember the excellent work newcomer John Garfield did in "Four Daughters." Now you will see him again, this time as the hard-hitting reporter who brings to justice a New York racketeer. Much of the punch in this picture must depend on Garfield's fine technique since the story itself, although very well done, is essentially just another Warners' prison exposé. No belittlement of the film itself is intended; every shock device is there, presented ruthlessly to stand you in your seats. People are beaten and killed, there's a bombing, and lots of prison conditions for you to be sick over.

Stanley Fields does a beautiful job as *Bull*, the gorilla-like racketeer who runs a Fisherman's Protective Association, likes practical jokes, and douses his expensively-clothed ape's body with perfume. He is supported by the city administration. Through the testimony of a beleaguered captain, however, he is sent to Blackwell's Island and there (you may see the humor in the whole situation) he takes over the prison, fixes the hospital into a lounge and starts a prison racket. Stupidly enough he takes a night off to kill Dick Purcell, a policeman; Garfield gets himself a term at Blackwell, snoops around, and eventually brings Nemesis to *Bull* and the other bandits. All of this is done with pace and almost constant action, with shock sequences closely woven into the general pattern. Victor Jory plays the new and honest police commissioner, Rosemary Lane the policeman's sister who loves Garfield.

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

AKIM TAMIROFF used to be a Cossack. So he brings his Cossack traditions of hard living to America. Finally he meets his son, who also is a Cossack. Federal G-men pinch Papa Cossack because he has hijacked cattle stolen from the government corral, and son Cossack joins the army. This one then gets transferred to Leavenworth so he can help Papa crack out of the pen, but changes his mind at the last minute (because he has grown to love the army) and leads a posse to catch Papa Cossack again. Do you see any sense in it all? Neither do we. Leif Erikson plays the son; Frances Farmer is his Woman who clings through Thick and Thin; and Tamiroff certainly acts like a Cossack. Out of all this you may find a few laughs.

HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

WARNERS have taken the greatest melodrama of them all, complete with chase, and made it in Technicolor. The result is surprising but awfully exciting. Boy, do those Mounties get their man! It all begins when a bunch of bandits hold up a river boat, stealing the trappers' gold and killing Pat Knowles, one of the Mounties. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and the rest of the picture is concerned with his efforts to track down the killers. Before success comes, there's a fight to the death on the edge of a cliff, and the villagers try to lynch the heroine's father among other things. Blood is very pretty in Technicolor. Foran gives his usual virile performance, with both Gale Page and Gloria Dickson working to get him.

UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

IF you are not so sick of prison pictures that you can't stand even the thought of them, you may find some humor in this. It was made for the first time eight years ago, and this is a better version, but the idea of kidding the American prison system still stands.

Of course, it's a matter of opinion whether or not going to jail is funny. Anyway, this is the story of two confidence men in stir, who discover a youngster about to make a break for freedom. He is Tony Martin and he's pipped because crooks are after his family's savings. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men and they fix everything. In addition, they steal the picture. Phyllis Brooks is the girl.

AVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Out West with the Hardys

Blackwell's Island — **The Dawn Patrol**

The Cowboy and the Lady — **Pygmalion**

Dramatic School — **Thanks for Everything**

Flirting with Fate — **Thanks for the Memory**

Prison Without Bars — **Trade Winds**

There's That Woman Again

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

John Garfield in "Blackwell's Island"

Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
Merle Oberon in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
Harry Davenport in "The Cowboy and the Lady"

David Niven in "The Dawn Patrol"

Luise Rainer in "Dramatic School"
Paulette Goddard in "Dramatic School"

Joe E. Brown in "Flirting with Fate"

Mickey Rooney in "Out West with the Hardys"
Virginia Weidler in "Out West with the Hardys"

Jack Haley in "Thanks for Everything"

Melvyn Douglas in "There's That Woman Again"
Virginia Bruce in "There's That Woman Again"

Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Shining Hour"

Fredric March in "Trade Winds"
Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds"

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

IT may slightly disconcert you when you discover that the "woman" in this is not the same one who pleased you in "There's Always a Woman." And since this delightful film is a sequel to the other, with Melvyn Douglas still playing the detective; and since the "woman" in the case is his wife . . . Well, anyway, Joan Blondell (who was in the first film) miraculously changes into Virginia Bruce here, which is some kind of a score for Melvyn and Columbia—especially when you consider that not an ounce of comedy or drama is sacrificed to the change.

The idea, you may remember, is that hard working and conscientious Snooper Douglas has got a wife who is pleasantly hair-brained and who also wants to detect. Her methods are questionable, but somehow or other she turns the trick in the end. Now, the problem that faces Melvyn and Virginia is a little matter of systematic jewel thefts from a swank jewelry shop. People seem to die all over the place and Melvyn is called in to do something about the situation. He gets himself a suspect, Gordon Oliver, and is progressing well enough when Virginia decides to crack the case on her own. From that time on Melvyn is hampered to distraction because he not only has to chase down clews but Virginia also.

There's a good trick in this plot; there is also Margaret Lindsay, as co-owner of the jewel shop; Stanley Ridges and Pierre Watkin, all doing good work.

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

IN a country now suddenly full of intense propaganda which is meant to incite America to hate of the 1914 variety, this is a pleasant film pill for quick swallowing. Aside from being an entertaining picture, it discounts the "let's go over there and show them" theory and puts in a plug for honest Americanism. The story is built around the nation's sample Average Man, chosen by a contest which Adolphe Menjou's advertising agency sponsors. Jack Haley wins the prize and rushes off to New York to get it; then Menjou and his assistant, Jack Oakie, have a brain storm: why not watch Haley, find out what he likes, and predict the trends in buying and selling? To do this they must keep Haley poor. So they cheat him of his prize money and give him a cheap job with the agency. The picture reaches its high-gear speed when an Ambassador employs Menjou to find out whether or not the average man would go abroad to fight. Oakie and Menjou get Haley bedridden with poison ivy and ply him with fake newspapers and radio programs. "Phooey," remarks Haley. "Let Europe settle its own difficulties." Then the agency fakes a war aggression against America and it's a different story: Mr. Average Man leaps out of bed and rushes out to defend his country, with utterly screwball results.

The romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan, Haley's home-town sweetie, and by Binnie Barnes. The cast has a good time: so will you.

(Continued on page 88)

WE COVER THE

Foreign imports, domestic glamour, romance, adventure—all exciting set news for your 1939 screen fare

BY JACK WADE

HEAVE a sigh for gay, carefree Hollywood. The old order changeth—the dear dead days are gone. They're all punching time clocks now! Stars and everybody.

Strange music it is to our ears, the regimenting ring of a timecard, as we canvass the Hollywood movie factories on our monthly studio check-up and set inventory. Everybody who drags in less than $1,000 a week jerks the handle—and you'd be surprised at the haughty high-ups you know who rack their daily records just like Minnie, the buttonhole maker.

Our snooping reporter says there's a treat in store in "The Little Princess" with Shirley Temple, Anita Louise and Arthur Treacher (top). "Hotel Imperial," Paramount's jinx picture (remember?), gets going with Ray Milland (left) and the "almost jinxed" Isa Miranda

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for instance, where our curiosity takes us first, the clang of the work cards sounds like a general fire alarm. Not that M-G-M pays off in beer checks and bottle tops (still everybody can't be Garbo at $6,000 per), but Metro is as busy as that cranberry merchant putting up your New Year's screen fare.

Naturally, we make quick tracks for the Hedy Lamarr picture. Or would you call it the Spencer Tracy picture? Either way, it's called "I Take This Woman," and from what we see of this woman we'll take her, too—meaning Hedy, of course.

Cannily, M-G-M picked a glamour script for Hedy's first home lot picture. She's cast as a New York party girl, dripping with satins and ermine, and wearing a new Adrian creation in practically every scene.

She's a pleasure-loving siren who has a lot of fun all over South America with playboy Walter Pidgeon, but finds real happiness slaving in New York's Ghetto with crusading doctor Spencer Tracy.

It's the Ghetto clinic we see, full of weary, aged and downtrodden folk, among whom Hedy floats about like a lovely dark angel. Lots of close-ups in this scene, because it's Hedy's face that will make her click if anything. She's a little outsize in the body. Her hair, we notice, is still long and sweeping. They wanted to put it up in a pile-up hair-do, but Hedy said nothing stirring, fashion or no fashion. And Hedwig Kiesler has a mind of her own.

WE'D like to see Hedy the Glamour Girl punch her timecard a little later, too—but Hedy isn't all of Hollywood, so we move on to "The Girl Downstairs" and imported Franciska Gaal.

STUDIOS

Another picture that seemed jinxed—Eleanor Powell's "Honolulu" (top)—is under way again. On the "Girl Downstairs" set, Franchot Tone (right, with Rita Johnson) drops a hint that will be exciting news for his fans

Franciska is the Hungarian taffy-top "Buccaneer" girl that Cecil B. De Mille called "the Helen Hayes of Europe." But even C. B. couldn't keep her on the Paramount lot. They let her go and M-G-M snapped her up. Now she's making her first movie at M-G-M as Franchot Tone hands in his last.

Franciska is in pigtails and a nightie as we enter. This is a Cinderella-type story, with Franchot a wealthy man-about-town forbidden to see rich girl Rita Johnson. As the scullery maid go-between, Franciska makes a little time herself with Franchot and things get exciting.

While Director Norman Taurog lines up the shot, we get in a few words with Franchot, which leads us to believe that he's not forsaking Hollywood at all—just taking a vacation. "Hollywood has been too good to me," he says. "Anyway, I can't play on Broadway in the summer." What we gather is that after the Group Theatre play, "Gentle People," and a little vacation in New York, he'll be back making movies again.

Franciska is ready to go now, so we watch her in a kitchen scene being very domestic with a lot of pots and pans which get all mixed up with the pigtails. She speaks an odd English learned in six months of concentrated boning. But when she drops a pot and yelps, "O-w-w-w-w!" it's perfectly understandable.

"What's the matter?" Taurog wants to know.

Well, confides Franciska, she's been playing tennis and her hands are all blistered. Tossing the pots and pans around is no joke with her sore paws.

"You ought to take up horseback riding," suggests Taurog, grinning.

Franciska does a slow burn. "If I did," she retorts, "you'd have me sliding down banisters or something!"

WE find Robert Young in the same piqued mood next door on the "Honolulu" set. He looks very unhappy, sitting at a table amid the lush tropical surroundings of an Island hotel. "Honolulu," in case you've forgotten, is the Eleanor Powell Hawaiian picture with all the hula hip shifters and plaintive music. It started six months ago and then stopped. Now it's back at work again. Bob plays a movie star with a wealthy Hawaiian pineapple grower double and the plot is one of those mistaken identity things—always a good laugh; only Bob isn't laughing now. Eddie Buzzell, the director, is explaining a gag to him and Bob listens as if Eddie were preaching his funeral.

"In this shot," Eddie explains, "this great Dane dog climbs up in your lap and licks your face. That ought to be a great gag."

"For the Dane, maybe," says Bob sourly, "but not for me!"

STARTLING is the word for the apparition we encounter next at Warners—Jimmy Cagney in chaps, sombrero and six-guns. Cagney, the boy from the East side, has gone so Western in "Oklahoma Kid" that his dogs growl at him when he comes home nights.

We have to drive thirty miles to catch Cagney the cowpoke killer at his chores. The old Iverson Ranch, near Chatsworth, which has been the scene of rough-riding movies since Bronco Billy Anderson, is Oklahoma this time, at a cost of $200 a day to Warners.

Jimmy, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane and Donald Crisp whip up the action in "Okla-

home Kid." Before he took on this one, Jimmy had never met a horse socially. He'd never walked in high heels or swung a gun at his hip. Now you'd think he was Tom Mix.

But the transformation wasn't easy, Jimmy informs us with a rueful face. The high heels made him lame for a week and so did the horse. He couldn't stand up and yet he couldn't sit down. "Which," says Jimmy, "is a terrible state of affairs!"

BACK in the studio, Warners are busy with two special offerings called, "Always Leave Them Laughing" and "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

The latter is the film version of the play that intrigued Broadway. It now makes jobs for Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Fay Bainter, Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin in Hollywood. An ardent "woman's rights" feminist can't take it when her own daughter goes modern about her morals.

It's our good luck to happen in on the key scene where Priscilla is going away for a week end and Fay finds it out. Few actresses in Hollywood can make us believe better than Fay Bainter. Beside her, Priscilla looks like a drama school student; but it's personality that counts in the movies—that's why Priscilla gets top billing in the picture.

The scene we see is long and each time some small thing isn't quite right for Director Bill Keighley. Each time Priscilla carries a large suitcase from the hall into the cosy little study where Fay Bainter sits. After a few takes it gets monotonous. "I think I'll sell out my contract," cracks Priscilla, "to a redcap!"

Next door on the laugh shift are Dick Powell, ZaSu Pitts, Gale Page and Ann Sheridan in the title of the month for us—"Always Leave Them Laughing." In this, Dick's a corn belt musician who thinks he's a great symphony composer, but winds up as the jitterbugs' delight when he gets to the big city. It's always comedy for Powell, of course, comedy or music—and this one has both, with Dick taking care of the vocals and ZaSu rallying around for the laughs.

We watch Dick at his home dinner table surrounded by a flock of loving old lady aunts. ZaSu is one of these, very lavender-and-old-lace-ish with her hair streaked by gray make-up. They asked ZaSu if she thought she could act an old lady and the irrepressible Pitts answered, "*Act* one? Good Lord, I *am* one!" But it's not true.

We're pondering this when the scene gets rolling. Then suddenly—bam!—a water glass whizzes past our ear and smacks against an arc light. "Oh, dear," wails a familiar voice, "I'm sorry—but I forgot my lines!" We can't understand what that has to do with assault and battery, until our guide explains that when ZaSu blows up she always throws whatever she has in her hand at whoever is handy! Quaint—what?

AT Twentieth Century-Fox, there's "The Little Princess," which is, as usual, all Shirley Temple. Oh, there are Arthur Treacher and Anita Louise and a few others hanging around just for atmosphere. The story makes Shirley a super-rich little girl in an English boarding school. But her papa loses his money and then everyone is mean to Shirley. She's a persecuted little slavey and what not—but it all comes out right in the end, you can be doubly sure.

Shirley's stock is still up the day we catch her. She's having a party both on the screen and off. She's all dressed up and as pretty as a dimpled doll. "The Little Princess," as you know, is in Technicolor (our idea of the best movie idea of the season—Temple in Technicolor) and for a while they tried to use color make-up on Shirley. But it was no go. Her natural tinting was much superior.

Shirley looks in the pink now; she's surrounded by a score of little tots, extras in the picture and members of "The Little Princess Club"—a tribute to Shirley's organizing talents.

When the routine scene is over they all crowd around Shirley. A tea party is scheduled (they still make Shirley's set day seem like fun) and Mrs. Temple capably herds the squealing moviettes to a large table for the "business meeting." They're all a little eager to get to the food and crowd around Shirley. "You mustn't smother your president, you know," she warns them.

Dick Powell discovered that "hanging from the chandelier" wasn't just a figure of speech when he was handed the script of that gay comedy, "Always Leave Them Laughing"

We get in on the tea party, which is very noisy with delighted squeals as the LPC-ers do away with stacks of this and that in the way of goodies.

WE move on to the set of "Wife, Husband and Friend," Warner Baxter's latest, in line with the current Hollywood vogue of headlining pictures so there won't be any misunderstanding as to what it's all about: "Rich Man, Poor Girl," "Wife, Doctor and Nurse," "Wife Versus Secretary," and so forth. All you have to do is read the title and take your pick—nothing left to the imagination.

The first thing Warner tells us, though, is that, title or no title, it's the best script he's had since he's been at Fox Hills—and that's some years now.

The plot, one they dug up from the musty files of shelved scripts, was originally called "Career in C-Major." It's about wife Loretta Young, who succumbs to the blandishments of a phony voice teacher, undertakes a career, ruins Warner's home. So to get even Warner warbles a little himself, finds he has a real voice and becomes another Tibbett. Binnie Barnes—she's all over these days—is the "friend" with that understanding nature.

Warner surprises us by admitting he used to sing for a living, on the stage and radio. When he was a kid, he was a choir boy. "Fine," we say; "then you can look like a singer anyway!" "I can do more than that," he retorts. "How's this?" Well, he's still no Tibbett, but it isn't a bit bad.

But Gregory Ratoff and his rushing Russian accent interrupt the impromptu concert. "Sinking, is it? It's hecting I'm wanting," he explodes. So Warner bows to the inevitable.

"Hotel Imperial" has finally got going over at Paramount after two ill-fated starts. "Hotel Imperial" is the prize jinx picture in all movie history. Dietrich started it first (although it was done once before by Pola Negri in the old days). Paramount called it off after dropping a cool quarter million. Next came Margaret Sullavan. Halfway through, she cracked her arm. Again Paramount declared a costly moratorium

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, star of Warners' "Dark Victory," chooses a stunning all-suède costume for chic mid-season sport wear. Voris, the designer, employed a multicolor theme in its creation—moss green for the long jacket smartly buttoned in suède, lipstick red for the short-sleeved sweater blouse (which peeks out at the square neckline of the jacket) and walnut brown for the six-gore skirt. All the colors combine in the pompon quill of the disc beret

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

"Snow Bound"—M-G-M's star, Maureen O'Sullivan, clad in a costume that assures warmth, comfort and chic—a natural waterproof parka with red and white braid trim and belt (which conceals a drawstring waistline), teal blue gabardine ski pants and gaily colored all-wool mittens and socks. Maureen, on loan to Columbia, is now currently filming their "Let Us Live"

Bull

Gladys Swarthout, currently appearing in Paramount's "Ambush," poses on these two pages in chic wardrobe essentials for the fashion-conscious girl. Her black Coney fur coat (left) is practically styled for warmth and comfort, with loose open sleeves, broad shoulders, and a collar that may be worn open, as Miss Swarthout wears it, or closed tightly at the neck. Her suit (above) discloses a more feminine version of the so-popular tailleur. Of black wool knit, it features a bias skirt and fitted jacket which is stylized with small revers, draped sleeves, a single-button closing and patch pockets. A grey Cashmere sweater tucks into the skirt in place of a blouse. Notice how cleverly Miss Swarthout knots her printed chiffon scarf into a novel pocket kerchief. A softly draped beret of emerald green felt (insert, left) lends a dash of color to this suit costume.

In the close-up on the left, you will see the detail of the roomy rabbit's hair bag that Miss Swarthout carries with the variable essential costumes shown on these two pages. Her gloves are hand-sewn and one-button.

Featured on the opposite page is a close-up view of Miss Swarthout's suit without the jacket. Note how the skirt belt closes with grey leather buckles in polo style. The pocket kerchief is untied to fashion a scarf—and the suit is now transformed into a smart sport costume.

As an alternate coat, Miss Swarthout chooses this Bernard Newman model of tweed, plaided in henna, orange and green (opposite page, left). This wonderful greatcoat strikingly tops many another frock in Miss Swarthout's wardrobe.

It is interesting to note that the long bob continues to be a favorite with Hollywood stars.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHEE

This costume (far left) for lazy days in the sun has "dots" as well as "dash"! Red confetti ones spot the jersey panel of the washable white celanese rayon sharkskin frock; red harlequin ones, the natural straw sunshade (that ties curls in with a matching red kerchief); red patent ones, the cut-out sandals. The El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs playground of the stars, is in the background

An Engadine motif embroidered in dual shades of red, green and blue gives the jacket of this white flannel after-ski suit (left) a gay burst of color. The invisible zipper closing reaches to a trick upstanding collar. Shining nailheads stud the built-up soles of the patent sandals

Though the Swissli coat (top) looks genuinely sporty, it is just the chic kind of wrap to throw over your most formal evening gown at Sun Valley for a dash across the snow in sleigh or rumble seat! It has triple charm, for it boasts warmth, casualness and brilliance! The body is woven of red, white and blue braid; the sleeves are of cuddly white lamb

The entire beach will notice this smart play suit of white celanese rayon jersey with bright coral accent. The skirt is pleated, the waistline corseleted and the blouse draped in the manner of the newest gowns. In brilliant contrast, the "slightly mad" straw sombrero is of royal blue with bright red streamers and a vivid green tassel. The spool-heel shoes are of fine woven mesh with diagonal stripes of red kid

WARDROBE

Norway inspired this practical ski suit of slate blue with reversible jacket (far, left). Pale yellow knitted socks and matching two-finger mittens lend golden contrast. There is a cotton slipover under the jacket in natural color with the new Marsupial pouch at the neckline for carrying cigarettes, hankies or mad money

Part of the fun of a day's exercise is to relax in the evening as beautifully as Miss Photoplay in this after-ski slack suit of black velvet (left). The lapels and pockets are embroidered in multicolor silks and little sequins that gaily shine out to challenge the sparkle of the studded platform soles on the sandals

A perfect skating costume must be attractive as well as functional! The identical black velvet outfits of Miss Photoplay and her little doll (below) come from Switzerland and are modeled after an old Swiss garb. Orange and white braid outlines the suit, silver buttons flash on the coat and embroidered boutonnieres of edelweiss spot the lapels. The perky fur hat and the jersey shirt repeat the accent of white. The brief skirt of the suit is so cleverly cut it forms exquisite arcs when whirled into motion

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

These snow togs and play clothes were flashed on the screen in tinted glory by Vyvyan Donner in her Technicolor Fashion Forecast produced by Truman Talley for 20th Century-Fox. They were so gay, picturesque and practical, too, that I recaptured their vision, knowing a study of their clever detail would be of interest to you. They are posed for these pages on Miss Georgia Carrol, chosen by us from Miss Donner's models to be "Miss Photoplay"

Gwenn Walters

PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION EDITOR

WANDERLUST

Gwen Wakeling created this dressmaker suit of brown woolen for Arleen Whelan to wear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Thanks for Everything." The little ruffles on the gathered pockets and the ascot are of honey-beige colored bengaline. The skirt has four gores with slight hemline flare. Arleen tops her suit with an exquisite coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (above) with leg o'mutton sleeves and a perky upstanding collar. (This coat was selected from Willard George, Los Angeles.)

Kornman

FASHION LETTER

Dolly Tree, M-G-M designer, makes a final check of the clothes she created for Rita Johnson to wear in "The Girl Downstairs"

Advance Spring Forecast: color of primary interest; stripes important; silhouette varied; hats gay

BY GWENN WALTERS

NOW that the New Year is swinging right into spring it's time to get in step and plan new clothes so that your wardrobe will be fresh and colorful when the first blades of grass peek through the snows!

Hollywood stars have already heralded the coming of spring! Here and there a gay frock peeks beneath a dark coat, a cluster of posies masquerades as a hat, a fanciful shoe leads on. Perhaps you too, daring dull winter to remain, have succumbed to the lure of the first offerings of the coming season!

These casual shopping ventures are fun as they not only give impetus to serious wardrobe planning, but also, and so importantly, arouse curiosity about the coming trends.

Hollywood's many whispered rumors about colors, fabrics and styles were so exciting that I turned to M-G-M's designer, Dolly Tree (who creates particularly for Virginia Bruce and Myrna Loy), for a detailed early spring forecast for you.

Attacking the matter of color as of primary interest and importance for spring, Miss Tree foresees a continued and more predominant use of grey in all of its tones—grey in combination with yellows, soft greens, citron, chartreuse, and soft blues.

Grey woolens for suits and street dresses will have stripes in varying shades and Miss Tree says that stripes will be most important for spring.

Thin black and white stripes will be extremely smart for daytime; very bold stripes in all the spring flower colors in chiffon for evening, as well as very broad black and white stripes in organza.

Other colors that will vie for fashion importance include the range from yellow through the various soft shades of green into sea-green, green-blue and then soft blue.

In fabrics, there will be a reaction to the smooth cloths for daytime. You will see a lot of soft sheer woolens, gabardine and men's suiting material. Net, tulle and heavy crepe are included among the fabrics for evening gowns, in addition to the striped chiffon and organza previously mentioned.

The silhouette for daytime clothes will continue to be varied. Pleats, which have faded through fall and winter, will swing again this spring. Front skirt fullness will not be as exaggerated and will be distributed more evenly. Necklines will be up to the collarbone and softly draped. The corseleted, high-low waistline will continue, but there will also be a lively trend toward bloused waistlines. Many sleeves will be full and wrist-length, caught tight into tailored cuffs. This will be a particularly interesting feature to note in blouses. Miss Tree foresees a revival of hand-embroidered and hand-tucked blouses of chiffon and sheer crepe—white or pastel. The outstanding evening silhouette will feature soft drapery.

Untrimmed coats will prevail and coats, instead of being in contrast, will match the costume. A strikingly new costume note will be found in the double-breasted, fitted coat with length halfway to the knee designed for wear over a pleated skirt.

The basic costume for spring wear will be a suit—man-tailored or dressmaker. The jackets of the tailored group definitely will be longer, but length should, of course, depend on one's individual figure, just as the day of the set rule in skirt lengths has long since passed.

Slim three-quarter length capes will be introduced for formal evening wear. They will be styled of the gown fabric and always lined with color contrast. In other words, ensembles for evening will be the thing.

Spring hats will be as gay and colorful as the season itself. There will be many felts with flower trims—very few straws except in combination with felt or fabric. Velvet hats with trim of spring flowers will be very high style. The height of crowns will not be as exaggerated. Brims will return—they will be particularly dashing in line for their smartness will be revealed by line rather than by width.

In closing, Miss Tree importantly stressed the coming shoe trends.

Shoes will be more interesting than they have been in years as there will be such a wide variation in their styling. Modified platform-sole shoes for daytime and evening will have wider appeal than ever as they make their appearance in spring's exquisite contrast color harmonies. You will find that these shoes will lend inspiration for the selection of many a costume. Sport shoes will also boast the raised sole as a leading trend.

Miss Tree foresees the biggest season yet to come for the open-toe, open-counter and cut-out vamp shoe. Sandals will be more popular than ever and the pump gain new prominence.

Many models will be styled of elastic leather, the medium which has already won its place in fashion because of the glove fit and comfort it assures. Patent will, as usual, be smart for wear with prints, as well as with the season's "greys." Doeskin, heretofore conceded to be a winter leather fashion, will be carried over into spring as well as summer models. Jersey, both silk and wool, will claim a top place in the shoe fabric spotlight.

At the close of our chat, Miss Tree gave me a peek at the clothes she created for Rita Johnson to wear in M-G-M's "The Girl Downstairs." I must tell you about one suit in particular, as it struck me as being a grand costume for wear right now.

Adapted from an English guardsman's uniform, it consisted of a double-breasted English officer's mess jacket of red woolen—with brass buttons and a little, high white collar—and a black woolen pleated skirt.

In identical mood, Miss Tree completed the suit with a busby—a guardsman's hat—of black felt with black horsehair brush trim and a chin strap.

I also glanced through the costumes Miss Tree created for the ice ballet sequences of "The Ice Follies," Joan Crawford's new M-G-M film.

This amazing group of costumes ranges from Highland kilts to modern waltz gowns and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if their several influences were felt in modern clothes overnight.

I left Miss Tree checking sketches and fabrics for Myrna Loy's wardrobe and okaying completed costumes for Virginia Bruce to wear in "Song of the West."

Now I must run on to do more fashion scouting, and let you get down to spring wardrobe planning!

Photoplay Fashions

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

THESE little casual frocks for winter's sunshine resorts will surely tempt you with their inviting price of "under $10.00" and, if winter cannot be your playtime, surely you'll want to purchase a couple of them anyway in readiness for first warm days. Betty Grable, appearing in Paramount's "Campus Confessions," poses in these charming frocks which are styled of "Spode Print" Resortalin (of Du Pont Rayon yarn). White belt, buttons and piping trim this popular two-piece model (above, left). Note the soft fullness of the skirt. (Sizes 12-20) Diagonal tucking gives smart detail to the blouse of the high-neck frock (center) which has puff sleeves, shantung collar and cuff edging, a patent belt and novelty buttons across the shoulders. (Sizes 12-20) The tailored shirtmaker frock with short sleeves (above, right) has a natural linen hemstitched collar, two breast pockets, a narrow self-fabric belt and natural wooden buttons from neck to hem. (Sizes 16-44) Betty's frock (left) also features diagonal tucks as dressmaker detail. Little puffed sleeves, a tailored collar and a cut-out patent belt give added style. (Sizes 12-20)

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

U WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SAILOR!"

REFRESHING as a breath of salt-sea air—this spanking new quartette of cruise and resort fashions by Roxford and Byron, who know their felts and straws as an admiral does his navy. "Shoreleave" (above) is a jaunty Byron sailor to be worn tilted well to starboard. Rough pineapple straw in natural, to be the smartest color of all this season, banded with admiralty blue grosgrain. Modeled by Frances Robinson, who is currently appearing in Universal's "The Last Warning." "Fore 'N Aft" (center) is a companion piece by Roxford with the new high-lo crown, raked fore 'n aft in proper nautical fashion. Of straw like your boy friend's summer topper, in the prevailing natural color to set off your cruise sunburn. Miss Robinson also wears this Roxford straw. "Gob Hat" (top), as shown on Constance Moore, who is appearing in Universal's "Buck Rogers," is an adorable felt Byron in horizon blue, with a surrealist sea gull in shocking pink and darker blue suede just about to take off from the brim. You can wear it two ways—down on one eyebrow or, if you're sporting bangs, far back on your curls. "Whitecap" (bottom) completes our nautical quartette. It's Roxford's version of the same sailor influence, with a squared-off diminutive crown in the whitest white felt with a daring, two-color suède belt in blue and gold for feminine inconsistency. Lovely Constance Moore also poses in this stunning felt

Sophisticated LADY

Rosalind Russell, of M-G-M's "The Citadel," poses in an original Mainbocher black wool crepe ankle-length dinner suit from her personal wardrobe. A silk cord muff, caught with satin bows, conceals a tiny antelope pouch purse. Beneath her lumberjack coat she wears a black, short-sleeved, circle-neck sweater vertically striped with ruby and silver sequins—her jewels are of rubies and diamonds.

Willinger

Stars of "That Certain Age"—Deanna and Juanita

Maybe she can't work "add-ups" but, with the help of her mother (above), Juanita's a whiz at diaolgue

PRECOCITY PLUS!

"Butch" to her director, "The Pest" to her pals—meet Juanita Quigley, scene-stealer supreme

BY SALLY REID

SHE did nothing so commonplace as walk into the room. She made an entrance; hesitating just the right fraction of a second in the doorway, unconsciously (I hope) permitting her unusual beauty to register and then, hand extended, an arch smile parting her lips, she advanced and greeted us with,

"Don't mind my teeth, *please*. I'm just at that in-between stage."

Juanita Quigley, seven in years, seventeen in charm and seventy in intelligence, was being interviewed.

Only a few evenings before, a Hollywood preview audience had, by their constant laughter at her comical scenes and hearty applause at her more touching ones in the picture, "That Certain Age," proclaimed Juanita an actress of unusual merit and as such had recognized and accepted her as a definite and important part of motion pictures.

It's a funny thing about Hollywood. It has completely ceased to regard child players as cute but necessary nuisances. Bitter lessons learned at troubled box offices have taught it better. Hollywood now knows it is not just the dimpled beauty of Shirley Temple, the unusual singing ability of sixteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, the plump provocativeness of Jane Withers or fresh precocity of Mickey Rooney that lured in the customers when practically all else failed. Upon Hollywood has dawned a truth; ability and intelligence are not and cannot be measured in terms of years. Behind the dimples of Temple lives a quick, penetrating mind, behind the voice of Durbin lies that directness of thought and unswerving sense of values that audiences sense, respect, admire and, more important, pay money because of it.

So luckily, at this propitious moment in cinema history, in steps Quigley. An individual, understood and respected, not because of two inch long eyelashes and round dimpling face, but because of her individualized intelligence regardless of her shortage in years. And all this in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

She seated herself on a sofa pillow on the floor, pulled her short red dress over her round, plump, hairy legs and gazed first at me and then at her mother. Waiting for the conversation to begin.

It didn't. So she began it.

"Naturally (this and the satisfying word 'personally' are her favorites), I can't remember much about my first big picture. I was only three and a half." A shrug of the shoulders and a weary roll of the eyes shoved an undeserving three and a half years right back in its disgusting place. And let there be no further peeps from that quarter.

"The name of the picture was 'Imitation of Life' with Claudette Colbert," she went on, "and I was her little girl. I remember everyone called me 'Quack Quack' because I had a duck called Quack Quack."

"Show Miss Hamilton the duck," suggested her mother, who sat across the room in calm but puzzled silence.

Juanita left the room with a slight mazurka swing.

"I can't understand her today," Mrs. Quigley remarked more to herself than to me, "she's so wound up. So talkative. She usually has little to say."

We thanked our lucky star for having chosen this opportune moment for our visit. The time when the natural show-offness of a child is in full swing.

She returned with the celluloid duck. "The prop man on 'That Certain Age' was the same prop man on 'Imitation of Life,'" she explained "and when he saw me he asked if I still remembered the duck.

"Naturally," she went on, "I had to say 'Yes.' (The eyes took a swing to the right and came back bored and weary from the journey.) "And so he brought it to me. He'd saved it all that time. And now would you like to see my upper plate? I wore it in all my scenes in 'That Certain Age.'" *(Continued on page 90)*

ROMANTIC

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC HERO

War strengthened a conviction Ronald Colman held from early childhood and launched him on a career that was to change his whole life

BY GLADYS HALL

In murmurous undertones and sometimes in headline overtones Hollywood publicized Ronald Colman, but few know the truth behind the legends the town built

THERE is always to be found one true explanation of a man's personality, and it usually goes back to his childhood experiences. Ronald Colman—frequently called shy even today, consistently called "Hollywood's man of mystery" because he has refused to have his private life publicized—was a shy, quiet and unobtrusive little fellow who loved his privacy even at the age of six. Already he had learned that to avoid trouble it was safest to keep quietly to himself; for, being the fifth child in a family of six, he had possessed a father who believed that children should be seen and not heard.

Later, at an age when he should have been romancing, he was still "keeping quietly to himself." But then there was the matter of funds also; for by this time young Ronald held down a three-legged stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Co., but at meagre pay.

Then came the World War. Ronald enlisted the day that War broke out. He quit his job and joined the London Scottish Regiment.

"I enlisted immediately," Ronald says, "more to get away from the office than because of the fighting spirit, which I did not have."

There was a month of training and then, in late September of 1914, Ronald's regiment was sent across to France as a unit of The First Hundred Thousand, Kitchener's famed "Contemptibles." Promptly upon its arrival in France, the regiment was broken up and Ronald found himself in the front line trenches. He saw action at the first battle of Ypres, then at Messines. He spent, in all, some six to eight weeks in the front line. It was, he says, "a very bad, a very messy business." At Messines, during an advance, a shell struck; there was an explosion and "an inglorious casualty"—he stumbled and fractured his ankle. When he was able to leave the field hospital the doctors ordered him back to England, where he was attached to the Highland Brigade for light duties. He went into Scotland where he did mostly clerical work. After a year of this, the ankle still unhealed, the medical board discharged him altogether and, although he tried to get into other branches of the service, he was turned down.

"The War," says Ronald, a little ruefully, "certainly taught me to value the quiet life, strengthened my conviction that to keep as far out of the range of vision as possible is to be as safe as possible.

"I am not one of those 'veterans' who look back on the War with the 'happy comrade' feeling. There may have been gay times behind the lines—I'm sure there were—but I can't remember them.

"I remember a kid of seventeen who was to make his first advance one early dawn. He was frightfully keen about it, excited. The sun shone on his face as we advanced and it made him look as though he were smiling. Maybe he

Ronnie, in 1916, as he looked when he was touring England with Denby's Pierrot Troupe

RECLUSE

Colman "took one quick gander and fled" when he saw himself on the screen for the first time—in the rôle of a Jewish pugilist (top). How was he to know that the names of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky (above, in "The Night of Love,") would make history as Hollywood's first great movie team?

was. I've never been sure about it. We reached the rise of a hill and the whole of Flanders was spread out below us. Suddenly the blast went off and there came the order to lie down, to lie flat on our stomachs so that the enemy ammunition might whistle over us. In one minute we dropped; the kid never got up again. He was killed in that first second of his war experience. The smile was wiped off with his face. The futility of it remains with me as my memory of the War.

"There is another memory, also distinct: we are a column advancing into action. We climb a hill singing, 'Are We Downhearted,' singing with the phony bravado which the hypnosis of war hysteria makes you feel is genuine bravery at the time. We reach the top of the hill still singing. And meet a wounded soldier coming down, retiring. The wounded soldier with his mutilated face, laughs at us and shouts. 'Not now you're not downhearted but you bloody soon will be!' These words were as true as any I heard spoken at the Front.

"I loathe war. I'm inclined to be bitter about the politics of munitions and real estate which are the reasons for war."

DISCHARGED from the army, the next thing Ronald had to do was get a civilian job and, as he says, "get on with the business of living while the seventeen-year-old boys carried on the business of dying."

He could have gone back to his stool in the offices of the Britain Steamship Company, but he felt that he could not face that dull routine again . . . "and still," he told me, "I did not know what I wanted to do, what I wanted to be. If I'd had a gift for writing that would have interested me. I had a strong leaning toward the medical profession, too. The war gave me that. But to study medicine or surgery was, for me, financially impossible.

"While I was stalling around during that troubled summer of 1916, I ran into an uncle of mine who was with the Foreign Office. I asked him if he could arrange an appointment for me with a consulate in the Orient. He said he'd put up my name. He'd let me know . . . and then I collided with the theater. I ran into some friends of Lena Ashwell's. Lena Ashwell was a sort of English prototype of Ethel Barrymore. Her friends, who were also acquaintances of mine, told me that Miss Ashwell was putting on a sketch at the London Coliseum and wanted a young, darkish man for a small rôle. Remembering my work with the Bancroft Club, when I first came to London, they suggested that I dash over to see Miss Ashwell. I thought that with the dearth of young men in London at that time, young men both darkish and lightish, I might do. So I dashed along and got the job and had the thrill of playing at the London Coliseum *and* the thrill of earning six pounds a week. The playlet was "The Maharanee of Arakan" by Rabindranath Tagore and I played the bit part of herald to the Princess. I wore black face, waved a flag, tooted a trumpet.

"LENA ASHWELL, incredible as it seemed to me, prophesied that I could become a great actor. Nor did she pay me compliments alone. She was kind to me in a very practical way, such as inviting me to her very exclusive luncheon parties to which only the elect of the theater world were ever bid. She introduced me to Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Charles Wyndham and others and would always preface such introductions by saying, 'Here is a boy who will do great things in the theater.'

"It is thanks to Miss Ashwell and to the interest that Sir Gerald Du Maurier took in me that I got my first sizable job, a bit in a play with Gladys Cooper. The play was "The Misleading Lady" and was a tremendous success. The reviews were excellent and my name was favorably mentioned in most of them. But even then I did not say to myself, 'I am an actor! This is my job.' I still felt a passionate predilection for the theater. But I did decide to bide my time, to let Fate decide my future for me. . . .

"And then occurred one of those coincidences which give to life its fictional quality. Sitting alone in my flat one evening, reading an encouraging review of my performance in the play, word came that my uncle had obtained a promise of a position for me in an Oriental consulate. I held the review in one hand, my uncle's note in the other. What to do? I knew that I had to decide, then. No flashlight exploded in my brain leaving there an illuminated answer to my problem. I remember that a mere drop of the hand, a reflex action, decided it for me. For automatically I dropped the note on my desk and went on reading the review. And my choice was made. It would be 'good copy' to say that I paced the floor, downing whiskies and sodas the while I wrestled at the crossroads. But I didn't. I made suitable expressions of gratitude to my uncle for the trouble he had taken and that was that."

So the young man, who didn't know that he wanted to be an actor, continued on the stage

(Continued on page 77)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 46)

That's the way it is as we go to press. The little manicurist Cinderella, who never asked for fame at all, and who may not keep it long, will perhaps find something better She may find happiness with a Prince Charming whose love and loyalty will help her to forget that Hollywood too often deserves its name of "Heartbreak Town."

You Have Our Blessing, Children

WE'VE decided Carole Lombard is the absolutely ideal girl for Clark Gable. Here's why we think so.

Completely unselfish, Carole forgot her likes and dislikes and took up, wholeheartedly, the sport best loved by Clark—shooting. First, by endless hours of practice, she became an expert at skeet shooting.

Next, she turned her attention to duck shooting, Gable's favorite sport, and became equally proficient. Even if it meant getting up at four o'clock of a cold, foggy morning to get to the blinds by daybreak, Carole was up at 3:30 and had the sandwiches prepared for the day.

"She's a better man than any of the crowd who go," a friend told me, "and the last to say 'Let's rest.'

"She goes out wading after her own ducks and once when Gable suffered an injured leg she went after his ducks, too. If necessary, she'll clean her own ducks like the rest of us and light her own cigarettes. She asks and expects nothing in the way of favors.

"Sometimes I look at her traipsing down the long dusty roads, the seat of her hunting trousers bagging behind, her hunting cap (the darndest I've ever seen) plopped squarely on her head and I think 'There goes Hollywood's glamour queen. And there goes, by gum, the best sport with the stoutest heart of anyone in Hollywood.'"

Temple, Businesswoman

SHE finished the scene and walked off the set unsmilingly, her little mouth decidedly drooping at the corners.

The property men exchanged glances of surprise and Director Walter Lang turned to his assistant with an inquiring glance. It was the first time anyone could ever remember when Shirley Temple hadn't gone out of a scene with a smile.

Following her into her trailer, Director Lang, really troubled, asked Shirley the reason for the blues.

"Don't you like me, Shirley?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I do, Mr. Lang," she answered. (But the dimples failed to appear.) Only by coaxing was the reason for Shirley's sadness revealed.

It seemed all the other children were punching the set time clock but she.

"They clear forgot about me," she said.

It was explained that the new time clocks were to be punched only by actors who made less than $1000 a week. "You see," she was told, "it's the new way of keeping track of their time. And you make much more than $1000 a week."

"Well, couldn't it be arranged so I could make $1000 a week, too," Shirley asked, "and then I could punch a card like the other children?"

They compromised and sent out for a time clock all Shirley's own. This she punches with great glee before and after *every scene*.

"Keeping track," she explains.

What-Goes-on-Here

SHE wore a gray felt hat that flopped over one eye. She stopped her car before an Encina real-estate office out in the Valley.

Her heavy stockings beneath the plain skirt were strikingly noticeable as she alighted from the car and entered the office.

"I am looking for the new estate of Mr. George Brent," she said in tones that bore marked traces of a Swedish accent.

The realtor stared hard, gave the directions and watched from the doorway as she drove away.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," he muttered to himself.

He'll be doggoned? Well, what about us!

Bigger and Better Bergen

THE song, "She's the Girlfriend of the Whirling Dervish," has been changed in Hollywood to "She's the Girlfriend of Edgar Bergen," for no sooner does Edgar get himself properly interested in a young lady than along comes some swain, usually Ken Murray, and steals her away from McCarthy's mentor.

At a party recently, Edgar amazed the guests by escorting four beautiful young ladies—Anita Louise, Helen Woods, Andrea Leeds and Florence Heller.

"Why, Edgar, how come?" cried the hostess.

"Well, I'll tell you," Bergen explained. "Rudy Vallee is in town and I thought maybe if I came with four, Rudy or Ken or some of the other fellows would have a heart and leave me at least one."

Edgar went home with the hostess' aunt.

Confidentially—About Gable:

IT occurred to us while we patiently waited in Clark Gable's portable dressing room for Clark to finish a scene with Norma Shearer for "Idiot's Delight," that maybe you, too, would like to know something about that famous Gable dressing room which is wheeled from set to set.

The walls, to begin with, are knotty pine. The dressing table, also knotty pine, is bare and simple, with a single mirror and two lights. There is no make-up kit anywhere in sight. Two ample-sized brass ash trays are fastened to the walls—one by the red leather divan and one by the red leather easy chair, the only two articles of furniture.

A cigarette box is nailed down by the built-in dressing table. Two prints, the tally-ho type, are nailed to the walls. There is a clothes closet without a single garment in it. Only an empty box lies on its floor.

The day we were there, two scripts of "Idiot's Delight," one opened to that day's scene, lay on the dressing table that contained no powder, comb, brush —nothing to make our hero beautiful.

But on a small built-in shelf lay what seemed to us the oddest selection of books, for Gable, we could imagine. One, autographed by its author, Maurine Watkins, was labeled "Chicago"; another, "After the Storm," was also autographed by its author, Arlo D. Pollock.

But the third formed a climax that even now stops us in traffic for a moment's reflection. It was called "The Parnell Movement with a Sketch of Irish Parties from 1843."

I mean, wouldn't you think he'd want to forget? Or doesn't he even know it's there?

Rosalind Russell with Frank Delano at the Troc in the town's most knock-the-eye-out dress, a corselet and matching mad cap

A rare shot of the Lewis Stones. The popular "Judge Hardy" has reached his eighteenth milestone as a screen star—a swell record

Portrait of a New Star

ANNA MAY, recently risen to fame in RKO's "Gunga Din," is thirty years old and a spinster by choice. She has had many suitors in her day, but none that pleased her.

Quiet and conservative, she dislikes frills and folderols and was known during the filming of "Gunga Din" to object so strenuously to wearing a jeweled headpiece that they cut it out of the script. She did consent, however, to don false eyelashes, since her own failed to photograph.

Anna May is something of a moralist. If her manager stays out late, she scolds loudly until he returns. She is also a tobacco addict, with a special yen for cigarettes, which disappear in her presence with disconcerting rapidity.

She is inordinately lazy, insisting on riding on various "Gunga Din" excursions when she was perfectly able to walk. Still, her earnings in pictures are sufficient to support three friends.

Like many women, she goes in for trick diets and will make a whole meal on carrots and perhaps a melon or two, including the rind. Like many women, she is terribly afraid of thunder and lightning and on the "Gunga Din" location at Lone Pine disrupted many a scene by her nervousness during bad weather. Also like many women, she harbors a strong affection for Cary Grant and used to follow him around at Lone Pine, much to his embarrassment.

There are a few rather queer things about Anna May, too. She likes to sleep standing up. She has ears something like Clark Gable's. And she eats a bale of hay a day.

Still, these aren't too queer when you remember that, after all, Anna May is an elephant.

Stuttering Stork

ANDY DEVINE, about to be a proud papa for the second time, went through a strenuous time just recently trying to explain things to his four-year-old

(Continued on page 70)

With a home in the East now, Lily Pons was a "visiting fireman" when she went to Hollywood recently. At a party in her honor—Constance Collier, Basil Rathbone, Lily and her hostess, Gladys Swarthout

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "UNION PACIFIC"

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be soft and smooth. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use the screen stars' soap—Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

(Continued from page 68)

Tad. It was a tough job.

"The stork is bringing our baby," Andy explained over and over.

"What stork?" asked Tad. "The one in the cage over at Catalina?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it can't get out of the cage."

"Why is that stork in the cage?"

"Because," Andy cried, "it's too old to bring babies!"

That evening Carole Lombard came over to the Devines for dinner.

"Oh hello, Goldilocks," Tad cried, using his pet name for Carole. "We're going to have a new baby."

"Well, fine," said Carole. "Who's going to bring it?"

"Oh," shrugged Tad, "some old bird. Even daddy can't make up his mind about it."

Money Speaks Louder Than Words

IT is now a matter of public record that Father Flanagan received less than nothing, in comparison to the terrific profit M-G-M has made on the picture "Boys Town." So the good Father and Bishop Ryan journeyed back to Hollywood in the hopes of getting greater compensation and proving to the world that his school is still badly in need. At M-G-M, Mr. Mayer gave a huge luncheon. Father Flanagan was praised to the sky. There was great to-do, with Father Flanagan still wondering just how all this was going to help his great cause. Finally, it was announced that M-G-M would donate a small building. All of which helped, but "Boys Town" on the screen is still ahead in the big money. Just before he left Hollywood, Father Flanagan was talking to an M-G-M star.

"Next time I come to Hollywood," said the priest, "I'm going to get myself an agent!"

Foreign War Averted

ALL is quiet on the dressing-room front, out M-G-M way. But there was a bit of excitement when Franciska Gaal heard that Garbo was back on the lot. In no uncertain terms, Franciska, who was occupying the Garbo suite, announced that she would not give it up. She was assured that she would not have to. Garbo would be asked to take another suite and that was that. What they didn't tell Franciska was that she had been given the *old* Garbo suite. A gorgeously decorated suite in the new dressing-room building was all ready and waiting for Greta to move in.

A Fog A Day

SPECIAL effects experts of Hollywood have a right to the title of Miracle Men. Take, for instance, the case of Paul Widlicska, expert fog-maker at the Goldwyn Studios. During the filming of "The Cowboy and the Lady" a shipboard scene featuring heavy fog was called for. But, on that particular day, Merle Oberon was also featuring a heavy cold and was under doctor's orders to stay away from fogs of all types as well as drafts. What to do? Widlicska emerged with a medicinal fog —believe that or not. He merely added a little eucalyptus oil to the fog solution —and, as a direct result, Merle came out of the scene minus the cold in her head.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Ann Sheridan in "Always Leave Them Laughing"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 83.

1. In "Song of the West" this actor will get a he-man build-up and have a fist fight with Victor McLaglen:
Nelson Eddy **Robert Taylor**
John Beal **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

2. Mary von Losch is the real name of this glamour girl:
Ilona Massey **Marlene Dietrich**
Sigrid Gurie **Annabella**

3. One of these actors is the captain of filmdom's cricket team:
Warner Baxter **Ronald Colman**
Basil Rathbone **C. Aubrey Smith**

4. This actress' real name is Louise Dantzler:
Mary Brian **Barbara Stanwyck**
Louise Campbell **Sally Eilers**

5. Before she got her break in pictures, she used to run an elevator in a Chicago department store:
Jane Wyman **Jean Arthur**
Dorothy Lamour **Claire Trevor**

6. His performance in the play, "The Last Mile," gave this actor his chance in movies:
Ralph Bellamy **Spencer Tracy**
Leif Eriksen **Ray Milland**

7. The real name of this attractive actress is Ann La Hiff:
Maureen O'Sullivan **Nancy Carroll**
Paulette Goddard **Joan Blondell**

8. In Hollywood vernacular, "best boy" means:
A temperamental outburst by a star
An actor who wears a toupee
The assistant to the head electrician on the set
A dual rôle

9. And "put a tail on the tiger" means:
To plug the sound equipment to the camera
To connect the telephone on the set
To light the overhead lights
Take your places on the set for rehearsal

10. Lucille Langhanke is the real name of this red-headed actress:
Lucille Ball **Andrea Leeds**
Rosalind Russell **Mary Astor**

11. More stars in Hollywood come from this state than from any other state in the country. About eighty stars hail from:
New York **Texas**
Montana **Nebraska**

12. This actor was doing household chores for his room and board when he was given a contract:
Louis Hayward **Tyrone Power**
Allan Jones **Michael Whalen**

13. William Henry Pratt is this actor's real name:
Boris Karloff **Eduardo Ciannelli**
Douglas Fowley **Hugh Herbert**

14. The first picture made in California was released as a one-reeler. The name of it was:
"The Birth of a Nation"
"The Count of Monte Cristo"
"The Woman God Forgot"
"Ben Hur"

15. What actress is called "Spuds" by all her friends—because she loves potatoes?
Joan Crawford **Bette Davis**
Claudette Colbert **Priscilla Lane**

16. This star's right name is Virginia McMath:
Alice Faye **Marie Wilson**
Frances Dee **Ginger Rogers**

17. Studio dramatic schools devote more time to instructing starlets on this important factor in correct movie drama technique than any other single point:
Correct posture
Display of emotion
Proper breathing
What to do with the hands

18. John Blythe is his real name:
Robert Montgomery **John Payne**
John Boles **John Barrymore**

19. This actor was once a new York policeman:
Dick Foran **Phil Regan**
Fred MacMurray **Preston Foster**

20. This handsome young actor's real name is La Verne Brown:
John Trent **Richard Greene**
Alan Marshall **Joel McCrea**

Good Luck!

SIDNEY TOLER is on a spot. No other film personality has been faced with quite the situation in which he now finds himself as the successor to the late Warner Oland's rôle of *Charlie Chan*. As the new *Charlie*, he must play a part already fixed in the minds of his audience, a tough job for any actor.

He says, though, that he will not play Warner Oland, but *Charlie Chan*—that he will present, not Oland's, but his own conception of the famous hero of 20th Century-Fox's popular picture series.

Toler is strictly American; was born in Warrensburg, Missouri. There was a Toler along with Captain John Smith when the latter founded Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

Will his conception of the character of *Charlie Chan* be accepted by his countrymen and the rest of the world? Well, even he cannot answer that. He can only do his best.

Look-Alikes?

FRED ASTAIRE may be very particular about publicizing his home life, his wife and family. But Fred hasn't lost his sense of humor or his perspective on himself. Sitting in his dressing room one lunch hour, Fred picked up the morning paper. There, in glaring headlines, was the latest account of Laurel and Hardy splitting up and the studio's search for new partners.

"I'm the closest thing they'll ever find to Stan Laurel," cracked Fred. "Wonder if Babe Hardy could use me."

The Great McCarthy Feuds—And How!

CHARLIE McCARTHY has turned his attention from his old feuding pal, W. C. Fields, to Jack Benny. The latest prank he's played on Jack has the whole town laughing. It happened this way:

The Masquers Club in Hollywood telephoned Jack to leave town so they could give him a farewell party.

Jack, overcome at the honor, packed his grip and announced he was leaving for Palm Springs.

The party night arrived and Jack, all dressed up and face glowing, arrived at the club. But, to his consternation, he found that the gloating Guest of Honor was none other than Charlie. The party had been given in honor of Charlie's becoming a member and not one Masquer seemed to have any knowledge of a farewell party for anyone named Jack Benny.

You're right. It was Charlie on the phone and now Benny doesn't know whether to laugh at Charlie or give dirty looks in Edgar Bergen's direction.

How to Stay Married

NOW that Jack Oakie and his wife, Venita Varden, have made up, Jack steps up with a little advice to husbands.

"If you diet, keep your sense of humor; don't grouch and don't take it out on your family.

"I realize now that while I was shedding those sixty-eight pounds I was a pretty cranky person to get along with. But no more. I'm going to try to keep my shape and my wife at the same time. I'll do my next dieting with a smile—or I won't diet."

Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM

WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE — THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*

Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: " 'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health.** I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (*now Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up.**"

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Play Truth and Consequences With Jean Arthur

(Continued from page 14)

—but almost never tell one what to do or what not to do. Nevertheless, I doubt whether I'm the kind of a person who could follow the advice of anyone who is not near and dear to me.

7. (Q) What do you consider your finest picture portrayal?
(A) I haven't done it as yet.

8. (Q) Do you have a bad temper?
(A) I'm afraid I have, because I flare up quickly and say and do things I later regret. But, in self-defense, I must admit that I'm beginning to avoid situations in which I might lose my temper.

9. (Q) What was the last lie you told?
(A) The last lie I told was—pleading a previous engagement because I wanted to stay home and read rather than go to a party that would have been strenuous and enervating.

10. (Q) Who are your two favorite living stars—male and female?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Pose for us as all three characters of the famous painting, "The Spirit of '76.")

11. (Q) When have you ever used glycerine in crying scenes?
(A) I have never used glycerine.

12. (Q) Why do you dislike to give interviews?
(A) I dislike giving interviews because some interviewers ask stars the kind of questions they wouldn't put to their best friends. I don't feel that my ideas and opinions are important enough to be broadcast. Also, I find it difficult to open up easily with persons I don't know well.

13. (Q) Do you feel that you lost popularity when you were away from the screen?
(A) Perhaps, but I was very fortunate to have the opportunity of returning to the screen in "You Can't Take It With You." I would rather make very few, but very good pictures which audiences will remember and me along with them, than be on the screen constantly in the kind of pictures that might result in an even greater loss of popularity.

14. (Q) Are you a fan of Shirley Temple?
(A) I think everyone in the picture business is a fan of Shirley Temple—I've never worked with her, but I like to watch her pictures because she seems to do with ease and nonchalance what so many of us strive very hard to achieve.

15. (Q) What characteristic of Hollywood and Hollywood people annoys you most?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Draw a picture of yourself at your favorite pastime.)

16. (Q) Of what are you most afraid?
(A) I am most afraid of intolerance, world chaos, lack of understanding among human beings—and spiders.

17. (Q) What is the smallest amount of money per week you have ever had to get along on?
(A) The smallest amount of money I ever had to get along on (there were two of us, my mother and myself) was $18 a week—sometimes not every week.

18. (Q) Have you ever heard any unflattering remarks about yourself when you have been sitting in the audience at one of your own pictures?
(A) At one preview a woman (not a lady) behind me kept saying "Oh, isn't she *fresh*—I just can't stand her!" By the time the picture was finally over I was convinced I was such a miserable thing I didn't have nerve enough to walk out of the theater.

19. (Q) If the United States should go to war, how would you try to influence your husband on the subject of his enlisting?
(A) If there were a war I would do everything in my power to keep my husband from going. I would even shoot off his big toe and if every woman in the whole world would do the same thing there wouldn't be any more wars.

20. (Q) Have you ever listened in on crossed wires, or eavesdropped in any way, and what is the most interesting thing you heard?
(A) Yes, I've listened at the ventilator in my apartment in New York to the couple fighting next door.

21. (Q) Do you put your hair up in curlers or such at night?
(A) Wish I could sleep on them—it would save a lot of money.

22. (Q) Do you use a chin strap?
(A) I should when I read, as I sit with my chin on my chest and curled up like a pretzel. After three tries I gave it up.

23. (Q) Have you ever cheated in a game? When?
(A) No.

24. (Q) What is your opinion of your disposition?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Pose for us in a football uniform.)

25. (Q) Which of your pictures did you see the greatest number of times, and how many?
(A) I see only the final preview of my pictures.

26. (Q) Do you prefer men or women friends? Who are some of them?
(A) I have no preference as to men or women friends—I have several of each and find them equally stimulating. I don't believe in capitalizing on my friends for publicity purposes.

27. (Q) If you had the choice of meeting Garbo or the Duchess of Windsor, whom would you prefer to meet and why?
(A) I should prefer to meet Garbo because I not only consider her the greatest screen actress, but because everyone who has met her personally says her personality is even more vital in private life than on the screen.

28. (Q) What things do you consider that you do better than your husband?
(A) Make a fire in the fireplace.

29. (Q) When you read the papers which items and departments interest you most?
(A) Movie and international news.

30. (Q) What scene of dialogue in "You Can't Take It With You" was most difficult for you?
(A) My part in "You Can't Take It With You" was all pretty difficult because *Alice Sycamore* is purely ingénue and that is the hardest thing to play.

31. (Q) Do you have a keen interest in reading articles about yourself?
(A) It has the fascination of a horrible accident.

32. (Q) What have you ever done, or said, to shock your friends and family?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Allow us to print a picture which looks the least like you, taken from your personal collection of snap shots.)

33. (Q) What is the item in your scrapbook which you prize most?
(A) Reviews of the plays I did in New York—even the bad ones.

34. (Q) Have you ever had any experience to make you believe in mental telepathy?
(A) I only know that thinking speaks louder than words.

35. (Q) Do you ever get loud or noisy, and under what circumstances?
(A) When I play the "Acting Out" game, or some other guessing games, I get excited sometimes and yell like mad.

36. (Q) What conduct marks did you usually receive in school?
(A) I was angelic.

37. (Q) Of whom have you ever been envious?
(A) I am extremely envious of people with curly hair.

38. (Q) What's your favorite cuss word?
(A) Aw, nuts!

39. (Q) By what term of endearment do you usually address your husband? What is his for you?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Write a fan letter to Charlie McCarthy.)

40. (Q) Were you ever jealous of another actress in any of your pictures?
(A) In "You Can't Take It With You" I couldn't help envying Ann Miller's wonderful dancing ability.

41. (Q) What efforts do you make to keep your figure?
(A) None.

42. (Q) What piece of Hollywod gossip have you heard recently which you passed on to your friends?
(A) I don't like gossip, Hollywood or otherwise—either to hear it or to relay it.

43. (Q) What is your sore spot? What one thing called to your attention "gripes" you more than anything else?
(A) It really "gripes" me to be accused of something I have not done. But in gossip columns this is continually happening to the people in our profession. A great actor once said never to answer critics whether they were for or against one—but this doesn't prevent you from "dreaming up" a nice black eye or teeth knocked out!

44. (Q) As a young girl, who were your movie crushes?
(A) Mary Pickford and Mary Pickford.

45. (Q) Did you ever write a fan letter, and to whom?
(A) Mary Pickford.

46. (Q) What is the extravagance you can't resist?
(A) Buying hats for my mother she never wears.

47. (Q) In shopping do you believe that a salesperson rates you as an enjoyable customer?
(A) I dislike shopping and never do it unless I have to. I usually know exactly what I want or never take long to make up my mind, so, if that's an asset in a customer, I have it.

48. (Q) Based on your early experience as a photographers' and artists' model, would you call it a safe, or a dangerous profession for a young girl?
(A) It's just hard work, believe me.

49. (Q) What unbecoming personal mannerism have you had to fight to overcome?
(A) Frowning without realizing it.

50. (Q) What character have you played which you consider most nearly like yourself, and why?
(A) I don't think I've ever played a character who was particularly like myself.

51. (Q) Of all the leading men you have worked with, with whom did you enjoy working least?
(A) Miss Arthur took the consequences. (Outline three consequences for the next star that plays this game.)

52. (Q) Do you rinse out your own stockings? Shampoo your hair?
(A) I have rinsed out plenty of stockings.—I can't get the soap out of my hair.

53. (Q) In what instances have you been a "sucker" for high-pressure salesmanship?
(A) I came home with five pounds of "Sing-ie Bird Seed" and I had no canaries.

54. (Q) What is your real name?
(A) Mrs. Frank J. Ross, Jr.

Men's Eyes

light...linger longer
on a slender, youthful figure...and
figures stay that way longer
if you keep them in
Foundettes

This smooth persuader is MUNSINGWEAR'S *new* Foundette *pantie-girdle. Cut high in front for extra diaphragm control. Cut longer over the legs, so there's no chance for bulge. Luxurious exclusive lace of silk, cotton and "Lastex"* with one-way stretch "Lastex"* faille panel. Style 4208. At better stores.* MUNSINGWEAR, INC., MINNEAPOLIS. **Knit of "Lastex" yarn.*

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IN THE MORNING: Apply Angelus Lipstick.

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You Simply Use this SPECIAL Lipstick that's made to Blend with the Color of Human Blood

IT'S GAY AND ALLURING—YET WITHOUT A TRACE OF THAT HARSH, "WET-PAINT" LOOK MEN DESPISE

HERE'S a *special type* of lipstick that gives your lips an enchantment you never dreamed possible.

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For a blue-red shade to perfectly match this seasons most popular costumes try

FORMAL RED

Lipstick #404 - Rouge Incarnat #405

AT ANY DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE.

Melvyn of the Movies

(Continued from page 17)

Canada, did not bring the mental chaos of the other changes and Melvyn Hesselberg could mention casually to schoolmates that his father was teaching in the Conservatory of Music.

And there was being twelve, and a strange, puzzling, uncomfortable change within himself; and soon after, in the next year, there was falling in love for the first time—since falling in love was now possible and young Melvyn never the one to take tardy advantage of any situation.

THE August, 1914 afternoon was bright with sun but the wooded lawn of the library had five or six lakes of shade on it, under the canopies of old trees. Gratefully sprawled beneath the largest of the sycamores, a half dozen adolescents waited for a cooler hour. They were at peace, their talk fragmentary.

"I'm going to the matinee downtown this afternoon," one of the youngsters put in irrelevantly. "They're showing a Western. It's got Bill Hart in it."

Melvyn stood up. "I'll go with you."

The boy who had spoken shifted uncomfortably. "I—I'm taking a girl—a girl I met last week. Her father works in the shops. She's gonna meet me down at the corner by the mail-box." Suddenly the boy's expression changed. "Your mother won't let you know that kinda girl, Melvyn."

In the other's grin young Master Hesselberg caught a shade of forbidden wisdom. He did not know what it meant, but with all his vital young heart he resented it. Here again were the implications of his sheltered life and his mother-inspired attitudes, as there had been so many implications in the grins of so many boys before. Melvyn was big for his age—long-boned and tall and lean muscled—and when he let the boy get up from the ground five minutes later that boy's nose was gory and one of his front teeth wobbled as he snuffled.

That same afternoon Melvyn, his hair brushed and his bruises washed, walked slowly up to the corner with the mail-box and tipped his hat to the young, dark-haired lady who (with obvious impatience) waited there.

"Jimmy's had a little accident," he told her.

"Bad?" she questioned. "I mean, is he going to die?"

Melvyn shoved his skinned right hand into a pocket. "He'll be all right, but he said would I take you to the show. I said sure." He waited.

After a hesitant moment she said, "Well, let's go."

Melvyn was suddenly shaky with relief.

They held hands during the picture, in the gloom of the little theater. During the intermission, while reels were changed, the pianist banged out a new song, "Poor Butterfly"; and another, "Pretty Baby."

Then, suddenly, the lights went on, the piano wavered to silence, the manager of the theater stepped out on the stage. He stood, his arms raised for attention. His voice was harsh with excitement.

"England has declared war on Germany!" he shouted.

The words, like an electric impulse, fused the small audience into explosion. When the confusion had died down—the frantic singing of "God Save the King" and the jostling of some to leave the building as if the manager's cry had been "Fire!" Melvyn found the girl had gone. He never saw her again.

He had had, that summer, a job as errand boy for a drug store, but the following spring, when school was out, he looked around for a job that would get him away from home for a few months. His mind did not construct this desire in any analytical terms—he was just fed up. But the oppression that suffocated him could be translated in terms of his mother's increasing supervision of his personal life, of the Sunday Salons when he was instructed to make sandwiches and later serve them to the small group of intellectuals who were his parents' guests.

Word came to him of a farmer who needed a hand for the season, and would pay room and board and ten dollars a month. Melvyn had it out with his family and took the job. It was his first open revolt.

His boss was a hard-bitten old Canadian, with a lean and disillusioned ancient for a wife (a bun of mouse-colored hair was coiled stingily on her lean neck) and a highly unattractive daughter whose virtue, though never so far the object of attack, was guarded zealously by word and shotgun. Here, in a draughty farmhouse eight miles from civilization, Melvyn had his first taste of hard living. He was worked pitilessly during the hot day, starved on a diet of boiled potatoes and fat salt pork, and presented with religious tracts in lieu of entertainment.

In the second month, on an afternoon bursting with heat, he was sent to hoe some rows in a potato patch. Exhausted, he lay down for a moment to rest and fell asleep. The farmer discovered him, fired him on the spot, refused him the second installment of the ten dollars due him, and let him walk the eight miles to the railway.

He made the long trek without stopping, his throat aching with swallowed tears, his face black with the dust his feet struck up. Despite what had happened, he did not want to go home; there was only one consolation. The daughter, starved for love and in love with him, had been getting reckless. In the end, he might even have had to run away on his own initiative.

BACK in Toronto, he faced again the life he knew, and winced at the sight of it. He was fifteen now, precociously tall, with a light stubble of beard which, to his delight, needed shaving. He looked at least eighteen. All about him the home-office-inspired patriotism of that year seethed furiously; as he walked down the streets recruiting officers, with fanatic looks in their eyes, caught at his arm and enjoined him to enter the Cause. "A big guy like you," they said, "staying safely at home while the Kaiser raises hell Over There. . . ."

Staying safely at home . . . the phrase caught in his mind, washed back and forth like a little soup in the bottom of a bowl, worked at last into an idea for escape. That winter, his ideas and attitudes still muddled, his emotions still curdled by adolescence, but with his obsession for freedom from family ties coloring them all, Melvyn went to a recruiting office, swore by what the world then held holy that he was eighteen, and joined the 48th Highlanders.

He faced Edouard and Lena that night, white-faced. "A man has to do something about this thing," he told them passionately. "I've done it and it's too late to change it now."

"That," murmured Professor Hesselberg softly, "is what you think."

The next morning Edouard had a little chat with certain officials, with the

immediate result that Melvyn was quietly released from service, and further, that he was sent back to school with his allowance curtailed and his young mind more confused—and embittered—than ever. If before he had been even faintly uncertain about the motive of his rebellion, now that uncertainty was gone for all time; only now he would know better. He would not trust anyone again, ever.

Thus, the following summer, he made no mention of his plans, but got a job with an iron foundry (engaged in munitions manufacture) and held it for days before reporting his activities to his family. By this time—he was almost sixteen now—he was achieving a more intellectual concept of his views, of his fight against the small traditions, the convenient conventions; wherefore he wore his grime and his overalls with certain pride, found a kind of pleasureable release in sweating elbow to elbow with immigrants, in catching the same trolleys with them at the end of a day's work.

The Hesselbergs maintained a plaintive silence, made no attempt to stop him.

IT was that year that he met another girl. She is important solely because she implanted in his mind the seed of the stage as a possible future. He had seen her often before—third from the left, front row, at the burlesque which, in company with other hooky players of his class, he viewed each Friday afternoon.

Actually he met her for the first time on the aft deck of the boat going to Center Island.

Rather, she met him. She came to stand beside him at the rail. Just below, the close-in wake was liquid churned quartz while a harvest moon painted the far surface a fantastic soft yellow.

She was small, with a body of languid movement, under-toned with excitement. Immediately he was enormously aware of her.

"Hello." The voice belonged. For a time they stood in silence.

"I'll see you on the Island?" he asked finally.

They were almost there. She nodded.

There was a flamboyance, an intense meaning to that week end. . . .

ON the last night they sat side-by-side on the sand, looking out at the calm lake. He had not told his age. There had been no need. But she had confided to him that she was seventeen; and further, that she was fascinated by him.

He had not even thought of laughing. Besides, she had an idea. "I could get you on as a juvenile with the troupe," she was saying now. "You want to get away—" (He had told her a little of himself, not too much) "—and we're leaving on tour next week. Otherwise—I'll never see you again."

He took her in his arms with that. *Why not go?* his mind said. *Why not?* But another section of his brain, a section rooted in his training, intruded with cold perception.

This girl is not really the girl, not really your life.

"I've got to check at home," he told her at last. "There are things—" He held her closer.

"You know I'm crazy about you. I'll let you know about everything tomorrow."

But he didn't.

And after that there was his father's sudden decision to move to Lincoln, Nebraska, to take a teaching post there. Now it was 1917, and a New Year's Day snow covered Rasputin's fresh grave and the Lincoln intellectuals gave a succession of parties for the Hesselbergs and their son. March came, and the Tsar of all the Russians signed his abdication, and Melvyn fell in love again—with a shop girl this time. It was April, and Commodore Vanderbilt put his wife into one of the Lusitania's life boats before going back to his cigar in the splintered lounge, and Melvyn's fraternity politely refused to see him through formal initiation because of the shop girl, and the French retreated at Champagne, and the United States said, "Lafayette, move over."

Twelve months went by, during which the fraternity did not after all go to hell, as Melvyn had suggested, but to France. And the Hesselbergs, firmly if casually, squeezed the shop girl out of Melvyn's time and, finally, out of his thoughts.

It was April, of 1918, and suddenly, as a result of all these things—as a result of being seventeen; as a result of mental catharsis—the "light" came to Melvyn Hesselberg with so shattering a roar that even in this present year, it is still shaking him.

The scattered portions of his personality came together and jelled. He was his own man, possessed of his own will, his own ego, his own inescapable destiny and none of these things, except in retrospect or in origin, had anything to do with Edouard and Lena Hesselberg. These people were there still; they were his; they were even once more beloved; but the bonds were broken.

HE joined the army the next day. He said to Edouard that night, "If you go to them and tell them I've lied about my age they'll courtmartial me and I'll get a turn in the penitentiary." And such was his only son's assurance, newfound, his certain conviction, that the Professor believed him.

The story of Melvyn's eleven months in the United States A.E.F. is the story of any youngster's 1918 experience. He was not sent across. Melvyn Hesselberg, first class private, was sent from Omaha to Fort Logan, in Colorado, where he learned ten good stories, and drilled and, when possible, got slightly high.

He was transferred to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and there learned seventeen better stories, and drilled, and got even higher in a local dance hall. He did these things in company with his fellows, as did all the doughboys. It was the same story. Except for one thing. . . .

Toward the end of the summer his company was moved from the dusty heat swamp of Wyoming to Camp Lewis, Washington, where cathedral pines towered into a clear, cool sky and where somehow the ragged lost spirits of the men were softened a little. The entertainment here was in Tacoma, at the Soldiers and Sailors Club, which had a distinct respectability. Here came the daughters of fine Tacoma families, inspired by unselfish patriotism (and the chance at a good time) to lighten the lives of the soldier-boys in divers ways.

And on one September night to this place came Melvyn, newly a sergeant, seeking light romance.

He found Anne Dawson (we shall call her that) and love—not as he had ever known it, not as he had ever believed it could be.

From one love to another—from Shakespeare to religious revivals and from family intolerance to the freer life that is Hollywood. Melvyn Douglas goes blithely. Continue the hitherto untold story of his fascinating and dangerous life In March Photoplay

"Beautiful HANDS are essential for Charm," says Madeleine Carroll*

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"Have lovely smooth hands", advises Madeleine Carroll, co-star in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Jergens Lotion helps prevent ugly roughness and chapping; furnishes beautifying moisture for hand skin.

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TRY THE NEW Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Daily use helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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Lovers Courageous

(Continued from page 13)

two people who found their ultimate happiness, not through fame and success, but through heartache and despair.

It was back in Dubuque, Iowa, that Father Shechy introduced Don to little Honore Prendergast, aged thirteen. They were at a school party.

"Just puppy love," smiled the reverend Father to Don's mother, who came to him about it a short time later. "Just puppy love."

But it was Father Shechy who married the two of them in 1932.

In the beginning, Don had his ups and downs in the theatrical world. Honore smiled through it all, and they had lots of fun anyway, even though there wasn't always a lot of money and it was hard to make toast that first year without burning it. But there really wasn't anything to worry about. If she could just keep Don from playing long shots at the races everything would be all right. "I can manage," she said to herself stoutly.

When Hollywood brought fame and fortune to the Ameches by way of screen and radio, Honore still managed. Donnie and Ronnie, now aged five and three respectively, came along and they had to be managed, too. Don was away all day at the studio and radio station, but he always got home early, in time for a romp with the little boys. "One day," he would tell the youngsters, "you two young fellows will have a little sister. She will make you behave yourselves."

"When, Daddy?" Donnie would ask. "When will we get a sister?"

"One of these days," Don would answer. "Then you will have to watch out."

And always there was Honore's smile to envelope the three of them like a golden light. Honore, always there, ready to kiss away bumps, tie up sore fingers, soothe away little boys' cares and heartaches, and a big boy's fatigue after a long tiring day.

But the morning came when Honore herself was tired. Don went about curiously elated in his anxiety. During the day he talked to five-year-old Donnie on the telephone, telling him to be sure to take good care of Mommie. And in the evening he talked more and more about how to take care of a baby sister in case one should come along. Sons Donnie and Ronnie listened gravely, impressed with the responsibility that they would one day have, if they were lucky.

"What if we got a brother, Daddy?" Donnie would ask. "Do I have to like him? Or can I treat him as mean as I treated Ronnie?"

"You better make up your mind to make the best of him," Don would answer. "Maybe some day we might be able to exchange him for a girl." And he would look over Ronnie's curly head and smile at Honore, and she would smile at him. They were very happy. . . .

ONE day, not so many weeks later, Tom Nair, an attorney friend of mine, called on me in my hospital room. He had just returned from a successful business trip and was in the mood for talking. Finally, he got around to discussing the new streamlined trains. "By the way, Don Ameche was on the same train with me," he stated. "We spent a lot of time together. I made a bet with him that the stork would bring the Ameche family another boy."

"He wanted a little girl, didn't he?" I asked, thinking of the man in the chapel.

"Yes," said Tom, "but he's a fool about kids. I guess if it's a boy he will be willing to keep it."

"Mrs. Ameche is here now," I told him.

"So I read. I sent Don a note yesterday congratulating him in advance and hoping he loses."

I felt queer. "Yesterday," I said, "you both lost. . . ."

Tom said, "My God!"

* * *

Again I saw a man praying—praying this time, not for the little girl who was now only a rosebud dream, but for the little girl's mother, Honore, who lay so pale and still in a hospital bed, her hair parted in the middle and neatly braided in two pigtails.

She looked like a little girl. She smiled bravely, and Don smiled too. *How small and pale and courageous she looks,* he said to himself. *There was so much I should have done to help her. I didn't realize that Donnie and Ronnie were such a man-sized job. I wish she had her little girl. . . .*

How this is hurting him, thought Honore. *He blames himself. He thinks I should have had more help, but it was my fault. I should have realized that Donnie and Ronnie were strenuous. I wish he had his little girl.*

Each saying to himself, "It was my fault." . . .

Each loving the other just a little more. . . .

Aloud, Don said gently to the frail figure on the bed, "Now see here, young lady, we are not to be selfish about this thing. We have Donnie and Ronnie, and there is always the future. . . ."

DON came to Saint Vincent's every day. He sat beside Honore and held her hand and told her how things were at home and at the studio, how many cute things Donnie and Ronnie had said. And sometimes he just sat there, smiling at her. Once, when she must have been feeling a little blue, I heard him singing softly, "We're a couple of soldiers, my baby and me . . . Fighting shoulder to shoulder, whatever may be. . . ."

One day, Honore said, "He is a kind person. We were always in love, but I don't believe I knew, until now, what love really is. And how very fortunate I am to be spending my life with a kind person."

Don never did have much to say. Just "Want some help, Kid?" or something like that, as he went by.

* * *

In Hollywood when a couple is married, the public thinks, "How long will it last?" Because they are all agreed that there is no real and true love in Hollywood. That love, as well as everything else, is just a part, played on the biggest stage in the world. But I won't believe as they do—not since I met Don and Honore Ameche, not since I saw Don sitting beside a white bed, with pain in his heart, singing to a girl whose heart ached, too, even though she smiled.

We're a couple of soldiers my baby and me. . . .

40th Anniversary of
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Publishers of Photoplay

Romantic Recluse

(Continued from page 67)

and for two years things went very well with him. After "The Misleading Lady" he went into that charming and salubrious play, "Damaged Goods," playing the part Richard Bennett played in the American production. "Damaged Goods" attracted considerable attention because of its subject matter which, for the first time, brought discussion of the social diseases out of the clinics and laboratories.

"While I was in that play," Mr. Colman says, amused, "I felt my first acute distaste for public recognition. It was embarrassing to go about socially and be pointed out as the 'hero' of 'Damaged Goods.' The show played to capacity, however, and it took the air raids to darken the theater.

"It was," Mr. Colman relates, with some relish, "my 'success' in 'Damaged Goods' which first drew me among the shades. For George Dewhurst, one of the pioneers of the British cinema, saw my performance and came to me with a proposition.

"Said Mr. Dewhurst, 'I am going to make a two-reel comedy for the cinema and I want you for the star part. It will give you a fortnight's work and I'll do the right thing by you, I'll pay you a pound a day, not counting Sundays.'

"The 'right thing' indeed! That was my foretaste of Hollywood's opulence. *A pound a day!* The man was Midas! But, so far as I know, the film was never released. If it had been and I had been able to see myself as others would have seen me, I am sure that I would have dashed back to my three-legged stool in a jiffy!"

FOR the next three years Ronald skated along on pretty thin theatrical ice. He made occasional short films as "fillers-in" between his stage engagements.

He first saw himself on the screen when he played the rôle of a Jewish pugilist in a picture titled "A Son of David." In the Big Moment he was supposed to knock out a burly ex-professional boxer "who could," remembers Mr. Colman, "have killed me and eaten me with the greatest of ease. I went to look at this picture, took one quick gander and fled. My head looked like a rotating ball on a body abnormally too small for it. I was revolted."

Following that first brief film career in London young Mr. Colman appeared in a few more stage plays. It was while he was playing in "The Great Day" that he first met Thelma Raye, also in the cast, and very soon after they met they were married. Thelma Raye was the first girl Ronald had ever "gone with" at all steadily. They worked together in the theater. They formed the habit of having supper together every night after the show. They decided that this companionship, formed by the common link of the theater, was love. And so they were married, but the star of bright destiny did not hang over that marriage.

IN 1919 the London stage suffered a terrific slump and the actors suffered accordingly. Matters finally reached such low ebb that young Mr. Colman, jobless for too long, decided to go to America.

In New York he found that employment conditions for actors were not much better than they were in London.

But the tide finally did a definite turn for Ronald when he got the chance to tour with Fay Bainter in "East Is West." That tour did many things for the young Englishman who was still being an actor "because I didn't know anything better to be." For one very important thing, it got his bank account up and made it possible for him to refurnish his wardrobe "so that I would not feel like hiding in a dark alley until nightfall." And secondly, in the course of that tour he met Ruth Chatterton, a meeting and a friendship which proved to be a real turning point in his life. For in the Fall of 1922, thanks to Ruth Chatterton, Henry Miller cast him in "La Tendresse," which had a long and successful run at the Empire Theater. Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller were the stars.

It was during the year that followed that Ronald first met Bill Powell and Richard Barthelmess. And there began the three-cornered friendship, the one-for-all-and-all-for-one friendship which has become a part of the Hollywood tradition. John Robertson, the director, introduced the three young men in the lobby of a theater. And at once a rapport sprang up which was to last through the years.

"We may not be three men with but a single thought," smiled Ronald, "but certainly we are three men who think very much alike, and who have much the same outlook on life, share the same values, have enough in common to make us friends for as long as we live."

WHEN a tide turns in the affairs of men it turns exceedingly fast. It was so in Ronnie's case. For one afternoon, after a matinee of "La Tendresse," a card was sent to the young actor's dressing room. The card bore the name of Henry King, the director. He came backstage then and told Mr. Colman that he and Lillian Gish had watched his performance, that they were planning to film "The White Sister," that they had searched everywhere for an actor who could "look Italian," who had "a touch of Valentino." Mr. King added, "I believe we have found him in you."

Ronald Colman hesitated. He had long since abandoned any idea of pictures.

"Can I continue to be in this play if I do the picture?" asked Mr. Colman.

"No," Henry King told him, "we must go to Rome."

"I can't possibly do it, then. I wouldn't leave Henry Miller."

"Mr. King explained," Ronald continued, "that I would have a sixteen-weeks' guarantee at more salary per week than I had ever dreamt of for myself. I was tempted. But I repeated that it would be impossible for me to leave the play. If I did a thing like that, I said, I could not live comfortably with myself.

"But Miss Gish and Mr. King were persuasive and Mr. Miller was very kind. And so, on the following day, I was given my first screen test and on the day after that I found myself on the Atlantic Ocean, in a steamer chair, talking with Lillian Gish."

"The White Sister" was, certainly, the goddess in the machine of Mr. Colman's picture career. For, upon the completion of the picture—six months in the making—the company returned to New York, Ronald did a part in a picture with George Arliss and then went back to Italy again, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, to make "Romola," Henry King again directing. And it was while they were in Italy finishing "Romola" that Sam Goldwyn cabled Mr. Colman that he had just seen "The White Sister" and would Mr. Colman consider coming to Hollywood as immediately as possible to play in "Tarnish" with May McAvoy and Marie Prevost? So the mountains

Madeleine Carroll
Co-starred with Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Cafe Society"

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HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!

ONE OF AMERICA'S GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

had come to the mummer. And so, with few misgivings, Ronald Colman came to Hollywood. There was nothing, thus far, to warn him of the lurid limelight with which Hollywood publicity would, increasingly, baptize its stars.

It would take a telephone directory to list all of the pictures in which Ronald played in those first years. But it was with the making of "The Dark Angel" that there came the next landmark in Ronald's career. And a landmark, too, in the "career" of the cinema. For Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, starring in this Goldwyn production of still-blessed memory, were the precursors of the teaming idea which was later to become so popular in Hollywood. They so stormed the box office, the dark handsome man and the blonde beautiful woman, that they continued to team in some six or eight pictures, including "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (which also served to introduce Gary Cooper to the screen), "The Night of Love," "The Magic Flame," "Two Lovers."

They were finally separated for the reason which still "divorces" most screen teamings . . . i.e. . . . the studio can make more money by splitting a successful team, putting a less well-known player with each member of the star-team, thus doubling their profits from the divided merchandise.

"I made my first personal appearance with the opening of 'Bulldog Drummond' in San Francisco and in New York," Ronald told me. "It was the first time, excepting in Hollywood on occasions and when I made my first return trip to England after we did 'The Rescue,' that I had really met the picture fans face to face.

"It was a gratifying experience, professionally. But I was terribly, horribly ill-at-ease personally. I had to stand before them, denuded of *Drummond*, as myself. I knew then that I would never be any good at that sort of thing. I have never tried 'that sort of thing' again."

Picture followed picture in such rapid succession that the young man began to feel suffocated. "The theater is like Life," says Ronnie. "There is feast or famine, there is no work at all or there is nothing but work . . ."

He played in "Raffles" with Kay Francis, to whom he was promptly reported "engaged." This was Ronald's first experience with "publicity" romances. He did not know then that a suggested romance between a young man and a young woman starring together in a picture helps to "sell" that picture. Ronald and his wife were separated by this time, but not yet divorced. But this slight obstacle did not prevent the Press from carrying "rumors" of his "engagement," first to Kay Francis, then to other girls with whom he worked in pictures, occasionally to young women he had not met at all.

Superimposed upon his natural reticence, this sort of publicity created in him a sharp aversion to any "meddling," either factual or fictitious, with his private life.

And he discovered that he was not alone in his revulsion. Kay Francis detested "revelations" about her private life and said so, trenchantly.

Ronald had, by this time, taken a small house behind a high wall in an outpost of Hollywood. He began, then, his habit of entertaining his friends at home or going to small private parties in their homes. As he began to retreat further and further from the spotlight and the limelight where, most prolifically, the "cultures" of publicity were brewed and grew apace, the legends began to grow around his name. In murmurous undertones and sometimes in headlined overtones Hollywood called Mr. Colman a "hermit," a "recluse," an "anti-social" mystery man with something "very strange" about his habit of seclusion.

Ronald began to feel the need of getting away from it all. He went abroad again. He went to London to see his people, to Paris, to Rome. He found that no matter where he was he could not get away from Ronald Colman, the movie actor. He had become a trademark, his face was a poster. He boarded ship again and went around the world, stopping off at remote ports. This was a little better. But even in the most unlikely places he found that the long, prehensile finger of Hollywood publicity had preceded him and that the trademark called Ronald Colman was recognized.

"I felt," he tells you, "exactly as I used to feel as a boy when I stumbled into the drawing room at home to find that there was 'company' for tea, only now it was not so easy to stumble out again. For now the 'company' was everywhere. . . .

"There are some demonstrations of public interest in a star which are gratifying. If, at any time, for instance, a stranger speaks to me, whether flatteringly or critically, of some picture of mine, I am pleased and interested. But this is not the kind of attention we attract, we who are on the screen. The more restrained demonstrations of interest accorded celebrities in other walks of life are not for the likes of us! Certain incidents are representative: dancing at a club one evening I was poked in the ribs by a jovial fellow who circled about my partner and me, screaming into our ears, 'Say, I heard you talking to the lady just now and you talked just the same way to Frances Dee in "If I Were King"; d'ya always talk to women the same way? Boyoh-boy, *some* line!'

"On another occasion I was dining with a lady in an hotel restaurant when a bibulous stranger wove his way to our table and demanded that I dance with his wife. It was, he said, a 'command performance from the Little Woman.' When I explained, rather unnecessarily, one would think, that I was already engaged he became very belligerent, very, very noisy and wanted to know whether I thought I was 'too good' to dance with his wife!

"I remember well the occasion of Bill Powell's first trip to England when I tried to show him my London. We started out for a day of sight-seeing. And in the hope that we might not be 'sights' ourselves we took one of those deep-seated taxis into which you sink so low that only your eyebrows are visible. We hadn't gone more than half a mile before we realized that we were being watched, eyes were peering down on us from the tops of busses, from the windows of office buildings and private homes. We visited one or two of the old landmarks and then gave it up. When we had to sign autographs while standing on the stone in Westminster marked 'O, rare Ben Jonson!' we knew we were licked.

"The glitter surrounding a screen star has robbed me of many of the pleasures and privileges I value, however peculiar my sense of values may seem to be. I am the sort of person who, perhaps unfortunately, does not care for the rewards so-called Fame brings. And though a gift may be rare and costly if you give it to a man who has no use for it, it is not precious to him.

"The glitter called Fame has robbed me of friendships, both old and new. Some of my old friends who have not been so fortunate with this world's goods as I have been, naturally feel reluctant about accepting hospitality they cannot return 'in kind.' On the other hand, I often meet men with whom I feel congenial and have reason to believe the congeniality mutual. Nothing develops from these meetings. Because, though it is nice to hope that they may say to themselves, 'Colman seems a pretty good sort,' it is certain that they add, 'but—a *movie star!* I can't keep up with that!' I don't blame them. But such experiences do make me all the more anxious to behave myself as a private citizen when I am not at work.

"And so, eventually," said Mr. Colman, "I decided to become a free-lance player, to sign no more contracts for more than one picture at a time. I made up my mind to do not more than one picture a year, two at the outside. This plan would give me more time to myself and less publicity. And this is what I do. I read scripts when they are submitted to me. If the script and the part interest me, and all other terms are agreeable, I make the picture. Otherwise, I reject it.

"I did such pictures as 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'Under Two Flags,' 'Prisoner of Zenda,' 'If I Were King' because I wanted to do them. I may make another picture this year. I may not make another picture for five years. Perhaps I may never make another picture again. I like the feeling of 'perhaps never again.' It is an elastic phrase. It gives me a sense of time and space and freedom. In the intervals between pictures of my own choosing I can travel or stay at home, seeing our friends, following, though amateurishly, in my father's horticultural footsteps. I have my home in Beverly Hills, which is now our home. I have bought acreage on the Big Sur in the northern part of the state and some day we may build a permanent home there, a ranch. There is sufficient money for our needs which are on the modest side.

"I do believe that my childhood and early youth, my war experiences, my early days in Brooklyn and New York, all of the pieces which have gone to make my particular pattern, have given me a taste for living quietly. I still feel, as I felt in my childhood, that the more obscure I make myself, the happier I will be.

"I may sound ungrateful about a state of affairs which yields so many tangible rewards as does this business of being a star. In these difficult times, especially, a man should thank God that people want to see him and are willing to pay money to see him. I should like to make it very clear that I am grateful for the opportunities Hollywood has given me to do my work. And very grateful, indeed, for the comfortable rewards these opportunities bring. But if I could step off a sound stage and become invisible, I would be that much the happier."

DON'T MISS THE MARCH PHOTOPLAY

Nina Wilcox Putnam, distinguished American writer, brings back one of her most lovable characters, Marie La Taur, old-time star. A fascinating and funny novel of the believe-it-or-not-side of Hollywood today, we predict this will be one of the most popular serials we have ever published

Beginning in the MARCH issue

(Continued from page 52)

to the tune of more wasted thousands.

This time, it serves Isa Miranda for her Hollywood debut.

"Hotel Imperial" presents Isa as a clever aristocrat out to find the man who ruined her sister and avenge her death. In her manhunt, Isa travels with a wandering theatrical troupe, meets handsome Austrian officer Ray Milland and gets mixed up in the big Russo-Austrian-Galician battle of 1916.

Ray Milland looks very smart in his Hapsburg uniform and Isa exciting in her veiled hat the day of our set visit.

Next, we hurry over to what's certainly the smartest movie idea of the month—"Café Society," which concerns the fads and foibles of the smart international set.

Paramount tried to get a number of the real Manhattan smarties for this, but the only one they have rounded up so far is Lucius Beebe. Meanwhile, Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll and Shirley Ross are taking care of the story about a café society leader and a newspaper ship's reporter. Madeleine's the capricious playgirl; Fred's the newshawk. He makes the mistake of telling her she's no longer news, so she marries him to get her name on the front page again.

CHECKING out of the movie studios and on to Radio Row, we find the NBC and Columbia radio temples quivering over a few private earthquakes.

First of all, Hollywood's prestige on the air took it on the chin when William Powell lost his job and Hollywood Hotel folded up for keeps.

Bill, however, will get another air job, if he wants it; but the rumor is he doesn't want another steady one. He's still in shaky health. W. C. Fields' departure from the Lucky Strike Hit Parade was his own idea, however. Nobody can please Bill Fields with material; he has to write it and it makes him nervous. Bill is getting fat again and having fun—and with his bankroll he can do as he pleases. The third movie star to fall by the microphone wayside is Adolphe Menjou. They couldn't see his moustache and his impeccable wardrobe over the air and the Menjou voice was just another voice to the millions. John Barrymore takes over the Texaco show, but Ned Sparks' buzz-saw voice remains—the only new solid click among the many ambitious air-minded movie stars.

George Burns' batty half, Gracie Allen, is getting all the spare orchids along Radio Row. She came up with the new Gilbert and Sullivan type of musical air comedies which are lifting the Burns-Allen program way up there. The titles are her idea, too. For instance: "Three Loves Has Gracie Allen—and Two to Go!"

Carole Lombard is the biggest audience draw of the season. When she went on the Lux Theatre, all Hollywood's cops were sent over in a hurry to handle the crowds. The most nervous movie star of the month was Paulette Goddard on the Chase and Sanborn hour. Before she stepped up with Don Ameche to do "The Prisoner of Zenda," her first dramatic broadcast, Paulette stood in the wings and sipped champagne for courage.

Charles Boyer's Woodbury Playhouse engagement made a great radio impression, but the memory of Boyer around NBC is not so glamourous. He came to rehearsals in a shiny old blue suit, wearing slippers and no tie; he spoke to no one. After each show he slipped in to hear the Jack Benny Broadcast.

Good News has a new name for Frank Morgan—"Grandpop." Frank's golden hair has turned completely white since he has been on the show. The sponsors sent a film notable a case of coffee after he guestarred on "Good News" and the star sent back a wire, "Thanks, do you know a sponsor who makes doughnuts?"

A NEW program, "Gateway in Hollywood," will open another avenue to young screen hopefuls. Wrigley is sponsoring it with veteran producer Jesse Lasky and the lucky winnahs get an RKO contract! But producers mixed with radio spell only headaches to Irene Rich. The other day her air script burlesqued a movie producer and Zanuck and several other movie tycoons called up fighting mad!

Bob Hope seems on the air to stay; what's more, Mrs. Hope is auditioning for a radio career. Bob's extra money has gone toward buying a stained glass window for his church in North Hollywood. A lot of Jack Benny's profits of the last few years are now sunk in a valuable piece of Hollywood property on Sunset near the NBC and CBS studios. Andy Devine's saving his spare change; reason—the new addition to the family. Lucille Ball is investing in a Hollywood flower shop.

The best romance note of the month concerns Edgar Bergen. His newest girl friend is tall, attractive Helen Wood, radio actress with "These We Love." When he introduced her to Don Ameche at NBC, Don cracked, "You ought to get along swell with Charlie McCarthy—with a name like that!" None of the rest of Bergen's girl friends has, though!

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

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Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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CALIFORNIA HEIRESS
"Now this 'skin-vitamin' is a thrilling new reason for smoothing my skin with Pond's."

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N. B. C.

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SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching

Hollywood Girls on Their Own

(Continued from page 20)

she must find a way of saying it that will not antagonize people. If she has decided to say "yes" when she feels like it, she is always in danger of having her name bruited about carelessly, until some day she sees her name in headlines.

THE bit player who wants to become a star some day has one of the toughest sex problems in all of Hollywood. Even if she offends some man who won't take "no" for an answer, the featured player can always hope that she's made enough of an impression in Hollywood so that her fans will write to the studio asking when she's going to appear in another picture. The bit player, who may earn as little as $35 or $50 a week, has two terrific problems.

First, on her salary, how is she going to be able to dress well enough so that she'll look beautiful and attractive in her clothes? Secondly, if some important director does make advances and she turns him down, what is to prevent him from seeing that she isn't called for another picture? She's so unimportant, comparatively speaking, that the chances are if she doesn't make a picture for years no one will notice her absence. At the same time, if she makes a hit with the director, the cameramen and the lighting experts, they can direct her and photograph her in such a way that she'll stand out. Her problem is even worse than that of the extra, because most of the extras in Hollywood realize that the chances of their ever getting anywhere are pretty slight, so they haven't as much to lose by saying "no."

Bit players and other girls earning between $35 and $50 a week usually share an apartment in an apartment house with another girl, paying $50 to $75 a month for the apartment. Very often these apartments come completely furnished. Most likely, the girls who pay $50 a month for rent live in an apartment house where there is no switchboard.

Living with another girl is a great convenience when you have to turn down a too-importunate suitor. If you live with another girl and the boy friend becomes a little too ardent, it is always possible to say, "Sh, you'll wake up So and So." Also, you have a grand excuse for saying good-by to him at the door if you wish to. You can't disturb your roommate who is sleeping, but you're terribly sorry about it. Some other night, perhaps.

THE Hollywood extra girl is a kind of law to herself. The chances of an extra's becoming a star today are almost infinitesimal, so there is really no good reason why the Hollywood extra should have to worry about whether or not she makes a hit with someone influential.

There are more than 10,000 extras in Hollywood earning from $7.50 to $35 a day, depending upon whether they are just plain extras, dress extras, or have lines to speak. The competition between them for even a single day's extra work is very keen. As extras have little to do with a picture except to be there and occasionally to speak a few lines, the method of selecting them from among all the girls registered at Central Casting is rather haphazard and studio politics, family and personal influence often enter into it. The extra finds it wise to keep on good terms with as many assistant directors, cameramen and electricians as possible. One of her greatest problems is to keep these men friendly to her without granting favors that would compromise her. Generally she gravitates into having dates almost exclusively with men in pictures who have executive or advisory supervision of the extras.

The extra generally lives either at the Studio Club, an organization run for girls connected with the motion-picture industry, where she can get a room and two meals a day for as little as $8 a week or a room with bath for $13 a week, or else lives in a $40 a month bungalow court apartment, sharing its two rooms with one or two other girls. Unable to afford even a secondhand car unless she is exceptionally successful, she travels to work by street car or bus. Usually the clothes she wears are so stunning you would imagine that no girl earning less than $200 a week could afford to buy them.

I asked a Hollywood girl how the extras in Hollywood manage to look so well-dressed, since it is an exceptional extra who averages as much as $50 a week during the course of the year.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What do you think?" she said.

Her implication is obvious. However, this isn't always true. Many of the extras in Hollywood have an uncanny clothes sense and know how to pick up marvelous buys at sales.

THE girls who have technical positions in Hollywood as writers, designers, decorators, publicists and secretaries do not have to worry as much as the extras or bit players about not getting ahead because they've said "no" to the big boss. While there are some men in Hollywood, just as there are men everywhere in the world, who have made improper advances to their secretaries, they are the exceptions. The average secretary in Hollywood makes from $25 to $50 a week; the average publicist from $50 up a week to a salary in four figures (if she ever becomes tops, which few women do, as the executive positions in this field are held mostly by men); the head of a research bureau at one of the studios earns about $100 a week. None of these girls has to mix sex with business unless she wishes to.

They live on about the same scale as other girls in Hollywood who act in pictures, except that they don't spend quite as large a proportion of their earnings on clothes. However, the secretary in Hollywood spends more on clothes than the average girl in other towns. If she earns $50 a week, she may spend $25 for a dress, $10 for a hat, $10 for shoes, $10 for a bag.

When she goes out in the evening, her dinner dates are often Dutch-treat, although she may be very attractive, and would, anywhere else but in Hollywood, be the most popular girl in town.

She has a variety of sex problems, ranging from the simple problem of what to do when her date wants to come inside her apartment and spend the night there to dramatic problems involving men who may drug her drinks, suggest assignations at their apartments, and eligible men whom she might be interested in marrying, except for the fact that they are definitely not the marrying kind.

In Hollywood there is an amazingly large number of people on the fringe of the motion-picture industry. They are usually the hangers-on, the girls who originally came to Hollywood to get into the movies and gradually drifted into jobs as hostesses, professional escorts, guides and companions.

The escort business is a thriving Hollywood business. Very often men from the East who know no one on the Coast come to Hollywood and telephone an Escort Service to hire a feminine companion for the afternoon or evening.

Obviously, a girl who accepts a position like this has a rather dubious status, and many of the men who take her out will feel that they are paying for more than just her companionship. If she doesn't want to accept familiarities, she must be very tactful, for the tips she receives depend on her keeping the good will of the men who escort her.

ANOTHER job which the hangers-on who don't want to go home sometimes get is as "Sitter and Listener," a unique service which Hollywood's fertile imagination originated. In Hollywood there are a great many invalids who have come to California in order to enjoy a balmy climate and these invalids often get lonely. Providing constant companionship for them is often a strain on their families. That's where the "Sitter and Listener" comes in. She is paid $3 an hour, of which she keeps $2 and gives her bureau $1. Her duties are to entertain the patient for a stated number of hours.

Since the "Sitter" or "Listener" is much more apt to be a plain Jane than the girl who works for an escort service and since the invalids get a great deal more fun out of harping on their troubles than talking about love, her sex problem is much less acute than that of the girl who works for an escort bureau. In fact, her only sex problem may be that she has none!

One thing which almost all visitors to Hollywood notice is the startling beauty of girls who do all sorts of work from manicuring nails to waiting on customers at drive-in hamburger stands. Often the answer is that these girls came from small towns, where they were told by all their friends that they "ought to be in pictures." Coming out to Hollywood, they found that they could not crash the union barriers at the Central Casting Office and finally took the first job that came along.

Girls in this category have much the same problems that any girl earning $15 a week in any town would have. She cannot afford to buy herself pretty clothes; she lives in a $5 a week room, which she shares with another girl. Her greatest pleasure is lolling on one of the many near-by beaches. Like all the other girls in Hollywood, this type soon learns that the town is no happy hunting ground for a girl in search of a husband.

Shopgirls in Hollywood face many of the same problems they do in other towns, except that it is harder for them to get married in Hollywood and infinitely harder to stay married.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—more than in any other town in the world. Many of them have come to Hollywood because they think it is the land of romance, the land where dreams come true. Often they have saved up their money for years in order to come to this town, where they believe the cream of the world's eligible men can be found. After they have been in Hollywood a few years, they usually start saving their money desperately to get away.

There are many girls on their own in Hollywood—but not very many of them like it. Most of them would infinitely rather be happily married.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

nd add so much to the charm of her ew coiffure.

A BRAND-NEW FACE—By this time, owever, you must have definitely de- ided whether or not you can wear your air up high on your head. Everyone, f course, tried it at first, but there's no enying that some of us can't get away ith it. Even if you're still wearing our hair in a long bob, you've drawn back off your face anyhow to give ou the new barefaced look. But you've robably come to the same sad realiza- on that's hit all of us, whether hair up or down: that you have a great eal of face and it looks quite undressed ithout that flattering frame of hair ound it.

You've found you have a whole new ake-up problem. With your hair high n your head or drawn off your face, our eyes are now more arresting than er before. If your forehead is high wide, your face is liable to look ightly top-heavy.

Raising your eyebrows makes your es seem larger and more dramatic, ut your brows must still look natural. thin penciled line has a tendency to ake your face look like an egg with atures drawn on it, so keep the brows eavy enough to add character and rama to your face. Pull out the hairs nderneath—never touch those on top.

Instead of using an eyebrow pencil, y brushing mascara lightly on the top rve of your brows and on the fine int hairs that grow just above this. this way you can afford to leave st a narrow line of your brows and ll out all the others. Be moderate this, though, as in everything else, ecause if your brows are too high you ok like a perpetual question mark.

O prove again that beauty is a per- etual care and that you can't let own for even a day, be sure to keep our brows plucked and clean, because ere's nothing more unattractive than girl whose brows are growing in un- dily with stray little hairs under- eath. Use one of the little magnifying irrors so you don't miss a single hair.

at on antiseptic so your lids won't nart and smooth cream into your lids keep them soft and discourage dry- ess or tiny lines.

Instead of using an eye shadow in the aytime, try patting a tiny bit of vase- ne or cream over your lids to give em a luminous transparent look. It ill make you look young and dewy, o. To keep that young look, apply our make-up with a very light, deli- ate hand. You have to blend your ouge carefully and be sure to carry it ut lightly almost to your ears. It's ital to be absent-minded when you're aking up your face. You're liable to rouge just the front part of your cheeks and completely forget the rest.

Remember, too, that your neck has also joined the great open spaces. With your hair off the back of your neck, your nape will be nice and soft and white because it hasn't been exposed to the weather, but your throat is probably somewhat darker. Obviously, something has to be done. Use softening and bleaching creams on your throat and blend your powder down over your chin. Be sure that your entire neck and face are exactly the same color. Try a liquid powder foundation on your neck to give it a smooth even look. Make up the back of your neck with the same care that you do your face and throat. Just because you can't see it doesn't mean that no one else can.

TRAVEL TIP—If you're planning to go away for the week end or on a cruise or just to visit your cousin in a near-by city, I've gathered some marvelous tips for your from Priscilla Lane on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Priscilla and Rosemary traveled for five years with Fred Waring's orchestra and learned all the tricks of the beauty-bound. Their perfume bottles never spill over and they don't find powder sprinkled all over their clothes when they unpack their bags.

"I learned by sad experience never to carry full bottles of astringent or hand lotion during cold weather," laughed Priscilla, "because I did it once and all the liquids froze and expanded and broke the bottles. My clothes were a wreck. Now I pack only bottles that are half-full.

"If you carry powder in adjustable shakers, you won't spill it. Use a complexion brush instead of a wash cloth because you can wipe it dry before repacking it."

For a short trip, Priscilla buys her cosmetics in the dime-store size instead of taking her regular large-size jars that take up so much room in her bag. She carries either collapsible toothbrushes or cheap ones which can be thrown away.

"If you stick to one brand and color of nail polish when traveling, then you can give yourself a quick patch job without any difficulty. And the easiest things in the world to forget are cotton, cleansing tissue and an antiseptic white lipstick for dry lips, so you'd better make a mental note to be sure and remember them."

Priscilla's last tip is to wear a bandanna tied Mammy-fashion over your hair at night to protect it from dust and help preserve the wave while you're traveling. A hairbrush will help to keep your hair clean.

So have fun on your trip!

Martha Raye and her husband of four months, Dave Rose. She prefers her hair-do half up, half down, which is the choice of many of the glamour gals now

Why **REVLON** *is fashion's favorite nail enamel the world over . . .*

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WHY WAS CLEOPATRA *Never Kissed?*

➜ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

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Love Finds a Dizzy Blonde

(Continued from page 21)

Everyone who is at all interested must be familiar, by now, with the almost unbelievable record of Marie Wilson's sixteen-year-old, one-girl assault on Hollywood. The small legacy she used to take her out of Anaheim, California, and set her up in what she hoped to be impressive opulence. The big car, the mink coat—they were part of it. So was the hilltop house. Only Nick Grinde wasn't. He was the only thing real. Maybe that's why Marie fell in love with him.

Because, after the girl-meets-older-man-next-door episode in the middle of the street, Marie set out deliberately to make the bachelor director like her. It didn't look like an easy job.

For one thing, Nick was frightened by Marie's family. He felt, because of his age, they must regard him with a hostile eye for taking out their seventeen-year-old daughter. Marie's folks are fairly serious people, too, and Nick's natural wit fell on barren ground. They didn't understand each other.

So, in spite of the fact that he was actually welcome, Nick steered away from the Wilsons'.

Marie and Nick had their dates mostly in Nick's house, under the disapproving but effectual chaperonage of Ching, his Chinese manservant. Ching's resentment of what he considered a conniving young hussy's hold on his master's affections smoldered in his bosom until he bordered on violence and Nick had to let his trusted manservant go.

They saw each other two or three times a week—Nick and Marie. After dinner, Marie would stroll across her yard and ring his doorbell, get glowered at soundly by Ching and walk in, to spend the evening with Nick, talking over her life and her dreams, listening for other hours to his interesting tales.

She had other dates, of course. The young bloods of Hollywood flocked around. Jackie Coogan, the Stroud twins, Johnny Newell, Tommy Lee—a lot of them. They called her "Exotica" which pleased Marie.

When Marie told Nick about this, he roared with laughter. Nick laughed at most everything Marie told him. He saw her for the ga-ga kid she was. And he was amused. The act was funny enough to him but the ambitions of Marie to become a great actress were even funnier.

Consequently, the director—screen-ambitious girl setup of their relationship which might have proved awkward and fatal to their romance never intruded. Because he considered the whole thing a young girl's glamorous hallucination from which she was bound to recover sooner or later, Nick never used his studio connections to force a break for Marie. In all the years of their friendship, all he did was to call Ben Piazza once, at Marie's request, and identify her so Piazza would see her, and incidentally, so Nick hoped, give her some good advice.

Ben Piazza gave Marie the good advice. He said she had a nice figure and interesting eyes, but he didn't see any talent written conspicuously in anything she did. She talked wrong, walked wrong, and her personality, he hinted, would be much more effective in Anaheim than in Hollywood.

But Richard Wallace, a director at Paramount, whom she managed to see by herself, was a little more helpful. He told Marie she would have to give up the idea of getting in pictures right away. She'd have to study first, make herself all over. Then, he allowed, she might make the grade.

Marie went right to dramatic coach Sandy Saunders and started the remodeling. It was a year and a half before she got even an extra job. Mrs. Saunders took her for nothing when she didn't have the money to pay, for which Marie will always be grateful.

HER ambitions and her serious campaigning, however, she kept apart from Nick Grinde. She knew he wouldn't take her seriously. She shrank, with a woman's intuition, from mixing business with love, which is more than a lot of smart Hollywood beginners have had the sense to do.

Marie concentrated on making Nick like to have her around. She tried to make him comfortable. She tried to be so nice and quiet. She filled his pipe, listened to his stories. If the radio was too loud or too low she'd run over and fix it. Only more often than not she'd trip over a lamp cord on the way. The studio people were right. Marie had no more poise than a June bug. And that complicated things.

Because as Nick Grinde began to find in the little girl next door something that he missed when she wasn't around, he started to take her to the homes of his friends, and he had some very well-traveled, smooth-mannered friends who lived in exquisitely appointed homes. Marie always managed to do something wrong.

Marie will probably never forget the evening Nick took her to a quiet cocktail gathering at the house of one of his good friends. They sat before a coffee table bedecked with costly crystal glasses. "For Heaven's sake," she cried in mock terror, "don't let me touch them. I break everything I see." Whereupon she accidentally gave a ZaSu Pitts-like sweep of her arms and proceeded to send the whole set crashing in little pieces on the floor!

And when she wasn't doing the wrong things she was saying them. One of her typical blunders lost a friend of Nick's his job. The friend, an assistant director, was flashing around the studio pass of a major lot's executive head, kidding lightly about his own status as a big shot. After he had gone, Marie found the pass where he had dropped it on the floor. Without stopping to think, she telephoned the office of the studio head and asked if she should send it over, explaining the details. The executive, outraged that someone should be flashing his pass, called the offender in and promptly sacked him.

"I don't know why Nick ever put up with me," Marie wonders today, "unless he was just fascinated—trying to guess what I'd do next!"

The answer, of course, is that Nick Grinde was in love with her. There was something about the wistful sweetness of Marie, doing the wrong things at the right time, believing in phony fairy tales and telling him about them that got Nick. Behind her ingenuous stare he saw the right stuff.

As for Marie, her friendship with Nick developed into love after a few feverish dates on the side with youthful cleft chins and wavy heads with which Hollywood is well supplied. And so, after a year or two, when Nick saw that Marie was actually in earnest about the acting business, he began to encourage her. Marie talked over every tiny thing that happened to her at the studios; Nick gave her good advice.

It was the Packard, though, that really gave Marie the chance that was to lead, eventually, to Warners and her big chance on the screen.

The Packard ran out of gas one day and Marie, wearying of looking helpless, started to push it. A newspaper writer saw her and helped. He liked her and introduced her to an influential studio friend.

Marie wrote the script for her own test—a comic skit of her own experiences trying to get a job in the movies. The test, made at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, brought nothing and was kicked around Hollywood for a year or so. One day, by mistake, Jack Warner and Hal Wallis got into the wrong projection room.

Somebody was running off Marie's test. Warner and Wallis stayed in the wrong room.

When they left, Marie had a contract on the way.

Marie Wilson's rise as a first-rank comedy star has had little effect on her romance with Nick Grinde, except to bring it closer to consummation. Although they were both at Warners for some time, both refused to mix business with pleasure and work on the same set.

The one time they did, in "Public Wedding," a director took sick and Nick was put on the picture.

Then an actress took sick during the picture and Marie was put in it. So there was no way out.

IN spite of the success that seems assured Marie Wilson since "Boy Meets Girl," she is still giving no definite date for her marriage to Nick Grinde. Although she hopes to be married early this winter, there remain some family complications.

Also Marie is keeping her fingers crossed about her career. It has all happened so suddenly that she's wary of its permanence. That fatal finger on her left hand is still without an engagement ring.

"Rings are so expensive," explains Marie.

The official seal of a formal engagement would mean little indeed, however, to Nick and Marie. She has depended on her mature boy friend long before this for advice on everything. He even bought her a new, and this time, modest little automobile, because, as he explained, he was tired of looking at the old Packard out in front. It was beginning to tear down property values.

And when Marie took the new automobile out and promptly got mixed up in one of the most serious traffic accidents in Hollywood, Nick took up the legal details of the mess, got her a new car out of it and generally acted like a dependable fiancé should. Which included, of course, daily visits to the hospital where Marie lay for nine weeks with a very good chance of not coming out.

The smashup had driven what the newspapers referred to as a "hair ornament" about an inch into her skull and uncomfortably close to the brain. Only it was no hair ornament, Marie confessed, but a screw from the car's top, or somewhere.

"With a screw loose in my head," grins Marie, "how can you expect me to be sane?"

The point is, no one does—including Nick. That's why they're so happy.

Close Up of the Groaner

(Continued from page 23)

This should put guest stars at ease on his programs, but a few of them have blown higher than a kite just thinking of the contrast between Crosby and themselves.

There is a belief that the day Crosby learns he is washed up in radio and pictures he will say, "Oh," and go home and eat.

His home life is a pleasant turmoil of domesticity. Fresh from his crooning, he will be confronted at the door with a report of his four sons' wrongdoings. He may spank one, put two to bed and forbid the fourth to play "Snow White" records on the phonograph. Sometimes, at the height of a feud, the boys must be fed in separate rooms. There is always noise and a visitor finds himself involuntarily ducking.

Gary, the eldest son, is almost as deep-voiced as his father and considers himself a man. If permitted, he would rule the brood with an iron hand—the same iron hand that has left its mark on furniture and walls alike without partiality. Gary has a girl but remains discreetly silent about her unless giddy with coca-cola.

During the filming of "Sing, You Sinners" the boys were brought to visit their father on location. They sat in a row, respectful and quiet, watching preparations for a scene. Then Bing started acting. Gary jumped to his feet and poked the twins. "Hey," he said derisively, "look at the old man!"

The shocked nurse elbowed Gary into a sitting position. "Don't talk like that," she admonished sharply.

"Aw," said Gary, "he knows he's no good."

Considerate to a fault sometimes, The Groaner has drastic reversals. He has let a production unit twiddle its thumbs while he watched a horse race. He has refused to work unless an unemployed property boy is hired. He would not start a picture unless a certain cameraman was used. The result was that the gratified individual lighted Bing so brilliantly in scenes that he stood out like a well-polished loving cup.

I have seen his patience tried. He is proud of his ranch home near Del Mar and the interior is spotless. There were several of us warming ourselves over a bottle after a pack trip into the mountains and finally one of the men aimed a hunting knife at the living room door. The knife glanced and knocked a large chip from the painted surface. Then somebody else picked up the knife and threw it at the door. That was the start of a contest. Bing sat watching, quietly. After a while he went outside and I followed.

"That's a lousy trick in there," I said.

"They're just having fun," said Bing.

"It's nice of you to take it this way," I said. "If it were my house, I'd be sore."

"I am sore," said Bing.

"Then why don't you do something?"

"They're just having fun."

We went inside. The door was a mess and they were still throwing. Bing picked up the knife and held it a moment, and I was waiting. Then he threw the knife and it lodged in the door.

"That's the way to do it," he said.

Bing's Toluca Lake house is a spacious colonial affair, the second he has built in the district. Before the first house was built, he bought the available land surrounding it. Soon he sold both the land and the house and bought more property near by. If the profit from the land didn't pay for both houses, I'll eat one of his Hawaiian shirts.

He is incorporated for radio, pictures, phonograph records, race track activities and several lesser ventures. He is on the board of directors of many strange things, including an eating club. The incorporation employs two of his brothers and his father. I once worked for the outfit as a radio writer, receiving my contract from one brother, my checks from the other and an autographed picture of Bing from his pa.

"Did you ever think Bing would amount to anything?" I asked the father.

"Well," he said, "he was all right."

Bing's mother is solid American. She doesn't like to see Bing drink in a picture but she lives in her own house with the father where she won't interfere with anything. She goes to Bing's race track with her husband, and they sit in Bing's box, studying their form sheets. They look at the tips from Bing's stable and usually discard them. Then they discuss the merits of all horses. Finally the mother says she will split a two-dollar bet with the father. He talks about horses some more and goes to make the bet. It is too late.

Bing's wife, Dixie, picks her friends and sticks with them. Most of them are holdovers from the early days and Hollywood doesn't know them. That's all right with her, and it's all right with the friends.

But what I started to say is that Bing as an actor didn't interest me until I realized that off the screen, basically, he is the small-town boy who loves the full life and hates work and all its routine and will never--let him live three hundred years—amount to a row of bad peas.

It is not my fault that even God sometimes is guilty of miscasting.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 70 with these correct ones:

1. Nelson Eddy
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. C. Aubrey Smith
4. Mary Brian
5. Dorothy Lamour
6. Spencer Tracy
7. Nancy Carroll
8. The assistant to the head electrician on the set
9. To plug the sound equipment to the camera
10. Mary Astor
11. Texas
12. Michael Whalen
13. Boris Karloff
14. "The Count of Monte Cristo"
15. Bette Davis
16. Ginger Rogers
17. Proper breathing
18. John Barrymore
19. Phil Regan
20. John Trent

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

MOULDING MYRNA

I NEVER thought I would be writing adverse criticism about Myrna Loy—but here goes!

Years ago I wondered when the movie moguls would recognize the ability of lovely, girlish, unaffected Myrna. When she was finally starred I was amazed to see her cast as a sophisticated and rather blasé type. In grooming her for the parts, the studio must have given her an icy veneer.

In "Too Hot to Handle," Myrna wasn't even slightly lukewarm. In one sequence, she says "how terrible" and shortly afterwards she says "how wonderful." There was absolutely no change of voice. Her voice rang with insincerity and artificiality. Her emotion seems to be limited to occasional gasps of "oh" plus a slightly startled look. I'm sorry Myrna has fallen off her pedestal. I don't think she is entirely at fault. The studio made a mould and poured Myrna in and it just didn't turn out the Myrna it should.

MRS. MCBRIDE DABBS,
Mayesville, South Carolina.

HET-UP OVER HEDY

AFTER reading Margaret Lemworth's comments on Hedy Lamarr in the "Boos and Bouquets" section of January PHOTOPLAY, I, for one, am rushing to the aid of the beautiful *and* gifted Viennese. I can't understand how anyone who saw her performance in "Algiers" could possibly doubt that Miss Lamarr has definite talent in addition to being divinely photogenic.

The trouble with most of the people who make up American movie audiences is that when they see a truly great actress they can't appreciate her. They are so used to the overacting of Hollywood's favorite glamour girls that when a performance, notable for its restraint and subtlety, hits the screen, it isn't even recognized as acting.

Hedy, the woman, is a "joy for ever"; Hedy, the actress, is superb. My only worry is that Hollywood may doom her to "clothes-horse" rôles and not give her another chance to "shine" the way she did in "Algiers." But don't blame that on Hedy, please!

HOLLY BIRMINGHAM,
Rochester, New York.

HISS, HISS, HOORAY!

THE "terrible-tempered Mr. Bang" has nothing on me when it comes to those pests who go to the movies for a gab fest. For a number of years I would move quietly to another seat when I was annoyed. At times I have called an usher and in my best Emily Post manner asked him to speak to those who were causing the disturbance. Oh, yes, I've been called an old crab and taken further insult for daring to report them. I've tried giving dirty looks, too, and while that may silence them for a few minutes, it seems it takes more than a dirty look to shut them up completely.

At last I've struck the perfect solution. I cast decorum to the wind, turn around and give a loud, hissing SH-U-S-S-S-H. I'll admit I've caused a disturbance myself, but those who have been carrying on the conversation are usually so embarrassed they remain quiet for the balance of the performance.

FRANCINE LARKIN,
Dallas, Texas.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

AS LONG as you invite both criticism and praise, I will send a little of the former and be relieved to let off a little steam in this innocuous way. I recently saw "Too Hot to Handle" and came away dazed and full of questions I wanted answered. In the first place, I dislike those sophisticated and smart-alecky names which have nothing to do with the content of the picture. Then it was like a four or five-ringed circus with so much going on in so many quarters of the globe, and such a display of bombing in one hemisphere and native negro dances in the other, with so little continuity to link up the divergence, that it left the beholder, at least this one, worried. Besides it seemed to me terribly poor taste to make a laughing matter out of such stark tragedy as the bombing of the poor Chinese. The hero and heroine seemed to be falling out for unknown reasons and making up for equally dim ones, while the protagonist and the antagonist seemed hating each other, and then going around in bosom-friend manner—the whole thing was a jumble.

MRS. HERBERT GARDNER,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 10)

Brothers, for whom he is executive producer . . . yet, in the last year, his productions of "Robin Hood," "Jezebel," "The Sisters," "Brother Rat" and "Four Daughters" have been so outstanding that the Warners, and particularly Jack Warner, who is his immediate boss, have been only too glad to let the spotlight of fame fall upon him. . . .

Wallis looked around for an opening in the studios . . . any studio . . . but the only chance he saw that he could get was a berth in the publicity department at Warners . . . now for an unbelievable number of intelligent and talented men a studio publicity department has proved a dead-end street . . . but not for Wallis. . . .

The bright particular genius of Warner Brothers at that time was Darryl Zanuck and the crown prince of the family was Mervyn LeRoy, who was their chief director . . . Warners began putting out their series of hard-hitting, hard-biting pictures of the seamy side of American life . . . and they made millions . . . when Darryl Zanuck left to found his own organization Hollywood speculated as to how the Warners would get along without him . . . they got along fine, thanks to their wisdom for appointing Wallis to fill the vacancy he had left. . . .

In fact, they got along better than fine, for while Wallis started out by producing "Little Caesar," a thriller in the typical Warner manner, made after the Warner method with an inexpensive cast in an impossibly short length of time, he also persuaded the Brothers that you could go, successfully, in another direction, too . . . for he it was who persuaded them to let him produce "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and later, "The Life of Emile Zola" and certainly "Robin Hood" and "Four Daughters" are an entirely new type of thing for Warners to be sponsoring . . . and making a fortune thereby. . . .

YET, for all this, Wallis hasn't a single "longhaired" thought on the making of pictures . . . he would be more annoyed than anything else if you called him a genius and irritated by the label of inspiration being put upon his work . . . with him the making of the finest possible commercial movies is a business . . . and therefore being a businessman himself he has no intention of going in for any temperamental acts . . . besides he is too busy . . . he sees every foot of film that is made each day at the Warner studio . . . he talks to actors . . . he interviews writers . . . out of it all he has a gorgeous time doing the job he loves best on earth. . . .

Thus, in his quiet, calculating person, he represents the best of the brave new world of Hollywood that does promise us all a happy New Year . . . along with the people who sigh and say that the color has gone out of the town there are those who grumble that Hollywood isn't realistic enough . . . they look at the Rockies putting their snowy crowns up against the sapphire skies and complain that those mountains shut Hollywood off from the rest of the world. . . .

Perhaps I should care that that is true . . . but I don't . . . I am thankful it is true . . . for the holidays have just come and gone in Hollywood and the hills after their lovely fashion were green and scarlet with the blooming holly trees and every little way, as you drove along the twisting roads, you would see the tall white candles of the yucca flowers . . . and there were laughter and ambition and dreams everywhere . . . for these people of Hollywood are the everlasting children of life . . . the continuous young in heart . . . and there is still for us, through them, the way to dream. . . .

And this, it seems to me, is very like it was once before when the Dark Ages shadowed the world and in many countries men were afraid to speak but here and there, hidden in a monastery, or some dim castle, the light of learning was kept alive so that men might find their way back to happiness again . . . it seems to me this is Hollywood's mission for 1939 and that it will fulfill it . . . let the cynical say if they like that this is merely being blinded by stardust . . . who cares . . . what every lover of motion pictures knows is that it is better to be blinded by stardust than it is to be blinded by tears. . . .

(Continued from page 25)

able to carry out their duty. No one would ever awaken her again.

So, it seemed, she had been alone that night in the house on the hillside.

"Wasn't she afraid?" the detective asked.

"She was never afraid," her father said, and for the first time since he had seen the crumpled figure among the scented pillows, he smiled. It may have been a smile of pride. "There was a bell connected with my room, if she ever wanted me. It was right by her bed. I kept a pistol and a shotgun out there. Shotgun mostly for them big rabbits that eat up my garden. Them jack rabbits are an awful pest."

They examined the pistol. It was the wrong caliber to begin with and obviously hadn't been fired in many a day. And a shotgun hadn't made that small, clean, fatal wound.

The motorcycle cop on patrol hadn't seen anything. The neighbors had heard nothing.

It came down to the empty safe, after they'd dug as far as they could into her life and loves. It was amazing how discreet she'd been. Discreet and secret. Half a dozen men were supposed to have had affairs with her, but there was nothing to prove they had been her lovers. She had not married.

But there had been enough jewels in the empty safe to pay, nowadays, the price of murder. The insurance company had a list of them and they were insured for a hundred thousand dollars.

"Just like a woman," the detective told the insurance investigators, "keeping all that stuff in a little cracker box like that. Like asking somebody to come up and help themselves. Anybody could open it, easier than a baby's bank. And, of course, there ain't a fingerprint on it."

Between them, the police and the insurance company did all the usual things. They brought in and checked up everybody connected with the jewel ring. They brought in every safe-cracker.

They sweat the servants and the studio maid, who was the only one who knew the combination to the safe. Nothing came of any of it.

Hollywood drew a long sigh of relief. It was a murder with a robbery motive. That might happen anywhere. It was no stain upon Hollywood's fair name.

"Nothing to do now but wait for the jewels to show up," the insurance men said gloomily. "The old man didn't have any idea she had that much stuff. He looked dazed, he sure did. He'll be able to retire and go back to Omaha now. Well, we'll watch the European market."

But they have never shown up anywhere and I do not think they will.

For they are hidden very deep in the earth of that Hollywood hillside, packed down with rocks, covered carefully with sand and dirt, and already the heavy matted grass and the wild flowers and the leaves of the scrub oaks have covered them for several seasons.

THE old man, her father, had been restless that night. He often was. He did not sleep well. But he had become philosophical about it. He waited out the night hours as he had waited out so much else in life—his wife, and his daughter and—other things. It was a very dark night, especially in the shadow of the hill. Not even the stars sent any pale blue light, though if you walked down to the edge of the road you could see a few of them.

It was while he was walking down that he saw the little car parked on the driveway just inside the high adobe wall, deep in the shadow. A pretty little coupé of some color as dark as the night. Often enough the old man saw cars parked there at night in the shadow. He knew them well. The long black roadster, heavy and expensive. And the smaller sports car. He knew those cars well. But this small elegant car he did not know.

The lights were still on in his daughter's room, the windows were an orange glow above the little patio. You couldn't see those lights from the road. On his way back, he stood a minute looking up at them. He was surprised because it was after midnight and usually she was in bed before that when she was working. She took very good care of herself, she did.

Then he heard her laugh—that little excited laugh, so like her mother's. Often enough, as he walked his garden or climbed up the hillside on sleepless nights, he heard that little, wicked, excited laugh, and then murmurs in the night and his heart froze because it was so like other nights, many years ago, nights he dared not let himself remember, when love and faith had been murdered in his breast.

And then, to his amazement, he heard a woman's voice.

There were seldom any women at his daughter's house. She was not popular with women, though she was too shrewd to let them get anything on her.

Suddenly, he heard a voice raised—the woman's voice. It wasn't a scream. It wasn't even loud. But it had in it a terrible, passionate intensity. The very sound of it made the old man begin to tremble.

All desperation seemed let loose in it. The dark night was suddenly alive with danger.

And then—his daughter laughed. Afterwards, he was amazed beyond belief that even she had dared to laugh in the face of that desperate voice. Then, he was too numbed to be amazed—he heard only that wicked, excited, triumphant little laugh.

The shot, not loud, cut it down, cut it in two, left it hanging in the air like an insane echo.

HOW he got upstairs to the bedroom he never quite remembered. But the first picture of it as he opened the door was engraved on his mind forever.

He saw his daughter, crumpled among the scented pillows, the red stain on her breast, with her dark head thrown back so that her throat made an arch, and her dark eyes open, staring, painted motionless on her still white face. He saw the glowing orange lights and the lush purple satin bed and the tall woman in blue with the gun in her hand.

The woman moved first. She turned and looked at him. A thrill of pure astonishment went through his brain. For the face of the woman didn't match the rest of the picture at all. It was a plain, middle-aged face, with wide-apart gray eyes and a big, gentle mouth that was gray-white now. The hair under the simple blue hat was seal brown and it was odd that he should notice it was long and rolled into a simple knot at her neck. He noticed, too, that her clothes were plain but very rich and well-cut and that she still wore gloves and that—why, she looked like a lady.

"Is she dead?" the woman asked, quietly.

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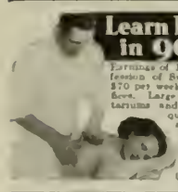

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The old man's brain began to function. And it was very, very strange, the thoughts that came into it.

He looked at the still figure and the widening splash of crimson and he said, "Oh, yes, she's dead."

They stood, staring at each other. "I'm her father," he said. "Who are you?"

She told him her name, still quietly. It was a very great name. It was, he knew instantly, also the name of the man who owned the great, dark, heavy roadster that stood so many nights in the thick shadow inside the adobe wall. He was—but does it matter? Producer, executive, director—anyway, one of the powers that be, above all other powers in Hollywood. This woman, with the gun in her gloved hand, was his wife.

"She laughed," the woman said.

"I know," said the old man, and remembered how her mother had laughed at him, when he was on his knees, begging, pleading, broken. The same excited little laugh when he had begged her not to leave him because in spite of all that he knew he couldn't seem to think of living without the touch of her. He had groveled there, and she had laughed and gone just the same, taking the child with her. He had never seen her again and then, years later, he'd seen his daughter on the screen. The name wasn't the same but no mistaking her. The fates, perversely, had filled the same mold twice. And drawn by his own agony he had gone to her.

Oh yes, he knew that laugh.

THE woman swayed, and he came out of his boiling memories and put an arm around her and made her sit down.

"You should—telephone—a doctor—the police—" she said, and her throat was convulsed so that the words were broken.

"No," said the old man, slowly. "No. Not just yet. We—must think. Why did you come here?"

"I came—I shouldn't have come," she said. "I thought maybe if I begged her, maybe if I told her about the children—" The words began to pour out, matching in flow the blood that still flooded from the dead woman they ignored now for a brief moment. "You see, it didn't matter when the children were little. But now—it's been going on for years. Oh, I knew. I always knew. But I thought in time—but then—you see, it was ruining him. Like a fever. He was different. Lately, he's been—you can't understand."

Her father thought of that other little sports car and the slim, tall blond young man who drove it away at two and three in the morning. He understood quite well why of late the paunchy, overworked, gray-haired man who was this woman's husband had been almost mad. All this was as though he were living his own life over.

"He wanted a divorce," the man's wife said and began to weep.

"Don't do that," he said. He went over and touched her shoulder, and held his hand there until she was quieter. Then he turned out all but one of the lights. A shadow fell across the chaise longue. The old man grinned a little to think that, for once, she couldn't take any part in the scene. He hoped she was lingering near, trying to scream at them, trying to call them names—the way she did him sometimes when she got mad—and that she knew they couldn't hear her. She couldn't do anything about it any more.

"How did you get in?" he said.

"She let me in," the woman said. "I—asked her to see me."

How she must have loved that, the old man thought. "Did anyone else know you were coming?" he said.

She shook her head. He took the gun away from her then, and put it in his pocket. He had made up his mind. There was a chance—a chance—and he was going to take it.

Aloud he said, "It's all right. Keep perfectly still a minute."

IT was as though, with his terrible memories, his youth had come back to him for a moment.

He walked over and looked down at the dead woman.

"It's funny," he said, to the woman who sat frozen in her chair, her gray eyes wide and terrible with her awakening realization, "but it seems right she should die like that. How many people—people—in Hollywood know all about her and your husband? I always thought people in Hollywood knew everything."

"Nobody knew," the woman said bitterly. "Nobody but me. You see—she wanted to marry him. And she didn't want a scandal. Because, you see, there were the children and his mother—he—my husband—he was afraid of his mother. So they sneaked—and lied—and met in Paris—and went away on his yacht sometimes and he came here. Oh, she was clever. She had him—" the woman made a gesture with her hand as though she were squeezing something, "but she was playing for big stakes.

"I'd never met her—and I came—I thought if I begged her and showed her what she was doing—"

The old man smiled. "Not much use in that," he said.

"I *couldn't* have done this," the woman said. "I had it in my heart—I wanted to kill her—but I couldn't—"

"Where'd you get the gun?" he asked.

"I carry it in my car," she said, "because I drive alone at night—to the beach house—I—I thought I'd frighten her maybe—and then she laughed."

"Well," said the old man, "we got to act quick and very quiet and you got to do just what I tell you."

After all, there wasn't so much to do. The night was very dark. He got the little car out and headed down the canyon.

Then he went back and made her fix her face and then he put her in it. "Can you drive home?" he said. "You got to. For them kids. If you can get home and nobody knows anything there—don't you worry."

Funnybone tickler El Brendel, snapped at the Hotel Peabody in Memphis, shows what the true sportsman is carrying this year—a rifle, salt cellar, tame duck and a copy of Photoplay

HE had the combination of the safe and he opened it and took out the jewels, wearing his old gardener's gloves all the time. Then he knocked over a couple of chairs and took a bottle of perfume and threw it at the wall, like maybe she had thrown it at the man opening the safe. He knew her fingerprints were on that bottle, all right. She was always perfuming herself. He didn't touch her, where she lay. It looked all right. He studied it carefully. Like maybe she'd fallen asleep on the chaise longue and waked up and saw the man opening the safe and started for the bell to call him and knocked over the chair and then grabbed up the perfume bottle and thrown it when the man backed her toward the chaise longue. Looked all right.

He left the one light burning and then he went downstairs and outside and, with his tools, forced one of the low windows off the patio, taking care to stand on the flagstones so he wouldn't leave a footprint, and cut the screen and crawled through the window.

The jewels and the gun were in his pocket. Tickled him he'd had the combination of that safe. That silly studio maid of hers had driven out one day to get something out of it. Being in a hurry and half-hysterical anyhow—*she* could get people like that—she'd been all thumbs and couldn't manage the thing at all. Women never could seem to open safes, anyhow.

So she'd asked him to help her and he'd done it and remembered the numbers, not knowing exactly why, only as he always remembered everything about her. How furious she would have been if she'd known.

The still path up the hillside was familiar to him. He wore sneakers—the same ones he always wore. Lots of times at night he climbed that path to the very top, because from there you could see the ocean. On moonlight nights it was lovely.

But tonight it was very dark, pitch-dark. The powers of darkness served him tonight, not her. He took along a sharp trowel.

The hole was deep and careful and he was careful as he crawled under the brush and scrub oaks not to break any branches. He came up here often after yuccas. He planted the gun and the jewels deep and covered them carefully. Even if anybody knew where to look they'd hardly find them. There was lots of fine earth in which to hide things.

When he got back he remembered to try the front door, to be sure it was locked. Then he went upstairs to bed, not turning on any lights and he was actually asleep when the maid woke him with her wild screams the next morning.

NO, the jewels haven't ever turned up. Probably, said the police, they'd been sent to Europe and reset. So the insurance company paid the money and the old man decided to stay on in the Spanish house on the hillside.

"I'd hate to leave my garden," he said, gently. "Besides, it was her home—and it's got memories for me."

So Hollywood went its way and there was no scandal. And a family went its way, and if the woman was quieter and sometimes sad, and if she spent more and more of her time upon her knees in a dim corner of a church and in good works, nobody noticed it much. And the old man tended his garden and perhaps stood guard over that path up the hillside.

The tree of forbidden love in Hollywood bears many strange fruits—including murder. But don't look for the house in the canyon or the little old man, because that was just my way of telling the story.

Like Ferdinand—He Loves to Smell Flowers

(Continued from page 28)

ıe way around just because somebody's able to come out and chase us off?" the ·iend will say.

"No, it isn't that. But look—look at ıat grass, every blade a living thing. ife growing there. Living. It's beauti-ıl."

And over the face of the friend, as he ırns to stare at Jimmy, will come that ·lltale expression that says, "If you ·eren't my friend, I'd slug you. So help ıe."

Jimmy's is a sort of absent-minded-ess that comes with very ripe old age ıd subsequent kidney trouble. Why he ɔt it, the absent-mindedness, this far in dvance of old age is beyond the family's nowledge.

One day, in New York, while dining at is mother's home, his wife telephoned ımmy from a corner drugstore to ask he had the house key with him.

"Just a minute, I'll see," Jimmy said. ropping the receiver, he walked over ɔ his coat that hung on a chair. "Yes, ıre, I've got the key," he said quietly ɔ himself—and went back to his dinner. he receiver hung while Mrs. Cagney ood in a phone booth and fumed.

AGNEY'S life story reveals a strange ıing about him. He neither fought, ormed nor schemed to get to the top. 'e thinks he did, remember. But I oubt, knowing the aesthetic quality of is being, if Jim has it in him to ham-ıer his way along. No, instead, Cag-ey merely set his compass in the direc-on he thought he'd like best to travel nd then manfully stood his ground, 'hile the hurricane of events poured ver him. He did not mold his life to attern. Life molded Jimmy. And, 'hen it was all over and the strife and torms and heartaches had beaten and 'orn themselves away, Jimmy looked own and saw himself, surprisingly nough, on fairly solid ground.

He started his theatrical career as a horus *girl*. He was notoriously un-retty. From any angle, in any pose, he 'as only personable in a gruesome sort f way. It was noticeable from the last ow in the gallery. It was spoken of 'ith malice in several sections of the lled theater. In fact, the only thing ıat saved him was the fact that Allen enkins, in another chorus, was even ınprettier than he. Still is, for that ıatter. Jimmy wasn't crazy about im-ersonating a girl on the stage, but it aid twenty-five dollars a week, just en dollars a week more than he re-eived as a bundle wrapper in a de-artment store. So he stuck it out and vent on from there to fair breaks and ad breaks, and fair breaks and bad reaks, like an interminable sea, rising nd swelling and beating him down only o rise and swell and beat again.

He had two good chances at Broad-way; first, in "Outside Looking In," a lay with Charles Bickford; again in 'Penny Arcade" with Joan Blondell. Both times he showed to distinct ad-vantage, but he was not a seasonal sen-sation by any means. He hadn't yet turned to that sneering, clammy-hearted hoodlum of "Public Enemy" hat made Jimmy Cagney theatrical his-tory.

Cagney is a man misplaced in life, professionally, and he knows it. He is neither unhappy nor whimpery about it; for, fortunately, acting pays well enough to permit him occasional glimpses of the life he really loves.

He is a beauty lover right through to the soul of him. A farmer who loves the earth. He is even more than that. He is an aesthete. He sees beauty in a tree. A flower. A day. A gesture. A blade of grass. Music. The sky at sea. A pretty girl. A moth.

Say what you will, our Mr. Cagney has a great deal in common with another one of our friends, one Ferdinand the Bull. Time and again the comparison in the life circumstances of these two characters of extreme aesthetic tastes has come to my mind. Here are two souls who, through accidents, were thrust, and I think you can call it thrusting, into an arena of combat. Ferdinand, to face a frenzied matador on a field of Spanish gore; Cagney, to face a frenzied cop on long rows of Hollywood celluloid.

The very circumstances behind the projection of Ferdy and Jimmy into fields foreign to their tastes are strikingly similar. Our male bovine, for instance, had the indelicacy to sit on an indignant bumblebee, who, in sheer self-defense, struck Ferdy squarely in the rump, sending him leaping and galloping into the arms of waiting combatants, who imagined, by these goings-on, that Ferdy was only something this side of terrific.

Jimmy, while also not attending strictly to business, was hit by a theatrical bug that sent him galloping off into the arms of Warner Brothers, who also had ideas concerning the caperings of the reflexed Mr. Cagney.

There were times when Jimmy tried to get away from it all and, figuratively of course, go back and sit under a tree and smell the flowers. He tried it, figuratively again, in several pictures for Grand National and only recently in "Boy Meets Girl." He's convinced now, after the success of "Angels With Dirty Faces," that he must stay in there and fight—or be fought by an indignant public.

THERE is a universal belief, one gathers, that Jimmy is a product of the Ghetto or the broiling turmoil of New York's east side. He isn't. His home, in Yorkville, was that part of the city proper inhabited by poor and hard-working Americans as well as Germans, Jews, Italians removed from the mother-country by one generation.

The Cagneys, fatherless even before the baby sister was born, and almost penniless, functioned as a unit. They had to. United they could and did survive. The boys, all four of them, hustled after school but daytimes they went to school and high school and universities. They became doctors and business men and Phi Beta Kappa key holders—all because the mind of one Irish woman was obsessed with the idea of education. They grew up with it in their hearts and minds and souls; they never dreamed of disobeying. But it wasn't until after high school and further education removed them from that particular environment that these Cagneys discovered the world did not talk with a Yorkville inflection. And, quick as a flash to catch on, they changed their mode of speaking.

The sentimentality of the Cagneys among themselves was often commented on. When they left their mother at the door to run down to the corner grocery, they kissed her tenderly, kissing her again when they returned. Grown boys at that. Their happiness at being held together by this woman found expression in this manner. And still does. But then, they're naturally a sentimental lot, the whole kit and kaboodle of them.

At twelve, Jimmy experienced his first real suffering. He was homesick, while at home, for the green of the countryside he'd discovered for the first time when on a two weeks' vacation at a boys' camp. He'd tramp the crowded sidewalks with his soul full of ache. He'd found the thing he loved—nature, beauty. And he could not bear to be away from it. In fact, the first money he ever saved in his life went for a crudely constructed, crack-polluted shack on a wooded hillside in New Jersey. He'd go out there between jobs or over week ends and just sit, gorging himself on the woodland beauty, while the mosquitoes gorged on Jimmy.

Now, circumstances have permitted him to buy a bigger shack on a farm (this time with no cracks) on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts. Here he spends every spare moment between pictures. The way he fits into the life there is touching and amazing. To see him there among the old inhabitants—fishermen mostly—is really to know James Cagney, Public Enemy Number One of the screen.

He'll drive down the wooded road and meet up with a neighbor. "Hi, Jim," the neighbor will nod quietly and solemnly, and Jim, in the same tones and same expression, will nod back, "Hi, Lem."

Many of these people haven't the vaguest idea Jimmy's the cinema star of Hollywood. And those who do aren't impressed. He'll gather with them down at the landing, and, for hours on end, discuss the business of boats and fishing and farming and life and, as the talk flows along, one will know that Jimmy Cagney has come home at last, and at last found—peace.

He painted his barn red so the blue blossoms of a prize tree would show up to greater and more artistic advantage. And when the hurricane hit his beloved island last Autumn, it was right to that tree that Jimmy flew with anchors to keep it from being snapped with the gale that bent it double.

YES, this Cagney's a funny guy all right. A fellow who can adapt himself to any circumstances of living. For instance, when he and Mrs. Cagney returned to Hollywood for a picture before their new home was completed, Jimmy said, "Why spend all this money to live in a hotel suite? There are a couple of rooms finished over our garage, aren't there? Well, let's move in."

And there the Cagneys lived, happily and contentedly, for months.

He gets kind of a little boy kick out of the Western outfit he wears in "Oklahoma Kid" and loves to talk with the old codgers on the set, men who really saw the lawlessness of the old West.

And yet, he hasn't the kind of mind that can comprehend or appreciate a man's hobby if the scope of that hobby consumes time and money. Lloyd Bacon was talking to Jimmy about the elaborate toy train set he once owned, and the pleasure the costly miniature outfit had afforded him.

"How much did it cost you?" Jimmy asked.

"Oh, about ten thousand dollars," Bacon replied, "with all the equipment."

The face of Jimmy Cagney assumed perfect blankness. His mouth fell slightly open as he breathed, "Holy smoke . . ."

He keeps in the best of trim and will climb over the hills all by himself just for the exercise. He's careful about his diet. Except for cookies. As I said in the beginning—there's something about Jim Cagney and a plate of cookies. . . .

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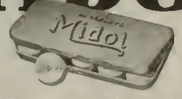

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 49)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

THE *Jones Family* has a new member in this rollicking episode—a grandchild who soon succeeds in breaking up the family. Quack doctor Reginald Denny moves in and proceeds to bring up the new baby scientifically, and the net result of all the hygienic methods is that grandfather Jed Prouty rages and father Russell Gleason leaves his wife, Shirley Deane, until great-grandmother Florence Roberts takes a hand.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Colonial-Paramount

THE children will probably like this, but if you've grown fond of the comic strip character, you'll be very disappointed in the picturization. Ann Gillis is *Annie* and, if you can imagine it, she manages a prize fighter. The town heavies lock him up on the night of the big fight but, with the aid of the community ladies, he breaks free and wins the fight. Who cares, anyway?

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

WHEN you see the kids' bikes lined up outside a theater in the afternoon you will know this is showing. Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis star, with Tommy still being too angelic for Peck's Bad Boy. The story is what you'd expect it to be. Benita Hume and Spanky McFarland are also in the cast.

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

HERE'S Joe E. Brown back again, with a swell comedy angle to work on. He's the leader of a troupe of actors who run into Leo Carrillo's banditti while en route (in a trailer) to New York. Carrillo fancies Steffi Duna, one of Brown's thespians, and so the troupe is held in captivity.

Joe E.'s antics, during the interim, will send you rolling into the aisles.

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

AFTER "Love Finds Andy Hardy," this next in the series could not fail to crack the boxoffice for new records. The *Hardy Family* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go to visit old friends who own a ranch in the West. These friends are having trouble over water rights and while *Judge Hardy* labors to straighten out the situation, *Andy* and Cecilia find that the Wild West is tougher than they thought it was.

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS "IN SOCIETY"—Universal

THESE *Little Tough Guys* (Frankie Thomas, David Gorcey, etc.) have quite a time when they get a vacation on a rich estate. Society matron Mary Boland invites them to bring her snobbish son, Jackie Searl, around—and climax comes when a crook stages a real stick-up. Then the Tough Guys, and Jackie too, come to the rescue. It's all handled from a comic viewpoint.

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

WHEN Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride, Olympe Bradna, he discovers his family is planning to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey. Out of such a situation comes excellent comedy, with plenty of slapstick action to give it added interest.

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

YOU swing it. We give it to you. You're tired of football now, anyway, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown (he's been a college boy too long) and Robert Wilcox being pals. Wilcox grandstands in football games while Brown is considerate and doesn't. Still, this threatens their friendship. Constance Moore doesn't help any, since both love her. Guess how the big game comes out?

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

PUT a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer and a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em," read a good book, and then yell "Cut!" You get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran, lawyer Edmund Lowe loves Helen, but nobody else loves anybody else. Someone is killed (you won't care who) and they accuse Foran. Lowe takes the case, despite loving Helen, who loves Foran, who gives up fighting to be a bellhop. Oh, well. . . .

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

IN this picture, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as gals who, of all things, are prize-fight managers. This situation is good for quite a few laughs, with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies romance, such as it is.

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

ADD another college picture, on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is a Harvard Senior who doesn't want to get married. But he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan and when she gets together with her girl friends he hasn't a chance. Everything winds up, including his hopes for the free life, at a Spring Dance.

Writing is badly done and Ayres is at a disadvantage. Burgess Meredith, as his pal, hams just a little.

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

FOR those whose interest in the theater is very great, this is a handsome and especially well-done piece of education. Simplicity is the story's keynote, with Luise Rainer cast as the poor factory girl who wants to act and to whom Art is everything. Rainer is at her best in this. So is Paulette Goddard, as a practical actress. Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin, Anthony Allan and other good troupers lend their able support, but watch Goddard.

THE SHINING HOUR—M-G-M

"THE SHINING HOUR" is a little tarnished, but you can't blame its stars for that. Joan Crawford gives one of the most polished performances of her long career; Margaret Sullavan, as is inevitable, steals each scene she's in. The story is that of a lowborn dancer, La Crawford, who marries a rich Southerner and goes with him to his farm. Said farm looks like the public library and houses Fay Bainter, Robert Young and his wife, Maggie S. You get the setup: Joan and Robert are attracted to each other and there ensues an involved period in which no one knows who's in love with whom. Melvyn Douglas does an excellent job as Joan's husband.

★ THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Goldwyn-United Artists

RICH girl poor boy, again. But it's done on a grand scale and furnishes valuable entertainment. Merle Oberon is the daughter of a politician who goes to the Miami house to escape publicity in the face of her father's Presidential campaign and there gets democratic with her maids, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd. Starved for amusement, Merle goes with them on a blind date and it turns out to be Gary Cooper, a cowboy who is in Florida for the Rodeo. He is sincere about everything and asks her to marry him. She does. The result is that he doesn't know she's rich, because he doesn't like rich girls, and her father doesn't know she is married, since the disgrace of it all would ruin him. How Merle gets out of this mess makes good cinema. Cooper gives his usual fine performance; Miss Oberon is a kind of British Carole Lombard; and Patsy Kelly is in there for the laughs. Harry Davenport, as Merle's uncle, has a grand rôle.

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

WHEN "Thanks for the Memory" was such a great song hit, Paramount decided they might as well capitalize on it. This is the result. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the married couple who find difficulty in getting along and so able is their work, so well defined the story, so capable the direction that the piece is one of the best comedies of the month. Hope is thoroughly at ease in his rôle of the young novelist, and Miss Ross is very attractive as the young bride, an ex-model who goes back to work so he can write. The nostalgic value of the song is well used when the two separate, with the fact that a Heavenly bundle is on its way doing the rest.

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A BANG-UP melodrama, this has action, thrills, the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles plays the intelligence service aviator who finds the secret radio station which is inciting natives to rebellion. Dick Cromwell dies in a plane crash while trying to warn the marching troops of an ambush. And there you have it, except for Rochelle Hudson.

★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists

WHILE there is a familiar ring to its crime school plot, new faces and excellent photography put this English picture into the above-average class. Cruelty reigns in a girls' reformatory until the arrival of new superintendent Edna Best. Her clean-up job becomes so absorbing that her neglected fiancé, prison doctor Barry Barnes, transfers his interests to a young inmate, Corinne Luchaire, and the eternal tragic triangle results.

Corinne Luchaire is hauntingly lovely as the incorrigible. Most interesting part of the film is the honest characterizations of minor rôles.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to the fact that we carry a number of unusual features in this issue, we have not printed "Casts of Current Pictures." If, however, any reader desires a particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and charmingly acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as *Francois*, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the sly, craven *Louis XI*. Frances Dee is de-lightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew has had it. This is your dish. (*Dec.*)

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (*Jan.*)

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (*Jan.*)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A hard-fisted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston, who forget their feuds to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody fracas; Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (*Dec.*)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young marrieds is evident in this simple tale. Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a re-adjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (*Dec.*)

LISTEN DARLING—M-G-M

This little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it is fresh as a daisy. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, daughter Judy Garland and son Freddie Bartholomew decide to take a hand, find a perfect papa for a ready-made family in Walter Pidgeon. It's very funny. (*Jan.*)

★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (*Jan.*)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (*Nov.*)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (*Dec.*)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (*Oct.*)

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. Great spectacle. (*Jan.*)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around, thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around murmuring proverbs while solving a murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (*Nov.*)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up . . . and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (*Dec.*)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (*Dec.*)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony" . . . we hope you catch each and every one. (*Dec.*)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (*Nov.*)

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports-adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gambini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (*Nov.*)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (*Nov.*)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (*Dec.*)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (*Nov.*)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau on the look out for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (*Jan.*)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90's, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (*Dec.*)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (*Dec.*)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fights scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (*Nov.*)

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gateson are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (*Dec.*)

STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane, put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are loverlike; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (*Jan.*)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balminess. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eight ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (*Dec.*)

★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is swell as the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (*Jan.*)

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the simoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (*Jan.*)

★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (*Jan.*)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (*Nov.*)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (*Dec.*)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (*Dec.*)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old-time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naive little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (*Nov.*)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to fake a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (*Dec.*)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (*Dec.*)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no . . . Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (*Dec.*)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (*Nov.*)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (*Nov.*)

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (*Jan.*)

★ YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (*Jan.*)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl. Lots of chuckles. (*Dec.*)

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(Continued from page 65)

Yes," I answered feebly, "but may I have a glass of cold water first, please?"

Like thousands of other little girls in Hollywood and towns everywhere, Juanita lives, quietly and happily, in a modest but lovely little home in a peaceful residential section of the city.

To Wayne and Martha Quigley who already had two children, Juanita was born in Hollywood on June 24, 1931, and immediately became the pride and joy of her older brother and sister.

"I'm a native daughter," she explains to everyone with great emphasis.

Her father, owner of several grocery markets, beamed with pride at her first tooth, at her ability when only two years old to master unusually long words. Later, of course, the whole family practically burst with joy when baby Juanita (the only theatrically minded Quigley) made her movie debut.

She was a "natural." Hollywood, five years later, found that out. You, who have seen "That Certain Age," have also discovered it.

A child's behavior abroad is a reflection of his behavior home—sometimes. Nerves, excitement or fatigue can throw the scales off balance, *naturally*, as Juanita would say. But, discounting these exceptions, the rule works. So, before I give you a picture of this child at work, let's go back to Juanita at home and survey, briefly, the causes behind those effects that take place outside the home.

At three o'clock every afternoon there's a flurry of excitement in the Quigley household. Rita, aged fifteen, gets in from school about the time eighteen-year-old Quentin, in from his school, bangs open the back door with a loud, "Hey, what's in the ice box?"

There's a squeal, a quick flash of bare legs as Juanita, head on, meets her big brother and sister in the hall for a mad scramble of hugs, kisses and giggles.

The baby alligator in the backyard must then be inspected, and its face washed again and again. Juanita has a fixed idea its scaly surface is plain, old, out-and-out dirt.

THERE are two treats for Juanita that inevitably follow dinner. The evening walk and the evening story, that usually comes from the same little story book.

When working, dialogue is learned by her mother reading the whole scene aloud to Juanita who, in ten minutes, can repeat back, not only her own, but everyone else's lines.

"Naturally," she says, giving the eye business again, "Mother is a great help."

There is no correction of faults in public or before visitors. Quietly, Mrs. Quigley sits in the background, allowing Juanita, unhampered, to be herself. Sessions take place in the bedroom later.

Invitations to her parties are designed and written by Juanita to the guests she, herself, chooses.

Famous children in pictures are lauded, praised, talked of as if Juanita had never even seen Hollywood herself.

"We even saw Shirley Temple once," Mrs. Quigley said, "and just think of the thousands of children who would give anything just to see Shirley."

Juanita agrees with her lips. Her eyes reveal an inner suspicion that just seeing Shirley isn't nearly the thrillingly hot event her mother imagines. Not as long as Jackie Searl exists in the world, at least.

Along about twilight however, comes the event that sends visitors out the Quigley front door, eyes fogged with tears, knees bended to the genius within the plump short body of a little girl.

It happens when Juanita climbs atop the volume labeled "History of Western Civilization" that rests on the piano bench and her feet touch a stool placed beneath. It happens when her absurdly small hands pause a moment over the keys and then, quickly flashing up and down the keyboard, bring forth the breath-taking melodies of the masters.

Tiny soldiers in bright red uniforms seem to march bravely up and down the rug as Juanita plays the stirring strains of Schubert's "Marche Militaire." Laughter floats from her fingers in "Feu Folette."

In just another short year or so Juanita Quigley will make one of the most sensational personal appearance tours ever made by a star. Juanita, according to her teacher and musical experts, will tour the world as a concert pianist.

HER adjustment from a little girl at home, to tempestuous, fast-talking actress of the cinema, is, to me, the most remarkable thing about her, except, perhaps, her unbelievably long lashes.

The youngest member of the cast of "That Certain Age," she immediately became one of them, with equal say, equal consideration, equal importance.

To most of the cast she was "The Pest" and she loved it. To Jackie Cooper she was "Old Lady." "Come on, Old Lady," he'd say, "let's go get an icecream cone."

To Deanna she was a friend on equal footing, with knitting, music and the disadvantages of seven over sixteen to be discussed.

Occasionally, stories of her cleverness are repeated by Juanita, pointing the way to rocks ahead.

"And so," she told me, "when the producer, Mr. Pasternak, asked me for a date seventeen years from New Year's I just said, 'Sorry, but I don't make engagements that far ahead.'"

Somewhere, someone along the line has fumbled badly in permitting Juanita to realize her own intuitive cleverness is worthy of emphasis. But, even then, I count on her normalcy and sound sense to pull her over the dangerous rocks of being a future smart aleck.

Jackie Searl, who always found a shady seat under a location scene for the little girl, who always saw she had a cool drink of water, is her favorite—her first crush.

The consideration of age is the one and only thing that cuts and wounds her deeply. When director Ludwig invited all the children of the cast except Juanita to a dinner and a preview of horror pictures, she was crushed when she found it out.

"But, Butch," he tried to explain, "I felt you were too young for horror pictures."

"Yes, well what about the dinners. I eat, you know."

Juanita attended the next Ludwig party. But even then she hadn't quite forgiven him. She rose to her feet for an impromptu after-dinner speech.

"It's been wonderful," she toasted. "And thank you Deanna or whoever's responsible for this dinner," she added hurriedly, with a quick flash of the eyes at Ludwig.

And now she's on her golden way—up the ladder—with more and more pictures waiting. It will be interesting to watch and follow her upward. Unless she travels too fast for an old lady to follow. Which wouldn't surprise me.

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1938

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!

ANOTHER cinematic year has gone by and the time has come to decide which of all the many screen offerings will not only be privileged to be treasured in your memory as a perfect picture, but will, because of that excellence, win the outstanding annual award for merit, PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal.

We are always immensely interested in our readers' voting; it furnishes a splendid cross section of information on "what the public wants." Though most studio heads insist—and rightly—that the one duty of a motion picture is to entertain, few can quarrel with the idea also advanced that this medium is something more than an escapist's paradise. Films are playing an increasingly important rôle in world affairs; they are the greatest source of education in the world today.

The balloting on "The Best Picture of the Year" will be close; it always is. Thus it behooves you to send in your vote today so that your particular favorite will have a lead. To jog your memory, we list on this page outstanding pictures of the past year. Needless to say, space does not permit us to list all the superb pictures released; if your pet is not here, vote for it anyway; it will be counted with the rest. This has been a controversial year. Medical films are nip and tuck with historical dramas; wacky comedy and sinister crime films continue heavily in the running. The musicals, though not so numerous as in past years, still have their place on any moviegoer's "must see" list.

There are no rules in this election. You either fill out the ballot below or write your choice on a slip of paper and mail to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1933! The picture that wins the most votes wins PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal.

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alexander's Ragtime Band
Adventures of Marco Polo, The
Adventures of Robin Hood, The
Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The
Algiers
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The
Angels with Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blackwell's Island
Blockade
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Boy Meets Girl
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buccaneer, The
Carefree
Citadel, The
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crime School
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Dramatic School
Drums
Four Daughters
Goldwyn Follies
Girl of the Golden West, The
Gunga Din
Happy Landing
Having Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jezebel
Joy of Living
Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Mad Miss Manton
Mannequin
Man to Remember
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rage of Paris, The
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Shining Hour, The
Shopworn Angel
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The
Slight Case of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Sweethearts
Submarine Patrol
Suez
Test Pilot
Texans, The
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Too Hot to Handle
Toy Wife, The
Trade Winds
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
You Can't Take It with You
Young in Heart, The
Yellow Jack

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

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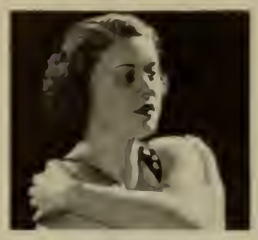
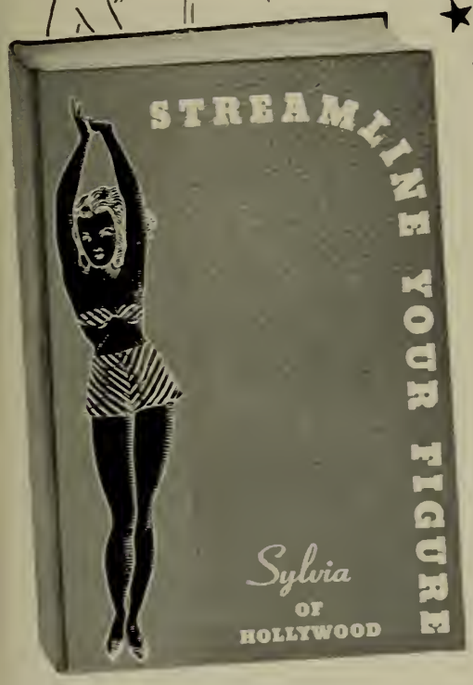


HERE it is . . . the new Sylvia of Hollywood book you have been waiting for. *Streamline Your Figure* is another Mme. Sylvia book destined to become a best seller. A book that goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and gives you definite, practical helps that will make you even more attractive . . . glamorous . . . desirable.



Streamline your Figure

BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Excess fat spells age in any language. Any spreading of the hips puts you in the matron's class regardless of your years. In *Streamline Your Figure* Madame Sylvia tells you how to take off fat and put it on where you want it. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact you'll enjoy reducing this modern Hollywood way.

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SONJA HENIE
By Paul Hesse

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The LION'S ROAR

In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans —
This is a fan letter to you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems to me that the timing is perfect for the Mickey Rooney interpretation of this great American story of the Mississippi folk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust, Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu"; "Huckleberry Finn"; "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

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This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense". If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box W, Culver City, Cal.

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★ ★ ★ ★

Note: "Pygmalion", Bernard Shaw's first personally authorized, personally written, personally supervised production, will be presented under special circumstances in all the highways and byways. It is a remarkable screen work.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Sonja Henie, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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VOL. LIII., No. 3, MARCH, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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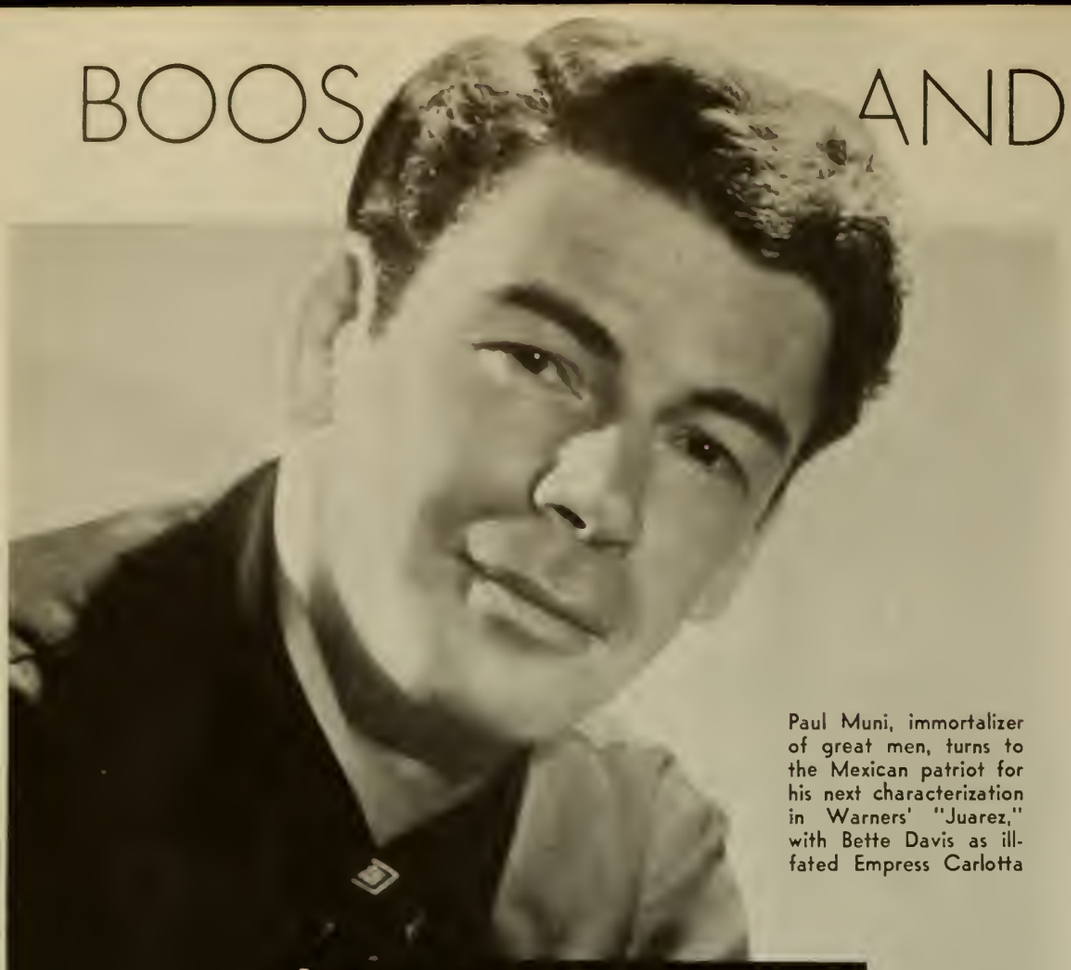
BOOS AND Bouquets



Paul Muni, immortalizer of great men, turns to the Mexican patriot for his next characterization in Warners' "Juarez," with Bette Davis as ill-fated Empress Carlotta

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES *that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

GABLE VINDICATED!

IN wishing Clark Gable the best of luck, PHOTOPLAY was the sounding board for America. In presenting Mrs. Gable's perspective, PHOTOPLAY cleared up a problem vital to the millions of Gable well-wishers and gave the lie to the countless ill-founded rumors concerning the Gables' separation. Because it did these two things without ever exceeding the bounds of good taste, it is a milestone in movie writing. This is the sort of story that makes fans see the human side of the star without detracting from his magnetism—rather than detracting, it makes them realize that his personality on the screen is shaped by problems as human and as pressing as their own.

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allen, Miss.

SHINE ON, BRIGHT STAR

ONE way to keep on being a B.O.B (Box Office Bet) is to make only one picture a year. My point is proved by Paul Muni. Of course, he is a magnificent actor—no one can gainsay that; on the other hand, there are other really able actors in Hollywood. But, frankly, one does get tired of seeing them so much. Too much, to my mind, are four pictures a year. Mr. Muni keeps the public and even the most hard-boiled critics in rapture with each picture. I insist it is because he is smart enough to know that, alas, familiarity breeds contempt; at least, it breeds a disinclination to "walk a mile for a Muni." We are all waiting breathlessly for "Juarez" because, while we vividly remember "Zola," it is almost two years since we have seen the distinguished Mr. Muni's map on the screen.

AMOS ILK,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAGNEY AND THE CRITICS

MAY I register a protest against the film, "Angels With Dirty Faces?" Although the idea behind the film was quite evidently to point out the lesson that "crime doesn't pay" it failed in this purpose and instead accomplished quite the opposite—it glorified the criminal. The weak-kneed priest never for a moment tempted the sympathy of the audience. By the way, Pat O'Brien looks beautiful in those clothes, but he underplayed his part. Saps were made out of the officers of the law. The boys were so tough that in real life their gang would have been broken up years before the story opened—and don't you think the cops would have been wise to that old hide-out?

Human nature is a mixture of good and evil—with plenty of reason for it to go mostly evil, but please remember that the majority of people are law-abiding and fairly trustworthy and anxious to be normally true to their principles. The ending of the film, making the criminal "go yellow" for the sake of impressing the boys, provided a phony climax to a very doubtful title. Uplift—I'm asking you?

M. S. SMITH,
Omaha, Nebr.

JAMES CAGNEY in the picture, "Angels With Dirty Faces," plays the difficult rôle of a gangster who must, by the sheer power of his acting, win the sympathy of his audience. His vivid portrayal of *Rocky Sullivan* is something to remember, even to the occasional "hunching" of his shoulders. His manner of winning his audience and injecting a warm human quality into his unsympathetic rôle smacks of perfection and would have been impossible to obtain, had it been played by someone of lesser ability. By the sheer power of his acting Cagney has taken a despicable personality, softened it, given it color and when at last, for moral purposes, he dies nobly, it is to leave the audience with tear-wet eyes and a sense of regret that the picture has ended and so also has *Rocky Sullivan!*

MRS. H. J. RINGLER,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

OUR READERS TAKE OVER

THIS letter is written especially for J. D. of Salt Lake City who wrote such an untrue statement recently about Joan Crawford. Publicity is not the very breath of life to her, as you put it. Joan is always trying to please her many fans and so, naturally, her name is important enough to keep in the news. Every actress is ambitious to succeed. Naturally, they like lots of publicity. Joan Crawford is one of the finest actresses I know of. Don't you think that her separation from Franchot is her business and that we should not even stop to wonder about the matter at all, for that is her problem to figure out in her own way. How would you feel if someday Joan came up to you and said "J. D., what is it about me that you don't like?" I'm sure you would feel like the smallest mouse.

GINGER L. BAGNALL,
Morristown, N. J.

I'M glad that "J. D." of Salt Lake City has come to the defense of Franchot Tone. Surely there are thousands of fans who admire Mr. Tone for his splendid acting, his air of good breeding and his beautiful and moving voice. It has upset some of us to see the pictures of Joan and Franchot in the various magazines. In each she was looking away from him, or devoting all her attention to the family pooch, with Franchot playing a lonely third. Franchot looked as if he realized her lack of interest all too well. I'm sure he, as well as his public, is relieved that he is free.

ANN MOORE,
Albany, N. Y.

I'D like to ask "J. D.," the writer of a recent letter, a question. How can you, who know nothing about the Crawford-Tone marriage except what you've read and heard, presume to say what broke it up? Be fair! I'm a Crawford fan, an ardent one, but that doesn't mean I am going to hurl a lot of silly charges at Franchot. I admire him, too, as an actor.

Who told you Joan is a flop at the box office? Don't let one person speak for the nation. I'm not being catty, but if you want to be honest with yourself you can't help knowing that her pictures have always been a bigger draw than Franchot's. Come on, wish them both luck; they're both grand people.

LAURA STECCONE,
Oakland, California.

(Continued on page 10)

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT

and

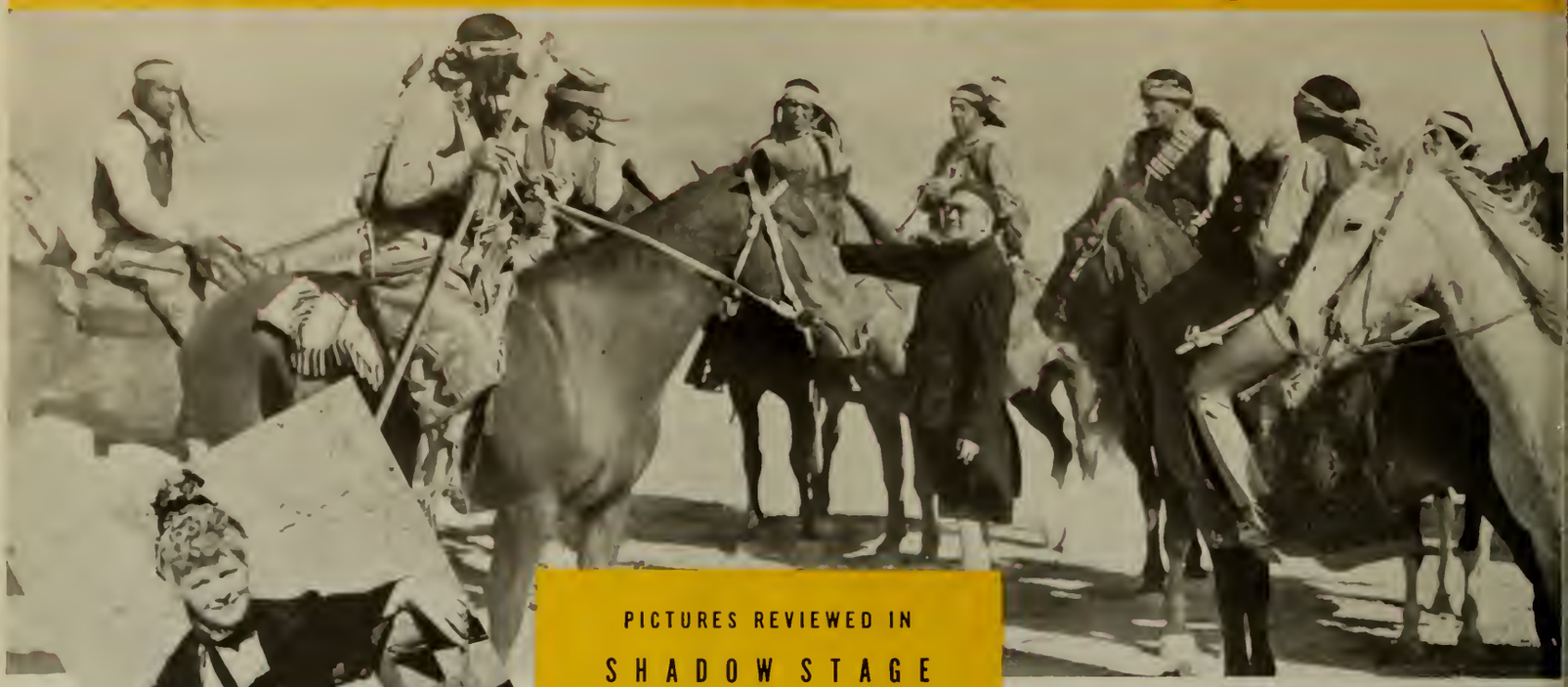
Henry Hull • Slim Summerville
J. Edward Bromberg • Brian Donlevy
John Carradine • Donald Meek
John Russell • Jane Darwell

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

BRIEF REVIEWS



Director John Ford (top) holds a powwow with the Indians in Wanger's "Stagecoach," the pioneer drama featuring Claire Trevor (center), in the femme lead, and young Tim Holt

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-enders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (*Jan.*)

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With this simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns' resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians; Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (*Dec.*)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (*Jan.*)

★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (*Feb.*)

BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie;* Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, *Dagwood;* Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling;* Gene Lockhart, *Dagwood's* boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (*Jan.*)

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (*Jan.*)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (*Dec.*)

★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (*Jan.*)

★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (*Feb.*)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughtful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (*Feb.*)

★ DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the *Jones Family* continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's divertissements on *Aunt Ida's* farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (*Dec.*)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhardts; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (*Feb.*)

DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (*Feb.*)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (*Feb.*)

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (*Jan.*)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (*Feb.*)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (*Dec.*)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (*Jan.*)

(*Continued on page 97*)

★BETTE DAVIS *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*

★DARK VICTORY

Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended

And.. Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

THAT is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear . . . it won't cost you a penny!

Appear SLIMMER *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

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Kindly send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

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Address .....

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up"—Nan Grey, Deanna Durbin and Helen Parrish—and they've grown up wisely and well. If you follow their advice you'll find that beauty insurance pays dividends in freshness and charm

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—And Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are smart enough to realize that now, while they are still in their teens, is the time to lay the foundation for beauty in their later years.

These girls possess the natural, radiant beauty which youth alone gives. We all know that there's no substitute for the fresh, glowing skin, clear eyes, the grace and vibrant buoyant spirit which is the special gift of youth; but we do know that it's never too soon to start protecting these vital gifts to beauty.

At sixteen, your skin doesn't need waking up and the contour of your face and throat doesn't require a muscle tightener. A good night's rest wipes out every bit of fatigue. But at twenty-five and thirty, fatigue lines and those faint wrinkles that come after days of hard work and carelessness in beauty care take a good deal of coaxing, soothing treatment to obliterate. Beauty insurance starts at sixteen, so that it will still be yours at thirty.

I watched the three girls play a scene on the set of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" at Universal and noticed that even before the cameras they wore very little make-up. Naturalness was the keynote of their beauty and healthy gaiety. It's a smart young girl who knows that being natural is her best bet at all times.

"I don't use any make-up at all off screen," Deanna told me seriously, "not even nail polish. There's plenty of time for that when I'm older."

Nan Grey, being the oldest of the three, wears only the lightest brushing of lipstick, but she uses very good judgment in applying it so that it gives just a soft touch of color instead of a heavy smear.

Deanna's light-brown hair had lovely chestnut high lights. She told me that she very faithfully brushed her hair fifty strokes in the morning and fifty more at night with a good stiff brush. "It seems like a lot of trouble sometimes when I'm tired, but it's like any other habit you get into—it gets to be a part of your routine and no matter how much you may feel like skipping it, you keep right ahead doing it. Which is a good thing."

It's extremely important for you, too, to get yourself into the habit of brushing your hair every day and into the right habits of exercise and living and thinking, so they'll stay with you all the days of your life.

The hairdress Deanna wears is very simple—her hair is softly curled and fluffed out at the neck and behind the ears. Two or three little curls are pulled out at each temple to frame the face. Very simple and natural and much more becoming than an elaborate coiffure.

LIKE Helen and Nan and all other smart young girls, Deanna knows that her health is important and follows the simplest exercise and diet rules to keep healthy.

"I love to swim," she told me between scenes, "and I walk a great deal when I'm not working. And I'm crazy about bicycle riding, too.

"Mother has one unfailing rule for me, though, and she insists that I adhere to it strictly, no matter how busy I am. I have to rest for at least an hour every day, preferably in the late afternoon, whether I'm working or not."

The value of that daily hour's rest can't be overemphasized, either for a movie star or for any other young girl. The habit of rest and relaxation formed at sixteen lays the foundation for poise and calm nerves at twenty-five or thirty —the basis of all beauty, charm and good health.

"Let's have lunch," said Nan, "I'm starved. We all are." All three have very healthy appetites, but choose their food carefully and with a view to its proper value. Deanna adores carrots and said she ate them at almost every meal. Helen favors vegetable soup and Nan makes no secret of the fact that creamed spinach is one of her favorite stand-bys. With a lamb chop or a small steak, topped off by a fresh strawberry sundae, they lunched sanely and well. No wonder their skins are satin smooth at an age when so many girls are having skin difficulties because of unwise indulgence in sweets or heavy foods.

It's easy, simple beauty insurance. Start it early and you will enjoy it late. You can be just as smart as they are and collect the same dividends—beauty, freshness, charm.

MORE YOUTH AND BEAUTY—I was so impressed by the sane beauty rules of the Three Smart Girls that when I ran into seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly at Twentieth Century-Fox the next day, I launched into the same discussion of preserving your beauty while you still had it to preserve. Nancy plays Tyrone Power's wife in "Jesse James" and she, too, has definite ideas about keeping youthful freshness.

"It's a tendency at seventeen, I think," she said, after due consideration, "to be careless of posture. It's so easy to slouch and lounge too much. Right now I'm slender enough, so it doesn't matter, but it might be a different story five years from now

"Because I think correct posture is one of the most important considerations in a woman's appearance, not only as to figure but effects on health as well, I've made a noble resolve to get the habit of keeping my tummy 'tucked in.' The fact that it's practically non-existent now ought to encourage me to keep it that way."

JEAN ROGERS listened attentively to Nancy's wise word. nodded her head in complete agreement and added her contribution. "I believe that a limited beauty routine faithfully followed is the best way to keep beauty for life. It's certainly better than following some complicated regime for a few months and then getting bored with it and letting your grooming go haphazardly for a while."

Skin, hair and figure are all important, Jean said earnestly, and the thing to do is to figure out your minimum individual requirements and then let nothing entice you from your beauty path. "I wash my face thoroughly with a mild soap and give it several rinsings with iced water before going to bed. I do this no matter how late it is or how tired I am. Going to bed with powder and the day's accumulation of dust may not make a perceptible difference the following day, especially in your teens, but it's so easy to get that good habit of cleansing your skin thoroughly."

YEARS of early care are essential to preserve the beauty and health of the average busy woman, since a girl's later years are usually very exacting and hectic, what with rushing off to the office, putting in a hard day's work and rushing home again to get ready for the evening's date.

It's not too soon to start in the good work of preservation in your very early teens. You wash your face, of course, morning and night with a good soap and thoroughly rinse it afterwards. Applying a light conditioning cream several times a week will help preserve the youthful freshness of the skin.

It's too soon for you to start using make-up, except perhaps a faint touch when you start your first evening parties. Thorough cleansing is the most important factor, along with a correct diet, to prevent the skin blemishes which sometimes trouble a young girl.

From the ages of sixteen to twenty, a more studied routine is important. Cleansing cream is necessary morning and night and afterwards your skin should be washed well with soap and water to remove all traces of the cream. After you have rinsed your face with warm water, follow it up with cold. A skin stimulant or tonic is advisable if your skin shows a tendency to oiliness. A light foundation should be used, but your make-up should be applied very delicately and imperceptibly.

Always use clean powder puffs to pat on your powder or take cotton pads so you can discard them afterwards. If you're using rouge, blend it carefully so it won't be noticeably artificial and wield your lipstick with a light hand. A little mascara and eye shadow will enhance your appearance for evening parties, but be discreet in the use of this, too.

Remember that the keynote of your make-up and of your whole personality should be naturalness—no posing or artificiality of any kind should be superimposed upon the natural charm of youth. Remember, too, that in everything you do you're building towards years to come, so be sure that that foundation is carefully thought out and rigidly followed and you'll reap the benefit of all your care in the loveliness you'll carry on to later years.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE BEAUTY-CONSCIOUS — To soften your skin, have your beauty operator remove your make-up and apply a layer of cream to your face while you're under the hair dryer, as they do in desert resorts like Palm Springs, so the cream will soak in and combat the effect of the hot dry air beating upon your face from the dryer . . . Paint your smart metal necklaces with colorless nail polish so they won't tarnish or stain your neck . . . To keep your long nails from ripping through the ends of your gloves, turn the gloves inside out and paste little strips of adhesive tape over the tips of the fingers . . . Smooth a touch of cream into your lids before applying your eye shadow so that it will blend easier and be more lustrous. . . .

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN—

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

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You'll See—KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

A CAT LIKES "BROTHER RAT"

TO up-to-the-minute movie fans this picture may be a bit stale, but to me it's as fresh as a daisy—here are the daisies.

When the characters have such audacity as those in the movie, "Brother Rat," it's catching. I am at the college age and thrill at getting new angles in letting off steam. Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris were characters that every girl and boy dreams they, too, might be during their college days. They played their parts perfectly, so that we, who can imagine ourselves playing their parts, spent a most enjoyable two hours with our treasured dreams coming true. "Zany" is the best sobriquet I know for that would-be gentleman, Johnny Davis. He's plenty of laughs. Summed up, the picture certainly had that certain yumph.

"Brother Rat" also brought back cherished memories of a most interesting visit at Virginia Military Institute.

VIRGINIA RICKETTS,
Charlotte, N. C.

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

THE public is aware that Nelson Eddy goes to some trouble to avoid the well-known autograph hounds.

It was during the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona that I received my first opportunity to see my favorite actor. The loud-speaker system in the grandstand, usually before the races begin, announces the presence of some of the celebrities and requests that the public respect their wishes and refrain from bothering the stars. As a result of this courtesy, the actors feel free to attend such events and the public benefits by viewing various favorites in-the-real.

With this in mind, I stood among the boxes and stared at Mr. Eddy. I debated just what to do under the circumstances, realizing that this would probably be the only occasion I might have to secure his signature. There I remained, uncomfortable and doubtful, with my race program in my hand. People began to notice me and urge me to ask Mr. Eddy, but my embarrassment increased. Someone informed Mr. Eddy that I wanted his autograph. He remarked that he had been watching me for twenty minutes, waiting for me to get up enough nerve to ask him. With these words of encouragement and to the amusement of the crowd I stuttered out my request, which was granted. When Mr. Eddy passed me on the way out, he smiled, took my hand and said good-by, much to my happiness and satisfaction.

My experience proves beyond doubt that my favorite isn't conceited and that his reasons for refusing such requests must have been because of possible mob violence. If approached in a reasonable manner, I am assured that Mr. Eddy and many of the other stars would feel more inclined to sign autographs.

EVELYN JOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

YOUR Cal York's comments on Garbo are becoming increasingly obnoxious. Evidently the gentleman (?) has some personal grudge and it gratifies him to exercise it in his column. Garbo's return may not interest him, but, to many of us, it is a long-awaited event. There are many pictures that I enjoy, but the only time I experience that thrill of anticipation is when a new Garbo picture is due in town. And it hasn't diminished one iota since that memorable day many years ago when I first saw "The Torrent."

MARTIN RENNER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I LIKE your magazine very much. It would be perfect except for the lack of two things. (1) A page for recipes and new ideas in entertaining. (2) Interior Decoration and the latest in furniture. Even though we can't live or entertain like the movie stars, we all enjoy reading about them. It makes them more human when we know their likes and dislikes in food, furniture, etc.

I think the photography is excellent in PHOTOPLAY, especially for the Fashion Department.

MRS. GEO. R. LUTZ,
Oaklyn, N. J.

THE FABULOUS FLYNNS

IT'S absolutely priceless the way the Errol Flynns have preserved their marriage in the face of the thousands of rumors that have been circulated about them, while, on the other hand, a half-dozen so-called "perfect" Hollywood marriages have failed, such as the Harmon Nelsons, the Richard Arlens, etc.

On the surface there may have been some cause for doubt that this couple could survive. He, breath-takingly handsome, addicted to the wanderlust, independent; she, vividly beautiful, sophisticated, glamorous and temperamentally unpredictable. I say on the surface, for who knows what is underneath? Certainly, I venture to say there is strength, both of mind and character.

The point seems to be that, in order to have your marriage succeed in Hollywood, have that town try to break it up via the printed and verbal route; that is, if you can take it! Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn—and all the best wishes in the world.

ELLEN BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The domestic Gene Raymonds attend the showing of "Submarine Patrol," curious to see what a rival studio is doing

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Hurrell

Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. In the World War he served in the British Intelligence and has written a spy story suggested by his experiences when he worked in Belgium behind the German lines:

Donald Crisp **Basil Rathbone**
Edward Arnold **Lewis Stone**

2. The starring rôle in the remake of "Beau Geste" will go to:

Leslie Howard **John Garfield**
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Gary Cooper**

3. This glamour girl once starred as a hockey player at the University of Washington:

Carole Lombard **Myrna Loy**
Dolores Costello **Ann Sothern**

4. In his return to the screen shortly, this actor will play a dual rôle:

Louis Calhern **Gavin Gordon**
Charles Chaplin **Al Jolson**

5. Two of these stars are part Indian:

Gale Page **Wendy Barrie**
Mary Astor **Ann Sheridan**

6. This screen star once managed Maxie Rosenbloom before the latter decided to turn actor:

George Raft **Mae West**
Humphrey Bogart **Lynne Overman**

7. In "Oklahoma Kid" he'll sing two numbers, one in English and one in Spanish accompanying himself on the guitar:

Pat O'Brien **Patric Knowles**
James Cagney **Randolph Scott**

8. This actor wrote the famous song "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise":

Ralph Morgan **Gene Lockhart**
Eddie Albert **Gene Autry**

9. This dramatic actress once had a job as a movie theater usher:

Barbara Stanwyck **Claire Trevor**
Fay Bainter **Frances Farmer**

10. The National Speech Teachers Association of Southern California awarded this actress a plaque for having the most beautiful speaking voice in Hollywood:

Irene Dunne **Claudette Colbert**
Loretta Young **Joan Crawford**

11. For his rôle in "Broadway Cavalier" he had to learn how to milk a cow:

Tony Martin **Wayne Morris**
Robert Taylor **Fred MacMurray**

12. This actor's fan mail has shown the biggest advance of any Hollywood star during 1938:

Charles Boyer **Tyrone Power**
Robert Donat **Mickey Rooney**

13. He is one of Hollywood's most rabid camera fiends:

Don Ameche **Clark Gable**
Henry Fonda **George Brent**

14. In "Plane No. 4" this actor will return to the screen:

Wallace Ford **John Mack Brown**
Richard Barthelmess **Charlie Farrell**

15. Not Lewis Stone, but another actor, played the Judge in the first picture of M-G-M's Judge Hardy series:

Warner Baxter **Lionel Barrymore**
Adolphe Menjou **Edward Ellis**
Walter Connolly **Edward Arnold**

16. Of these so-called "Screen Newcomers," one played in a number of films when a youngster:

John Garfield **Nancy Kelly**
Priscilla Lane **Eddie Albert**
Jeffrey Lynn **Louise Campbell**

17. According to an exhibitors' poll, Box-Office Queen for the fourth successive year is blonde star:

Carole Lombard **Jean Arthur**
Joan Bennett **Madeleine Carroll**
Shirley Temple **Bette Davis**

18. Of these movie "heart throbs," only one is an eligible bachelor:

Melvyn Douglas **Joel McCrea**
Robert Donat **Ronald Colman**
John Garfield **Richard Greene**

19. A member of a famous family has recently joined United Artists to work for Sam Goldwyn:

Alfred Vanderbilt **Patricia Ziegfeld**
Diana Barrymore **Blythe**
John Jacob Astor **James Roosevelt**

20. She was voted the nicest star to work with by Hollywood fan magazine photographers:

Alice Faye **Joan Crawford**
Maureen O'Sullivan **Bette Davis**
Virginia Bruce **Norma Shearer**

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NAME..... ADDRESS..... P3

MOVIES *in your home*

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

HERE'S some technical advice from Hollywood experts on how to make better home movies. Ernest Haller, ace cameraman at Warners', tells us that one of the most noticeable flaws in home movies is the lighting.

The most common error in lighting is the failure to provide at least one "hard" source of light in shooting interior scenes. Ordinary bright incandescents and photofloods usually have frosted bulbs which give off a slightly diffused light. This "fuzzy" light, while excellent for the soft side of the picture, fails to throw the sharp-edged, distinct shadows which are so necessary in giving depth to the scene. It is imperative for good results to use at least one "hard" spotlight. Haller uses three spots and four floodlights in shooting his home movies in color, but the amateur using black and white film will not need this amount.

Most effective way to use "hard" light is to place the spot at the three-quarter position, behind and slightly to one side of the camera. One or more photofloods can then be used to give roundness to the soft side of the subject; with one or more *additional* photofloods to light up the background and give the scene depth. For unusual effects, the spots can be used to illuminate the subject from directly above or below; and for high-lighting profile shots a spot can be directed from above or behind the subject. The utility of spots can be greatly increased by the use of adjustable shields to cut out undesirable portions of light. In shooting exterior scenes the same general rules should be followed, using the sun for the hard light and reflectors or cardboard or metal for the soft illumination. The best time for shooting exteriors is mid-morning or mid-afternoon.

From producer Mervyn LeRoy on the M-G-M lot comes solid advice on how to make the people in your home movies film most realistically. The easiest way to do this, according to producer LeRoy, is to give your people "natural" things to do—things they do in everyday life. Particularly should this method be used with children. Never make little Bobbie do anything that doesn't seem logical or easy to him. Another important thing is continuity. The action must be clearly understood by the audience.

THIS month's 16 mm. releases are many. Pathegram has a one reeler of the Dionne Quints called "A Day At Home," the only 16 mm. film of the Dionnes on the market. This company also has a new film of the geyser at Yellowstone called "Old Faithful."

Castle, the leader in 16 mm. output, has a breath-taking short—"Snow Thrills"—of skiing, skating, tobogganing. Castle's "News Parade Of 1938" is always its biggest and best picture. It covers every big event that happened in 1938. Also, with the World's Fair coming up in New York, you'll scoop your neighbors by showing them Castle's "Preview Of World's Fair." For those interested in big-game hunting, Castle's latest is "Camera Thrills In Wildest Africa" and for lovers of milder thrills, a fine film called "Hawaii."

GARRISON films are releasing for the home the seldom-seen foreign pictures of the last two years. Paul Strand's Mexican film, "The Wave," Rene Clair's "À Nous la Liberté," Hemingway's "The Spanish Earth." Also "Maedchen In Uniform" and "The Life and Loves of Beethoven." All these films can be rented at an amazingly low rate and a substantial cut in price will be made if you rent six films at one time.

Garrison also has several Bob Benchley shorts, very excellent at $1.50 per reel. But we think their high-light picture is one called "Death's Day," a film made from the beautiful "left over" shots from Sergei Eisenstein's, "Thunder Over Mexico."

Eastman Kodak, Gutlohn, Bell and Howell and Film Exchange have added to their tremendous stock of 16 mm. film this month. Eastman, as you know, adds new Disney shorts each month. Film Exchange has an unending supply of new comedies and short travel and dance subjects.

As for new equipment, from Universal Camera Corp. comes the announcement of a new low-priced 8 mm. camera series to be known as the World's Fair Cine 8 Cameras. Features of the new cameras will include a new type optical finder, a quick closing cover, which halves loading time, a new type governor to insure a long run of film at uniform speed . . . General Electric exposure meters are now supplied with improved rapid calibration scales. . . .

A new 1000-watt lamp, enabling 16 mm. projectors to throw a larger picture on the screen, will also soon be placed on the market by G. E. . . .

A single-legged tripod is now out. You can get it from the Whitehall Specialty company in Chicago. Increasing the case of splicing, a new fountain pen Film Emulsion remover is now available.

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your breath Sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

What's happening to Shirley Temple, Hollywood's greatest box-office star? She's reaching the awkward age, causing casting problems. Miss Waterbury makes some interesting suggestions on what might be done about Temple films of the future

BY RUTH WATERBURY

WELL, by gosh, there is at last something in Hollywood that I don't understand . . . here I thought I was the wonder girl, knowing all, comprehending all . . . but now I am stumped. . . .

What's got me all mixed up is the way Twentieth Century-Fox is casting the most precious star on the screen . . . the darling of the whole world . . . the most unspoiled personality in pictures . . . Miss Shirley Temple. . . .

The sheer accident of one personality and one studio getting together fascinates me, anyway, as it relates to a star's eventual success or failure in Hollywood . . . for instance, nobody was deader than Spencer Tracy before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him . . . not that Metro always understands its people either . . . Hedy Lamarr had to go to Wanger's to get her chance . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has done a most magnificent job of handling and developing Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, Alice Faye and Don Ameche . . . but what has happened to that studio and Shirley? . . . Usually so smart, how have they become so mixed up in the handling of their greatest little star? . . . .

Admittedly, Shirley Temple today isn't an easy problem of casting . . . she is getting into the awkward age . . . somehow or other a scene where she can do a tap dance or sing must be worked into all her scripts . . . but is it any harder to create such situations in a plausible way for Shirley than it is to work singing scenes into Deanna Durbin's pictures or skating routines into Sonja Henie's? . . . .

The appeal of Deanna Durbin is that we have been permitted to see her grow up . . . progressed with her, by way of pictures, through lots of growing girl problems . . . we have enjoyed the same kind of amusing-by-proxy experience with *Andy Hardy* . . . *Andy* buying his first tux down in Washington was as thrilling to us as to *Andy* . . . watching *Andy* take it from Virginia Weidler couldn't have been more fun to us if we had slapped his ears down ourselves . . . Deanna gets the benefit of leading men like Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas . . . strong casts . . . real productions . . . but what of Shirley?

Here is my idea . . . we want her shown to us in such a real and human way that if we are old enough we can think of her as our own child and if we are young enough regard her as our friend . . . there must be human, natural, childish things for her to do . . . lovely modern child's stories for her to bring to us on the screen. . . .

Shirley is a rich little girl now, to be sure, and an extraordinarily gifted one . . . to get a story that is really like her takes a lot of doing . . . but suppose Twentieth Century gave her the problems of a rich child . . . she could still have tears and tempers and loves . . . think of young Gloria Vanderbilt, for example, routed around between her mother and her aunt, having to read her mother's court battles in the daily press . . . that kind of a story might be worked out for Shirley . . . even young heiresses cry when they lose their dogs, or get dragged into divorce proceedings between their parents, or get sent to the wrong school . . . it seems to me there are so many things that Shirley could do, and beautifully . . . but there is danger if she is kept in that vaudeville-dancing-radio background much longer, a world which so few children that any of us ever know inhabit . . . that would be a tragedy. . . .

One exciting thing that has been happening in the movies lately . . . and very charming and about time it is, too . . . is that a few groups of pictures are giving us the continuity of serials or comic strips . . . Deanna Durbin may bear different names in the different stories she appears in but her producers have so completely wrapped those stories about her private personality that the central character is always just Deanna . . . the *Hardys* and to some lesser extent the *Jones* family grow before our eyes . . . we wish the *Jones* would grow a bit more . . . while love and other things are happening to *Andy Hardy* not a thing happens to *Jack Jones*, that is, in terms of maturity . . . personally I wish it could be worked out so that there would be a certain day or a certain month, say the fifth of March and then the fifth of June, that you could set down in your date book as the night the *Jones* or the *Hardys* would be at your neighborhood theater. . . .

Those families have become so much friends of mine that I should like to know just when I could see them. . . .

And while I'm on that subject another hopeful sign seems to me the fact that Hollywood is now recognizing the seasons . . . this year there were definite Christmas pictures . . . only two, I will admit, but at least a step in the right direction . . . "The Christmas Carol" and the reissue of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" . . . but up until now the only season that Hollywood has admitted existed (I suppose because there aren't any four seasons in cinemaland) has been the football season . . . the brilliant Zanuck has now come forth with "Kentucky," a horse epic . . . I don't mean a Western . . . to time with the racing season (Hollywood knows about that, too, what with its love of the Santa Anita and the Hollywood tracks) . . . but I don't see why we shouldn't have special Easter pictures and some fine story about Thanksgiving, though nothing about the Pilgrims and New England if I get my way about it, and all the other simple holidays that we average people celebrate with such fun, but which the movie producers seem to forget exist . . . I think if the studios would get this much closer to us and our interests they wouldn't find us staying home so often of nights to listen to the radio. . . .

I wonder if anyone but me has noticed that it seems to be an exclusive Hollywood fashion custom for the couples who go about together to dress alike . . . Taylor and Stanwyck patronize the same tailor and have their coats and riding outfits cut to identical lines . . . so did Crawford and Tone . . . so do Gable and Lombard . . . almost every girl in Hollywood goes in for plain, masculine shirts, either of plain

(Continued on page 86)

"Sure I'm a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us . . . the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch . . ."

Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire—and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene".

Harold Orlob presents

SYLVIA SIDNEY

"...one third of a nation"

with LEIF ERIKSON

Directed by DUDLEY MURPHY • Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of kids ever to brawl their way into your heart—

Spring Magic FOR YOUR FROCKS

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Prescribed by Paris, okayed by New York, worn with enthusiasm by smart Hollywood, fine silver fox enlivens both spring's day and evening costumes. To be sure that yours is truly fine silver fox, look for the FEDERAL name, stamped on the leather side of each pelt. It assures you of luxurious skins that are beautifully silvered, and that have lasting loveliness. At smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

TYRONE POWER'S *Own Story*

OF HIS UTH AMERICAN TRIP

(For photos which he took himself, see next pages.

Revealing notes and comments by RUTH WATERBURY)

THIS whole story came about very innocently. Last summer when Tyrone Power told me, as a great secret, that he was planning to take a vacation in South America, I asked him if he would keep a diary of his trip and give it to me for Photoplay.

Tyrone kept faith, on both scores—that is, he did keep a diary and he did give it to me for Photoplay. He would do just that, because he is a swell guy who always lives up to his word. (A fairly unique combination in Hollywood, incidentally.)

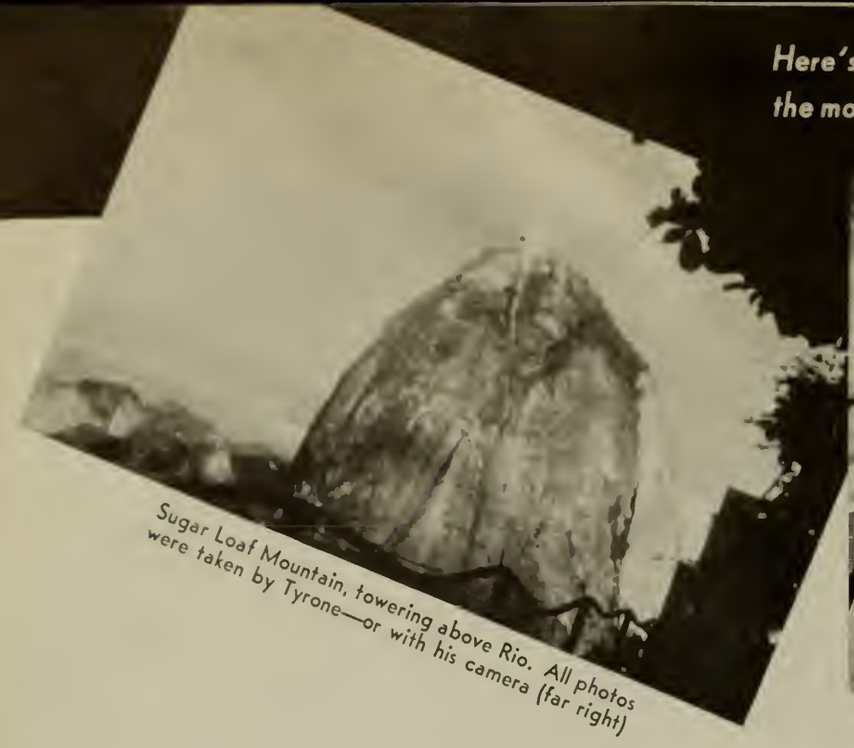
However—and, kiddies, what a big, romantic "however" that one turns out to be—between the time that Ty made that promise and his return to the United States, reports on his South American journey became, for movie enthusiasts, more interesting than any other movie story of the late winter, and hotter than a stove. The reason for this is very chic, very trim-legged and her name is—Annabella.

It seems that Annabella turned up in South America (divorced the while from her former husband, Jean Murat), just at the time Tyrone did.

Whether or not her being in Brazil when Ty was was prearranged cannot be told. Or more exactly, if you think that the only person who could tell (that is, our Mr. Power) has any intention of telling, then you might just as well go back to playing with your dolls, on account of you are too young and innocent to be reading Photoplay, anyhow. However, the Power diary given to you here is a record of those days and some of those dates, and there is such a thing as reading between the lines.

For instance, below, in plain type, you will find Tyrone's diary just as he wrote it. In between those lines, you will find some notes I have put in. My reason for interpreting Mr. Power to you is because I am quite sure you will agree with me that he has left out most of the things his tremendous public wants to know. Which, as a matter of fact, is both the sensitive and correct thing for him to do. Item one, he is too well-bred a young man to go bandying about a young lady's name in public, no matter how many questions he may be asked concerning her. Item two, he is too decent and modest a fellow to tell, for himself, how the South American throngs mobbed him at every airport; how girls in absolute clusters tagged him through hot, sunny streets so that eventually all the police had to be called to rescue him. He feels, with some justice, that if

Here's once, at least, when the word "scoop" is no exaggeration—the most engrossing, wanderlust-provoking story of the new yea



Sugar Loaf Mountain, towering above Rio. All photos were taken by Tyrone—or with his camera (far right)

Shot of the Santa Maria volcano near Guatemala, from above clouds

he were to set down these things, particularly for publication, that he would sound too much like a conceited prig. On the other hand, he regards crowds of autograph seekers neither as misances nor as something his due, but rather as pleasant people whom he wants to be nice to in return for their liking him.

Take, for instance, the very first entry in Ty's diary. He writes:

Tuesday

WE took off from Burbank Airport prepared for a seven-week vacation trip to South and Central America. Bill is going with me and he reports that our passports, tickets, luggage and cameras (we are taking three) are all safe in the plane. We've both been looking forward to this trip for so many years that I'm out of the world with excitement over our really starting.

5 A. M: we're down in Mexicali. Bill and I step out of the plane for a cigarette and to stretch our legs. We get a shock from the cold. The airport thermometer registers 34°. What an amazing country. When we were last at this airport six months back, it was 120° in the shade, if you could find any shade.

9:30 A. M: we're down to refuel at Hermosillo, Mexico. Some of the children who greeted us here last time reappear. They happened to hear over the radio that we were on this plane, so they came down again to wish me luck on my trip, also to see if my Spanish had improved, I suspect.

1:30 P. M: we arrive at our first planned stop, Mazatlán. Stopped here because I was fortunate enough to secure a lease on an island a few miles off the mainland and wanted to take this opportunity to arrange for the construction of a shack, also to investigate or explore the island for a suitable building site.

Now, what Ty doesn't tell you is that Bill is Bill Gallagher, a tall, lanky chap who is his best friend, his most loyal companion and officially his secretary. He tags Ty around more faithfully than his shadow and a lot more busily. Anything that you might want to know about Monsieur Power, Bill knows—and doesn't tell.

As for that island business, Ty definitely has a yen for islands. He undoubtedly will build a house on this particular island, since he has long been dreaming about just such a residence where he can get away from telephones, radios, and people and just lie in the sun and read.

As he illustrates, by his second diary entry, that's his idea of a really fine day.

Wednesday

SPENT a glorious day fishing, swimming and climbing over every part of the island. So tired that after sundown we didn't do a thing but take a shower and go to bed.

Thursday

GOT a contractor and a carpenter out to the island and discussed the type of shack I want built. The contractor unearthed an old well near by which solves the fresh water problem. Back to Mazatlán at noon where we had lunch and boarded the plane for Mexico City.

Down at Guadalajara, Mexico, got our first taste of the type of reception that the people were to greet us with wherever we stopped. We could not imagine so many people would be on hand to greet us.

5:30 P. M: arrived Mexico City. Mr. Pierce, in charge of the Mexican Tourist Bureau, met us at the airport and, because of the crowd, arranged a police escort to get us to our hotel.

That last entry is a prize bit of understatement and get that "us" business. There were nearly a thousand fans at each of those airports, of which 992 in each crowd were of the female sex and, if Bill got any looks, they were undoubtedly dirty ones. Not that Bill isn't a darling, and possessed of a way with the women, too, but anyone who goes anywhere with a movie star soon discovers himself becoming either invisible or hated. Maybe that's why he could give me such a graphic picture of what happened at that airport. Ty's technique at airports is to try to escape notice by walking around the tail of the ship. This didn't deceive the señoritas, however. They yelled at Ty in Spanish and in English, loud and lovingly. They begged for his autograph, his kisses, his necktie and his handkerchief. After a moment or two, he capitulated and walked over to the fence that separates actual flying fields from the outside world and, grinning at the throng, gave his autograph—and nothing else. At Mexico City, if Mr. Pierce hadn't got the police, Ty probably wouldn't have got away whole. As it was, he lost several buttons and the handkerchief. Not that it threw him off pace. Look at the scholarly reactions he went in for next day.

Friday

SPENT the morning at the Museo Nacional with archaeological, natural history, anthropological and Mexican historical sections occupying our time. Most interesting. *(Editor's note: wow!)*

Took off for Guatemala City at 1:30. After flying above the clouds for three hours we swooped down on a little town called Tapachula, at the Guatemalan border. This town gave us our first real sample of tropical weather. Stepping out of the plane was like walking into a steam bath. Grounded for an hour because of the fog.

It finally lifted and let us go on to Guatemala City. Mr. DesPortes, the American Ambassador, met us and took us to the Legation where we met the other members of his family and staff. After dinner they took us for a tour of the city.

It may be told now that Ty's trip which he had planned purely for pleasure actually worked itself out into being a bit of a good-will mission, not alone for his studio, but for the entire motion-picture business. Before he left Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox had arranged for him to visit the American Legations in each of the South and Central American countries he toured.

For Hollywood, as much as our own Government in Washington, has the wish to bring all the Americas closer together.

Can you fancy a better good-will ambassador to the Americas than this handsome boy with his excellent manners, his keen intelligence and his genuine love of Hollywood and all its works?

Saturday

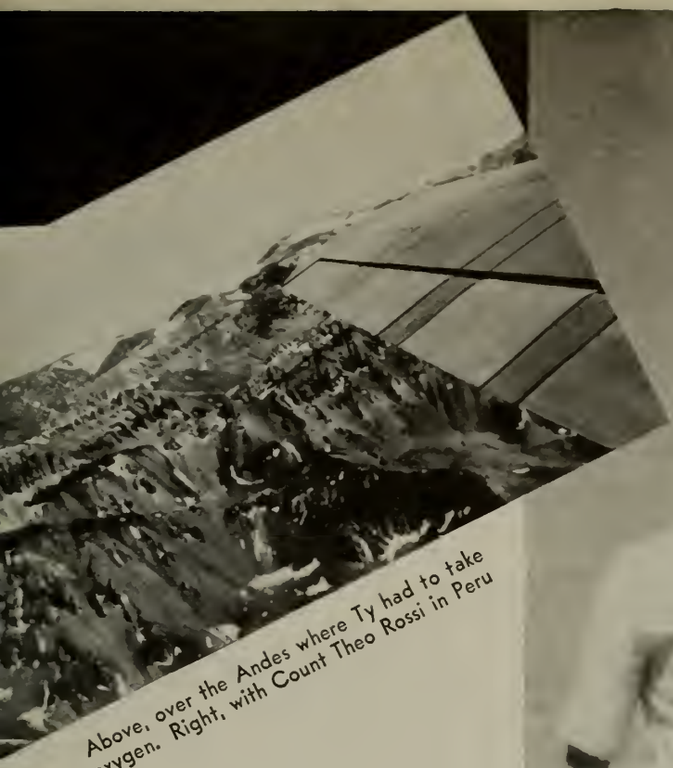
OUT of Guatemala City on a three-day tour of the surrounding country. Weird and wonderful experience.

The roads were crowded with Indians—men, women, children—all carrying tremendous burdens on their backs and heads. Our guide said the Mayan Indians often carry a load as heavy as 125 pounds on their backs for distances of as much as a hundred miles. Nice work and I hope I can't get it.

Stopped for lunch in Antigua, the former capital.

An earthquake destroyed the city in 1775, creating ruins that are terrific and beautiful.

The town is in a glorious setting anyhow, about five thousand feet above sea level, with three great volcanoes jutting up against the sky. After lunch we visited a coffee plantation. It certainly is a complicated process getting that coffee off the bush and into the breakfast nook. Thrilling drive back, over two mountains a mere 13,000 feet high, to a little village called Chichicastenango.



Above, over the Andes where Ty had to take oxygen. Right, with Count Theo Rossi in Peru

Sunday

SUNDAY and market day in Chichi. (Nobody bothers to call this place by its full name.) I purchased a Mayan coat that I'm going to use as a smoking jacket when I get home.

We visited one of the churches, too. The Indians have adapted their own gods to their adopted faith and it isn't unusual to see a statue of the Blessed Virgin dressed up in Indian garments and sometimes carrying a mirror in her hands.

Visited the old Mayan ruins in the afternoon and were fortunate enough to see an Indian tribal dance. Grand stuff.

Ty discovered in Chichi that Indians aren't movie fans. Not one of them recognized him, so he went around unmolested. He won't admit what a great relief this was—but Bill admits it—and soulfully.

Monday

STARTED back to Guatemala City, driving over a road that had been cut through solid rock to a town called Solola on the shores of Laka Amatitlan. After lunch we continued to Guatemala City where I made an appearance at the local Fox theater. Spent the evening as a guest of the American Legation. Tonight ends the first week of my vacation, the most exciting I've ever spent.

Tuesday

LEFT at 8:30 A. M. for Cristobal, coming down at San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Honduras and Managua, Nicaragua en route. Because of bad weather missed the scheduled stop at San José, Costa Rica, and had to make an emergency landing at David, Panama.

Pouring rain. Into Cristobal, finally, met the local press and had dinner at the Strangers Club.

After dinner drove over to the Canal and saw the locks.

Wednesday

LEFT at 9:00 A. M. for Guayaquil, Ecuador. Met Count Theo Rossi on the same plane. He's the Italian speedboat king and a grand fellow. He's headed for Rio, too, which is good news. Came down at Cali, Columbia, just before crossing the equator and the citizens turned up at

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Botofago Bay, from Corcovado Mountain

The harbor of Valparaiso, Chile—a picture Tyrone took from a café on the edge of the shore

1. Joan Crawford's bridal gown is wrong on either of two counts

2. Joan's hostess was at fault here, says Mrs. Post

3. Connie should have told a white

EMILY POST TELLS WHAT'S Movie Manners

Emily Post, arbiter of good taste

From our foremost authority on etiquette—a fascinating analysis of Hollywood's social blunders

BY NANETTE KUTNER

ARE movie manners mostly wrong?

I never thought so, but, after listening to Emily Post, foremost arbiter of good taste, whose blue book of "Etiquette" in 1938, its sixteenth year, has sold over eighty thousand copies, I have definitely changed my mind.

Because Hollywood has become, more and more, the model which America uses as the pattern for its own behavior, PHOTOPLAY persuaded Mrs. Post to give us a few much-needed pointers, by explaining how Hollywood and its pictures err in the matter of good manners.

Mrs. Post rightly feels that, during the past ten years, motion pictures have vastly improved. "In sound effects, in photography, in stories and dialogue and acting, but," she observes, "the accuracy of the society shots often appears to be neglected. We see drawing rooms so ridiculously large they can only be likened to the Grand Central Terminal. We hear conversation that no one to the 'manor' born would dream of using."

According to Mrs. Post, the worst offense committed against good manners is that of pretentiousness. She says, "Good manners are the outward expression of an inward grace. You can't get them any other way. Probably that is why Shirley Temple, in that very first feature picture of hers, had charm that few can equal."

Sometimes the mistakes Hollywood makes are not too serious, but usually they are ludicrous, and far too often they set bad examples for millions of ardent movie-goers. So, whether or not you think that your own manners or those of Hollywood could stand some improvement, we think it will pay you to hear what Mrs. Post has to say.

"FOR example, in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' someone talks about the 'second butler.' Evidently the dialogue writers didn't stop to think that a butler is like the captain of a ship. There can be only *one* captain; likewise, there can be only *one* butler. You can have as many footmen as you wish, but only *one* butler.

"Incidentally, I think the best screen butlers are those played by Eric Blore and Alan Mowbray. And, granting due respect to William Powell, whom I consider a fine actor, no persons of position could employ a mustachioed butler.

"Nor does a maid, like the one Loretta Young plays in 'Private Numbers,' wear her curls flying. She keeps her hair very short, smooth, neat. Besides, no lady's maid *ever* wears a cap and, unless she is obviously English, no waitress or parlor maid wears one."

Mrs. Post paused for breath and I handed her a batch of stills and candid shots chosen at random from the files of PHOTOPLAY. She studied each, in turn. These were her criticisms.

Number One was the wedding scene from "The Shining Hour." Mrs. Post said that Joan Crawford's bridal gown was wrong on either of two counts.

"If this is her first marriage she ought not to be wearing colored flowers; a maiden should be dressed in pure white. On the other hand, if this is her second marriage, the colored flowers are appropriate, but her veil is out of place. Only at her first wedding may a bride wear a veil."

Number Two, also from "The Shining Hour," shows Miss Crawford drinking tea and balancing a plate of cake upon her lap.

Says Mrs. Post, "This is not the fault of Miss Crawford. When serving afternoon tea little individual tables should be placed next to the guests to hold plates or ash trays. The hostess who expects her guest to balance things on her knees should choose her friends in the circus rather than in society! Also, Miss Crawford was certainly made to appear inordinately hungry by the huge chunk of cake wished upon her. At tea time a hostess serves only the daintiest of sandwiches and cakes."

Mrs. Post considers Constance Bennett one of the best-dressed women on the screen.

13. Another reprehensible Hollywood custom

. Mrs. Zanuck commits a faux pas

5. A social pariah—that stick

6. Either Alan Mowbray or Roland Young is wrong here

ONG WITH

7. A social error many men are guilty of . . .

8. Hat off when you kiss your mother-in-law, Gene

"When she plays an actress she looks like an actress and when she plays a lady, she looks the part. But," emphasized Mrs. Post, "rather than seem as bored as she appears in Picture Number Three (see illustration), Miss Bennett would be far less rude if she composed a white lie and told her partner that she couldn't dance because she'd hurt her neck!"

Number Four was a candid shot of Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck going to a preview. The spectators are dressed for midsummer weather and so is Mr. Zanuck; but Mrs. Zanuck, in contrast to her light dress and open-toed sandals (which, Mrs. Post claims, are only suitable at a beach) is wearing a heavy white fox cape.

"If the weather is hot," Mrs. Post said, "heavy furs lose their beauty because of their distressing unsuitability.

"Vulgar clothes are always those that are too elaborate for the occasion. I am told that at a California tennis tournament one important star wore ermine and another, a silver fox coat, while the general display of jewels would have dimmed those in the windows of Cartier. The well-bred woman does not wear too many jewels in public places, not only because public display is considered bad taste, but it is also an unfair temptation to a potential thief.

"Riding habits, no matter whose, both on the screen and off, are always the test of tests. There is no halfway about them: they are right or they, like spelling, are completely wrong. Anything suggesting slant pockets, or eccentric cuffs or lapels, or a pinched-in waist is taboo.

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9. Too many women are censurable on this score

10. "Typically Hollywood"

12. Wrong for a "formal table"

11. The informality of this scene makes it okay

BEGINNING

SECOND CHANCE

THERE is certainly something about Hollywood which does things to a person. But what it does to you, exactly, and why, is just as clear as consommé with the can still around it.

And it is on account of feeling kind of confused by all that has recently happened to me in the aforesaid atmosphere, that I have decided I would write the true story of it myself, instead of being rushed into giving any statement to the press. Of course, when the big news broke reporters started swarming around me like spaghetti around a spoon—you know, hard to control and practically impossible to get rid of.

"Miss La Tour, how did it happen?"

"To think of Marie La Tour having such an experience!"

"Couldn't you let me have an exclusive story? I sure used to admire you a lot in the silent days!"

The sob-sisters got in my hair pretty well, too. But the reporter who really decided me on writing this piece about myself was a little feller who didn't think I could hear him when he remarked, "Cheest! And I thought she was dead!"

The point is, I have not been dead but retired, although I admit that with some people it is hard to tell the difference; and this whole business began back on Long Island with me selling my show place. I called it a show place because if Jim, my late husband, hadn't bet both show and place on the last race he went to, why we would of built a more modest home. Well, anyways, I decided to sell it because, after Jim died, it turned out that the house was about all he had left. And here I and Betty, my granddaughter, were—rattling around in that enormous mansion all by ourselves except for eight or ten old friends from my vaudeville days who were at leisure. They were all grand people who would never of come down on me like that if they'd known I wasn't rich any more, because, you see, I and Jim used to help them out while times were good. And when times started to slip I kept the fact secret and went on helping. But at last both we and the house simply had to move. And it was then I got the idea of taking Betty out to Hollywood and trying to get her into pictures.

I had just enough money on hand to travel with, so when we got an offer for the house I decided to go right along and leave the final winding up of things to Jack Jelliff. Although the house was up to its chimneys in mortgages, there would be enough change coming to me to keep us for three months, but I had to be delicate with Jelliff about the deal, because he was an old and particularly dear friend who had been on the four-a-day until he broke a knee and couldn't hoof any more. Since then we had been giving him a little every month and I didn't want him to suspect how I stood because he really needed it.

"Jelliff," I told him in the grand manner, "I will appreciate your help about the house and leave you a power of the dotted line, to close. There will be a little dough over, which you can send on to me."

"Marie," said Jack, blinking at me with those kind dog-eyes of his, "are you sure you're going to be all right out there? I hate to see you go without a man's protection. It's a regular Judas-horned-betailment to me!" he says, which was Jelliff's strongest language.

"After all my years in pictures?" I says lightly.

"After all the years you ain't been in pictures!" he answers, troubled. "However, I suppose with your name and all your money you might get things your own way but . . . I'll miss you, Marie, and I'll do the best I can on your deal!"

"You always did make smart deals, Jelliff," I told him, which was the truth. "If you'd held hold of your money as easy as you grabbed it off, you'd be rich today!"

"As long as I've got your friendship, Marie," he says, "I'm rich."

WELL, it wasn't a week later before I was standing in a hotel window looking down on Hollywood Boulevard while Betty pulled on a demitasse hat consisting of one wild rose tugging at an elastic leash. Betty, I thought, was certainly different from other young girls, being a natural redhead and the henna rinse in it purely a matter of form. But aside from her beauty, Betty was different from the average because when a girl has been raised in a show place filled with show people, she is bound to have her rough corners rounded off smooth while young. And, though still of the age when their elders are generally objects of gentle pity, she was already wise to the fact that she did not know all the answers. And to crown everything, Betty was a wonderful, natural-born cook, which Gawd knows is a positive freak these days! What swing music is to some kids, the sound of something frying was to Betty. Indeed you might say she was kind of a Fritter-bug.

In fact, so far as I could see, Betty had about everything and she was as close to being my own baby as a grandchild can come, I having raised her by bottle and by hairbrush after my son and his wife were killed in that auto accident. While the money lasted, I'd given her everything she'd asked for and she still didn't know how our finances stood, for I had always let Betty think her father left her provided for and told her not to bother her head with sordid details. Now, when she had finished with her hat, Betty came over and put an arm around my waist.

"Hollywood!" she says looking down at the Boulevard. "It doesn't seem real! I'll bet it's changed a lot since you saw it last!"

"Well," I says, "I've been seeing it in the newsreels for the past twenty years, so it's no more of a shock to me than the New York skyline would be to a Kansas farmer. But you go on out and lap it up. Me, I'm going down to Goldmont and tell Al Goldringer what a lucky bird he is to be getting you!"

"Okay, Gram!" she says excitedly. "Do you really think he'll test me? I know you're an old friend, but still . . . ."

"He was my producer on thirty pictures," I explained, "and I've always told him what he was to do!" Betty kissed me and went off, laughing.

Well, I will say that when half an hour later I set out for Goldmont I felt as confident as a confidence man who knows he has a cinch setup. To begin with, Al Goldringer and I were friends of long standing and plenty of sitting-pretty. He was the only executive left that I knew, out of the old crowd, but this single bet was, I figured, as good as it was lonesome. I knew Betty would get her chance as soon as I asked for it, but I hadn't written in advance because old friends can usually settle things fist to fist so much better. So I sailed into Goldmont with a grand manner and found myself at a desk that looked like the Fifty-sixth Street police station. When I asked for Al, the bull behind the window hardly glanced at me, but went on scribbling notes and listening to telephones.

"Mr. Goldringer isn't with us any more!" he says. Well, this, as you can imagine, stopped me for a moment. Then I asked who was filling Al's size number twelves?

"Mr. Rossman," says the uniform.

"Not Mr. Benny Rossman!" I denied emphatically. He just nodded and let it go at that. I could see at a glance that this doorman wasn't of a helpful nature and right then I needed help on account if I had one enemy in the world it was Benny. Years ago when Benny was nothing but a Broadway manager, and mighty mean to his chorus girls, what with giving them even less pay than clothes, and rehearsing them without salary, I was one of the ladies who formed the White Kittens, a kind of B. C. of the C. I. O. and we licked him with a strike and he chased me out of his office and always held it against me for reforming him, which in a way was only natural. He swore then he would never give me work in any production of his again, and he didn't either. Even after I became a star in the stillies he kept trying to get back at me and here I stood in his lobby and he in Al's shoes and what was I to do?

Well finally I thought, as the poet says, "Time is the great heeler," so even if Benny is a heel, maybe Time has marched on it, and so forth. Beside which he was the only party in town I knew to speak to, even if we weren't speaking. So I went back to Bulldog Joe behind the cage and said I would like to see Mr. Rossman and that I was Miss Marie La Tour. Well, the name was just another Smith to the doorman, but by this time I had learned that in Hollywood the younger generation don't recall much and it is only in the East that we eclipsed stars still hold our public position. Out in Hollywood they are wise to the fact that a setting star is like a setting hen—they have both laid an egg.

WELL anyways, it seemed Benny at least hadn't forgotten me, because pretty soon the gate clicked and a secretary who looked so much like Sonja Henie that I figured she must have been made in Japan showed me into Benny's office where he was shuffling a pack of telephones.

"Well, Miss La Tour!" says Benny. "What is the big idea of this visit?" I came right to the point.

"A real big idea!" says I. "For the both of us to be big enough

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ILLUSTRATED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

warmly human story
a gallant actress who
ned stardom for the child
loved—only to find
price is still heartbreak

I grabbed the brush away from Betty. "Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified, but at a curt word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene

An amusing new kind of interview in which Claudette Colbert answers questions truthfully—or pays a forfeit on each query she refuses to answer

PLAY Truth AND

Second in a series of hilarious interviews in which stars play the old game of Truth and Consequences and answer with the absolute truth or pay a penalty devised by Photoplay. This time Katharine Hartley beards Claudette Colbert in her den and asks her some of the most impertinent questions ever put before a star. Like the good sport she is, Claudette answers fifty-three out of sixty. The other seven were too personal even for her, so she took the consequences, some of which are shown opposite

1. (Q) When did you ever keep a diary and what inspired it?
   (A) On my thirteenth birthday, September 13th. I decided that as a record for posterity I would write down everything which happened to me so that after I was gone someone might write my biography. Nothing much happened, though, and I was too lazy to invent things, so I gave it up.

2. (Q) When did you ever play hooky from anything?
   (A) From high school, one spring day, but I was caught and suspended for three weeks.

3. (Q) What subject as a topic of conversation usually holds the center of attention in your home?
   (A) My husband's work.

4. (Q) What aggravates you most in your work?
   (A) I hate buck passers and whenever one makes me the goat I get furious.

5. (Q) In what personal situation have you ever "put on an act," and did you get away with it?
   (A) Once I met a producer who was looking for an English actress to play a part in his show. I pretended to be English and when he commented that my accent didn't seem very English, I explained that that was because I was from the Isle of Jersey and that people from there had only *slight* English accents because the Island was quite a distance off the coast of England. I *thought* I got away with it, but I afterwards discovered that I didn't.

6. (Q) Where do you keep "Oscar," the Academy Award statuette which you won for "It Happened One Night?"
   (A) In the closet as a hat stand for my best hat.

7. (Q) Do you believe that you honestly deserved it?
   (A) How do I know?

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Consequences WITH CLAUDETTE COLBERT

orfeit on No. 11—draw your own cture. We didn't believe it, but really C.C.'s own handiwork

Claudette crossed us up on this one. For reneging on Question No. 20, we asked to print a picture of her without make-up. Well, here she is—Lily Chauchoin, aged two and a half

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HAIRCUT

Modesty forbids Claudette's answering Question No. 28. Consequence—write an essay of 100 words or more and write it à la Bob Burns

A LOT of people have always said that if you're low all you need is a haircut. And I allow I think they're right. Now you take Smoky, for example. Smoky's my French poodle. He was a pretty tough hombre. He snarled an' snapped an' growled an' barked and it just seemed like as if he didn't like nobody. This was during the time that I had his hair cut so that he had poms on his tail and on his legs and I admit he did look a little bit sissy. So then what did I do—I got him a haircut! I got him a plain, good old-fashioned terrier haircut, and what happened? He became kindly, nice, well-mannered as all get-out. You might say charming. You see, before he had all those folderols taken off he was what you call a victim of a defense complex. He figured nobody liked him because he hated his haircut. When he got a real haircut he dropped the defense complex and turned out to be a right guy. As I always say there's nothing like a haircut.

C.C.

Impertinent is Question No. 49. Rather than answer, Claudette poses for a publicity picture as Nell, the Dead-Shot

Another refusal—on Question No. 35—gives us the right to show you the most unglamorous photo taken on one of her many trips

audette ever re- to tears to get wn way, she's not ng. Punishment uestion No. 42— a verse about lance being intro- d in "Midnight"

LA CONGA

by Claudette Colbert

You need a Bonga*
To dance La Conga—
Right or wronga
It makes you stronga!

(* Bonga is a Cuban native drums)

Mr Muni *At Home*

Not a man who walks alone. Rather a rare person who has learned the art of living at peace with himself

BY IDA ZEITLIN

UNTIL early last year Bella and Paul Muni lived in a ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, and liked it. If they hadn't taken a notion to find themselves a summer shack beside the sea, they'd still be living there and would have missed paradise.

In the spring, they started hunting along the coast for a small place where they might escape the heat of the valley summer. One day, when Mrs. Muni happened not to be with them, a real-estate agent drove her husband through Palos Verdes. From below he glanced up to where a large house stood, white and solitary, on a hilltop.

"What's that?" he asked idly.

"It's been empty for several years. The owner's dead and it's going to be auctioned off soon. Like to see it?"

Muni shrugged. "What for? I'm not interested in baronial halls."

"As long as we're here, the view's worth a look."

Whether it was accident or diabolic salesmanship doesn't matter. Muni looked at the view and was lost. Next day he took his wife out. She was influenced as much by his reaction to the place as by the place itself.

"It's no summer shack," she offered tentatively. "We'll have to give up the ranch house and come here to live. It's a long drive in to the studio."

He pulled his eyes back from the far horizon. "I want it."

They put in their bid and got it. The place needed redecorating and relandscaping. Muni was making "Zola." So was Bella, for that matter.

"I'm that pesky wife," she says, "that nuisance who sits on the set, that Muni woman." She sits there by request. It's not her husband alone who likes to have her there. The studio likes it, too. Her unobtrusive presence spells comfort to them as well as to the actor. They've found they can settle a hundred minor but necessary details by applying to her.

She would take a couple of hours off at lunch time, race out to the house for a consultation with the workmen and race back. Three days after "Zola" was finished, they moved in.

Living there is like living at the heart of peace, with sea and sky and gray-green hills as your neighbors. The central hall opens on a balcony that looks down over gay terraces and turquoise pool to the ocean lapping far below. Every window frames a different aspect of nature that changes with every hour. Behind the house, the hills billow softly to a sky line whose sweep toward infinity both uplifts the heart and sets it at rest. On clear days you can see Malibu and Catalina. "On very clear days," adds Muni gravely, "you can see China."

He is eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. His enthusiasm has been known to draw guests from the dinner table to watch the glory of a sunset, while the salad wilted.

Mists veiled the sun and blotted out distance on the day I was there. Each time a watery beam struggled through, he'd lift his head hopefully. "Maybe the sun's coming out after all," he'd say, looking at his wife as if he half expected she could do something about it.

PARTLY because of the quality of his acting, partly because he shrinks from the limelight, Muni threatens to become a legend during his lifetime. People are inclined to envision him as a man who walks alone and communes with the firmament. In a way, it's a commentary on our movie industry. Standards are such that an actor who acts becomes a phenomenon, to be regarded with awe.

Muni, to use his wife's description, is a "plain

He's as eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. Here he reads and works and tramps the hills with Simon, his Airedale (upper right). As for Bella Muni (right), it's her talent that smooths the routine of daily living

guy," with a passion for doing to the farthest stretch of his capacity whatever he undertakes. If that be rare, then he's a rarity. In all other respects, he lives on a normal human plane. The image of a somber Muni would be effectively dispelled if you had seen him explain his refusal to take a drink by snapping his fingers in swingtime and caroling, "I — got — a-cid, I — got a-cid—"

It's not gaiety, but fuss and to-do and ceremony that he shuns. To be made the target of attention unnerves him.

"Some people," he says, "are lucky enough to be able to maintain their composure through fire and water; some aren't. I'm of the latter group. I'm easily distracted. An unfamiliar noise, visitors on the set—they bore through here—at the back of my head. I'm not presenting myself as a sensitive flower. I'm telling you what happens. You may say I ought to be used to audiences. But the theater's different. The audience stays out there, where it belongs. You stay on the stage, where you belong. The footlights are between you. On the set, there's no such tangible barrier. On the street, there's none at all. I don't stop to probe for psychological whys and wherefores. All I know is, I'm scared and I hide—"

Wherever possible, Mrs. Muni acts as his barrier. She has merry eyes, a warm heart and a greater ability than his to cope with small vexations. Her talent for people smooths the routine of daily living, her sense of fun colors it. As always in the case of those few marriages made in heaven, you have only to see them together to be aware of the depth of understanding between them. There was a scene in "Pasteur" which made Mrs. Muni smile. Josephine Hutchinson, playing *Madame Pasteur,* reminds the scientist of how he proposed to her. "You said: 'There's nothing about me to attract a young girl's fancy, but those who have known me well have come to like me.'" When Muni asked Bella to marry him, he said: "I'm a very difficult person to get along with." She still doesn't know what he was talking about.

She gave up acting to devote herself to his comfort, which remains her primary goal.

Recently Rice, their chauffeur, came to her, looking troubled. "I been rackin' my brain, Miz Muni, an' I believe you better get somebody else to drive you. Then when the boss starts workin' I can take him in an' fix his breakfast at the studio an' kind of look after him—"

"That's fine. And who's going to look after me?"

"Well, I'm doin' no more than what you're

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Sonja Henie's

Found—a skating partner, young, handsome, as sure and swift as the ice queen herself, and the real reason she has taken up pair-skating

BY MARIAN RHEA

THE situation rather slipped up on Hollywood. Of course, the sports columns may have mentioned it; still, when we gathered in Hollywood's Polar Palace for the première of Sonja Henie's "Hollywood Ice Revue," the stars and other important people in their boxes and the rest of the crowd filling every available seat in the house, few of us suspected a thing. . . .

Not even when we noticed on our programs: "Number 15: tango, Miss Henie; music by Gade" and five significant words beneath Sonja's name: "Assisted by Mr. Stewart Reburn."

The show opened with a bang. The skaters were attractive and expert; their costumes beautiful; their performance unique and exciting. Sonja told me once that Hollywood is a "cold" audience, but on this occasion enthusiasm ran high. It was a gala night.

Smoothly, considering that this was a first performance, the program progressed—the winter fashions for 1939, two or three delightful novelties, Sonja's initial appearance—to the climax of the first part, her exquisite interpretation of Strauss' "Voices of Spring." We had also applauded three numbers of Part II before the announcer called our attention to the big news of the evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen! For the first time in her life, in the next number, Sonja Henie will skate with a partner! Allow me to present her in a pair-skating tango with Mr. Stewart Reburn of Toronto, winner of countless Canadian championships and twice a member of the Canadian Olympic Skating Team!"

The music changed to a rhythmic tapestry of singing strings and muffled drums. The spotlight focused an instant on the snow-banked performers' entrance, then carried into the center of that vast, frozen arena a thrilling spectacle—a dainty fairy in black sequins with a rose in her pale gold hair and a courtier, handsome, sure, swift, as though the blades beneath his flying feet were the wings of Mercury!

SONJA and a partner. Sonja, the greatest solo skater in the world, and a partner. That was news, indeed! For Sonja had never once skated with Jack Dunn, her program associate when she staged her first Hollywood revue. She had never skated with anyone.

But now. . . .

Onward the two of them swept, rhythmically, effortlessly, while we who watched, silenced at first by the sheer perfection of their performance, burst into applause at the youth of them, the charm of them, the grace which adorned each motion. Never were they two skaters paired. Always they were unity personified. Even when they separated, the illusion held.

And at first, when the music ceased, we wouldn't let them go. We cheered until they came back—again and again. We couldn't let them go. They were so beautiful to see; so right together.

And later, when the lights had come on and the overture for the next number was playing, the place buzzed with excitement. "Who is he—I mean, beside being Canadian champion?" "How did Sonja happen to choose him?" "Isn't he handsome?" "He'll be in the movies, next!" "I wonder if she likes him—personally, I mean." "Why is she skating with a partner after all this time?"

Sonja, herself, answered most of those questions fifteen minutes later when I sought her out, backstage, and asked her.

Backstage, incidentally, presented a strange sight, thronged as it was by the "Alice in Wonderland" participants—the *Angry*

NEW PRINCE CHARMING

At the première of the new Ice Revue, Sonja Henie and Stewart Reburn, young Canadian champion, held their audience by the sheer perfection of their performance; but, when the act was over, all Hollywood buzzed with excitement over these two who were so beautiful to see, so right together

Duchess, the *King and Queen of Hearts* and all the rest—and Sonja, instead of being shut away behind a certain door decorated with an electrically illuminated star, was watching what was going on in the arena, taking notes, giving directions—a little doll of a girl whose dimples came and went, whose abbreviated costume made her look like a child, yet a personage whose voice carried the ring of authority and whose suggestions were canny and practical.

SHE smiled when she saw me and beckoned me toward the star-adorned door. "You wanted to see me, yes?" she said, in that direct way she has. "Well, then, please come inside."

"About young Mr. Reburn . . ." I began, when we were seated in the makeshift but cosy little room.

She laughed. "I thought perhaps it was 'about young Mr. Reburn.' He is very handsome, isn't he? And he skates like a dream. . . ."

"How did you happen to decide on pair-skating after soloing for so long? And how did you happen to choose *him*? Would you like to have him in a movie with you? Where . . ." I was trying to improve my golden opportunity. I knew she would be called away soon.

Again that silvery little laugh of hers. "Maybe questions one at a time would be better," she suggested. "I decided upon pair-skating

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HOLLYWOOD, *We are Coming*

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

I ADORE breakfast in bed, it's so decadent. Unfortunately I always have to have a cold or something. When I'm married I'll have a filmy bed jacket and a butler who talks like Eric Blore to bring in the mail.

This a. m. rc'd 2 photos of my beloved Bette, a bid from Henry for ball game, and Barbara's letter. We correspond daily since pops cut my phone quota down to 3 per day our bill having been $18.64. Barb and I have flatfootedly refused to go to camp this summer, we not believing in regimentation. We have adopted a new motto:

Hollywood, we are coming

and say it every time we sacrifice a soda for the cause. B., being in love with Herb Marshall, is on diet again. He hasn't given her any encouragement yet, though she wrote him 5 cute letters (composed by me).

To be perfectly frank with myself, it isn't much of a cold. I put the thermometer in warm water and added a couple of sniffles. Wanted to cut Eng. Lit. as Sour Puss has a mad on me and it's corny to be withered in an Eng. accent. She gave us an assignment to write a poem choosing any subject. I decided not to write about clouds or skylarks, because nowadays who cares what a skylark does in his spare time? I wrote 2 quatrains in iambic tetrapodies, closing with a rhymed couplet, just like Shakespeare:

I wish I had K. Hepburn's smile
  Marlene's legs or Myrna's charms
I'd like to rest a little while
  In Gary Cooper's arms.

A touch of Joan's simplicity,
  A flash of Greta's fire;
If Gable once would look at me
  His eyes filled with desire.

To have a week, a day, an hour of Heaven
I'd give ten years of life . . . from sixty-seven.

She gave me an F.

Barb wanted to write a sonnet but she can't write sonnets so I wrote a swelegant one for her and she gave me signatures of Spencer Tracy (fac-simile) and Claude Rains (sec'y.). We both thought it was simply terrific but she also got an F.

My soul yearneth for a banana skyscraper. Maybe Barb will have sense enough to smuggle in some solid nourishment.

Last night she saw "Jesse James" and told me the story. Tyrone Power plays some bandit or other who goes around shooting all over the place.

She says it's a great Human Document but I can afford to miss it.

The Purser said we would have to go down to Third Cabin until the money arrived. B. says that's what makes communists, having different classes

WE have solved the problem!

Hollywood, we are coming!

Olivia de Havilland is sailing Sat. for The Coast and *we are going with her.* Naturally, she has no idea. Must get luggage labels today. Also some luggage. . . .

S.S. President Cleveland
3rd Class (temporarily)

WE made it! Everybody was furious but us. We walked on board as if we were just ordinary fans. After getting the lay of the ship we went down to make ourselves comfortable under Olivia's bed but it was occupied by two girls and a man . . . I mean under the bed was. We asked them to move over, but they refused, some fans being hogs. Then the gang burst in so we went to another cabin opposite where there was a suitcase labeled "Mr. Humphrey Watson, Hollywood." We rolled under the berth, Barb having difficulty with her hips.

Finally Mr. W. came in and I concentrated on not sneezing. He opened his suitcase and went out again and we heard them cry "All Visitors Ashore." It was suffocating and B.'s chocolate almond bar got all crushed. Then a whistle blew and we felt the throb of the engine and the boat started moving. It was the thrillingest moment of our lives.

"There goes the sky line without us," said B. and then we both said "I hope we don't get sea

Heavenly bliss! Stowaways, bound for the garden of their dreams—another hilarious chapter from the autobiography of Jane Lyons

BY LILLIAN DAY

Dear Editor: Buffalo, New York, August 18, 1938.

Have you ever opened the pages of a magazine and discovered the story of your life? Well I did, for there in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, my favorite magazine, was "Sincerely Yours." You see, I'm sixteen and a confirmed autograph hound. Although it is very rare for a celebrity to come to Buffalo, when one does, my best friend, who is also named Doris, and I never fail to pursue our unfortunate victim until we have his precious name in our autograph books.

Joan Crawford is my "grand passion." I try to write to her twice a week. If I keep this up I think she'll notice me. Unfortunately, my pal, Doris, adores Joan too, which makes it rather complicated. It does take a lot of time. I believe I've written several hundred letters, altogether, to the various important stars. Since I live in Buffalo, I have to carry on most of my affairs by mail. I do envy Jane and Barb (in the story) who can be fans in person.

I hope PHOTOPLAY will print more stories of this type in the future. I'm sure this one was as great a thrill to the millions of other girls who found it just like their lives, as it was to me, and in behalf of them I say three cheers and a bouquet of orchids for this great magazine.

DORIS EDWARDS,
Buffalo, New York.

A reader is amazed to find her life story (that of an "autograph hound") in Photoplay

I told Mac and Humph about the L.A.L. and the Unwritten Code. Barb, who had been with her Infant Prodigal, joined us

sick" so we made a wish. I bumped my funnybone and B. broke a shoulder strap. Then Mr. Watson came back and his ankles looked kind so we decided to throw ourselves on his mercy. We put our heads out and said "Pardon us," and he seemed surprised. His face was a cross between Laurel and Hardy so we felt sure he wouldn't make advances.

I got out first and we hauled B. out and she was all red and had to borrow a safety pin for her shoulder strap. He seemed sympathetic so we told him all. He advised us to wire home first and then inform the Purser.

There was a stunning officer in the wireless office so we took our time and we each wired for $500, which it seemed to me any parent would rather send than have their child put in the hold of a ship with rats and galleys for 19 days on bread and bilge water. I said as much in the cable which cost $8.

Then we went to Olivia's suite to get our suitcases which we had got on board by addressing to her. A stoutish man with one chin more than necessary barred the way. Then we went to the Purser and told him we had fallen asleep under the berth by mistake, and he said we would have to go down to Third Cabin until the money arrived. He was adamante, also firm.

So here we are sitting on the bow, practically. It isn't nearly so nice as First, and Barb says that's what makes communists, having different classes. We are slightly depressed being stuck down here while all sorts of fascinating things are going on. B. says every time the engine heaves she feels like doing likewise, but I say every turn of the wheel brings us one step nearer our goal. That's the difference between an optimist (me) and a pessimist (Barb).

Hope the money arrives before dinner as the menu upstairs looked terrific.

Ship's Log
Second day out. A. M.
Weather: super-swell

WE now have a magnificent cabin on C deck, also our sea legs. Rented deck chairs on the Promenade Deck which looks like in pictures. The stewards wait on us as if we were of age and we are making "the most of what we yet may spend." (Omar Khayyam). Our parents huddled and cabled the Cap to give us a minimum rate Cabin in First to Havana and then send us back on the *Oriente*. We think they have acted rather small.

The story got around that we were de Havilland fans and we didn't deny it. So they snapped us under her bed and this fat man who is a Publicity Person called Mac (because his name is Mac Something) is going to let the newspapers print the pictures without charge, which is rather decent. I'd give a quarter to see Vera Bailey's face when she sees them.

We got our suitcases in time for dinner and asked the steward in the dining room if he could put us at a table with two interesting single men but he couldn't so we are at a table for six, the others being couples but not bad. After dinner went to smoking room where lots of people noticed us but no one had the courage to speak to us. We ordered crême de Menthe frappé and while we were sipping it a little page boy came with a note from Olivia inviting us to tea tomorrow! It's going to be a problem to decide which of us gets permanent possession of the note. Here comes bouillon.

Ordered *Oeuf à la Coq* for breakfast which turned out to be soft-boiled egg, so I pretended I had known and ate it.

Ship's Log
After lunch
Weather: dazzling
Sea: super-blue
Latitude: plenty

I SIT for hours gazing out toward the horizon, and I think and think and don't know what to think about. "Water, water, everywhere" (Ancient Mariner). I would like to meet the captain but he always seems to be at bridge, or on the bridge, or something. Last night we talked to Mr. Watson until after one. He is like that (business of fingers crossed. D'ya get what I mean?) with all the big stars and calls them by their first names to their faces. He is a promoter, which I suppose is something like a producer.

When he saw me writing he asked me what it was so I showed him parts of this chronicle and he said it showed I had talent and would make a good story for Deanna Durbin.

Whenever he passes my chair he says

(Continued on page 93)

Before Kay's station wagon drove her off the studio grounds for the last time, she cleared up any misapprehensions regarding her retirement, her age and her marriage

"I CAN'T WAIT TO BE FORGOTTEN"

KAY FRANCIS LOOKS AHEAD

BY S. R. MOOK

"I CAN'T wait to be forgotten!" Kay Francis said to me.

She was sitting in front of her dressing table, readying herself for the last shot of "Women in the Wind"—her last picture on her contract. It may be the last picture she will ever make. Yet all the resources of a big studio were being marshaled into action to keep her to the end the glamorous figure she has always been.

Today—one of the top stars of the cinema. Tomorrow—just another woman. And here was Kay, welcoming oblivion!

"I can't wait to be forgotten!" she repeated. She had said much the same thing to me several months before. Other stars have announced their retirement and have made almost as many returns. Bing Crosby and Clark Gable both told me when their contracts were finished they would never sign another. But both of them re-signed before their pacts had even expired.

I had listened politely and unbelievingly to Kay's first outburst and had rejoined carelessly, "You still have three pictures to make. If one of them should turn out to be a smash hit Warners or some other studio would offer you a new contract and you'd sign it."

"You don't know baby," Kay had laughed. "I don't say I'll never make another picture because if I should happen to be in Hollywood and some producer offered me a good part I'd jump at it. But as far as another contract or making a career of pictures any more is concerned, I'm through!"

And here she was, the last scene in her last picture about to be shot and still sticking to her guns. One of the three pictures had been a hit, she had been offered a new contract—and she had turned it down.

"At least," I now offered, "it's nice that you're leaving at the height of your career."

Many times have you heard of Kay's booming laugh. It rang out now.

"Don't kid me, darling," she said. "A year ago, yes. But not now. The parade is passing me by—and I don't care."

She spoke without bitterness. There was nothing of the "sour grapes" quality in her voice.

I recalled another conversation I had had with Kay long, long ago. She has had the reputation of being temperamental but, if she is, her outbursts have never taken the form of making things difficult for the studio. She has played in an almost endless succession of pictures other

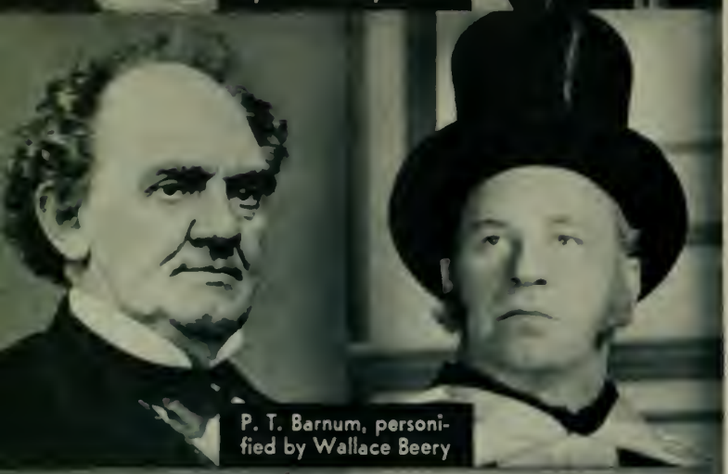
(Continued on page 72)

DELIGHT

ajor production crisis oc-
d when Mr. Gable didn't
so well to hoofing. In all his
of acting, this was one
that got his goat. For two
behind a police-guarded
Gable rehearsed his song-
dance act while Hollywood
the time of its life kidding
Worse blow of all to
's sensitivity was a present
Carole Lombard—a man-
ballet skirt with "C.G."
gly engraved in embroid-
But trouper Gable, the
n-dollar dare in mind, con-
ed his shyness and
ged as a finished hoofer

Norma Shearer (right, with Gable and Laura Hope Crews) was, on the other hand, the cameraman's delight, since she wore her short ballet tights with a flourish. After the Gable impasse the plot proceeds nicely: a hotelful of people are stranded during a war threat and the resultant episodes, both sad and glad, lead to a most inspiring climax. It's a back seat for Broadway on this one, thinks Hollywood. All told, "Idiot's Delight" has not only a past—but a future

Wellington, as played by C. Aubrey Smith



P. T. Barnum, personified by Wallace Beery

Florence Nightingale, played by Kay Francis

Queen Victoria, represented by Anna Neagle

Charles Parnell, de

Badman Jesse James is roaming the Ozarks again, by grace of a Twentieth-Century Fox location company and the lusty acting of Ty Power . . .

ARE THEY THE

REPRESENTATIVE of a new trend in Holly wood are these pictures of stars and the hi torical characters they have portrayed c the screen. A perfectly filmed historical pictu is usually considered a most spectacular feath in a studio's production cap and Hollywood, wh always talks in superlatives, works in superla tives on a film of this type. Research depar ments, make-up men and technical advisors g into million-dollar huddles about the backgroun

Disraeli, imperson-

. . . while Bette Davis is to bring to the Warners' screen the tragic life of Empress Carlotta in "Juarez"

TYPE?

ne cast is hand-picked, usually by a top exec-
ive himself, since the actor is the magnet that
aws the money. On these two pages, we have
esented pictures of historical characters and of
e stars who have immortalized them in celluloid.
o find out the "I.Q." of Hollywood casting ex-
rts, compare the pictures and decide whether
ou think the chosen stars are "the type." If,
ter a careful study, you're a "yes man" on
scores—well, then. you belong in Hollywood

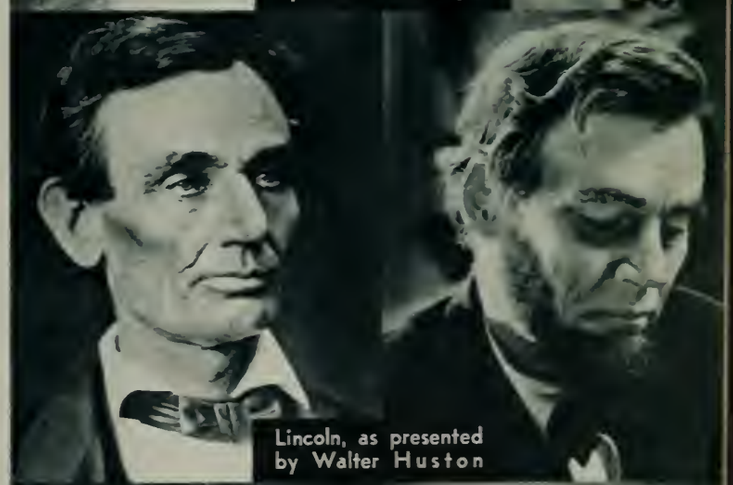
Historical photographs on this and the opposite page from Culver Service

Empress Eugenie—the

Emile Zola, immortalized by Paul Muni

Cellini, as interpreted by Fredric March

Napoleon, personified by Charles Boyer



Lincoln, as presented by Walter Huston

Josie Mansfield, acted

The "tweeds and pipe" type of leading man—Joel McCrea, known to wife Frances Dee, two small sons and most of Hollywood as "a grand guy." Branding steers on his own Wild West ranch is his pastime; roping in dollars for Paramount in "Union Pacific," his present business

Walling

Coming attraction of "Wife, Husband and Friend," currently of "Kentucky" and veteran female foil of the cinema—Loretta Young, who checks up her assets as a pair of luminous eyes, years of foolproof film experience and one of the most photogenic faces in the industry

Above is Lily Chauchoin of Paris, who always tied her own hairbows—with typical Claudette Colbert competence. Left is "Lolly" Gainer, when she was training (unconsciously) for her career as Janet Gaynor by being the star Sunday-school actress of Philadelphia. At the right is a female heartbreaker, Hedwig, daughter of banker Kiesler of Vienna—Hollywood's Hedy Lamarr

Major MINORS

Twinkle, twinkle, little star—we'll bet you don't know who they are!

Photoplay does a "proud parent" act on its Hollywood foster children and resurrects some baby pictures of the stars. At the top in the old swimmin' hole is Franchot, son of businessman Frank J. Tone, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a daredevil, who, oddly enough, was given to writing "soft" poetry in his off moments. Right, top, is Myrna, freckled-faced daughter of the Williams family of Helena, Mont., when her only family responsibilities were two kittens. The film duties of "Mrs. Thin Man," perfect American wife, were still far in the Loy future. Center is the grandson namesake of "Big Jim" Stewart, of Indiana, Penn., at the time when he was devouring huge bowls of oatmeal to the tune of "You don't want to look like a rail, do you?" At the right is a youngster who, contrary to his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, always wanted to go places fast. He accomplished it at this time by means of a hobby horse hitched to the dining-room table in his grandparents' farmhouse. He's speeding along nicely today as Clark Gable. Bottom, opposite page, is another leader of the Helena, Mont. younger set, snapped at his favorite sport—fishing in the horse trough. Beneath the Dutch bob (worn by maternal orders—it makes him blush today), he was busy plotting his career as a big-game hunter in Africa. He bagged big fame instead as Gary Cooper

FAIRHAVEN—A HITHER

"A HOBBY I had in mind ever since I was a boy," is Victor McLaglen's description of his twelve-acre estate which lies in La Canada, foothill district near Pasadena, Cal. A most unusual home and a most fascinating enterprise is PHOTOPLAY'S impression of this model farm, unique even in Hollywood, where million-dollar enterprises are the custom. A pool and tennis court are necessary assets to any estate, but over and above those are these special McLaglen possessions: a menagerie of deer, kangaroos and honey bears; an aviary of 500 rare birds; a pet collection of fourteen dogs and a cat family; jumbo frogs; guinea hens; farm stock, consisting of cows, pigs, turkeys, pheasant, mallard ducks, chickens and rabbits. The fine stock farm of thoroughbreds is unusual, since the McLaglen horses are trained for jumping rather than racing. Completing the inventory of the estate are the smoke house, curing house, vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, dairies, barbecue gardens and gymnasium. Most characteristic room of the house is the tack room, where are displayed the cups and ribbons won by Mrs. McLaglen and fifteen-year-old daughter Sheila (lower left) and the trophies of Andrew (below), the six-foot-six son, who, at eighteen, is an interscholastic tennis champion. As for McLaglen himself, PHOTOPLAY pins the blue ribbon upon the star of RKO's "Gunga Din" in praise of a man who has the finest hobby of all—a home.

SEEN HOLLYWOOD ESTATE

Mother Blanche Powell

Daughter Eleanor Powell

Mother Ann Whitehead

Mother Anna MacDonald

Daughter Ida Lupino—mother Connie Lupino

Daughter Mary Carlisle—mother Leona Carlisle

A good paint job sometimes makes a billion-dollar beauty, it's true, but in this case the mamas win over the make-up men—by a nose

THE "Spittin

Daughter Anita Louise

Mother Gladys Belzer

Daughter Loretta Young

ughter Jeanette MacDonald

Mother Lela Rogers with daughter Ginger Rogers

These pictures of some startling mother-daughter resemblances prove that often in Hollywood a gal's best double is her mother

Image"

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

A new type of movie quiz—a "picture" story t will take you back to your primer days. Like all go fairy stories, it starts out, "Once upon a time . . The trick is to fill in the missing links of the story w motion-picture titles. Whenever a break in our st occurs, we have inserted a scene from a motion pict If you can guess the title of each picture, you will ha when you are through, a complete storiette. We'll s the story for you: Once upon a time, a "Girl of Golden West" named "Zaza" was sent to a fash able . . . . You go on from there, following the n erals for sequence. If your memory fails you, turn page 85 and find out what happens to Our Her

Before she left for her trip the wise old judge cautioned her thusly:

7

beware of that old

stuff. Our fair heroine thought she was

15

She was enjoying a "jam session" in a night club on

nce upon a time, a

named

was sent to a fashionable

s the gayest of

—the most

of children.

downfall came one day
he fell ill and was sent
infirmary, for there she met

One look at the young man
and she said to herself,

It was

when whom should she meet again but this selfsame medico
of her campus dreams. When he saw her there he muttered:

but, when he found she was so

No

in sight for this happy couple. They're too busy

A 3 to 1 bet for fame in 1939 is Nancy Kelly, who, at seventeen, is starting a film career with three of Fox's juiciest rôles. A "find" from Broadway, she was rushed by sponsor Zanuck into "Submarine Patrol," cast as Ty Power's wife in "Jesse James" and then given a female lead in "Tail Spin." With these three films now released, she has proved herself one of the starlets of the season

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

This killer-diller of the West tips you off to the latest antics and amours of the flicker folk

Paulette Goddard, once runner-up in the "Scarlett" contest, cuts a fancy figure on the ice in her snug Tyrolean jacket and brief skirt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

When is Fun Funny

JOAN DAVIS came over to the set where Alice Faye was working at 20th Century-Fox, excitedly holding two small bottles in her hand. "Look, Alice, I've just discovered the most marvelous kind of new liquid lip rouge with a remover to go with it. It completely eliminates all of the messiness of the old kind. The only trouble with it is that it's so darned expensive—ten dollars for the set."

Alice tried the new rouge and waxed enthusiastic. She promptly wanted to purchase some from Joan. Not having her bag with her she borrowed the ten dollars from Harry Joe Brown. Then she had a bright idea—to give each of the girls who had worked on the picture a set as a gift.

So Alice called Joan back and asked that she order some additional sets and bring them over that afternoon. Joan, you see, had been very cagey as to where the cosmetics came from.

That noon Alice lunched with her husband, Tony Martin, and, since Tony had forgotten his checkbook, Alice borrowed forty dollars from "Sugie," the genial host at the Tropics, to give Joan that afternoon, to pay for the lipstick. Then she invited her stand-in, the wardrobe girl, the script girl and Joan over to dinner where the gift presentation was to be made. After the festivities were over and all the new owners of the precious mysterious cosmetic had raved—Joan broke down.

"Here's your fifty dollars back," she said to Alice, "I was just gagging. Those sets aren't exclusive; I got them at the dime store."

Hi There, Mayor:

THE Mayor of Van Nuys means business. In fact, when the good folk of that community elected Andy Devine to office, they had no idea just how conscientious he would be.

One day, Clark Gable and Phil Harris drove up to Andy's house, wearing wide-open grins and waving a ticket in the breeze.

"Hi, Mayor," they called. "Come on out and fix us up. We got a speed ticket."

"Nothing doing," Andy cried. "You bums get a ticket in my town and you pay. That'll teach you not to speed on my streets."

Clark gazed at Phil; Phil gazed at Clark—"By gosh, he's right," the boys said. "We should pay," and off they marched to pay their fines.

Nowadays, if either culprit receives a ticket in Van Nuys he keeps it from the Mayor!

Are they married? Anita Louise and Buddy Adler have Hollywood guessing

The Spencer Tracys take their bow at the "Kentucky" première

Bing Crosby (above left) "frames" the cameraman while Dixie smiles tolerantly at his antics

It's all for the sake of Art that Don Ameche steps out with Honore minus his hair-slickem

The Troc dripped with glamour the night Norma Shearer met up with Marlene Dietrich (she's here to establish her American citizenship) and Hank Fonda at a dinner party

Sigh Not, My Pretties

SPRING in Hollywood! Ah me, for a stroll down that celebrated Boulevard, sigh envious little fans from faraway cities.

Sigh not, my pretties, for Cal has taken the stroll for you and here's the old lane all wrapped up in a small package for you.

Hollywood Boulevard proper is about a mile and a half long, has forty-two beauty shops, a five-and-ten-cent bar, five places that guarantee to grow hair on your head, a bootblack in formal attire plus a high silk hat, five hermits in various stages of undress, tennis courts open all season, swank and cheapness elbow to elbow —and practically no movie stars in sight.

Crawford Knocks on Garbo's Door

WITH an air of determination, Joan Crawford entered M-G-M's swanky dressing-room building and turned down the hallway. Her steps began to falter a trifle—and then she paused before a door marked "Greta Garbo."

For some minutes she hesitated, then, raising her hand, knocked on "the door."

But a second later she was fleeing down the hall and out onto the lot like a deer.

Also at the première—Producer Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, stunning in white brocaded gown and fox wrap

Back from her cruise, Kay Francis remains silent on her marriage date—as does her fiancé, the Baron

"I had an urge to greet Miss Garbo and tell her we were glad to have her back," Joan explained, "but suddenly I realized I couldn't say a word. So I ran."

Who says there's no star worship among the stars of Hollywood?

Shirley—You've Got Company

THE Mayor of Boston, on a recent trip to Hollywood, called to pay his respects to Miss Temple. At luncheon Shirley ate a fat little muffin with only one quick glance in her mother's direction. The entree was a little slow in being served, so Shirley slyly reached for another without risking a disapproving nod from Mother.

The talk between Boston's mayor and Shirley went on at a great pace when suddenly Shirley, who dared not ignore Mama a third time, glanced up and reached out for a muffin. Her plump little hand stopped midway at the look cast her way by Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, do you have to diet?" the Mayor asked.

"Well, I just have to be careful, that's all," she smiled. And then added wistfully, "But I'm hungry all the time."

* * *

Visitor number two shall be nameless. A veteran of the World War, he began expressing his admiration for Shirley by mailing her medals, earned for bravery during the war. After each picture, a cherished medal would find its way to Shirley.

And then a letter reached the Temples from the admirer stating he would be in Los Angeles for a visit and would love greeting Shirley. The letter, taking its usual course, reached Mrs. Temple several weeks later. Instantly a search of all Los Angeles hotels began. The admirer must be found and made to know Shirley had received his letter after he'd left home.

He was finally located and brought to Shirley's dressing room. He proved to be a huge Irishman who posed quietly beside Shirley for photographs.

"Shirley, put your hand over on his sleeve," the photographer said.

Shirley obeyed, but the picture proved anything but successful.

The big Irishman seemed powerless to lift his eyes from the tiny little hand resting on his sleeve.

When he finally left, he presented to her his final gift. It was a Croix de guerre.

Family Pride

"DID you hear about my dad?"

The eyes of Mickey Rooney shine with joy as he struts around the M-G-M lot with the question, "Did you hear about my dad, Joe Yule? He's making a picture, 'Boy Trouble,' over at Paramount with Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. Got the job all on his own, too. Now you're going to see some real acting."

And Mickey, grin a mile wide, struts on to tell more friends about the dad who went from a Main Street burlesque house to movies without taking one bit of aid from his son.

"All on his own," as Mickey says.

Ghost House

UP in Hollywood's beautiful Coldwater Canyon, where so many swanky new homes are being built these days, is a lovely but lonely house. No fire has ever warmed its hearth; no light has ever shown from its windows; no heart has ever called it home. It is empty and has been since it was built, eighteen months ago.

Yet it was built to be a home—the home a grateful son had dreamed and planned for his mother. That son was George Raft and to tell the story of his ghost house in the canyon, you have to go back a long way . . . back to those days when George was a tough kid, hanging around gymnasiums and pool halls of East Side New York, heading, because there was no other way to go, toward no good end.

Then came a certain day when his mother, the mother who had borne nine other children only to lose them all in death, took a hand in behalf of this last and only son. He should have his chance.

There was to be a dancing contest. The prize was $50. George could dance; hadn't she taught him herself? She vowed that he should enter.

"I can't. I haven't a partner," he told her.

"I'll be your partner," she said.

And she was. She fixed up a dress for herself that stripped the years from her still lithe and supple body. She pressed George's best (and only) suit. She shined his shoes. And, on the Great Night, dressed to kill although they'd had scarcely enough to eat for supper, they entered the contest.

(Continued on page 70)

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

★ **THE BEACHCOMBER—Mayflower-Paramount**

SOMERSET MAUGHAM wrote this original story with his usual brilliance and it's apparent that intellectual Charles Laughton appreciated what he had to work with. If you've a knack for translating veddy British accents, you will find much food for inner laughter here. It's the tale of an English beachcomber, which rôle Laughton plays superbly, and of two missionaries on a remote island. Laughton is fanatically dissolute, the missionaries just as fanatically determined to reform him. Elsa Lanchester, one of the Good Souls, mistakes his scorn of her charms for respect of her virtue and sets out to marry him. The climax comes during a fever epidemic. Miss Lanchester gives a best performance. Robert Newton and Tyrone Guthrie are good.

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

THORNE SMITH'S books about *Topper* were successful because, despite thin plot content, they were quite sophisticated. What with the Hays Office, Mr. Roach's second *Topper* feature has only whimsey left. Fine process photography has its novelty value, but after that the piece depends on Billie Burke's reading of gag lines. This time, the ghost of *Marion Kerby*—thoughtfully played by Connie Bennett—finds *Topper* (Roland Young, again) in trouble because his wife is divorcing him and, furthermore, is playing about with a fortune-hunting baron, Alexander D'Arcy. *Topper* follows her to France and is heckled as well as helped by the importunate Connie. Of course, Billie Burke is still *Mrs. Topper* and Alan Mowbray is the butler, with little to do.

★ **WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners**

HERE'S another American Document film, by the brothers Warner. It's a type of picture they do well, anyway, and this has the additional virtue of a good love story merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. John Payne is the hero, and nice in his clean-cut, casual way. In "Wings of the Navy" he plays George Brent's brother. Both have traditional Navy background and there has been a sort of friendly rivalry between the two since childhood; Brent has become a flying ace and John, desirous of proving his mettle, leaves the submarine division and enters the government flying school. Here George is an instructor and so fascinated by his work that he somewhat neglects his fiancée, Olivia de Havilland. Woven through the educational reels which show the method of teaching cadets is the personal story of these three. John and Olivia, although Fighting Against It, find they were Meant For Each Other. John is then Noble, persuading Olivia to remain True Blue and Stick Through Thick and Thin. This she does, even when Brent crashes and is bedridden.

The foregoing banal sequence is enlivened by the fact that George has designed an overpowered plane and that no test pilot will take it up because it has failed once, disastrously. John gives up a coveted Honolulu flight to make the test himself and then it is George's turn to make a sacrifice. It all sounds a little reminiscent, but it's done so well you'll believe in it. The thrills, crashes and stunt sequences are beautifully executed.

★ **ZAZA—Paramount**

HERE is a striking example of how one fine actress, given a censored and hackneyed story, can by sheer force of personality and finesse of portrayal create a picture worthy of your attention.

"Zaza" in its original form, of course, is not presently suited for the audience whose morals the Hays Office so grimly protects. In its place you are allowed to follow the fortunes and misfortunes of a French musical comedy dancer when she falls in love with a man, discovers he is already a husband and father and gives him up. Claudette Colbert, with astonishing vitality, plays the gay, bawdy, untutored *Zaza*, giving the shorn rôle zest and humor. It is Herbert Marshall, a "swell" from Paris, whom she meets and loves while she is still doing the cancan (Hays version adaptable for Epworth League use) in a suburban theater.

For several months they enjoy a passionate idyll and then the rumor that Marshall is married reaches Claudette. In fury she treks to Paris, visits his apartment and there is confronted by his child, delightfully played by Ann Todd. It is for her happiness that Claudette renounces her one great love. She goes on to eventual success and, when Marshall finally tries to come back, she finds the right solution.

Bert Lahr, with unsuspected dramatic talent, does a fine job in the rôle of *Zaza's* theatrical manager. Helen Westley is good as the drunken foster-mother and Genevieve Tobin plays a catty chorus girl. The entire piece is expensively produced.

★ **THE GREAT MAN VOTES—RKO-Radio**

THE great personal story of John Barrymore's transition from a young romantic star to a middle-aged dramatic star reaches its climax in this picture. He has never given a finer portrayal. In addition, the piece is directed with understanding and produced with simplicity; the supporting cast works smoothly and the story idea itself is not only original but creates an entertaining character study. You could ask little more from a motion picture.

Barrymore plays a once brilliant historian who had worked himself to fame because of his wife's encouragement. But she is dead and he has become a drunken derelict, keeping himself and his two children by being a night watchman. The time is 1923; the New York ward bosses are going strong and prohibition is still a robust American entity. Barrymore's hero-worshipping children, jealous of their friends' fathers who are famous bosses, plot to get the old man into the papers again. They run away, find their way to a rich uncle's house and generally make things so hot that Barrymore finds no alternative but to rehabilitate himself. This is accomplished when it is discovered, on election day, that changes in the city have narrowed the population of the famous old 13th precinct to one voter; and that is Barrymore. And, historically, the other precincts always follow the lead of the 13th. You can see where this puts Barrymore. He is promised a job as school commissioner and incidentally falls in love with a schoolteacher, Katharine Alexander. Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler are the children.

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

IN England they pay Gracie Fields more money than any other star and when you see this British-made picture you will begin to understand why. The story, of course, is not purely for American consumption and thereby suffers somewhat, but try to stomach the desultory pace and the sequence distortion for the value of Miss Fields' genius. In this picture you are regaled with the account of a show troupe, led by Fields, who find their manager is chiseling them and strike out for themselves. Roaming the countryside, they go from country to houseboats on the Thames to a fun-house, which is the climax. Gracie chants "The Holy City" with a choir, puts over swing in "Swing Your Way to Happiness" and generally has fun. So will you.

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

CHARLIE CHAN'S newest adventure deserves special mention this time because it is the first since Warner Oland, immemorial *Chan*, died. Sidney Toler takes his place as the bland Chinese detective and he does not try to imitate Oland; rather, he has created *Chan* in his own fashion. The result is startlingly good. *Chan* is awaiting the birth of a grandchild when he hears there has been a murder on a ship. He goes aboard and finds that in addition to a body there are some pretty special passengers: a woman with $300,000 to deliver to the murdered man, a psychiatrist, the body's widow and any number of other suspects. All we can say is, bring your smelling salts. You'll like Layne Tom, Jr. as *Chan's* "No. 5 son" and Claire Dodd as the widow.

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

THE Crosby pictures certainly maintain a standard of entertainment. This one is frothier than the very fine "Sing, You Sinners," but in its sphere is of high degree. The Bing has developed what we think should be called "Crosbian Humor," since it is purely individual: dry, happy and superbly modern. This time he is a rich cowboy (gold-mines) who starts to marry Shirley Ross, (heiress) only to find her divorce isn't final. While she gets it in Paris he proceeds to their honeymoon castle and there meets delicious Franciska Gaal, who is a peasant girl and queen of the rose festival. He thereupon succumbs to her allure. Miss Ross returns to snatch him back but in the end Franciska triumphs. That one has sex with a smile; watch her.

AVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Beachcomber — **The Great Man Votes**

They Made Me a Criminal — **Kentucky**

Paris Honeymoon — **Stand Up and Fight**

Wings of the Navy — **Zaza**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Charles Laughton in "The Beachcomber"
Elsa Lanchester in "The Beachcomber"

John Barrymore in "The Great Man Votes"

Walter Brennan in "Kentucky"

Sidney Toler in "Charlie Chan in Honolulu"

Terry Kilburn in "A Christmas Carol"

Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon"
Franciska Gaal in "Paris Honeymoon"

Gracie Fields in "Smiling Along"

Robert Taylor in "Stand Up and Fight"

John Garfield in "They Made Me a Criminal"

Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"

★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

BY this time you may be pretty fed up with the Dead End Kids. You may feel, justifiably, that they have stopped being amusing and had better just have a bath and a good spanking. But here they are again, whining and irritating and slit-eyed, co-starring with Warners' new find, John Garfield. The picture is tailor-made and in it Garfield plays a fighter who is quite tough, at first. He doesn't like anybody and feels that the milk of human kindness is just so much sucker-juice. Then his racketeering in the ring catches up with him and he flees, penniless, to a Western fruit ranch. The Dead End Kids are there.

Slowly but surely, Garfield begins to regenerate; he sees the need of the boys for a champion and, when in the end it is necessary for him to risk his freedom for their sake, he does not hesitate. Rather, he sails in and puts up a fight (with a visiting boxer) that will go down in film annals.

Garfield, of course, is an accomplished actor with the ability to adapt himself to almost any cinema circumstance. You believe in him as a fighter, just as you believe in him when he makes love to Ann Sheridan. Men of his type sometimes get over more sex implications than do matinee idols.

You will like Claude Rains as the persistent detective who follows Garfield across the country and who eventually has to make the choice between his duty and a new-found admiration for John's new personality. There is no sentimentality in any phase of the story.

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

THERE must be something about Bob Taylor that makes his studio go to extremes. He was a pretty boy for too long. Now, by golly, he's going to be a Right Guy to the hilt. Bob's bearing up well, as a matter of fact; you will understand when you see him in this roaring melodrama of America's early days. It's a good picture. The story is fast and well-knit, the production is great and there is plenty of action.

The themes are so varied and so multiple it is hard to choose that one most important to the story, but it's all laid against a ructious background of rivalry between the old stagecoach tradition and the new railroads in early Maryland. Wallace Beery plays the rough-and-ready operator of the stage line and gets some humor into the part. Taylor is cast as a proud young Southerner who loses his estate at the gaming tables, gets into a fight and is tossed into jail. Beery buys his sentence and gets him for a work slave. Taylor pulls himself together, gets all muscled up as a result of his hard labor, works off his fine, beats up his boss and falls in love with Florence Rice. She is co-owner with her aunt, Helen Broderick, of Beery's stages.

Through this emotional melee runs the exciting story of slave running in an underground railway. Miss Broderick turns in her usual caustic performance, Florence Rice looks lovely and Charles Bickford and Barton MacLane are the heavies. It's all great stuff, entertaining and sometimes powerful.

(Continued on page 96)

Billie Burke, flutter-budget supreme, puts brave men to shame when she makes friends with Zenobia, featured pachyderm in "It's Spring Again"

And was Mickey's face red when he had to appear in this get-up for "Huckleberry Finn"—what's worse, practical-joker Rooney was framed

WE COVER

American history gets a boost and dictators a nose-thumbing as the movie lots buzz with rebellion and new picture thrills get under way

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to talk back to the dictators. At the same time, the movies are going American in a big way. Almost everywhere we stop this month we find a cinematic Declaration of Independence brewing. There's a reason, of course. American pictures are already banned in most dictator countries. With no totalitarian profits to gain, why should Hollywood worry about totalitarian prophets?

"Idiot's Delight," set aside once by Mussolini's imperial frown, heads the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer line-up of new pictures in the make. "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," another *verboten* script, is being dusted off to shoot soon, whether Turkey likes it or not. Warners have "Concentration Camp" and "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" ready to roll any day. All the old taboo tales, including "It Can't Happen Here," are again creeping off their shelves for consideration as the rebellion roars.

It's quite an about-face, after all these years of headaches over what foreign Caesar will be offended and where. One of the main results is emphasis on motion pictures for Americans. Red-blooded native history is the order of the Hollywood day.

Paramount's "Union Pacific," Warners' "Dodge City" and Walter Wanger's "Stagecoach" are just a few star-spangled screenplays we find being film fitted around the lots.

"Idiot's Delight," at M-G-M, is really a piercing indictment of war-mad nations. The Robert Sherwood play which, decorated with ultra-modern comedy, handed the Lunts so much fun on the stage, now is doing the same thing for Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, who take the laughable leads—Clark, as the hardboiled vaudeville hoofer; Norma, as the acrobat turned phony countess.

We're lucky enough to cut in on the climax of a running rib on Clark Gable the day we visit the set. All his Hollywood pals—and Carole Lombard—have been making life miserable for him ever since they learned he had to do a soft shoe dance in front of a chorus of barelegged cuties.

Carole had sent him a ballet costume just the day before and the wisecracks have so ganged up on Clark that, right now, ready to go into the dance he's been preping for ages, he is fit to be tied.

We've never seen Clark so jittery as he is now, done up in a tight striped theatrical suit and with a wide straw hat cocked on his head. The beautiful chorus babes surround him in the wings of a striking lobby set where Norma Shearer, in a straight blonde wig and a cigarette holder a yard long, sits with Edward Arnold, Pat Paterson, Charles Coburn and the rest of the cast. They're whispering and grinning expectantly and Clark knows it. His debut as a hoofer

It had to happen—and it'd better be good—Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and W. C. Fields square off old scores in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

THE STUDIOS

BY JACK WADE

as been billed in advance. Half M-G-M is on he side lines. Clark looks very, very unhappy.

Director Clarence Brown's "Let's rehearse t!" starts a record playing "Puttin' on the Ritz," nd the barelegged chorines bounce into a time-tep. Wearing the most sheepish grin, Clark rabs his cane and struts out onto the lobby loor. Everybody cheers!

We're no expert on eccentric terpsichore, but he boy isn't bad at all. He twists and wiggles nd bucks wings before the line of kicking legs. Never before in his life did he-man Gable do ance steps like these.

Of course, he muffs the routine the first time, nd the next, and the next. The chorines have t down perfect, naturally, which burns Clark. I can't learn it in two months," he explodes, and you kids pick it up in ten minutes! Gosh, ut I'm dumb!"

But in a minute his embarrassment wears off nd the Gable snappy dance routine is a per-ect take.

"Okay," shouts Brown. Then the deluge! Flowers fly out at Clark's feet from Carole, from everybody he knows. Messengers arrive with congratulatory telegrams. You'd think he'd just won an election.

Clark doesn't mind the gags a bit—just wipes his perspiring brow and grins. So will you when you see him doing the dipsy-doo.

There's another major embarrassment going

"Three Smart Girls" made a star of one smart girl. That's why Deanna Durbin listens so attentively to Director Koster's instructions for the sequel, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

on next door on the "Huckleberry Finn" set where Mickey Rooney is bringing to life Mark Twain's little Mississippi River roughneck. They're trying to dress Mickey up in a long Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet and Mickey is kicking like a mule.

It's the scene where the runaway *Huck* steals back into town disguised as a girl to unravel the mystery of *Nigger Jim*, if you remember your Huckleberry Finn. We arrive just as Richard Thorpe, the director, is attempting to get the feminine rig on Mickey. William Frawley, Walter Connolly and Elizabeth Risdon think it's very funny, but Mickey (they call him "Mickey Finn" on the set now) isn't worried about their chuckles. He blurts out his réal woe.

"Okay," grumbles Mickey, "I'll wear the darn thing. But you've got to promise not to let Judy Garland on the set. If she sees me in this, my reputation is ruined!"

While Mickey stews, a little mutt dog looks up wondering what it's all about. He's "Hobo," the only mutt ever to crash the movies. When the company was on location, Hobo, who belongs to a Chinaman, accidentally strayed into several scenes. They didn't discover it until, back in Hollywood, the rushes showed up the canine lens crasher. Then they had to send for Hobo, write in a part for him and hand him a contract!

We watch Mickey Finn mince through his scene, squeaking in a girlish treble, "Oh, sir, don't make sport of a poor little girl!" It's hard for us to keep from spoiling the scene with a snicker. When it's done, Mickey rips off the sunbonnet and slams it on the floor. Then a duet of feminine laughter peals out. Mickey whirls as if a bee had drilled him.

Cecilia Parker and Judy Garland, doubled up with laughter, are pointing at Mickey. They've been hiding through it all, watching.

"Oh, Mickey," bubbles Judy, "you look so *cute!*"

"Aw, gosh," grunts Mickey, supremely disgusted. "Framed!"

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Ready for the races at Santa Anita. Claudette Colbert, now appearing in Paramount's "Zaza," wears a contrast suit of vivid green, red and blue plaid and black woolen selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Claudette combines it with a cashmere sweater, a tricky felt hat designed by Robert Galer of Hollywood and suède accessories. We photographed Claudette in the garden of her Beverly Hills estate

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

"Broadway Serenade" is our next M-G-M set. It's the picture that pairs Jeanette MacDonald with Lew Ayres romantically, the biggest step yet on Lew's sensational comeback trail. With Jeanette around, you might guess it has something to do with music. She's a singer who rockets to fame while husband Lew remains a poor composer. Oddly enough, Lew Ayres actually is a composer, with a symphony suite to his credit.

It's a tearful "parting is such sweet sorrow" scene we happen in on and when it comes to love-making Lew is there. In fact, after the third or fourth tearful farewell embrace, in the little theatrical boardinghouse set, the electrician makes a routine query. "Any kicks?" he cries. He's really talking to the cameraman and what he means is—are there any kicks of light in the camera lens? Jeanette answers him, laughing merrily. "No," she says, looking at Lew, "absolutely no kicks!" Which makes it official.

At Paramount, Cecil B. De Mille, the youngest looking old-timer in the business, has finally got steam up on his latest epic of Americana, "Union Pacific." After "The Plainsman" and "Buccaneer," De Mille rates our medal for the number one glorifier of American rough-and-ready days. We'll pick him, too, for the best personal showman in Hollywood. He's the last of the glamorous puttee and riding pants directors. Whenever De Mille shoots you get the impression, somehow, that the whole Paramount lot exists for nothing else but De Mille and his picture.

"Union Pacific" tells the familiar drama of the first transcontinental railroad. The love story, played against this background, is between Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Barbara, in her first De Mille picture, confesses to us she's more excited about her job than she's ever been in her life.

The Union Pacific Limited which Paramount's set-builders have whipped up is split through the middle like a watermelon—topless and sideless.

In the scene we witness the red plush seats are crowded with noisy card sharpers in flashy vests and raucous *filles de joie,* rouged and powdered, all headed for the easy gold of the railroad camp.

Among them sits Barbara, talking to Robert Preston, a handsome new Paramount leading man. Army rifles decorate the coach wall—for Indians. A sign over them, old and yellowed, warns: "Do not shoot buffalo from the train!" Well, we've never seen any buffalo on the Paramount lot, but you never can tell!

SOMEDAY soon, we hope, Claudette Colbert will come back to these United States and stick around, cinematically speaking. Seems like she's been in Paris so many times lately—"I Met Him in Paris," "Tovarich," and "Zaza."

"Midnight," her latest, goes on there, too, this time in a very elegant French chateau at Versailles where we find Claudette, John Barry-

(Continued on page 83)

With red-corpuscled native history the order of the day, Joel McCrea and Babs Stanwyck help glorify the first transcontinental railroad in C. B. De Mille's production, "Union Pacific"

ROBES DE NUIT

. . . diaphanous gowns of chiffon gloriously tinted in floral hues. Fuchsia, violet and orchid exquisitely combine in the striped model (left) worn by Joan Valerie; graduated tones of cyclamen in the quaint camisole gown (right) posed by Jean Rogers. Designed for sweet slumber, their chic styling allows them to masquerade as party gowns. They may be purchased at the Saks Fifth Avenue shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago and New York. Miss Valerie is appearing in "Kentucky," Miss Rogers in "While New York Sleeps," both Twentieth Century-Fox films

A buttercup yellow gown (left) high-lighted by a corsage and coiffure clip of Talisman roses; a forget-me-not blue one (above) with matching opalescent embroidered jacket contrasted by a corsage of pink roses. Both gowns have shirred bodices, waistline yokes, flowing skirts and taffeta slips that softly murmur when in motion—both are worn by petite, dark and beautiful Maureen O'Sullivan, M-G-M star, who is appearing in Columbia's "Let Us Live." Miss O'Sullivan's evening gowns were created by Lilyan Graves, Los Angeles; corsages by Halchester, Hollywood

It's the season again for dressmaker ensembles. Priscilla Lane, whose newest film for Warner Brothers is "Yes, My Darling Daughter," selects one of printed and plain Onondaga crepe in classic black and white. The coat has tuxedo panels of white splashed with black posies—the print that fashions the tailored frock beneath. Additional smart style details are the front and back bloused panels and belt of reverse print. Priscilla repeats the black and white theme in her tiny straw sailor. This ensemble is on display at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Franklin Simon's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago

Welbourne

Welbourne

Olivia de Havilland, who'll next be seen in Warners' Technicolor production, "Dodge City," chooses a dressmaker suit of navy woolen individualized by jacket trim and blouse of tie silk boldly striped in navy and white. Note the broad shoulders and loose, flaring lines of the jacket, the drawstring neckline of the blouse. This suit and the matching fabric chapeau were selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Add gay and colorful hats to your basic spring frock. A yarn sailor (center), candy-striped in cyclamen and white, worn with cyclamen gloves. A high-crown maize-colored panama (bottom) with band and bows of navy French taffeta ribbon embroidered in bright hues and, of course, a snood. Both François chapeaux by Frank Borel. Worn with her sailor, Olivia's basic one-piece frock of navy crepe, from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, has interesting hand-fagot detail on blouse and sleeves

Rita Hayworth (above) wears a one-piece frock of beige sheer woolen selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Scallops join the blouse and skirt to a snug waistline inset of matching crepe; the scallops on the skirt release into ten gores that flow into a flaring hemline. Rita's luxurious coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (left), with broad shoulders, roomy sleeves and collarless neckline, was designed by Willard George of Los Angeles. "Voyageur," her Knox hat of fuchsia felt, is styled with rakish brim and planed-off crown pierced with a green link pin to repeat color of the crown band. Rita found this newest Knox hat at the J. W. Robinson Company, Los Angeles. It is also on display at the White House, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord and Taylor, New York. Rita is playing a featured rôle in Columbia's current "Plane No. 4"

Jean Parker (opposite page) steps from a Nineteenth Century carriage wearing a Twentieth Century costume influenced in design by the fashion of yesteryear. The broad-shouldered, fitted jacket, checked in navy and white, has contrast trim of navy woolen to match the fabric of the pleated skirt (which attaches to a short-sleeved shirtmaker blouse of the jacket check). Red and green quills pierce Jean's navy felt toque and a snood holds in her auburn curls. Navy suède heelless, toeless Tango pumps (far right) and short white gloves complete this costume chosen from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, which is fresh as spring itself—no wonder we titled it after the Hal Roach film, "It's Spring Again," in which Jean is currently appearing. Columbia's "Romance of the Redwoods" is Jean's next assignment

Schafer *Evans*

IT'S SPRING AGAIN

Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Frances Mercer, who will next be seen in RKO's "The Castles," and Kay Sutton, currently appearing in RKO's "Beauty for the Asking," take turns modeling smart new straws and felts. Miss Sutton poses in "Santa Anita" (left), which is a good bet for your new spring knits. It is of soft felt in the newest of the pastel blues for spring, aquatone, with striking suède trim in shocking pink and purple. It is a flattering hat and classically right for spectator sports. By Roxford, and you know what that means. Kay Sutton looks up in "Flamingo" (center). It is Roxford's version of the right kind of sailor to wear with your new spring tailored or dressmaker suit. The silly little brim is strictly on the level and the crown is just a shade deep, with an impudent rake "fore and aft." It is made of straw braid, sewn with craftmanship that is a sure sign of a Roxford hat. "Match Play" (below, center) is Byron's indispensable topnote for golfing —lightweight navy felt, tailored with the precision only a man's hatter achieves. The crown tucks, leather band and contrast suède disc trim lend a touch of femininity. Frances Mercer wears this model with her casual clothes. Frances also wears Byron's new mushroom-brimmed sailor of soft lattice braid straw (bottom), "Coral Gables." Note the season's newest crown, definitely on the miniature side, and the print sash

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

STRAWS FOR STREET - - - FELTS FOR SPORTS

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to:

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

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Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

When you go shopping for your spring utility coat or suit be sure to try on these three grand models posed here by Penny Singleton, who plays the leading rôle in Columbia's "Blondie Steps Out." You'll agree Robert Piguet has a particular talent for designing tailored coats when you've carefully studied the detail of this herringbone tweed model (above, left). Notice the neatly fitted top, the black velvet collar, high revers, wide leather belt held in place with loops and the smartly flared skirt. The season's newest flare-back is pictured above in a collarless version, fashioned of rich, multicolor striped tweed. The stripes in the back yoke and panel run vertically to match those of the tuxedo panels that finish the front. This coat will charmingly top any casual costume and you'll have fun repeating any one of its many colors in your accessories. This striking black and white plaid coat (left) has a matching suit jacket which tops a black woolen skirt. It is a wardrobe staple for the career girl or co-ed, as it offers grand possibilities for changeable weather. All coats shown fashioned of "Tawna Mist," a fabric by Kragshire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN

Pep up your winter coat with a lively print frock and saucy spring hat as does Gail Patrick, whom you will see in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets." Edith Head designed her purple and white "Mother Hubbard style" frock; Robert Galer, her purple straw sailor, frivolously trimmed with wisps of veiling and cockade of spring flowers. Gail's topcoat (left) is of black coney fur. A Paramount star, Gail will soon make "Wagons Westward" for Republic

Walling

MELVYN OF THE MOVIES

From Shakespeare, to religious revivals, to stock (below) was the course of Melvyn's uncharted rebellion against convention and intolerance until, at last, in the process of growing up, his mental reasoning took on a more intelligent aspect, despite the fact that his emotions were as muddled as ever

Amid the rebellious era of Flaming Youth, Melvyn Douglas fought for the right to live and to love

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE breeze said sullen, warm things in the eucalyptus trees and there was no moon; but there was white surf curling on the sand and the air was clean, so that Anne's perfume—Melvyn Douglas can remember even now the scent of it—faintly gave a questing message. This was love, not as he had ever known it could be but with the significance of eternity (he thought) about it.

He rather wanted to marry the girl.

"Not," he said, as they stood on the beach that night, "until all this is over—until things are sane again and I'm mustered out of service—but then. . . ."

She sighed. It was the kind of a night for sighing. "The Captain will be furious. I don't care. Did you know I was supposed to be dancing with him tonight?" She gave the next sentence to him like something on a platter. "But I wanted to be with *you*."

He twisted his sleeve so his new sergeant's stripes would show plainly. "Let's not think about the Captain."

"No."

* * * *

In the brightening dawn, hours later, Sergeant Hesselberg limped a little as he paced out his guard duty. He was tired after a short night's sleep and reeling with hunger. The Captain of the regiment appeared suddenly around a barracks' corner and saluted.

"You look done in, Sergeant," he said. "Go on to breakfast. I'll finish your stint for you."

Here was unexpected kindness. Melvyn was too sleepy even to consider treachery. "Thanks," he said and went shuffling off to the mess hall.

He was stripped of his stripes the next day by superiors who, on the advice of the Captain, felt that a Sergeant who would desert his post was better off as a First-Class Private.

Anne consoled him. But one evening he stopped in at the Soldiers and Sailors Club and saw Anne dancing with Judas. And something turned upside down in his young heart. It's just as well a group of politicians and generals were even then pondering peace in an Austrian railway car, since if hostilities had continued much longer Melvyn, inspired to recklessness by his bitter disgust, might have gone overseas and been foolishly courageous. As it was, he exchanged khaki for broadcloth with no particular

(Continued on page 79)

They're

EDDIE ALBERT

MEETING him casually, you would never think of Eddie Albert as a Great Lover.

Still, at the preview of "Brother Rat," that moment when he first embraced Jane Bryan (remember?) sort of sent thrills chasing up and down your spine. Afterward, we all said excitedly, "And *did* you see him kiss that girl!"

When the lights went up we all craned our necks for a sight of him.

But we didn't find him. He wasn't at the preview. He wasn't even in town. Having seen the picture previously in a studio projection room, Albert had decided he was a flop and now he was in New York telling himself what a dub he had been. Nor did the fact that Warners already had lifted his option cheer him up. He thought they were dubs, too. Motion-picture fans the world over have changed his mind for him—at least slightly.

Eddie's career began when, still a pupil at St. Stephen's Parochial School in Minneapolis, a "strong man" in a vaudeville show chose him from the audience to help him in his act. From that time on, Eddie was dedicated to the theater. So, after two years at the University of Minnesota, he went to New York to try his luck as an actor. Eventually he landed a spot on the radio as *Eddie* of the Grace and Eddie team on the "Honeymooners" program.

Small parts in two or three stage plays followed, after which he won the rôle of "Bing Edwards" in the Broadway hit, "Brother Rat," which ran for a year and a half and resulted in his screen contract.

You would like Eddie if you knew him. He is quiet, shy and has a way of blushing when he talks to you. He is not married nor even engaged, but he would like to be. He admits it. But he would have to do the courting himself. A friend of mine who knows him well says he would run a mile if a female started to pursue him.

So, girls, you'll just have to wait until he asks you. . . .

LOUISE CAMPBELL

"I HAD my pride . . ."

Pretty, raven-haired Louise Campbell (yes, the heroine in Paramount's "Men with Wings") laughed as she said it, but there was a certain set to her little jaw.

She had been dutifully answering questions about herself; now she had come to a significant and enlightening anecdote.

As the story goes, Louise's theatrical ambitions had taken her, in 1934, to New York and a certain theatrical producer, armed with letters of introduction. "Please give me a tryout," she had begged.

He had done so, but, after she had read about six lines, he had waved her out of the office. "Better go home and get married," had been his parting remark.

"Well," Louise said now, "I didn't go home and get married. I got a rôle in stock in 'Accent on Youth'" And succeeded so well, subsequent history proves, that eventually she won the lead in Broadway's "Three Men on a Horse."

Yes, she's a stubborn little thing and she has her pride. She's always been that way. After seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the age of six, she decided she would be an actress. She never changed her mind through the following years.

After graduating from St. Michael's school in Chicago, she entered Northwestern University and, later, the Chicago School of Expression and De Paul University, absorbing every course in dramatic art. It was the theater or nothing—and, of course, she won out—a Paramount talent scout signed her for films.

Louise was married Christmas week at her home in Chicago to Horace MacMahon, Hollywood actor. Neither has been married before. They met when both were members of the "Three Men on a Horse" cast, but it wasn't until both were established in pictures that they fell in love.

Louise says she doesn't exactly know why that was. Maybe, she says, it was the "Hollywood influence."

FAY BAINTER

IT isn't Fay Bainter, the actress, who interests me most, but Fay Bainter, the woman.

She is married to a retired lieutenant commander of the United States Navy and her social position is unassailable. She can play the great lady in real life with any socialite in the country; yet she can deal a game of black jack with all the finesse (and perhaps monkey business) of a professional gambler.

She is the mother of a fourteen-year-old son, but to see them together you'd think she were his kid sister. She plays with him and his cronies every chance she gets.

She is crazy about dogs and owns half a dozen schnauzers which she keeps at her country home near Ossining, New York.

She is also crazy about poetry and will read it aloud by the hour—to herself if no one else will listen. She can write it, too, and does, but not for publication.

She can whistle—no, not just the bathtub variety, but like a professional.

She can whittle—lovely little things of the finest and most delicate workmanship which would make a Japanese netsuke artist green with jealousy.

She can play the harmonica and her version of "The Last Roundup" is worth paying money to hear.

She is wild about shoes and owns 150 pairs. She plays marbles like a champion; mumblety-peg, ditto. She collects music boxes and now owns ninety-six of them. She always drives her own car. She always gets up at seven o'clock in the morning—or earlier.

She is courteous and friendly to meet and can talk equally well on politics or gardening. She is interested in both. Also, she seems interested in *you* and, when you interview her, likely as not the first thing you know you will find yourself telling *her* about your appendectomy or the time you got pinched for speeding; which (and is my face red!) happened to me.

Talking About--

RICHARD CARLSON

HE is handsome. He can act. He has *ummmmmmph.*

This was the verdict of "The Young in Heart" preview audience concerning newcomer Richard Carlson. They left the theater wondering excitedly who he was and where he came from.

Well, I can tell you something about that. He was born in Minnesota and he is twenty-six years old. His father is a prominent attorney of Minneapolis. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, has an M.A. degree and owns a Phi Beta Kappa key. He has had a lot of experience writing plays and once had one produced on Broadway—a flop, sad to say. After he left school, he accepted the post of instructor at his own Alma Mater, but only until he could, with the aid of scholarship prize money, organize a theatrical group called the Minneapolis Repertory Company, of which he was manager, director, author and actor.

It was a pretty good company and the plays produced were pretty good, too, but Richard forgot to advertise them, with the result that soon his money was gone, and with it the Repertory Company.

He flipped a coin then, and came to Hollywood. However, he didn't win much in the way of a fortune in our film citadel.

Discouraged, finally, he went to New York and talked his way into a rôle in "Three Men on a Horse." This led to bigger and better things and two years later, when Selznick needed a *Duncan MacCrea* for "The Young in Heart," Dick was ready.

He is an engaging young man, is Carlson. He seems to have his fingers well crossed and to feel that, despite this apparent success, he still is not exactly God's newly discovered gift to the movies. . . .

"A swell break, I've had," was all he'd say. "I hope I get another."

He probably will!

P.S. Oh, yes, girls! I almost forgot. He is *not* married!

ANN SHERIDAN

NO woman likes to be told she lacks sex appeal. Most women will do what they can to disprove that accusation. Ann Sheridan did. And thereby hangs this tale.

Ann had been in Hollywood for two years and had had only casual success. Then she left her home studio, Warners, to appear in Universal's "Letter of Introduction" and practically stole the show. This is the story back of her sudden success.

It began after a preview in which she had been only "so-so." But she had long resigned herself to the conviction that she would never be a star. The friend with her, however, had different ideas. He said bluntly, "You've got as much life on the screen as a piece of cheese—and about as much sex appeal."

Ann's Irish temper flared. "I'll thank you to—" she began, but he interrupted.

"Yeah, I know. You'll thank me to mind my business. But for once I'm not going to!" He didn't—the "dressing down" lasted half an hour, ending when Ann, speechless with rage, took a taxi home. But when she cooled off, she began to think. Perhaps. . . .

Well, a week or so later, she went into "Letter of Introduction." You know the rest. After that preview, her name was news.

Incidentally, she's twenty-three. She was born in Dallas, Texas, and is a descendant of the famous Civil War general, "Little Phil" Sheridan. Until a week or two before she came to Hollywood, she hadn't the slightest intention of becoming a screen actress. She was going to be a schoolteacher. But she won a beauty contest; a talent scout saw her; a screen test and a contract followed.

While, on the screen, hers is the sultry type of beauty, in reality she is quite the opposite. Irish ancestry has bequeathed her keen wit and the proverbial Irish temper. She is unusually athletic. She has been married but it didn't "take."

WALTER PIDGEON

HE never gets the girl—at least, almost never—and you wonder why. For he is handsome (dark hair, blue eyes and an engaging grin); he is tall (six feet, three); and he can make love as well as any Great Lover on the screen today. . . .

Meaning Walter Pidgeon. I should know about his love-making. I saw them shoot that scene in "I Take This Woman," where he kissed Hedy Lamarr so convincingly that the Hays Office banned the shot. That Pidgeon guy has something!

He has been around Hollywood a long time, off and on. He has flopped a couple of times. But right now he has suddenly become one of the most popular actors in pictures with a box-office following that even a Clark Gable wouldn't sneeze at.

Walter is a Canadian, the son of a wealthy wholesale dealer in New Brunswick. He was a student at the University of New Brunswick when the World War broke out. He enlisted immediately. After the war, he went back to college and, following graduation, established himself in a brokerage business in Boston, only to meet some students of the Copley Dramatic School and become interested in the theater.

It was during his early theatrical days, as a member of one of Elsie Janis' companies, that tragedy found him. His young wife (a nonprofessional) died when their daughter was born. For ten years thereafter, Walter cared for his motherless youngster (known as "Pidge" and whom he adores) before he remarried. That marriage lasted six or seven years, but only lately has gone on the rocks.

No, Walter is not a "gay young blade." He is a little over forty and admits it. But having kept his waistline, his hair and his sense of humor, and having acquired in addition the poise, the aplomb, the sophistication which only years and experience can bring, he is a man to be reckoned with —at the box office or anywhere else.

(Continued from page 51)

Dip Whirl Fancy steps. Perfect timing. George danced as he never had before—or perhaps has since—and his mother danced with him. She was marvelous. Matched against the youth all around her, she caught for a moment the grace and gaiety of those days long ago when she had been a carnival trouper. Her Latin love of life shone in her eyes. Her indomitable spirit masked her face in beauty.

On the side lines they applauded the slick-haired boy and the woman who followed his steps so effortlessly. And when it was over, the judges gave George and his mother the $50.

That was, as we say, a long time ago, but that contest set George along the road to success, as his mother had meant it should. And at the top, at last, he made his plans to repay her. He would build her a house. They would live there together. She would have everything she had ever wanted; everything she had been denied through the long, struggling years. George promised her that and promised himself.

And then, just as the house was finished and she was making her plans to travel West, George Raft's mother died. She died in New York; in her hand, a picture of the new home she was to have gone to so soon.

Today, as we have said, this home that was to have been hers is a ghost house, swept by the chill and lonely winds of the canyon, friendless and alone. And out in front is a sign that says, "FOR SALE."

For George will never live there. He says he can't.

Snapping the Shutter at the Stars This Month:

GEORGE BURNS says he's unhappy.

Jack Benny says he hasn't a thing to worry about, not even Mary's hats.

Joan Crawford says no reconciliation with Franchot but a long European trip in the spring—all by her lovely self.

Garbo says no George Cukor to direct, no picture for her.

M-G-M says, "Why can't that girl be happy just once?"

Columnists say Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck may elope.

Bob and Barbara say, "Why elope and from whom? We're both of age."

Tyrone Power says, "Will I marry Annabella? Yes, it's a fine day, isn't it?"

Gee, Hollywood's Wonderful

"I WOULD rather be a milkman in Hollywood than the town mayor anywhere else."

Our faithful deliverer of the coffee cream bowled us over with this statement yesterday morning.

"You see," he explained, "I can smile at Hedy Lamarr every morning on her way to work and she smiles back.

"You know something?" he added, sensing our curiosity, "Miss Lamarr rehearses her lines over and over every morning. Out loud, too. It just happens her car and my truck meet near the corner of Canon Drive and Santa Monica Boulevard every morning and one morning I called, 'You're doing fine, Miss Lamarr. I can hardly wait to see the picture.' And she said, 'Thank you. I hope you'll like me in it.'

"See," he added, "it's wonderful being a milkman in Hollywood."

• • •

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1938

Calling all votes! Calling all votes! Here is your last chance to select the winner of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal!

THIS is your last chance to cast your vote in the signal contest of the year, the award of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal for "The Best Picture of 1938." All ballots must be received on or before March first. The polls definitely close on that day.

As heretofore, the conferring of the Medal rests entirely with the readers of our magazine. We naturally never make a suggestion as to which picture you should vote for; we merely list on this page as many pictures produced during 1938 as space will permit, just to give your memory a chance to go back over what you have seen during the year. If your favorite picture is not here, vote for it anyway; your vote will be counted in favor of that film.

However, we are always very curious and enthusiastic when the votes begin to roll in. We know that if you register your opinion on a certain type of picture produced this year, the studios will make more of that type next year. We know that to Hollywood—producers, directors and actors—your vote is important. So vote today.

(Due to the fact that the release of "Gunga Din" was postponed until after the first of the year instead of during 1938 as originally announced, we have removed it from the list of outstanding pictures on this page.)

FILL out the ballot below, or just write your choice for the "Best Picture of 1938" on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. There are no rules to this contest. You vote—we count—and then, in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, we will announce the winner: the picture which wins the most of your votes wins the Gold Medal.

Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures. Don't forget the polls close March 1st. Vote now!

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alexander's Ragtime Band
Adventures of Marco Polo, The
Adventures of Robin Hood, The
Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The
Algiers
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The
Angels with Dirty Faces
Arkansas Traveler
Blackwell's Island
Blockade
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife
Boy Meets Girl
Boys Town
Bringing Up Baby
Brother Rat
Buccaneer, The
Carefree
Citadel, The
Cowboy and the Lady, The
Crime School
Crowd Roars, The
Dawn Patrol
Dramatic School
Drums
Four Daughters
Girl of the Golden West, The
Goldwyn Follies
Grand Illusion
Happy Landing
Having Wonderful Time
Holiday
If I Were King
In Old Chicago
Jezebel
Joy of Living
Just Around the Corner
Letter of Introduction
Lord Jeff
Love and Hisses
Love Finds Andy Hardy
Mad About Music
Mad Miss Manton
Mannequin
Man to Remember
Marie Antoinette
Men with Wings
Merrily We Live
Of Human Hearts
Rage of Paris, The
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Room Service
Shining Hour, The
Shopworn Angel
Sing, You Sinners
Sisters, The
Slight Case of Murder, A
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Sweethearts
Submarine Patrol
Suez
Test Pilot
Texans, The
That Certain Age
Three Loves Has Nancy
Three Comrades
Too Hot to Handle
Toy Wife, The
Trade Winds
Valley of the Giants
Vivacious Lady
Wells Fargo
White Banners
Yank at Oxford, A
Yellow Jack
You Can't Take It with You
Young in Heart, The

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"I'D rather be a receptionist in Hollywood than a social leader anywhere else," PHOTOPLAY's little redhead-at-the-telephone-desk told us.

"Now, tell me," she went on, "where else in the world could I answer the phone and find Donald Duck on the other end?"

"You're spoofing," we chided.

"I'm not. I tell you PHOTOPLAY's phone rang yesterday and there was Donald Duck in person, inviting us to a party at Disney's Studio.

"Gee," she added, "it's wonderful answering phones in Hollywood."

Our Sun, Our Sun

IT was half-funny, half-pathetic, the statement young Peter Holden (late of the Broadway hit, "On Borrowed Time," now in RKO-Radio's "The Great Man Votes") made about California's famous sunshine shortly after his arrival in Hollywood for the first time.

They were making stills of him at the studio one day and after every shot he would rush over to the thickly curtained windows and, pushing them back, would look out fearfully.

"Why do you do that, Peter?" the cameraman asked the youngster.

"I'm afraid the sun will be gone," Peter explained.

Way Down East in Astoria

NOW that picture production is booming again in the East, current activities at Eastern Service Studios in Astoria have elicited much attention.

Starring Sylvia Sidney, ". . . one-third of a nation . . ." is about ready for showing, with Producer William K. Howard now putting the finishing touches to "Back Door to Heaven." Both productions are highly budgeted and will be distributed as outstanding pictures by one of the major companies.

There is nothing glamorous about the Astoria studios. The subway takes you directly there and the studio itself is surrounded on four sides by modest Queens apartment houses. The huge sound stage, like any Hollywood sound stage, is merely a vast gray building, a block square, looking more like a blimp hangar than a stamping ground for glamour boys and girls.

Stepping gingerly over a mass of wires, cables, planks and incipient sets, you soon find yourself in a corner of the stage where Bill Howard is supervising the final scenes of "Back Door to Heaven."

Bill is a sentimental Irishman with a long string of screen successes to his credit and a proclivity for hilarious anecdotes. At the moment, however, he is in dead earnest, for he is guiding Patricia Ellis, Wallace Ford and Aline MacMahon through the climactic sequences of his picture and he's taking no chances.

The cast of "Back Door to Heaven" numbers numerous Broadway thespians. The actor emotes before the camera in the afternoon and tears theatrical passions to tatters in the evening on the Great White Way.

In fact, the talk in New York nowadays is all of pictures. Even visiting Hollywood stars, fleeing the West Coast for a change of air, arrive in the East to find conversation tending toward such abstruse subjects as camera an-

(Continued on page 91)

MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND **SWEET**
GIRLS WHO DON'T PROTECT **DAINTINESS** LOSE OUT
EVERY WOMAN REALLY WANTS ROMANCE
LORETTA YOUNG
Protect daintiness—keep skin SWEET—the Hollywood way. The screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Use it every day. Its ACTIVE lather carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate, clinging perfume on the skin.
LUX TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
WHY ARE SO MANY SO CARELESS ABOUT **DAINTINESS?**
WITH FRAGRANT **LUX SOAP** IT IS SO EASY TO BE **SURE** OF THIS CHARM
MAKES A UTY BATH THAT'S UXURIOUS YET Y INEXPENSIVE
I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH AND **SWEET**
SMOOTH AND DELICATELY FRAGRANT, TOO!
IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS.** TRY IT!
STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"

"I Can't Wait to Be Forgotten"

(Continued from page 32)

stars have turned down. When I commented on her tractability, she said, 'I don't think a star knows when a story is right for her—or him. We read a script with an eye to our own parts rather than to the story as a whole. The studios have done pretty well for me. They've made me an important star and they pay me good money. If they put me in poor stories they lessen my box-office value and the returns on their investment won't be so good. Why shouldn't I rely on their judgment?"

Today, when I recalled this conversation, she said, "Perhaps I'd have been better off if I had fought for better stories, but the end didn't justify the means. I'd have been suspended and the time I was under suspension would have been added to the end of my contract. So, instead of being free now, I would probably have had another year to go. And, even then, I'd have had no guarantee the stories I picked would have been any better. Even if they had been, the only difference would have been that I would be retiring in a blaze of glory instead of more or less inconspicuously—and this is the way I want it. I'll be forgotten quicker this way.

"I HAVE never brandished a sword for the Little Theater Movement. I have never kidded myself about Art for Art's sake. I went into this business because I thought I could make more money in it than any other.

"A man may manufacture automobiles or tires. He may make better cars or tires than his competitors. The knowledge that he does may be a satisfaction to him, but he doesn't do it primarily for that reason. He does it because that's how he can make the most money. After he's made his pile, if he has any sense, he retires and enjoys it. That's the way I feel. I hold firmly with the theory advanced in 'You Can't Take It With You.'

"I've done everything I set out to do and now I'm going to enjoy myself. I've given ten years of my life to accumulating enough money to do the things I want to do. Ten years of never being able to travel when I wanted to, never being able to entertain when I wanted to, or go out when I wanted to—because picture schedules always had to be consulted before I could make plans. Now, I'm free!

"My mother's future is provided for. I built a house for her and furnished it without her knowing anything about it. When it was all done I planned to move her into it on her maid's day off. The maid, instead of taking the day off, went over to the new house. I had picked up Mother's dogs the day before and told her I was going to take them to the veterinarian to be washed. Instead, I took them to the new house. Then I took Mother driving and when we passed the house I said, 'That's a cute place. Let's go in and look at it.' Her own maid answered the bell. Her dogs jumped up and down in welcome. I had arranged to have her best friend drop in for tea.

"Afterward, the friend stayed with her when I left and I went home to telephone her so the call from me was the first she received in her new place. I established a trust fund for her when I first began making important money, so she is taken care of.

"As far as I, myself, am concerned, I have just recently built the sort of house I've always wanted. It's what you might call 'a big little house' or 'a little big house.' It's all paid for and I have managed to save enough money that I can always keep it up on my income. It isn't an expensive place to run and the investment isn't so large I can't afford to close it up when I want to go away—although I'm thrifty enough to sublet it, probably."

"What about your forthcoming marriage?" I asked bluntly.

Kay laughed. "I honestly don't know when it will be. If I did know, I wouldn't tell you—but I honestly don't know. When I am married it will be as a private citizen of no consequence. I won't be in the limelight any more and there is no reason my wedding should be given more than passing comment. It won't be immediately, though. I have rented my house because I intended going to Europe. On account of conditions there I am going to take the South Seas cruise instead and when I return I will have to live in an apartment until the lease on my house expires.

"When I built the house I had no intention of being married and now, when the lease expires, it will have to be remodeled slightly in order to provide accommodations for Erik. But whether we'll be married here in Hollywood, in New York or eventually, in Europe, I still don't know.

"Erik Barnekow, whom I'm going to marry, is in the aviation business. His interests necessitate his spending six months of the year in Europe and six months here.

"We'll take side trips during the time we're abroad and of the six months we're in this country some of the time will be spent in New York (which I adore) and some of the time here in Hollywood.

"I have many friends in New York in no way connected with pictures. When I first came to Hollywood I had outside friends here, too, but it is almost impossible to keep up those friendships when you're working. When I've been in New York it has been on vacations, so I've been able to do as I please, but in Hollywood it has been different. I used to have friends in Santa Barbara and San Francisco but I could never see them as often as I wished. Now I can renew all those friendships.

"I've been fortunate in acquiring more real friends than most people have. I think they are fond enough of me that they'll still enjoy seeing me whether I'm prominent or not."

THAT last scene had been finished during this conversation and Kay prepared to leave the set. "May I come along to your dressing room and finish this conversation?" I asked.

Kay looked at me for a moment and her eyes misted.

"I have no dressing room any more," she said simply. "I purposely gave it up about a week ago. For the past week I've been going to the make-up department every morning and using the dressing room here on the set. I didn't want to become maudlin or sentimental.

"This is the first picture I've finished out here that I haven't had a party for the cast and crew afterward. But this time is different. I knew I'd start crying and so would some of the others. I didn't want to say good-by that way. I want to remember all these people as friends with whom I used to kid—with whom I had swell times. I don't want to remember them—or have them remember me—with long faces and red eyes. I want to saunter off the lot and out of their lives as casually as though the picture weren't finished and we'd be meeting again in the morning."

She faced me suddenly.

"Dick, there is one favor you can do for me. There are three things I would like cleared up before I'm the 'Forgotten Woman.' As a private citizen none of them is really important, but the public has been kind and loyal to me and I don't want to leave it under any misapprehensions. The first thing is my retirement. Please emphasize that I have *never*—despite anything they may have read to the contrary—said I will *never* make another picture. I have only said I will never sign another long-term contract. I have no plans for future pictures. I plan to be gone indefinitely and it may be that when I return no one will want me. But, as I told you before, if a producer should offer me a good part when I'm in Hollywood, I'll jump at it.

"The second thing concerns my age. When I first came out here I was under contract to Paramount. I have never been sensitive about my age and was perfectly willing to have it published. But Paramount said 'No!' They merely publicized the fact I was born on Friday, the 13th of January. Reporters consulted almanacs and found the 13th of January fell on Friday in the years 1899 and 1911.

"One made me younger and the other older. They arbitrarily selected 1899 as the year of my birth. Actually it was 1905 and I am 34.

Kay's marriage to Erik Barnekow will give her that long-desired opportunity to travel

"The last thing concerns my marriages. Reporters insist I have already been married four times and this will be my fifth. When you've been married that many times, one more or less doesn't matter, but I have actually been married three times and this will be my fourth. I'm not trying to make excuses but two of those marriages and divorces took place before I was 22. The first was to Dwight Francis, the second to William A. Gaston. My supposed third marriage was to John Meehan, a writer. When this news broke he sent me a kidding wire: "When did all this happen? I must have been asleep or on a trip around the world." He was dialogue director on my first picture and while we're good friends we were never married.

"The third marriage was to Kenneth MacKenna and now this one to Erik Barnekow."

She held out her hand.

"Good-by, darling," she whispered huskily. "You've been awfully sweet to me. Come and see me when I get back. You—" Suddenly she dropped my hand, turned and ran off the stage—out, into her car.

I watched the car move down the street and out through the studio gates. My own eyes misted.

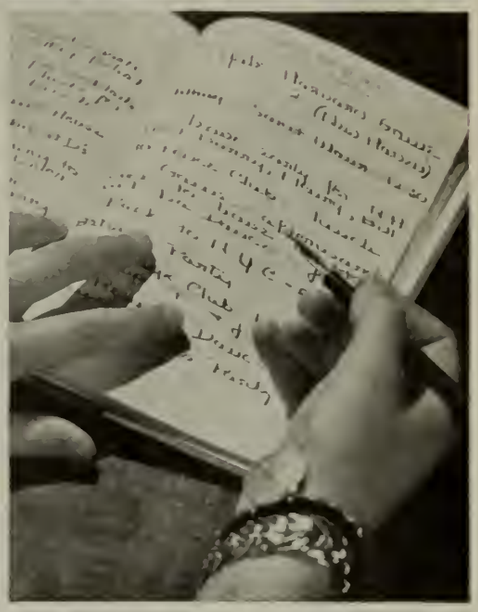
A star was dimmed.

Life's a Whirl!

Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*

In the **Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb,** dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care . . . "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb: "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne, New York deb,** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's.** "I believe in it."

White Week End—Boston debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus.**"

In Pond's Laboratory—Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.* Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Two famous designers, Howard Greer and Travis Banton. Two famous stars, Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard. This glamorous quartette was photographed by our own Hymie Fink at the recent opening of the Greer-Banton fashion salon, Hollywood

FASHION Letter

BY GWENN WALTERS

IN spring a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of clothes. Brand-new ones to match the fresh, gay mood of the season itself.

PHOTOPLAY brings you Hollywood's side of the spring fashion story direct from two of cinematown's greatest designers—Howard Greer and Travis Banton—who, from their famous custom salon, create clothes for the personal wardrobes of the stars and the Southland's elite, as well as for motion-picture wardrobes on special assignment. Howard Greer's is an old established salon—Banton added his name to it shortly after his resignation from Paramount Studios last fall where he was head designer. Of course, you remember seeing the Greer models worn by Ginger Rogers in "Carefree" and Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby." Likewise, Banton's glamour gowns brought to movie fame by Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard!

The spring fashion horizon, as seen through the eyes of Greer and Banton, is one of the most interesting and brilliant viewed in many a decade!

This coming season there will definitely be no set trends—no traditional "musts"—no prescribed fashion laws. One will not have to wear a straw hat to be chic in 1939, or select a town ensemble of print, or one of navy with trim of white piqué, or wear patent pumps, or even purchase a tailored suit.

In general, the trends will have a "little girl" look because of the old-fashioned dressmaker detail and the dainty femininity of line and trim. Skirts for daytime will be a wee bit shorter; the silhouette will be varied; there will be bloused models in both frocks and coats; pleated skirts; wee, flaring jackets and numerous modifications of the bolero; classic drapery for afternoon and evening gowns; corseleted and pinched-in waistlines; sleeve shoulders that jut out or up by means of shirrings, gathers, pleats or paddings.

Necklines will be variable. Many skirts will boast flounces; the dinner suit, long or short, will remain in great popularity; jacket suits, jacket frocks and coat and frock ensembles will have wider appeal than ever. Gaiety will persist in play clothes, with stripes, checks and plaids outstanding in the collections.

Hand-knit sweaters will see a smart revival and many will be seen in short dressy versions for formal wear.

The latter ones will frequently be embroidered with gay yarns or glittering paillettes. Hats will have more brim and less crowns; they will be made of exquisite fabrics as well as felts and straws; they will be tied round with plaid and velvet ribbons and novel veilings; they will have a posy perched "now here, now there"; they will be piquant and picturesque!

SHEER woolen will become an important fabric for all daytime apparel as well as for evening wraps and formals—this fabric will smartly challenge the previous popularity of "crepe" for spring. Prints, of course, will be shown, but their greatest interest will lie in the medium of tie silks.

They will fashion these tie silks into casual frocks for wear under sport coats; into those that will be worn with a companion coat or with one of sheer woolen colored from one of the lighter dominant figure notes of the tie silk; and into the perennially important "coat dress."

The so-popular coat dress will boast a brand-new picturesqueness in its spring interpretation. Its styling will have a quaint femininity. Like all the clothes in the Greer-Banton spring collection, it will have a "dressed-up" look, for these two men stress femininity in women's fashions.

Likewise, their redingote ensembles stress femininity. Colorful coats top frocks of contrast sheer woolens or, as mentioned previously, those of silk.

The soft little dressmaker suit of sheer woolen which allows feminine styling as well as the addition of bits of froufrou and a chapeau that is veiled and flowered and flattering is more in the mood of the season than the strictly mannish tailleur. The former suit is more becoming and yet it embodies all the essentials of smart street grooming.

Even sports frocks heretofore plainly tailored for ease and action will take on a new feminine glory. For example, Greer and Banton suggest a shirtmaker frock of tie silk in shaded blues with collar and cuffs of white hand-embroidered batiste edged with lace—or one of pale green woolen (green in all its shades is the color news for spring) styled "jumper fashion" with a contrast blouse of pale yellow hand-embroidered linen edged at neck and sleeve with narrow baby lace.

Sport tweeds are as important as ever this spring. Stripes, subtle colorings and soft, open weaves are the high lights of these tweed collections. One of the loveliest color combinations I saw was of lettuce green, soft pink and mauve.

Tweeds will be featured in greatcoats and in separate jackets that will top plain skirts that have plucked their coloring from one of the hues in the jacket tweed. Greatcoats will stress shoulder yokes and back flares—jackets will stress ample draping and long lines.

Greer and Banton, of course, favor the little jacket suit of navy. But they accent it with a colorful blouse of red and white checked gingham instead of "yesteryear's must"—white piqué.

In summary, Greer and Banton feel that fashion this spring will reveal all there is of beauty in silhouette, color and fabric—that it will be truly feminine, truly picturesque!

Play Truth and Consequences with Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 24)

8. (Q) As a girl did you ever have romantic dreams of marrying some famous personality, and who was he?
(A) Yes, I remember that I definitely thought I was the girl for the Prince of Wales. When he arrived in New York some years ago I was one of several students selected from our school to greet him at an official luncheon. I went representing the French children of the school and presented him with an American and a French flag and for months afterwards I went around in a daze. I reminded him of the incident recently when I met him in Europe, as the Duke of Windsor, but alack—he didn't even remember!

9. (Q) For what particular devilment were you most severely punished as a girl?
(A) For talking back to my mother. I always wanted the last word—she still criticizes me for it.

10. (Q) Do you feel fans are disappointed in you when they see you in person?
(A) I'm too busy worrying about how I look to feel anything.

11. (Q) What attempt in your life turned out to be the saddest fiasco?
(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Draw a picture of yourself.)

12. (Q) Have you ever been guilty of laughing in church and what was the occasion?
(A) No. I was brought up too strictly for that.

13. (Q) What has ever caused your husband to put you "in the doghouse" for a time?
(A) I am always forgetting to tell him ahead of time about dinner parties we are going to attend.

14. (Q) How well do you keep a secret?
(A) As well as the average woman.

15. (Q) How do you react when your husband makes an admiring remark about another woman?
(A) If I like her too, it's okay, but if not—well!

16. (Q) Do you consider yourself an easy person to get along with?
(A) Yes, because I'm one of those lucky people who just happens to have a good disposition.

17. (Q) What rôle have you secretly desired which was won by another actress?
(A) *Mary of Scotland*—I was terribly envious when Katharine Hepburn played it.

18. (Q) Do you wear false eyelashes off the screen?
(A) No, they're too much trouble—and you can always tell that they're false, anyway.

19. (Q) Before you were married were you inclined to be flirtatious?
(A) No. I have a horror of flirtatious women.

20. (Q) Before your husband asked you to marry him, had you already made up your mind that you were going to?
(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Let us publish a picture of you without make-up.)

21. (Q) Should you adopt a child, what would be your attitude later in informing him or her of the adoption?
(A) I feel it is only fair to tell the child as soon as he is old enough to understand—to tell him before someone else does.

22. (Q) Which comedian amuses you most and why?
(A) Charlie Ruggles, because his timing is so perfect. It isn't always what he says, but how.

23. (Q) Do you like to get together with close girl friends and talk about other women?
(A) Yes, and I'd be fibbing if I said differently.

24. (Q) What mannerism or style of grooming have you changed to please your husband?
(A) He's one of those men who dislikes bright-red nail polish. Ergo: I go colorless.

25. (Q) What one thing which you haven't do you wish you had more than anything else in the world?
(A) The part of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind."

26. (Q) Are your charge accounts carried under the name of Claudette Colbert or Mrs. Joel Pressman, and which name do you prefer to use in your personal contacts?
(A) I always use Mrs. Joel Jay Pressman and I am very put out when business or personal friends fail to address me by this name. I feel that every career woman in her private life should use her husband's name—for courtesy, as well as sentimental reasons.

27. (Q) About what things are you most careless?

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

Letters have poured in questioning, "Why don't you publish more Errol Flynn stories?" So—LET'S HUNT FOR TREASURE by Errol Flynn will appear in the April issue. Hidden gold, pirates' jewels, mysterious islands golden in the sunset, all are here—and true, too—from the pen of this remarkable young actor-adventurer. You'll enjoy every word of it

In April PHOTOPLAY

VOLUPTÉ

How will you have your INTRIGUE?

Flaunt a dash of purple in your beauty life. Wear Volupté's exotic mauve-tinged shade, INTRIGUE! Wear it shamelessly shiny in that dazzling HUSSY of a lipstick "H"... OR ... on your lips!

Perhaps you would prefer it softly sheen-less, in that lovely LADY of a lipstick "L". But by all means, in either finish, let there be INTRIGUE

VOLUPTÉ

(A) I am constantly losing things, handkerchiefs especially—at the rate of two a day.

28. (Q) In selecting a list of Hollywood's ten best-dressed women to include you, where on the list would you rank yourself, and why?

(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write an essay of a hundred words or more, à la Bob Burns.)

29. (Q) At what, acting excluded, do you consider yourself expert?

(A) Fishing! I cast a mean hook, let me tell you.

30. (Q) What slang expression do you most constantly use?

(A) "So what."

31. (Q) What do you consider your least attractive physical feature?

(A) My nose. It's not so much the bane of my existence, but cameramen don't like it much.

32. (Q) What do you weigh, and what weight problem do you have?

(A) One hundred and fourteen pounds—and I am constantly stuffing to keep it up to that.

33. (Q) What percentage of your income do you save?

(A) One-tenth.

34. (Q) Has your happiness increased with your income?

(A) Not particularly. Naturally I have been able to enjoy more luxuries and a greater feeling of security, but happiness deals with something more important. Being happy is a talent which everyone should try to develop—and it can be developed without riches.

35. (Q) For what type of portrayal do you consider yourself best suited?

(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (From your own collection grant us the most unglamorous photo taken of you on one of your trips.)

36. (Q) What personal wish or like have you spent the most money to satisfy?

(A) I spend all my money on my home . . . it gives me more gratification than anything else in the world.

37. (Q) How old were you when you had your first date, and what was it?

(A) I was seventeen and was invited to a Masonic ball. The poor young man was much surprised when my entire family came along, too. One or more members of my family always chaperoned me everywhere.

38. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest handicap in your career?

(A) Neglecting to pose for sufficient publicity pictures.

39. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest asset?

(A) Always worrying about getting good stories, rather than good parts.

40. (Q) On what occasion and by whom have you ever been told to "mind your own business"?

(A) I always mind my own business. I have a terrible curiosity about other people, but I manage to control it.

41. (Q) Was there anything about you or your looks when you were a child which caused other kids to ridicule you?

(A) Yes, I had to wear little ankle socks all year round as French children do and the others teased me—said it was because my family was too stingy to buy me stockings.

42. (Q) When have you ever resorted to tears to get something?

(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write a verse about La Conga, the dance being introduced in "Midnight.")

43. (Q) Do you bestow a great deal of attention on small aches and pains?

(A) I used to—I was almost a hypochondriac, but marrying a doctor cured that.

44. (Q) In case of a misunderstanding are you quick to apologize or do you wait for the other person to do it?

(A) I apologize immediately, because I can't stand friction.

45. (Q) Do you try to conceal your age?

(A) I can't conceal it, because it's been published for twelve years every place in the world; but I would like to forget it.

46. (Q) Do you consider yourself an informal person?

(A) About many things, yes . . . but in some connections I prefer to be formal. I dislike very much to have people "drop in" on me at home, for example. I'm not good at potluck hostessing . . . it gives me the jitters and all my friends know it by now.

47. (Q) Are you spoiled?

(A) Not enough! I love to be spoiled—especially when I'm feeling sorry for myself. Then I want lots of sympathy and to be told that I'm right.

Penalty on Question No. 58. This is a "consequence" Jean Arthur thought up last month—arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken that way

48. (Q) Do you fear death?

(A) Yes, terribly.

49. (Q) What is the least amount of money per year on which you believe you could live comfortably?

(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Since you admit, in your answer to question 38, that you haven't posed for enough publicity pictures, let us have a typical one of you now.)

50. (Q) What are your plans for retirement?

(A) I haven't any—I hope to go on and on.

51. (Q) On what subject do you believe yourself most qualified to advise someone else?

(A) Advice is awfully cheap and about as unwelcome . . . I know, because I've received lots of it and that's why I don't give it now.

52. (Q) When did you last make a faux pas?

(A) Last evening, and that was the third one yesterday. I am always making them—speaking out when I shouldn't, stooping to pick up something I dropped instead of waiting for the gentlemanly gesture of the man with whom I'm talking—bumped heads the result! Using the wrong fork, just because I'm absent-minded about such things. The result—I blush always and make foolish stuttering remarks trying to cover up.

53. (Q) If you had a daughter of sixteen would you allow her to smoke or drink, or to go out unchaperoned?

(A) No. Decidedly.

54. (Q) Is it easy for you to trust people or are you inclined to be suspicious and on the defensive?

(A) I am very suspicious and on the defensive . . . always have been . . . and make dozens of inquiries before accepting any plan or business proposition put up to me.

55. (Q) Do you think women should dye their hair to hide grayness?

(A) If they work for a living, yes.

56. (Q) How do you act when being interviewed?

(A) Very cagey, because I dread being misquoted.

57. (Q) Are you superstitious?

(A) Yes, I'm a wood-knocker.

58. (Q) Do you prefer the company of men or women, and why?

(A) Miss Colbert took the consequence Jean Arthur thought up last month. (Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken.)

59. (Q) Do you believe women should take an active part in politics, voting, etc., and do you?

(A) No, and I have never voted yet.

60. (Q) What bad habit do you have which annoys your friends?

(A) Slipping garlic into the soup when I invite them for a French dinner.

Illusion

There is something about her
that makes you think of
willow saplings swaying in the wind
...that something *is known*
as a Foundette

Designed to coax your figure into youthful curves. This lightweight net "Lastex" *Foundette, *with its wonder-working new front panel of one-way stretch "Lastex"* mesh, gives smooth control over abdomen and diaphragm . . . but still keeps you free and lithe. Evening back. Imported net bandeau top. Style 4313. At all better stores.*

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**Woven of "Lastex" yarn*

Foundettes

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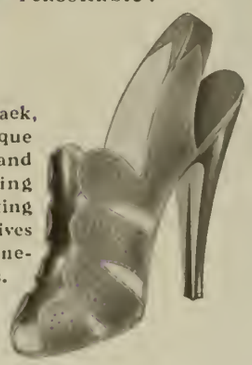
PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE • DRESS BY GERMAINE MONTEIL • JEWELS FROM OLGA TRITT

Paradise ON EARTH!

THIS SPRING'S PARADISE SHOES ARE AS GLAMOROUS AS THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

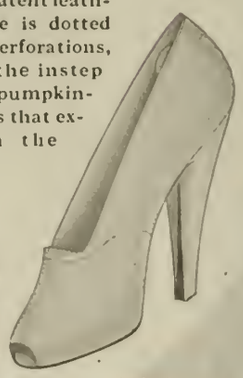
★

Glamour — charm — beauty — romance — they've all been created for *you* — fashioned into this Spring's Paradise Shoes. You'll simply adore this heavenly footwear that so perfectly reflects the spirit of the new season — and that's priced so amazingly reasonable!



The Randy—An open back, open toe step-in of bisque suede with the heel and in-step of contrasting copper calf. The interesting cut-out treatment gives this shoe added distinction—added smartness.

The Garnet—Glove fitting, because it's made of stretchable patent leather. This shoe is dotted with tiny perforations, relieved at the instep by the new pumpkin-seed cut-outs that extend down the front.



The Toby—Interestingly spaced perforations cover this lovely shoe from heel to open toe. The comfortable Tango flexible instep feature makes this pump doubly important in your Spring plans.

Brauer Bros. Shoe Co. ST. LOUIS
Makers of Paradise Shoes and Tango Pumps

Paradise Shoes

Sonja Henie's New Prince Charming

(Continued from page 29)

because I wanted to do something different. I had done only solo numbers for so long, I thought perhaps my audiences would appreciate a change."

"I am sure they appreciate *this*," I murmured.

"As for choosing Stewart Reburn . . ." she smiled again, "well, in considering possible partners, I could think of only two, but one of those two was a solo skater like myself which really simmered the situation down to one choice—the one I made.

"I had seen Stewart skate at Lake Placid in the 1932 Olympics and again at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in 1936. He was paired with a Canadian girl named Louise Bertram and I never forgot him. He had, as you say, 'what it takes,' not only as a skater, but as a personality. And so . . ." she made a little gesture with hands and shoulders, "I wired him in Toronto and asked him to meet me in New York upon my return from Norway last summer. He met me there and the agreement was made."

"Did you skate together before he was signed up for the Revue?" I asked her.

"No," she said and the dimples played hard in her cheeks. "I suppose it was very unbusinesslike of me, but I was so sure we should get on perfectly, and there was no ice available just then, and so . . . well, actually, we never skated together until just two weeks ago today.

"I'll admit," she added, "that I was a little nervous the day we met in the Palace, here, for our first rehearsal. But it worked out all right."

YES, it "worked out all right." A friend of mine who had witnessed that initial rehearsal told me it "worked out" from the instant those two joined hands on the ice.

Sonja had selected the music and had planned the steps they were to do. "I'll show you," she said to Reburn. But almost before she finished the first figure, he was at her side, timing his own strokes to hers, sensing, as only a trained pair-skater can, what would come next. And before that brief hour was over, the Gade tango was a beautiful thing to see.

"You're good," Sonja said simply, when they had finished.

And he, blushing with pleasure at this praise from the queen of all skaters, withal he is himself a champion, replied, huskily, "Thank you, Sonja. This is a proud moment for me."

"And what about it?" I asked Sonja on the night of the première. "Wouldn't you like to have him in a picture with you?"

Her answer was ready and frank. "Yes, I would. I hope he can be in my next."

And so, since Sonja is a young lady who almost always gets her own way, we might be seeing him at our neighborhood theater one of these days when the tour of the Hollywood Ice Revue is ended. You can't tell. . . .

I ALSO met the young man in question, that night. He has the clear complexion and clipped speech of a Dick Greene. His hair is light brown, thick and slick; his eyes are gray and smiling; his mouth full, yet finely chiseled. When he speaks, he looks at you with engaging directness; when you speak, he listens with flattering attention. He is of medium height and finely proportioned. If too tall, he would appear incongruous beside the diminutive Sonja.

The two of them met in 1934 on a Saturday afternoon at a waltzing session in the Toronto Skating Club. Sonja, then an amateur, was there to headline the Toronto carnival. Howard Ridout, president of the club, introduced them. Young Reburn remembers all of this perfectly. He remembers, too, being so thrilled that he stumbled over his skates "like a clumsy lout." Of course, they had seen each other skate at Lake Placid two years before.

"At least," he adds modestly, "I saw *her*. Who wouldn't?"

It was a strange thing the way fate brought him to Sonja's side and back into skating. After winning a list of championships a yard or so long, he and his partner, Miss Bertram, captured the Canadian Pairs Championship and the Minto Cup which, he confided to me, was their goal. They retired, then, undefeated, and Stewart, deciding it was high time he made a niche for himself in the world of business, started to sell advertising. Then came the wire from Sonja, the trip to New York, the Hollywood Ice Revue, a new life.

ROMANTIC? Of course it is! Two people—so young, so attractive, neither in love with anyone else, and they have such fun together!

Naturally, I didn't ask them, "Is there a romance in the offing?" Such a question would only have embarrassed them. But I said to myself, if there is not, there should be.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

1. Donald Crisp
2. Gary Cooper
3. Ann Sothern
4. Charles Chaplin
5. Gale Page
   Ann Sheridan
6. George Raft
7. James Cagney
8. Gene Lockhart
9. Frances Farmer
10. Claudette Colbert
11. Wayne Morris
12. Mickey Rooney
13. Henry Fonda
14. Richard Barthelmess
15. Lionel Barrymore in "A Family Affair"
16. Nancy Kelly
17. Shirley Temple
18. Richard Greene
19. James Roosevelt
20. Joan Crawford

(Continued from page 67)

rejoicing and entrained for Chicago, furiously convinced in his seventeen-year-old mind that there was no honor or justice left in the world and that all women were inherently untrustworthy.

Melvyn Hesselberg had spent an entire adolescence eagerly protesting against an order of things that was conventional and hidebound. Perhaps it was his mixed ancestry . . . Edouard Hesselberg, his musician father, was Russian-born; his mother a Kentuckian, with muddled English and harsh Scotch blood in her veins. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness.

In retrospect, Melvyn could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him: the Macon, Georgia house, furnished for comfort but not stylized; the music his father made which frightened him; the new house in Nashville; then a year in Germany; there was being eleven and moving to Toronto; his attempt to join the army at the age of fifteen and having his father quietly obtaining his release; and the girl from the burlesque show he had met; then there was the break with his family, back in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1917; so there had been no one to stop him from joining the army. But the war had ended and now he was on his own again.

WITH the mad winter of 1918, his new adult life began. He had gone to Chicago because the break with his family had been a clean one and he was determined to keep it so. There was that winter, and his first job, which was selling pianos, and the room he took: faded wallpaper, stained bathtub, the peculiar smell old rooming houses have; and there was quitting the job, because there wasn't enough work attached and his conscience hurt at taking the money, and there was the next job, in which he read gas meters, and there was the next job after that, as salesman in a store.

He met William Owen then, through the intervention of some strange providence. Owen was a retired stage star with a penchant for helping young theatrical aspirants; and he was impressed with Melvyn, so that within a week the boy was established comfortably in Owen's residence, working at sundry jobs to pay his way, and studying Shakespeare under Owen's tutelage, and eating at Owen's table, and generally being a pet protégé of Owen—which suited them both.

Thus, sheltered and protected, Melvyn had the freedom of time and energy to flounder with his fellows in the immediate post-War mire. There were many to keep him company, acquired through Owen and Owen's circle, and there was plenty of mire. His acquaintances were sundry, but all of a kind of pattern; they were young writers, artists, actors, intellectuals with a leaning toward much conversation, and they had sporadic creative intervals. They liked Turgéniev, the early Greeks, gin and four o'clock in the morning. They were Chicago's Greenwich Village set and, because of their vitality and the scope of their ideas, they were good for Melvyn.

He spent five years in Chicago. A few things, names, events—vividly remembered now—are typical.

There was the arrival of Prohibition. Melvyn and his friends collected other friends and all the money all of them had and, having spent the resultant large sum (there were 150 in the party) on liquor, settled down to a celebrant bender. It lasted three days, during which a little over 100 of the guests passed or dropped out of the group, unmissed.

The remainder, led by Melvyn, were still going strong on the last night; with what change they had left, these hearties trouped down to the Congress Hotel where they found most of Chicago tipsily lined up at the bar. At the far end was a coffin containing the recumbent figure of John Barleycorn; and the crowd was filing past to kiss him good-by. This was not too sanitary a gesture but it had its value, since, as each mourner's lips touched those of John, a squirt of liquor shot out to cheer the parting.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN drifted past, with the main difference to Melvyn that Shakespeare began to make infinite sense and that Edouard Hesselberg began to have financial difficulties; whereupon his son, with sudden renascence of filial regard, felt he had better get busy and make some extra money. This was accomplished in the next year, when Owen organized a Repertoire Company, made Melvyn one of the leads, and went on the road.

When that was over the good Mr. Owen, whose health had failed, planted his protégé as first lead with John Kellard's road company, at $60 a week.

Melvyn's 1920 tour with the Kellard company ended abruptly in Toronto, where Melvyn found himself without a nickel but with a wealth of experiences to consider. These, however, were not negotiable; and he was hungry. He walked along the early autumn streets of the Canadian city, his coat collar up against the cold, his hands deep in his empty pockets, and confronted Crisis.

There were alternatives. He could wire home for money, return to the possessive Lena and Edouard. Or he could call Owen collect. The first was refuted by the decisive pattern that he had been building in his mind through the years; the second, by shame.

He stood staring into a shop window, blind to the contents, trying to think. A man, shabby and with a face that showed only resignation and a disinclination for the razor, came to stand beside him. After a moment the man said, "I was going to ask you for coffee money, Bud. But you're flat, ain't you?"

"How did you know?"

"Y' get so you can tell, after a while. Listen. The cardboard from packages is better in your shoes than the kind the laundry puts in shirts, because of the glaze. It lasts longer." After a moment the man added, "No friends, Bud?"

"No," Melvyn said. Then he turned to stare at the fellow. "*Yes!* I'd forgotten . . ." He reached in his pocket and found a quarter. "Here. And thanks."

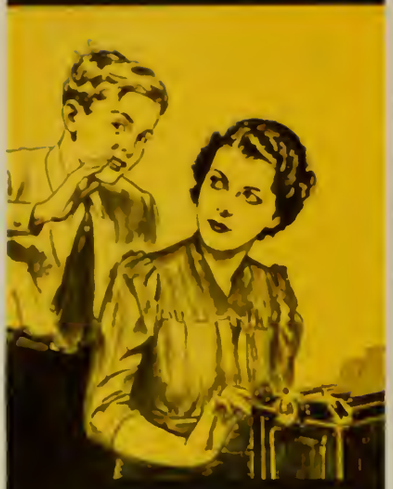
Melvyn began to trot down the street. He found a phone booth in a drugstore. "Information," he said into the mouthpiece. . . .

A moment later he was saying, "Johnnie, I punched your nose once at school and now you're going to invite me to dinner."

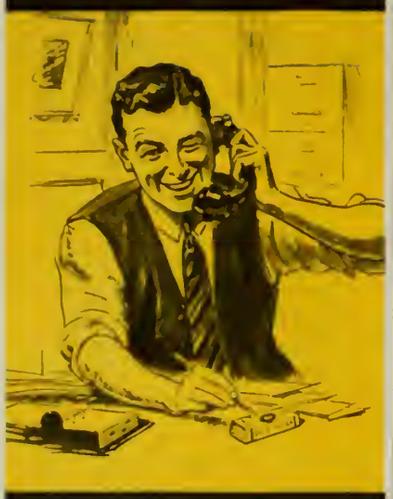
THAT night, at dinner, he watched his host plunge a fork into a plump roast chicken and saw the golden juice of chestnut dressing run out. His stomach fluttered impatiently. "Now then," the host muttered, carving.

By the open fire, afterwards, Melvyn

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY



"HOW IN THE WORLD DOES THE BOSS REST WHILE WORKING SO HARD?"



HERE'S HOW he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!

One of America's GOOD habits

Beech-Nut

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

stretched his legs and blinked vaguely. "But, of course, I'm still in a spot," he said. "Not that I wouldn't like camping in the middle of your dining-room table. But what goes on from here?"

"Why not get a job in Toronto and stay? It's not so bad."

"A job?" Melvyn raised an eyebrow. "I'm an actor. It's the winter season, you know that."

His friend shrugged. "Those who can't, comma, teach. You're stalled just now as an actor. So teach other people to be actors. Open a dramatic school."

There was a long silence, while Melvyn considered. Then he said, "God pity Canada's future crop of actors. I will do it."

Three months later he sat in his rooms, checked his resources, and found he had been able to save a hundred dollars. Methodically he cut two pieces in the shape of inner soles of glazed cardboard from a package, put them away as mementos of the summer and on the rest of the package printed in block letters: "Sorry. But you're in a rut anyway." He opened the door and tacked the sign in the middle of the panels, for his students to find the next day. They had not, after all, paid him for the past week.

Then he packed his clothes and caught the first train for Chicago.

THE years blazed by, then, in a bright procession: 1921, and the summer, and the song that said, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, how happy I will be," and the community house for actors at which Melvyn Hesselberg lived, after the hundred dollars was gone. The classical theater, with stage and settings hand-built in the back yard of the community house, which he conceived and created with a friend named Gale Sondergaard; and the success of the theater, with resultant prosperity and expensive hilarity.

That summer he met the girl who, at long last, made him forget Anne. . . .

But she had Anne's propensity for hurting him, so that in the following winter he came one afternoon to his room, once again packed his bags, called the Chautauqua Troupe manager to accept the job he had offered and left on tour that afternoon.

It was the end of the Chicago interlude. Essentially, he was unchanged.

And it was 1922—the Chautauqua company was a kind of Evangelical Society arrangement, playing week-long stands in tiny Wisconsin and Illinois hamlets; through it Melvyn got a little closer to raw America, the bigoted, the intolerant, the childishly unsophisticated America.

Observing with detachment, he found that he had no feeling of scorn for the country people whose ideas were so different. Rather, he caught himself studying them, understanding their viewpoints, liking and envying the simplicity of their emotions.

The change, the growing up, was happening to him slowly. It would take a shock-incident (which would be inevitable, of course) to snap him clear. But that would come later. . . .

AMERICA rolled full blast, shouting gleefully, into its most prosperous decade. A young intellectual Melvyn had met earlier, named Ben Hecht, wrote a play and got it produced. The manuscript which another contemporary of Melvyn's had been working on had been published and now formed an endless pattern in the windows of bookshops across the nation: "This Side of Paradise," read the bright jackets, "by F. Scott Fitzgerald." "What Price Glory?" asked theater marquees, everywhere. Mahjong came in, and went out. Radios grew loud-speakers. And in Sioux City, Iowa, progress came to Melvyn Hesselberg when a modern stock company, full-rigged and really professional, hired him as leading man to an experienced lady for $50 a week.

May we present Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris! The bride was Bubbles Schinasi, daughter of a New York tobacco importer. Is Wayne the proud husband!

By the time, some months later, the company was ready to move to Madison, Wisconsin, his salary had been raised to $65 and he was an official asset.

Although he could not know it, the highly evolved personality toward which he had been working was crystallizing. His wild, uncharted rebellion against convention was assuming an intelligent aspect, despite the fact that his emotions were as muddled as ever. In any case, he was shrewd enough, when the chance came, to leave his job and start his own stock company with backing from friends.

In it he alternated the Up-In-Mable's-Room type of thing with classic plays. The experiment was pretty successful, except that the farces, by the overwhelming attention given them by Melvyn's college acquaintances, had to support the Art, which went almost unattended.

Nevertheless, this was accomplishment. This was something to get his teeth into. This was sufficient. . . .

UNTIL, on New Year's Eve, 1924 and the final adjustment of Melvyn Hesselberg to the social order in which he lived were ushered in simultaneously with the banging on his apartment door of the Madison, Wisconsin police.

He had, earlier, met an architect and subsequently had taken the upper floor of one of his apartment buildings. Here young Mr. Hesselberg lived, rehearsed and entertained the many people he had met during the long Madison residence. And here, on the last night of 1924, he decided to give a party to end all parties.

"Have a good time," he enjoined each one, upon arrival.

And they did—such a noisy, such an unfettered good time, indeed, that at eleven-thirty the landlady gave a shake to her ponderous bosom, donned her uncompromising pince nez and called the riot squad.

Melvyn himself opened the door to them. He had thought this might happen. He was ready. Now, for all time, would the riot-act be read.

He launched into it with fervor.

After ten minutes his audience found him still impassioned but repetitious. They took him, and his guests, away.

The night court judge, peering benevolently over the bench, released them, of course. But during the next weeks Melvyn could not help admitting a chastened mood; further—he knew suddenly that he was bored with the life he had been leading, that he had a case of mental indigestion.

At the end of three weeks, his tradition of rebellion shaken because its basic reason was lost, but with rebellion still a necessity since he was what he was, Melvyn stopped one day before the show window of a travel agency. The gaudy placards, inviting him to far and romantic places, seemed to hold the answer to his immediate problem. He went inside to ask for some folders and came out with a ticket—to Europe.

The stock company had been going great guns all winter. It was at the peak of its success. But for the first time in his life Melvyn had a respectable sum of money in the bank; he needs must prove this accomplishment to himself in some special manner.

Also, he was thoroughly sick of this guy Melvyn Hesselberg, who couldn't seem to make up his mind clearly about life. Maybe, in a different and older world, he might find the answer to everything, if there were one. . . .

HE had $1200. It kept him in Europe for the entire summer—in Paris for a time, then in a small coast town where the people were simple and real and where he could learn French at first hand; he went for a long walking trip up the coast of Normandy; he met an American architect who had just returned from bicycling across the Continent and, taking the cue, Melvyn bought a bike and set out.

When the summer was over, he caught the boat home with a sense of relief. In the mirror his eyes returned his stare, clear and untroubled.

The cure had worked.

As he got off the boat, with $68 in his pocket, a Western Union boy was monotonously calling his name. He took the wire. It was from a girl he had known for years in Chicago, and it said simply: "I've missed you."

He remembered the way her mouth looked when she smiled and the amber glint of her hair under light. He remembered her voice. It was enough.

He went directly to Chicago.

On the table damask in the Edgewater Beach Club's dining room he told her, "Something's changed me. I don't mean I've gone long-hair—but when I do things now I know why. I know what I want. One thing—I want you."

She was silent.

"Will you marry me?" Melvyn asked her.

"This minute?"

"I mean tomorrow."

She smiled slowly. "I'll have to give up a luncheon date. But I guess it's worth it. Okay."

It lasted a year, and netted him a son, a confusion of experiences, twelve months of anxious, hard work and, finally, a divorce.

The trouble had been that he had mistaken her for love—for which he was ready at last—when in reality she was only the symbol of that love. . . .

There was just one woman with whom Melvyn Douglas could find happiness. His meeting with her, their life together in Hollywood and his fight against film success conclude Douglas' unusual story
In April PHOTOPLAY

Tyrone Power's Own Story

(Continued from page 19)

the airport with huge bunches of flowers. It's their charming custom to bid visitors a successful crossing in this manner. We couldn't get out of the plane. The actual place where we crossed the line was called Quito, but we landed at Guayaquil at six. After a quick dinner, made a personal appearance at the local Fox theater and then to bed.

The Count Theo Rossi whom Ty mentions is one of the world's most eligible bachelors and the heir to the famous vermouth millions of the famous Martini & Rossi firm. So can you imagine what it must have done to the babes of Ecuador to have two such bachelors pile out of one plane — to say nothing of Bill, who is a bachelor, too, and most eligible, though wary?

Thursday

AT the airport at five-thirty A.M. to take off for Arica, Chile. This early-to-bed, early-to-rise stuff is just like being on a picture shooting schedule. It's worth it, though, if for no other reason than seeing the sunrise from the air. That's always a thriller. Our first stop, at Talara, Peru, very surprising on two scores. The place looks just like any other oil town, only here it is completely surrounded by desert. Then three girls turned up who proved to be from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Only came down at Lima long enough to refuel, but the city looked so beautiful from the air I wish we had arranged to stop here for a few days. We flew over some Inca ruins this afternoon and climbed up 16,000 feet to land at a city named Arequipa. It is situated at the base of Mt. Chachani, which is 20,000 feet high, with two other mountains of almost equal height towering alongside. Pushed on to Arica, getting there at six, so dog tired we didn't even stop to eat. Just registered at the hotel and made a dive for the hay.

Friday

THE first dull day of the whole trip, all the fault of stormy weather. Out at seven this morning headed for Santiago, but held out dodging thunder storms and barely got in in time to be met by Mr. Ruscica, the 20th Century-Fox representative down here, and to go with him to a dinner given by the representatives of the major motion-picture companies. Bowling after dinner at the Union Club; got back to the hotel at two A.M.

Saturday

NOT going up in a plane this morning. Down to earth for three whole days, which is a relief for a change, and the city looks charming. Took a drive to Valparaiso and Viña del Mar. (Wonder if the "Bad Girl" author got her name from this town.) Lunched with members of the local press in the Castillo, a very modern restaurant overlooking the harbour of Valparaiso. In the afternoon, after a sight-seeing trip around the city, I had the pleasure of meeting the mayor of Viña del Mar, who invited Bill and me to be his guests at a dinner at the Casino. Did we feel sappy when we arrived in our old slacks, open-neck shirts and sports coats and everybody else formal?

Sunday

DIDN'T stir till lunch which I had with Darryl Zanuck's mother, Mrs. Norton, who happens to be visiting here, too. We went on to the races and in the evening were guests of the American Ambassador for cocktails and then for dinner at a local golf club.

Monday

TWO weeks out of Hollywood. It seems like two years, not restful ones, certainly, but better, exciting ones. Could have stayed on in Santiago for another month, but we're scheduled to plane out today for Buenos Aires. Up over the Andes we had to sniff oxygen as were flying at an altitude of 19,000 feet. From the plane it looked as though you could reach out and touch the sides of the mountains, but the steward said we weren't within a mile of the nearest peak. It adds up to one of the most thrilling and beautiful plane trips it is possible to take.

Before I even stepped out of the plane, they came on board with a microphone and asked me to say how I liked the city. And I'd only seen it from the air! Later, though, prowling around it I discovered how beautiful it was. Grand surprise here. Met two old pals of mine who are living down here and they insisted Bill and I be their guests during our stay here, which will be for five days. Delighted to accept.

I asked Ty if the press was just as horrible wherever you hit it. He said in that voice of his that could mean anything, "Why I love the press." Bill it was who explained that reporters are tough enough when you all speak the same language, but when a star has to speak through an interpreter, then the going gets really rough. Bill said, though, that Hollywood reporters might add some of the extreme Spanish-speaking politeness to their repertoire to which Mr. Power simply murmured, "Tsk, tsk," still very mockingly.

Sunday

SORRY couldn't keep up with a diary. Hardly could keep up with myself. We've been all over Buenos Aires, shopped for shoes, shirts and some badly needed fresh linen; have seen the polo matches, the races, the opening of a midget auto race track; visited two movie studios; drove out to a estancia to watch the gauchos give a demonstration of their superb horsemanship. Talk about going to town and what a town this is to go to!

When Tyrone went to make a personal appearance at the Buenos Aires Fox theater, the house manager cautioned him, just before his going on stage, "not to fall in the hole." This puzzled the star of the evening no end, as the theater was a very grand, new one. But, when he stepped out, he discovered the whole front row of seats and part of the stage had been removed and a stout iron railing put in back of this "hole" to keep the fans where they couldn't clutch him personally. What happened, however, was that the entire audience rushed for the rail and stood there en masse, gazing adoringly up at him. This close proximity to his audience upset even the Power poise.

Monday

OUR third week ended. We're leaving for Rio de Janeiro. When we land there, we'll be down for another complete week, too. That means half my vacation is over. I can't believe it's gone or that I've seen half what I've seen. It's

DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP

No smart woman risks offending — make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS FIRST "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon —those are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will *strengthen* love—to feel that, because her husband loved her *once*, he'll love her *always!*

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odor. Before you've won him—and *after*, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odor with Mum!

Remember, no bath is enough to prevent odor. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents odor *to come!* Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh!

SAVE TIME! Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only 30 seconds!

SAVE WORRY! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin.

SAVE ROMANCE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today —use it daily and be sure of charm!

WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I DREW A SALUTE FROM THE ADMIRAL

The Admiral *looks* grim but he's a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman's Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin' for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman's flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It's fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman's is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

beyond words, all of it. Porto Algere our only stop between Buenos Aires and Rio, but the most enthusiastic reception yet there. Landed at Rio in the early afternoon, saw the press, and then, with Darke de Mattos to be his guest for a day on his island of Paqueta. It's about fifteen miles off the mainland, a lovely spot.

Now right here, children, is where Ty begins not telling the half of it. He doesn't tell you that in Buenos Aires four hundred women, braving a heavy rain, broke a police cordon at the Moron Airport (we did not make that name up; that's really what it's called). Windows in the airport administration building were broken as the lovelorn ladies tried to make a grab at our hero. A couple fainted; several got hysterical; Ty escaped through a back door and into a waiting taxi. He wasn't feeling too elegant, anyhow, what with an arm that had been nearly pulled off by the frantic mob in Porto Algere.

But that omission is as nothing against his not reporting that Annabella was in Rio de Janeiro and that she, too, went out to the island of Mr. de Mattos for the day. In fact, she had lunched at the Santos Dumont airport, apparently awaiting his arrival, but when she saw the crush of other women who were likewise waiting there—and for the very same purpose—she left and returned to the Copocabana Hotel where her suite was two floors above the one reserved for Ty. However, before he arrived there, she had checked out, only to meet him later in the day in Mr. de Mattos' launch.

He doesn't mention, and no one would expect him to, that when Annabella was interviewed in Paris in late October after she got her divorce and was asked if she were going to marry again, she said: "I marry Tyrone Power? But that is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all. Hollywood is the reason for our (she meant herself and M. Murat's) divorce. Our work separates us for so long that it is impossible for us to remain married."

At that time, the papers said that she planned to sail for America about the middle of November. All of which seems to have been true, except that she didn't say which America, and it turned out to be South, not North.

Tuesday to Monday

BACK to Rio de Janeiro for another crowded week. I guess I'm a genuine tourist, for I always want to see all the local sights and I never fail to get a kick out of them. I got something more than that here, though, for I shall never forget the sight of that statue of Christ of Corcovado, which dominates the entire city and the harbor. The bird's-eye view of the city and its beaches from there is of breath-taking loveliness. We went up to see this statue by daylight and then stayed on so that we could see it when the sun was down and the lights were on it. It was the great moment of the trip and I shall always remember the beauty of it. We did lots of other sight-seeing, too. Went with Annabella to a charity dinner given by the wife of the President for the newsboys of Rio. We visited a night club where we heard the native carnival music, the Samba, of which I bought all the recordings I could find. We toured to every spot anyone recommended and they were all marvelous.

Here all I can remark is that "we" is a wonderful word. "I" can only mean one person, but "we" can mean anywhere from three to three hundred or, more important, it can mean just two. Certainly Tyrone and Annabella dined and danced and went sight-seeing together for that week in the romantic South American capital and most certainly there is no reason why they shouldn't have, particularly if they are in love, and nothing would surprise me less. For I have seen them together and I've heard the special note that comes into Ty's voice when he speaks of Annabella and if it isn't love it is, at least, a major interest that might ripen into almost anything.

Fame makes it hard, however, to capture the moments of "we two together and the world shut out" which all romantically interested people crave. Still, if all the world loves a lover, even when the lover is just Joe Smith who works in the Stevens garage and the girl is Mary Brown who lives on Main Street, Averageville, what can anyone expect when, as in this case, the boy is one of the handsomest and most regular young men ever to come to fame, the girl is a honey-haired charmer from Paris with laughing eyes and a seductive voice, and the setting of their possible courtship is lighted with a tropical moon, and shot through at long distance with the glitter and glamour that Hollywood sheds so lavishly over its favored children? Naturally, the public is interested. Both these stars understand that interest. Just the same, it got too difficult for them, what with reporters and photographers dogging their very footsteps. Thus the next diary entry reads:

Monday

SAW Annabella off on a plane to Buenos Aires in the morning. In the afternoon returned to the airport to meet Count Rossi.

Thursday

BILL and I have decided to finish our journey by boat. Within two hours (plenty rushed, however) we had arranged passage, cancelled our plane reservations and packed. We boarded the boat from a launch just before sailing time and stood at the rail of the ship till Rio, that beautiful city, disappeared from view.

That the well-dressed gal wears mink and the well-dressed man stripes and plaids is indicated by Janet Gaynor and Adrian, a happy twosome

There was one very amusing incident that Ty forgot to record in those last three days in Rio. One night he and Bill were invited to a formal evening party. While they were dressing, they discovered that somewhere in their travels they had lost a dress tie. It left them with just one black tie between them, since, naturally, traveling by plane they were traveling as light as possible. They checked all the neighborhood shops, but found them all closed. So, since two men can't go out for a formal evening with one black tie between them, they tossed for it to see who'd get the date, and Bill won. Just as the Power was sitting there, wondering what he'd do with the empty evening and wishing he had brought along some money with heads on both sides, a waiter came in to inquire what they'd like done about their breakfast. The boys took one look and then tried to explain, in their limping Spanish, that they had no interest in breakfast but that they were fascinated by his tie—in fact, they wished to borrow it. The waiter finally understood what they wanted, but not why, and I'll wager if he told his wife about the incident when he went home he's never seen that particular tie (which was returned to him the next morning) again. Madame Waiter will undoubtedly have tucked it away to show to her grandchildren some day.

Friday

SPENT the day exploring the ship. When dinner was announced I made a sudden dash for the dining room. The sea air had really given me an appetite. Halfway down the stairs to the dining room I paused and decided I didn't need any food at all that night. In fact, I nearly gave up what I had. *Mal de mer* had caught up with me.

Saturday

FEEL fine again. No more seasickness. Bill and I spent all our time on deck in our bathing suits, that is, every possible second we could. I played the usual deck games, but swimming suited me best. In the evening we played bingo and saw some motion pictures, the first since leaving Hollywood.

Friday

OUR first sight of land in over a week. We have put in at Trinidad. Had five hours on shore stretching our legs and looking over the town. Sailed at midnight. The last leg of our journey. I'll be glad to get back but, in another way, I hate to give all this up.

Tuesday

WE land in New York tomorrow. We are in the Gulf Stream and heading into a heavy storm and the first cold weather we have experienced (except that one moment in Mexico) since leaving Los Angeles. We wish now we hadn't been so hasty in leaving that swell weather in Rio.

Ty and Bill did come into New York the next day, and went up to the Pierre Hotel where Annabella was staying. All three of them took a plane out from Newark for Hollywood at five that afternoon. And there we leave them—and Mr. Power's journey and diary—with a deep bow for his courtesy in giving it all to PHOTOPLAY *and with a bless you, my children, which is very much from the heart, too.*

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

nore, Francis Lederer, Mary Astor and Iedda Hopper, very much at home, all, n the super-luxurious setting.

John Barrymore, in fact, is all over ne place—even on the walls. As a sly oke, Director Mitchell Leisen had the ecorator paint all the gallant French eaux on the murals with a Barrymore rofile.

You can sum up the plot of "Midight" pretty much like this: an Amerean showgirl (Claudette) golddigs her vay through French society only to nd up with no money—but love inead—and that with a taxi driver! hat's Don Ameche who is over from wentieth-Fox for his first loan-out.

On the new and interesting side, Midnight" offers the "La Conga" (see ne poem C. C. wrote on this dance, age 25), a dance that might be called ne Big Apple or the rhumba, if you an picture that. They're planting it ll through the picture; so, after one ip to the theater, you can swing it ourself.

Our next two studio stops grow ore important each month—Walter Vanger and Hal Roach are making the ajors sit up and take notice by daring give us something new and making s like it, too.

With "Algiers" and "Trade Winds" live up to, Wanger is just winding p "Stagecoach," another Early West ga with the All-American touch. We've been chasing "Stagecoach" around for weeks, but it's as elusive as soap in a bathtub. Director John Ford is using six different Western locations to make its Wild West really wild, so Hollywood has hardly seen the company.

We won't go into the plot except to say it all centers around a stagecoach ride through the Apache country that is pretty important to all the passengers—John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Andy Devine, George Bancroft and Louise Platt, among others.

The scene we see is the one where Indians threaten the Apache Wells stage depot, as Louise Platt is about to have a baby. They're almost ready to go when a messenger runs on the set.

"Mr. Devine," he says.

Andy ambles over. The messenger says something and Andy almost does a cartwheel. "It's here!" he cries. His wife has just presented him with a *real* baby!

"Go on home," says Ford.

Well, we can hardly believe it ourselves—but while we're there another call comes and this time John Wayne rushes back, stammering that *his* wife is about to present him with an heir, too!

"Go on home," says Ford.

With the cast depleted by two *real* blessed events, there's not much chance to film the make-believe one! So

LAST-MINUTE REVIEW

★ Jesse James—20th Century-Fox

THE story of America's most famous, at least most romantic, outlaw is brought to the screen as a minor epic in this rousting, slam-bang Wild Western.

Jesse James was an exciting personality and the pace at which he lived is caught up on celluloid in an hour or two of the fastest action you ever saw. Tyrone Power offers his own idea of what James is like and, in the main, you will find him personable, although Hank Fonda, as his brother Frank, sometimes outshines him with quiet underplaying. Hollywood must always find reasons for things and, it will have you know, the James Boys were forced into banditry because of villainous railroad representatives, who killed their mother with a bomb. Whereupon, the two sons rush away to take their vengeance on the company. Finally, Jesse's Robin Hood complex is tinged with a Dillinger neurosis and he holds up trains and banks, just for the deviltry of it. The piece rings true after that.

Nancy Kelly plays the Western girl who loves Jesse despite everything, shares his exile with him and bears his child. One is grateful to her for not looking beautiful except in accidental moments. In fact, the Technicolor camera is brutal to everyone, but this lends an authentic feeling. As for the action, you may expect plenty of shooting, several buckety-buckety chases, a jail break, lots of holdups and goodness knows what else. Randolph Scott, for the first time, is at home in his rôle of the marshal. Henry Hull is terrific as the country paper editor; John Carradine plays the Judas and Donald Meek is amusing as the railroad president. All the bits are beautifully done; production is tops.

BEST PERFORMANCES—Henry Fonda, Tyrone Power

*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hand skin. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But take heart! Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural moisture: helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Delightfully fragrant! Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream—helps against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1751 Alfred St. Cincinnati, O., (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens'

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

everybody goes on home and we go to the Culver City and Hal Roach.

"It's Spring Again" sounds so much like a love idyll that we can hardly believe it's the tag for a—we were about to say Laurel and Hardy comedy—but Harry Langdon is Babe Hardy's partner now.

Oddly enough, Harry Langdon was working for Stan Laurel as a gag man before his big chance for a comeback arrived. When Laurel stepped out, Harry, who has had more bad Hollywood breaks than a china store in the past few years, was offered the spot. He thought he was out—but found he was in again. He and Stan Laurel are still great pals.

This story happens in 1870 in a Mississippi town and the love theme between Jean Parker and James Ellison is strictly family pride versus stubborn love. The comedy enters when Harry Langdon and his sick elephant come to town. Oliver Hardy, a horse doctor of sorts, cures the pachyderm who immediately gets a crush on him and Harry sues for alienation of affections.

THE secret of making Zenobia care in a big way for Oliver is a pocketful of apples. But there's no way to make Oliver care for Zenobia. In fact, it looks to us as though he's scared to death of his little playmate. When the poor beastie trumpets in his ear for another pippin, Babe steps out like Jesse Owens and yells bloody murder. It takes half the camera crew to haul him back.

"She doesn't like me," says Oliver. "Let's rewrite the script and have her get a crush on Harry!"

Harry isn't around to defend himself. But the trainer pooh-poohs Oliver's fears. Zenobia, he says, is very affectionate and he'll prove it. Whereupon he gives the order and Zenobia's huge trunk coils out and embraces Oliver. The horrified Hardy shouts and screams are terrible to hear.

Billie Burke, we hear, is the only member of the cast who goes for Zenobia in a big way.

THERE'S not one super-special on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot when we call. In a way, though, it's a relief to dodge the high-powered press agent adjectives and slip quietly on to the "Mr. Moto in Porto Rico" set.

We like Mr. Moto. Charlie Chan is such a gentle, calm and unctious fellow, but Mr. Moto is more exciting.

The action, though, is a little stuffy today—everybody's in white dinner jackets, everybody leers, everybody insinuates and looks mysterious—but nothing happens to raise our blood pressure, so we go over to Warners, hoping to see Errol Flynn, the battling Irishman, do a ki-yippee in "Dodge City." Errol must have heard about our plans, because the company retreated too far into the mountains for us to follow. Errol is a little sensitive about the kidding he's getting for playing a wild and woolly Kansas gunman—with his accent.

The best comes at the last of our studio circuit this month. We've been waiting far too long, it seems, for W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy to square off on the screen and for these delightful little schemers, the "Three Smart Girls," to get to work again. "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" is the title Universal picks for Deanna Durbin's sequel to the film that made her famous.

The trio are Deanna, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish. Charles Winninger and Nella Walker handle the adult side of the story, which isn't so important this time. Deanna devotes her busybody energies to fixing up romances for all the girl friends and ends by getting them in trouble instead.

Henry Koster directs Deanna in an easy, rollicking manner. Every time he says something she curtsies with her fingers to her chin and says, "Yes, Monsieur Kostaire!"

It seems strange to find W. C. Fields at Universal, after all his years with Paramount. But there he is, the one and only Fields, fat and sassy again after his multiple miseries. And there is Charlie McCarthy, too, pert and impertinent as a miniature maharajah.

"You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" is the marquee wrecker Fields himself cooked up to usher him back into a movie starring picture. It's Bill's story idea, too, and most of the gags are his.

W. C. has cast himself in this film as the proprietor of a tank-town circus, one jump ahead of the sheriff. He spiels, sells tickets, doubles for the bearded lady and even has his own ventriloquist's dummy, "Oliver," to slip in when Charlie is indisposed. There are plot complications, mainly about a son and daughter Bill tries to keep away at school and out of circus life. But the fun's all around the big tent—Bill, Charlie, and Bergen.

ON the Radio Rialto we find Hollywood stars very much in the headlines. Carole Lombard, with her usual flair for stealing the show, got caught between hot fires when she signed for two big national shows, scheduled to appear on the air only a few days apart. Both Kellogg's new Hollywood airevue and the Gulf Co.'s Screen Actors' Guild program signed Carole on the dotted line. Both contracts specified she couldn't do another radio act inside thirty days. They were still wrangling over her fair white body when we left. Carole is the number one Hollywood picture draw on the air.

Maxwell House's "Good News" has moved into the new NBC building from the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. All the fans knew it at once; everybody, in fact, but Frank Morgan.

The first broadcasts after the switch, Frank was missing only minutes before the broadcast. His home said he had left for the broadcast. Somebody's bright idea sent a cab racing to the El Capitan. There was Frank, with his long gray hair sprouted for "The Wizard of Oz," hanging around looking very perplexed. "This is Thursday, isn't it?" he inquired. "Yes," they told him, "but the show has moved." "Well," said Frank, "I suppose *I'll* have to move with it—ha, ha!" They got him there one minute before curtain!

Frank and Ned Sparks have been trying to outdo one another in the rage for fancy costumes that has been making Hollywood stars a bunch of exhibitionists when they step before a mike. Ned's latest on the Texaco Star Theatre is a leopard skin and hairy legs à la Weissmuller. But the most amazing of all fancy costumes was Bing Crosby's full dress suit which he flashed the other day at NBC. Bing has been showing up for years in old flour sacks and something resembling Dixie Lee's kitchen curtains. The information boy wouldn't let him in the studio when he strolled in in tails!

Jean Hersholt's decision to desert movies after twenty years and give all his time to his "Dr. Christian" broadcast may be an indication of the trend of Hollywood talent. Jack Haley wants to make radio his life's work now and Lionel Barrymore may give the movie lots the go-by before long and find himself a steady job at the mike.

Mr. Muni at Home

(Continued from page 27)

lways doin' Miz Muni—thinkin' of he boss first."

"In other words," commented the oss, on hearing the story, "they're both iling me up."

The third cherished member of the ousehold is Simon, the Airedale—so alled after the character played by Muni in "Counsellor at Law." Some ime ago they thought it would be nice o have a second dog and bought a chnauzer. From the moment he was ntroduced upon the scene, Simon lanuished. Concerned for the newcomer's welfare, Muni would steal out to he laundry a dozen times a day to see vhether he was too hot, whether he vanted a drink, whether he was lying n a draft. Presently he got the uncomortable feeling that Simon was watchng him, counting the number of his isits to the intruder. He began feelng apologetic. "After all, he's only a uppy, Simon," he explained. It was o use. Simon lapsed into melancholy. Ie refused to make his regular mornng call with the cook on Mrs. Muni. Ie refused to eat. He skulked under hairs. Even the magic word, "walk," ormerly sufficient to drive him into eaping ecstasies, failed to move him ow. He merely lifted an apathetic ead and dropped it again.

So the schnauzer was sent to friends nd Simon became a new man. "What ould we do?" shrugs his master. "He's ur first-born."

The house proper has three gathering laces. "This is the howjado room," ays Mrs. Muni, at the door of a lovely, ormal drawing room. "We don't use it ery often—only when we have to live p to the movies. This is the ranch oom—"

The ranch room was transported almost bodily from the house in the valey. Even on this gray day it looked unny. Except for one turkey-red eauty, the soft chairs and sofas are overed in warm creams and taupes, to armonize with the nubbly rug. Low ables hold cigarette boxes and bowls f flowers and book shelves have been uilt where they wouldn't interfere vith windows.

"Up there was a Juliet balcony that sked for a Spanish shawl—"

"But Juliet doesn't live here any nore, so we had it torn out."

"Here's where I'm allowed to sit on he floor," said Muni.

"And here's where he sits on the floor without permission," said Mrs. Muni, leading the way upstairs.

A paneled, book-lined room, with a fireplace at one end and a desk at the window that overlooks the sea, is Muni's study. Beside the desk, a small, pulpitlike stand held a large dictionary. Mrs. Muni displayed its points, while her husband squirmed—the light cunningly installed at the head of the incline, the cubbyhole for scripts behind, the catchall below.

Muni designed it. "I sort of snickered when he was telling me about it. Another of Muni's brainstorms, I thought. But it really works—"

"'S terrific," said Muni airily. "I'm an inventioner."

Here he does much of the work which will eventually be translated into one of those three-dimensional characterizations which he alone has brought to the screen.

He's an early riser, gets up at seven unless he's been out till two or three, when he may loll till eight.

Breakfast is brought to him at his desk. The morning papers and mail disposed of, he sets to work.

His new contract gives him absolute decision over what he shall and shall not play. This makes him, not less, but more conscientious. "If I fail, I can lay the blame at no door but my own. I have no alibi."

He reads and discards dozens of scripts.

Eventually he finds a script, "which seems to come within my scope." The present one is "Juarez," now in production. But before it went before the cameras, Muni had read every scrap of material he could lay his hands on that had anything to do with Juarez. That is the way he works.

Research goes on for weeks. When it's finished, Muni makes an ordered summary of his rough notes and dictates it to his secretary. The summary forms a basis of discussion with producer, director and script writers, with whom he works closely, though not by any fixed and orthodox rules—"just in this searchy way I've evolved for myself."

Through work and work and yet more work, he masters a characterization to a point where he can control its every shade and inflection.

His day at the desk is broken by a

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY'S picture story appearing on pages 46 and 47 are:

1. Girl of the Golden West
2. Zaza
3. Dramatic School
4. Four Daughters
5. Beloved Brat
6. Judge Hardy's
7. Listen, Darling
8. Boy Meets Girl
9. Man-Proof
10. Young Doctor Kildare
11. There Goes My Heart
12. All Quiet on the Western Front
13. Maytime
14. Holiday
15. Big City
16. 52nd Street
17. There's That Woman Again
18. Mad About Music
19. Made for Each Other
20. Vivacious Lady
21. Having Wonderful Time
22. Road to Reno
23. Bringing Up Baby

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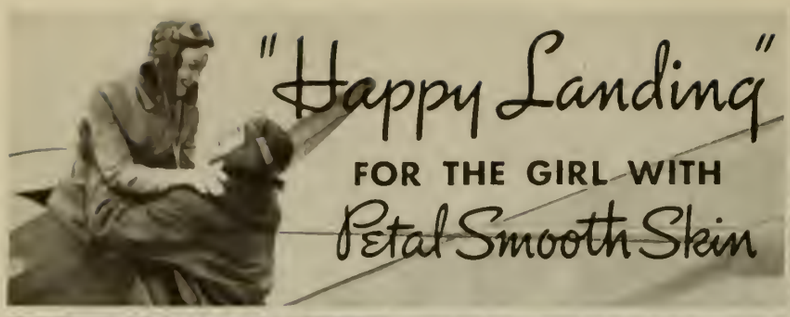

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walk among the hills, with Simon to keep him company. When he opens his closet door, Simon knows he's getting his coat. Then begins a frenzied leaping and bounding. He takes the stairs at one vault and beats his tail against the house door. If Muni's slow, he flies up again and pulls him by the hand, careful even in his excitement to do no harm with his teeth.

Ordinarily he's a welcome companion. "Minds his own business," says Muni, "yet gives you the sense you're with a friend." Now and then there's a moment of strain when, in the excess of his abandon, Simon threatens to entangle with the wheels of the occasional car passing that way, or to start up a hare in the underbrush.

So, absorbed in some problem, Muni may decide to leave him at home. On such occasions he opens his closet door soundlessly, tiptoes downstairs and whispers to his wife, "Ich geh' spazieren."

"Simon doesn't understand German," sighs Mrs. Muni. "Sometimes I think I'll have to teach it to him before he starts picketing the place—"

EXCEPT for an occasional game of Ping-pong and swimming in summer, walking is his only exercise. Every now and then, burning with good intentions, he'll start on a course of ten-minute morning drills and keep it up for two or three days. When he gets around to it, he plans to rig up a little gymnasium that will be a standing reproach if he doesn't use it.

The evenings are given to music and books. If a passion for symphony concerts makes him a high-brow, then he's a high-brow. If reveling in Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy makes him a low-brow, then he's a low-brow, too. Unless a book relating to his current rôle clamors for attention, he'll choose history or biography or, less often, realistic fiction. He mourns the opportunities he missed as a youngster and considers his literary background negligible. His standards, however, are unique.

For instance, he wants time to read Shakespeare. Which doesn't mean that he hasn't read Shakespeare as the average man reads it, if at all.

But to be stirred by the beauty of the poetry or lulled by its music doesn't satisfy Muni.

"I'd like first to find out all I can about the man. Then I'd like to go through the preliminary studies, as a scholar does. Otherwise you miss the full value and significance of the poetry. I like to read a book over and over, till I feel I understand what was in the mind of the man who wrote it."

This he tells you with some hesitation, lest again he be branded high-brow, "that inane word."

The Munis find it hard to tear themselves from their home. Theoretically, they go to town for dinner on the cook's day out. More often than not, as the time for departure draws near, Muni gets a wistful look in his eye.

"O.K." says Bella. "We'll raid the icebox."

They came out to the tree-shaded court that lies between house and road, to see us off. Simon came, too. Suddenly he darted into a shrub, returning with a bird that he laid at Muni's feet. One look at her husband's stricken face and Bella knelt swiftly.

"See, he's not hurt, Muni. Simon wouldn't hurt him. He's only frightened. He must have fallen out of his nest."

The bird fluttered on her palm, peeped once and flew away.

Muni's hand dropped to the dog's head and he lifted his face, abashed but radiant. The sun had come out.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

white broadcloth or in gay flannels cut on the lines of a cowboy's shirt . . . both sexes hike about in jodhpurs shoes . . . the amusing part of all this severe tailoring with its emphasis on wide shoulders and narrow hips is that it only succeeds in making the girls look more feminine and the men more male . . . which was probably the big idea the Hollywood girls had in mind all the time . . . they are smart that way . . . another thing that they are smart about is the realization that while a man never understands why a simple dress should be so expensive as it is, he is always appreciative of the cost of good tailoring . . . maybe the Hollywood girls don't always know how to keep their men, but any of us can take lessons from them on how to get them. . . .

CAROLE LOMBARD hasn't re-signed with Paramount . . . she has a one-picture-a-year deal with Selznick International with whom she has made her biggest successes . . . Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have got their release from Warners . . . it will be interesting to see how these three go it on their own . . . Cary Grant, who tried the same experiment, and Ronald Colman have done magnificently at it . . . Freddie March hasn't done so well . . . Carole has a percentage arrangement with RKO to make "Memory of Love" which Claudette Colbert turned down . . . that is, Carole will take a shade less than her usual salary for the straight shooting of the picture and then a percentage of the profits . . . it is interesting to see actors as business people . . . I don't see why they shouldn't do as well at it as many producers . . . as well as Sam Goldwyn, for instance, of whom it was said when he signed Jimmy Roosevelt as vice-president of his company that so far this year he had had three vice-presidents and one picture. . . .

Our Thought for the Month Dept.: Hedy Lamarr will go very far, but Miliza Korjus isn't so gorjus.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Second Chance

(Continued from page 22)

to let bygones be bargains. You once said you'd never give me a job . . ." He wouldn't even let me finish.

"And I meant it!" he says firmly. "Once a troublemaker, always a troublemaker. We've got enough spontaneous combustion around here without buying dynamite!"

"But all that was years ago," I says, "and, Ben, I'm going to be frank. I need the money—badly!"

"I'm sorry it's that bad!" he said. "If a fifty. . . ."

"Hold it!" I says. "I'm not after charity, thanks just the same." Benny shrugged and put his wallet away.

"Marie, I'm going to speak frankly," he says. "It's tough to be washed up, but take my advice and admit it. You haven't got a chance."

"Why Benny Rossman, you old fool!" I says indignantly. "I wouldn't dream of trying a comeback! I've had my day and it was an extra special fine one. But I've got a granddaughter. Even you can't be mean enough to hold what I done against her? Take a look at her anyways!" But Benny got up on those shoes of Al's which he was wearing so badly and walked me firmly towards the door.

"Sorry," he says, "but no jobs around here for any of your family. I'd be glad to send you and the kid home to where you came from, but nothing on earth would persuade me to have either of you on this lot!"

Well, I would never have expected even Benny to believe in feudalism to that extent, but the feud was still on okay. As I walked back to the hotel I thought, "Oh, well, what the deuce, there are plenty more studios in Hollywood, and the money from Jelliff will be in any moment now, so we will have a stake to go on with and not worry. Of course that money will be the last we have in the world, but when people won't give you a chance, you've got to *take* one!"

WHEN I got back to the hotel there, sure enough, was a letter from Jelliff and when I opened it the check I got was more like a complete halt.

"Dear Marie," he had wrote. "The thousand dollars was paid in last week and as you asked me to handle it for you, I have done so. To begin with a letter came in from the Wilkin Storage Warehouse about some old trunks of yours which it seems you had forgotten and they turned out to be yours and Jim's old theatrical trunks and I knew you'd want them, so I paid the back storage bill and have sent them out to you exp. pd. Then Joe Deems had appendicitis and, knowing you would never desert your old broken down publicity agent, I took care of that for you.

I hope I have done right. As you yourself said, the money was small change and I know you have looked out for Joe for years. .

How is California? I still think you should not be out there without a man's protection! I miss you lots.

Your true friend,
Jack Jelliff."

Well my head and the room went round and round and then just as I was beginning to get both under control again Betty burst in, her face shining with excitement.

"Oh Gram!" she cried, "I've met the most wonderful man! He's a director and he's going to get me in pictures!" I took the worst possible view of Betty's announcement.

"Did he also tell you his wife didn't understand him?" I asked sarcastically.

"Now Gram," says Betty taking my chin in her hands, "if you knew how cute you look with that lavender hair and those blazing brown eyes of yours you just couldn't be mad. This is on the level. First of all, I ran into Lydia Watt! She's quite a social leader out here!"

"That old cat!" I snorted, so's not to show my relief. "So she's gone from strip-tease to afternoon teas, I suppose? Not with me, she hasn't!"

"Well, she's acting the part, all right!" Betty declared. "She took me to tea at the young palace she calls 'my little home' and there were scads of people there. So I met him quite respectably. He's young and good-looking and he really means it, Gram!"

"Means what?" I says sharply. Just like I'd expected, Betty blushed.

"A lot, I hope I hope I hope!" she chanted. "Did we go for each other or did me? Wow! Am I happy—am I lucky? His name is Christie Beall and he has just signed to do his first picture for Goldmont!"

"Goldmont!" I says taking notice, "and he wants to test you? Betty, did you tell him who you were?"

"No," says Betty, "I thought it would be kind of fun to ride in on my own glory. So I told him my real name, Betty Smith. He's going to help me think up a better one. By the way, darling, how did *you* come out at Goldmont?"

"I came out," I says grimly, "and for the present that's where I'm going to stay. Ride in on your own power any place you can, of course. But for the moment, hold everything. I got reasons!"

"All right, I promise, Gram!" says Betty, so excited and happy she would have promised anything. "And now would you think me an awful pig if I went out to dinner alone with Chris?"

"Sure, run along with him!" I says, "but remember, you're not interested in etchings!"

WELL I was glad to be alone on account I had plenty to think about. I put on a red velvet hostess robe and sat down with the evening paper. At first I thought there was nothing in the paper, just a few murders and divorces and wars and stuff like that. Even the movie items were dull and so I turned over to the classified ads for amusement and there all of a sudden what did I see only something which gave me a very big idea. I tore out the item and put it in my pocketbook to help keep the few bits of folding-money remaining there warm and went to bed.

THE next morning I sure had a hard time shaking Betty, but as soon as I was able to do so I put on a plain old suit, slicked back my hair and with no make-up on started out for Beverly Hills. The house I was looking for turned out to be in the ritzy section and looked something like a giant wedding-cake. In fact, it was a super-colossal house and exactly what I needed. So I took the clipping which read, "Caretaker wanted" out of my purse and rang the back doorbell. And pretty soon I was talking to the lady of the house, only she was not a lady but merely rich. Well anyways, this Mrs. Phoopher says she is going to Europe for three months in the biggest suite on the *Queen Mary* and as her regular party has disappointed, she wants a

"Fathers aren't much trouble"

"Dad was the original barefoot boy. Started at $3 a week and ended up as president of his firm. He just couldn't understand why my stocking allowance was always in the red."

"He'd fume and he'd bluster, until finally I said, 'Well, why don't you tell me what stockings I should wear?' Father investigated . . . and bought me my first Berkshire Stockings."

"Now, Dad's economy complex is satisfied and I have my Berkshires—the prettiest stockings I've ever worn. They're sheer... they're color-right ... *they wear!* (P.S. Dad's so pleased with himself that he's no trouble to me at all!)"

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Finally, touch Evening in Paris Perfume, "the fragrance of romance," to your lips, hair and ear lobes. Purse flacon, 55c, other sizes $1.10 to $10.00 . . . Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne is dainty and refreshing, 40c to $2.00.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

PERFUMERS

very reliable woman as caretaker but no children or dogs and the party she hires will get one hundred dollars per month and will naturally live in. And I says I will take it and she says what references have you got, so I got a brainstorm and told the truth.

"Mrs. Phoopher," I says, "I am going to tell you who I am, but please keep it strictly confidential on account I have never had to do this kind of work before. I am Marie La Tour."

"Oh yes," says she politely, the name not meaning a thing to her, "you used to be a writer, didn't you?"

"Well, I got to work for a living now," I says with quiet dignity, "and Mr. Benny Rossman of Goldmont suggested me getting a job of this kind! I think he will recommend me!"

"Oh, Benny Rossman!" exclaims Mrs. Phoopher impressed, on account that was a name she knew. "I'll call him right up!"

Which she did and Benny says I am okay and respectable which he had better, the crook, and Mrs. Phoopher signs me on and says I can move in next day, as she is sailing immediately. Also she agrees to call me Mrs. James Smith, which is my legal name, La Tour having been picked out of a French travel folder.

So that being that, all I had to do the following morning was take the keys, wave my new boss good-by, put my make-up back on again and break the news to Betty that I had taken a big house in Beverly Hills for three months so's we could be comfortable while we looked around us. And not to get sentimental or anything, the look on Betty's face when she saw the house paid me back with usury for the humiliation I'd had getting in it for her.

"It's marvelous!" she breathed. "Now we can hold up our heads with the other stars! But can we really afford it?"

"Yes," I says, "for three months we can, if we don't spend money on foolishness. And now you just stand out on the terrace, Betty, while I take some snaps of the place. I want to send them back East so's the folks won't worry about how we are getting along!"

My main idea was really to prevent Jack Jelliff getting any funny notions, or feel he'd done wrong about that Grand he'd spent. And so I sent him one of these snaps of "our little place" and thanked him for helping me out, not mentioning that it had also been down.

IT didn't take us long to get settled, for all we had was our clothes and those old trunks from storage which Jelliff had sent out the quickest, most expensive way he could think up. The clothes we hung up and the trunks I shoved into a closet without opening them on account of painful memories might have sprung out. And then we were ready for our campaign. But it seemed we were the only people who had decided we were to have one.

There is a grapevine in Hollywood which grows sour grapes and it didn't take me long to find out I was hung on it. Exactly what Benny Rossman had said I couldn't find out, but nothing gets around the studios so quick as word that a person is a troublemaker and I soon found out that I was tagged. I could tell it from the way studio secretaries told me to leave my phone number. Naturally, with my name I could get *into* any of the studios and take Betty along. The trouble was in staying *at* any of them. The worst of it was that Betty began to get wise and hold it against me and the more ambitious she got, the worse her attitude.

"Honestly, Gram, I know you mean well!" she says one night. "I love you and all that, but can't you see how the studios feel about you? The one time I went out on my own I at least got the offer of a test and they didn't know I was related to you at all! Why won't you let me call up Chris Beall and say let's try it?"

Well, naturally, this was about as cheering as a deaf and dumb college at a football game. Here I was playing a janitress part for Betty's sake and running a risk by using the whole entire house instead of just the servants' rooms and Betty never suspecting anything except that I was a jinx! I hated to tell her why she couldn't go to Goldmont. But I did begin to see that maybe my campaign had failed, as Napoleon had said at Waterloo Station, and so when the next day I read in the Reporter where Benny Rossman had gone to New York for his annual trip, I finally told Betty to go ahead and call her young man.

"All right, I'll do that thing!" says Betty loftily, "but you keep out of this, Gram. I feel I can handle it myself."

AND she did! One evening she came in and threw down her hat like it was in the ring and shook her bright curls triumphantly.

"I've got it!" she said. "The test is in the can. And my name, from now on, is Gail Gallante!"

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Gallante!" I says mildly, "and I hope to see you on the screen, I'm sure!"

"You will on Wednesday!" says Betty importantly, busy at the mirror. "Of course you'll want to see the test, Gram, but you won't mind if I introduce you at the studio as Mrs. James Smith, will you?"

"I haven't been ashamed of my husband's name yet," I says, quietly. Betty could blush and did, to give her credit. She put an arm around me.

"Darling!" she says, "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just for business reasons."

Well, on Wednesday we saw the test. Chris Beall, a nice young man with a face as open as a California market, sat with us and treated me with great respect. The Front Office sat in the back as usual, all but the absent Benny, who had gone to New York, and they didn't go nearly as wild over Betty as they did over a trained duck, which also had a test shown, and no wonder, because if the duck did not click after they signed it, they could always eat it. But when we came out of the projection room Chris seemed satisfied.

"She's a little stiff," he told me, because somehow we got along fine right away, and he spoke as if Betty wasn't even there, "but they'll let me have her, I expect."

"Why, I thought I was quite good!" Betty puts in, hurt.

"Beautiful," says Chris. "You are easy to look at and I'm nuts about you, but making pictures is my business and if you work for me I'll have to talk to you just as brutally as if we were married! Practice relaxing until we meet again. I'll let you know what they think about your test."

WELL, I am not going to tax the patience of my public with all we suffered while waiting for the verdict. I had nursed Betty through measles, whooping cough, etc., and now I simply nursed her through an attack of artistic temperament, using calomel as before. And I had pretty near got her straightened out when she come down with a relapse, worse than the first attack, all on account of her getting a contract to play the slavey part in Chris' picture, which was called "Bringing Up Mother."

It was a small part with only a few sides, but Betty suddenly thought she had the fate of the industry on her shoulders and, what was even worse, she thought she could carry it easily. Well, I had no objections to believing her, especially as with all of her sudden attack of theater-fever Betty did not keep out of the kitchen.

The crowning burst of Betty's cooking took place, however, on the night we had a little celebration about the contract and invited that old cat Lydia Watt to dinner.

And right here was where Alex Lorm came into this history. He was the type who will do practically anything except work and was going around Hollywood trying to put himself over in an original adagio swing act—but not trying too hard. However, as the poet says, "All God's creatures have their use." and I suppose escorting an old trout like Lydia around had its use, to Lydia, anyways.

And I can't say as I entirely blame Lorm for going for Betty, especially after months of Lydia. But somehow as I watched him and Betty together I got the idea that the big house we were living in was what attracted Lorm most of all. Anyways, after that first evening he come back several times and once I got home unexpectedly and found him and Betty out on the terrace. They didn't hear me come in but I heard something I didn't care for at all.

"You must have a wonderful contract with Goldmont to afford this place," Lorm was saying.

"Oh, but that's not what pays for this!" says Betty.

"Then you don't have to work if you don't want to?" he asks her.

"I should say not!" says Betty. "My dad provided for me."

Well, I just turned away quietly without saying a word. Because, after all, what words could I say? Here it was plain that Alex Lorm figgered Betty was rich and that I was living off her and, without realizing it, Betty had confirmed the idea. But while I said nothing I decided to keep an eye on that young heiress-hound.

WELL, about this time the studio was ready for Betty's stuff. The night before she was to go to work Chris Beall come to supper and when he got through he pulled me down on the sofa beside him, while Betty went for coffee.

"If that girl can act like she cooks," he says with a sigh of satisfaction, "the pictures will have come into their own at last!"

"Well, she ought to be good," I says, "she certainly comes from a family . . ." Then I realized where I'd pretty near made a bad break and clapped my hand in front of my mouth quick. But Chris drew it away and held it in his own, smiling gently.

"I know you are Marie La Tour," he says. "You didn't really think you were fooling me, did you? And now listen! I have the greatest respect for you and I want your help."

"Granted, of course!" I says rather dazed, "but about what?"

"About Betty!" he says. "She's nervous and strained, although she'd never admit it. I want you to be on the set tomorrow to give her the benefit of your advice and help her self-confidence."

"Holy Catfish, I can't!" I gasped. "You may not know it, but I am persona au gratin at your studio—especially with Mr. Rossman!"

"Nonsense!" he insisted. "Rossman's in the East on his annual trip anyway and I really want you there. You see, "Bringing Up Mother" means a lot to me. It's not only my first picture with Goldmont, it's the first big job I've had. It's *got* to be good! Every foot of it!"

"And Betty is probably the weak spot in it," I says, "or at least you are scared she may be. If you felt like that why did you cast her?"

"Because I'm in love with her," he said simply. "However, I'm not completely soft in the head and we are going to make sure she gets all the help she needs."

I drew a long breath. Betty, for all she pretended to be so competent and independent, did need me. She was only a kid and I ought to stand by. So supposing Benny Rossman did find out I'd been on his lot? So what?

"Okay," I says at last, "but I'm Mrs. Smith, see?"

"Okay, Mrs. Smith to the studio!" he echoed, "but to me, one of the grandest troupers that ever lived!"

THERE is a smell about a studio like there is about a circus, only the studio don't actually smell, but it stirs up something in you which you may of suppressed, but can never get rid of, if you have ever worked in one. And I must say that the very first day I went on that set with Betty I forgot I was asking for trouble and caught up on twenty lost years which I hadn't realized I had lost until then. Everything would of been perfect except for Betty. It made my heart ache to see how nervous and stiff she was and no matter how many times Chris made her go through that first scene, she got steadily worse. At last I couldn't stand it any longer and I went over and nudged Chris.

"Let me show her, once!" I says. "When you try, she's so anxious to please, she freezes. But if I show her, she'll get mad and try to show *me*!" Chris nodded and I didn't wait for instructions. I tucked in my collar, turned up my dress, tied a handkerchief round my head and grabbed the broom away from Betty.

"Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified, but at a word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene without using the sides, because after reading them back to Betty all the times I had, I knew them by heart.

Well, there was a few titters when I commenced, but I tried not to hear, and pretty soon I realized that there was a most unusual silence going on. Then, when I had done, and was just about to give Betty back her props, Chris Beall held up his hand.

"Just run through that again the same way, will you?" he asked me. "I'm going to preserve it, just for ducks!" Then he called to the crew. "Hey, boys, lights! This will be a take!"

"But, Chris!" I says, "I'd feel like a fool!"

"It's all in fun!" says he. "Come on, just for a gag?"

"Oh, well, if it's just a gag!" I agreed.

"Quiet! It's a take!" calls the assistant. The word echoed around "Take! Quiet! Take!" and there I was. For a moment it felt like old times. I did the very best I could because I knew Betty was watching me carefully and this was all to help her. But when it was over I was trembling a little.

"That's fine!" says Chris. Then he turned to Betty. "And now, Angelface, go on out and do it just the same way your Gram did it—including all those bits of business with the dustpan!" Betty shot him a look which had scorn and love and mad all mixed up in it and went out to show us—me in particular, just like I'd calculated. And she was lots better than she'd been before. On the second rehearsal she was ready for the take and, after it was

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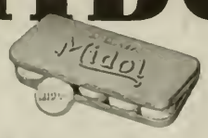

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made, Chris was beaming.

"You're a regular hypnotist, Mrs. Smith!" he exclaimed. "I'm not as afraid of the rushes tonight as I thought I was going to be! Thanks a lot!"

WELL, I had no idea of what he meant by that, but I didn't give it much thought. Betty was all puffed up over Chris being satisfied and that meant a pleasant evening at home. Then next day, before we started shooting, Chris got me alone for a minute.

"Look here!" says he. "That stunt of your running through the scene worked so well yesterday that I'd like to repeat it How's about it?"

"Okay," I says. "I will make you a present of my sense of humor for a couple of weeks, if you like. So 'Shoot if you must this old gray head,' to quote the poet!"

After that things moved pretty smoothly and, with me showing her how, Betty was getting by. But I could see that something was eating Chris. The further we got into the picture the worse the strained look on his face grew. To anybody with half an eye it was plain he was having a mental wrestling match with himself, but he didn't say anything and I sort of figgered it might be due to that Alex Lorm having got into the habit of calling for us at the studio each night and sometimes even hanging around the set.

But what was actually giving Chris directors'-dyspepsia didn't come out until the night when the fillum had had its final cutting and basting together and was ready for its first fitting. That is to say they were going to run it in one of the studio projection rooms for the Front Office. I and Betty were to be let see it and somehow at the last moment that Alex Lorm turned up and thumbed his way in with us. Betty and he sat a few seats off from me and I could see he was making a lot of cozy over her which I didn't like, but I didn't get a chance to break it up because Chris had got on his feet and was speaking. His face looked more thin and drawn than ever and it was easy to tell there was something important behind the simple thing he said.

"When we've run the picture once," he remarked, "I want you all to wait and sit through it a second time. I've made two slightly different versions and I want an honest opinion on both. Okay, operator, let's go!"

WELL, "Bringing Up Mother" was one of those stories which are best described by the unpleasant word "Pleasant." To be truthful, it had about as much natural charm as an old-fashioned cotton nightgown, but I didn't realize that then. In fact, it is the truth the ones which work on a picture get less and less idea of how good or bad it is, as work progresses. The fillum gets around their necks and in their hair and by the time it is all shot so are they. And as I watched Betty's scenes I tried to remember that I was too close to the whole thing to judge her performance. I could only hope. Anyways the picture was run once and nobody had to be carried out in hysterics. There was merely a few grunts and murmurs, except from Alex Lorm, who was busy telling Betty how wonderful she was.

"You'll knock the lid right off the industry!" he was saying in a loud whisper. "You're great! Especially that original stuff with the dustpan!" Then the lights went out again and the forced cheerfulness of the first sequences started all over. I was kind of dozing because I only wanted to watch Betty and when we came to her cue I opened my eyes and sat up and there on the screen wasn't Betty at all, but me personally myself!

It was like a dream, a troublesome dream of the kind when you know it's a nightmare but you can't wake yourself up. Pretty soon the handful of people in the seats around me were stirring and chuckling. I saw heads go together whispering, nodding approval and when the end came there was actually a few bursts of applause, which is against the unwritten laws in an executives' showing. And I won't say that I thought I was so terrible, but I *felt* terrible because of knowing that I simply didn't belong there at all. What was more, having an old woman in the part had given a whole new angle to the plot.

WHEN the lights went on, I got up, feeling sort of dazed. I was afraid to look at Betty and for once my quick wits went back on me on account when I finally did look, Betty was staring at me fiercely, her eyes big and hurt. Her face was deathly white as she walked over, Alex Lorm's arm half around her.

"It's an insult!" he was telling her in a low tone. "My poor, brilliant darling!"

Just then Chris stepped up and took Betty's arm from Lorm.

"Excuse us, please!" he said. "I have something to say to Betty."

"You have nothing to say to me, Chris!" said Betty drawing away sharply. "Not now or at any other time. If you think you can make a holy show out of my grandmother and get her laughed at before all those people, you won't do it with my consent. Let me go, please!"

"Betty!" said Chris, his eyes blazing. "That's not the truth and you know it!"

"Don't tell me what I know!" Betty cried. "I know you've made fools out of both of us!" And with that she ran off down the lot with me after her as fast as I could clip. Luckily, my early training made it easy for me to catch up with her before she reached the car. It was *me* drove us home and all the way Betty didn't speak a word. Then when we got back to the house she let me have it.

"Gram," she says, white with fury, "I am never going to forgive you for this! You've made a big mistake double-crossing me this way—pretending you were trying to help me and all the time stealing my part!

"What a nasty thing to do—to your own grandchild! I'm sick, that's what I am—sick!"

"But, Betty, sweet," I commenced helplessly, "I *have* tried to help. That filluming me was a gag—only a gag!"

"I suppose that's why they liked it so well!" she says bitterly. "No, you don't fool me any more! I go out and get that job singlehanded and you—you grab it off behind my back! You and Chris must have cooked the whole thing up together! Well, I'll tell you one thing, I know you were good tonight! But so am I good—*I'm better.* And what's more, I'm *young*, do you hear that? *Young!* This isn't going to stop me!"

She still had her hat and coat on and was making for the door.

"Betty!" I says stumbling after her hardly able to see on account of my tears, "Betty, come back! Where are you going?"

"I'm going out on my own!" she shouts.

"I'm going to show you where you get off. And I'm never coming back!"

Pathos and love—and over it all a high tone of comedy as grand old Marie continues her Hollywood campaign—and with what results! Continue this absorbing story in April PHOTOPLAY

(Continued from page 70)

gles, directors' options and producers' brainstorms. It is also strongly rumored that Eastern production, booming so auspiciously with "Back Door to Heaven" and ". . . one-third of a nation . . ." will not terminate with the completion of these pictures, but continue more diligently than ever.

The report goes that William K. Howard already has another Eastern production up his sleeve, entitled "Cafe New York." Like Paramount's "Cafe Society," it deals with local night life and Howard, who is an authority on the subject, plans to star Patricia Ellis in it. John O'Hara, the novelist and bistro-frequenter, is scheduled to do the script.

Howard sums up the problem of Eastern production when he says that "given a good story, cast and equipment, a director can turn out a good picture anywhere. Film production knows no geographic barriers and I find that the East is as good a place to work in as Hollywood, Denham or Paris."

Gracie Takes Over

HOLLYWOOD has discovered Gracie Fields just five years late. The beloved English actress of both cockney descent and cockney accent appeared at a recent Trocadero party where sat the glamorous and famous of Hollywood.

Gracie, who has been an English favorite (royalty included) for five years and more, was called upon to sing.

Hollywood prepared to listen politely, albeit a bit ruffled about the interruption.

She won them on the first song. They were still shouting after the fifth. And there was a new something, a new look of wonder in the eyes of all Hollywood when England's Gracie took her seat.

A Great Big Shot

WE have had something of a shock! A visit with Hal B. Wallis has knocked into a cocked hat our preconceived ideas of what a Big Producer is like.

Hal Wallis is Associate Executive in Charge of Production, no less, at Warner Brothers studios. He keeps glory, success, wealth—most of the goals of human ambition—in his desk drawer, to be meted out at his discretion. With the exception of the Warner brothers, themselves, he is the Biggest Shot on the lot and one of the biggest in Hollywood.

But the thing is, he doesn't act like it. Maybe we had him pictured as the "Boy Meets Girl" type of producer, given to pompous assiduity in frenzied haste amid fabulous surroundings. Anyway, he is, instead, a friendly, unruffled sort of chap (just turned forty and attractive), aware, no doubt, that he has a tough job on his hands, but not showing off about it.

We were interested in knowing exactly what a producer such as Mr. Wallis does and we found out, at least in part. He selects writers, stories, casts and directors for every one of his studio's pictures. He determines production costs. He passes on sets, locations, properties. He examines and often revises scripts. He reviews rushes. He supervises cutting. If the picture is a musical, he chooses the music. If it is important—an "A"—he also passes on all costumes, make-up, coiffures and other still smaller details.

Hal Wallis has a flair for what is known as the "trick ending." Examples: Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan standing side by side on the ballroom floor in "The Sisters," looking up while the dancers mill around them . . . Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn swinging on the gate in "Four Daughters" . . . Eddie Albert thrusting into his Commandant's hand a cigar, inscribed: "It's a boy," in "Brother Rat."

Mr. Wallis doesn't consider these finales "trick," however. He points out that in every instance the ending really "clinches" the story, symbolizing its logical consummation. He has no time for films without a point. All motion pictures should have a reason for being, he told us.

Much of picture-making is also a gamble, he pointed out. You always gamble on the story. You often gamble on the players. Wallis gambled on the then unknown Errol Flynn when a deal to star Robert Donat in "Captain Blood" fell through. John Payne was a gamble in his big part in "Garden of the Moon," when Dick Powell reneged. Jeffrey Lynn, an unknown, got a stellar rôle in "Four Daughters" when Errol Flynn went fishing in Florida. Priscilla Lane and John Garfield, also in "Four Daughters," and Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat" were gambles, the kind a producer must make if he is to keep his product fresh. If he wins, he continues to be a Big Shot. If he loses once too often, his name is Mud.

HAL WALLIS got his first job at the age of fourteen, as office boy in a Chicago real-estate office. Like a smart youngster, he also went to night school and learned commercial law, accounting and stenography. Then he landed with General Electric. Four years later and still in his teens, he was sales representative for four states.

In 1922 he came to California to manage a Los Angeles theater. Then he went to Hollywood as publicity manager for Warner Brothers. From that time on, although not always in the employ of Warners, his career provided shining proof of the thesis, "If you're good, you get there."

He is happily married to Louise Fazenda and they have a five-year-old youngster, name of Hal Brent Wallis, whose picture we noticed on his father's desk.

And speaking of the Wallis desk . . . well, we always had expected the furnishings of a producer's Inner Sanctum to be the last word in luxury. You know . . . rugs so thick you stumble over the nap, etc. But this one was just a fair-sized, comfortable room with two or three leather chairs, a desk that looked like any businessman's; a couple of modest paintings on the wall and a carpet, tasteful and durable, but no thicker than our own at home.

Of course, there *were* double doors, one in front of the other, between his and the outer office. But maybe they were to keep out drafts, rather than to keep in the Big Secrets which a Big Producer whispers In Conference.

A Hirsute Tale on Niven

HALF the charm of Hollywood lies in its childlike ability to turn its concentrated attention from world-involved problems to the simplest trifle dealing with motion pictures.

Hence, it seemed a perfectly normal turn of affairs when the fervor of an

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aroused community over political conditions abroad abated for a few hours to fasten itself on—David Niven's mustache.

David is a well-liked, keenly appreciated young Englishman who struggled and suffered, at the unfruity age of eighteen, to grow a mustache. It was either a mustache (of sorts) or no appointment as officer in the King's Guard.

So Niven, by the very sweat of his brow, metaphorically speaking, grew the blond bristle.

And then—and here's the part that intrigued Hollywood—he was ordered to shave it off. David, so handsome and fetching in his mustachio, was ordered by Samuel Goldwyn to denude his face for his gay rôle in "Wuthering Heights."

No one can appreciate such a calamity quite so much as Hollywood. Or chuckle more loudly over the event that followed.

At a party given on the night shooting began, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Niven met face to face. A few words were exchanged; then Mr. Goldwyn caught sight of David's lip, which was adorned by the handsomest little mustache you've ever laid eyes on.

Mr. Goldwyn expanded like an infuriated turkey.

"What—" he began, when Mr. Niven halted further denunciations by carefully removing one-half of his very false but cunning mustache.

And so for the remainder of that evening, just so Mr. Goldwyn would feel more at ease, David wore but one-half of his upper lip adornment.

All right, now we can go back to our world crises with our minds free from that distraction!

I'll Have a Donald Duck Special — With Whipped Cream:

YES, he's been recognized by great universities as a young American of outstanding genius. He's been hailed, lauded, cheered by the world at large. And yet Walt Disney nurses a secret hurt. Not once has anyone mentioned, even in a small way, his skill and artistry as a pie baker.

The other evening a distinguished visitor to the Disney home was ushered into the living room. A minute later, Walter, encased in an apron and with flour on his nose, greeted his guest. "Come on out to the kitchen and see what we've got."

There, spread before Walt, were the makings of several large dinners. They had been sent to Walt by the Maine Development Commission, who contributed the two deer Walt's animators use as models for his current production, "Bambi."

But the thing that intrigued Walt, who loves to cook, was the fact that the senders had enclosed old New England recipes for the preparation of each dish.

"I'm on the pumpkin pies now," Walt explained. "I hope they're good."

Walter carted several of the pies with him to the studio next morning for his staff to sample. Twenty-seven workers begged Walt to bake them just one pumpkin pie they could take home for their wives to taste.

Now you know Disney is smarter than that!

Crocodiles

THEY call it "The Phantom Stage" at Universal because the famous "Phantom of the Opera" was made there in 1925, but it very nearly had a more sinister name tacked on it recently during one of the California downpours.

The company of "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" was gathered around watching the Great Blacaman, the chap who hypnotizes lions to the point where he can bite them on the nose. Blacaman, at this particular time, was escorting a group of twelve large crocodiles that he had hypnotized from their pens to the middle of the stage where they were to work. Just as they were about to reach their camera positions the lightning began to flash—and the lights on the big stage went out!

To say there was a panic is putting it mildly. The cast and crew dispersed hastily and took to the rafters and other high spots while Blacaman and his two assistants worked frantically to corral the beasts in the dark. When the lights flashed back on the stage was a scene of wild disorder, but the beasts were quickly reassembled and rehypnotized. The company didn't recover from the jitters any too quickly, though.

Surprise Story

ARTHUR TREACHER'S new neighbors have a pleasant surprise awaiting them whenever they come home from wherever they have gone on that vacation trip. Treacher has just moved into his new home at Encino. Being a very orderly soul, the view from his windows of a badly cluttered yard next door annoyed him no end. After several days he came to the conclusion that his neighbors were away and that whoever had been left in charge of their home was falling down on the job—and badly So the Twentieth Century-Fox player finally took matters into his own hands and, with the help of his hired man, went over and put the place into first-class shape. But, being a very courteous person into the bargain, *he left a note of apology under the front door sill for trespassing.*

Withers Anecdote

WHEN small Jane Withers started on her personal appearance tour recently, her first port of call was San Francisco where she was met by an enthusiastic group of newspaper reporters and fans.

"Well, Jane," queried one of the Press, intent on showing the youngster the sights of the town, "what do you want to see most?"

"Alcatraz Island," promptly retorted Jane, to the amazed Fourth Estater.

"Oh, not Alcatraz Island—you mean Treasure Island where the Fair will be held, don't you, Janie dear?" adroitly prompted a more or less aghast Mrs Withers.

To which Jane answered, "Oh, no, Mums, I mean Alcatraz all right!"

So Janie got her wish—within limits, of course—for she was taken as a special guest on a cruise to the Island aboard a boat that brought 400 soldiers back from the fortress in the Bay—as close to the famous "Rock" as any civilian is ever allowed to come

Charming Robber

WHILE working at Columbia Studios in "Let Us Live," Maureen O'Sullivan was handed a small box by an unidentified boy. In the box was one of her jade rings, part of the loot in a recent robbery at her San Fernando Valley home. With the ring was this note: "This looks like an heirloom and may be of personal value to you. Please accept it with my compliments." It was signed "Lancelot" —and Maureen feels that the thief has an odd mixture of pseudo-honesty and charm. The ring, a gift from her father, was one she prized highly.

Hollywood, We Are Coming

(Continued from page 31)

"Bon jour" in French.

Barb remembered reading that Olivia's favorite food was cold lamb chops with salt, so after our steak we ordered two portions of them. The steward was surprised but one can eat as much as one wants on boats. Some people being unable to eat at all I suppose it comes out even. We wrapped the chops in a napkin and took a salt celler. The people at the table thought we had a dog who was on special diet. I wonder what is the right thing to wear to tea on board a ship.

6:30 P.M.
Between Tea and Apèritif Hour
Ship's Log

HATE to waste a minute writing, but I might forget something if I don't jot it down.

When we arrived there were several people whose names I can't remember because they weren't celebs. Livvie was dressed in a diaphanous opalescent hostess gown with yellow orchids. She is beautiful but talks like a private person, so we were a little disappointed, expecting glamour. I let Barb present the chops, it being her idea.

"You'll never guess what we brought you," she said.

They all tried to guess and no one was even luke warm, so it was a real surprise.

They talked about world affairs, Olivia having been to Europe. I must try to remember to read the front page of the newspaper sometimes.

Mac asked me what I thought of it all so I said that with Central Europe seething like a colossal tinder box and Rome revolving on its axis, I thought we were sitting on a veritable tornado. He agreed with me Then he asked what I thought of the war between China and Japan and vice versa and I said it made my heart bleed for poor Anna May Wong. He swallowed his tea the wrong way and had to leave the cabin for a few minutes.

Barb confided to Olivia that she had been in love with Basil Rathbone a year ago last Feb. She wanted to know if his marriage was really happy. Barb has a *penchant* for villains, having gone through Raft, Bogart and Cesar Romero. Pops says Freud has a word for it, and anything Freud has a word for is terrible. That's why I'm relieved she's in love with Herb Marshall who is at least clean and wholesome.

Then B. asked if her favorite color were still blue and her pet aversions snakes and parsnips and Olivia said "definitely."

I knew she was interested in painting, poetry, sculpture, music, athletics and Life, so there was no use asking that, so I said: "Miss de Havilland, which of the screen stars would you like to marry if you could get him?" She didn't answer tho I repeated the question several times.

Meantime B. and I were casting our glims about to see what we could lift and it must have been telepathy because Olivia said "I'd like to give each of you young ladies a memento," and she gave us each a chiffon handkerchief with her initials . . . a blue for Barb and a yellow for me . . . and we shall treasure them forever and take them with us when we go to see her pictures, because we think she is utterly utter.

But don't worry, Bette darling. I am faithful to you, will and ever shall be.

The others all left and Olivia said she was tired, so Barb and I took the hint at once. Mac said he would like to talk to me some time as he found me very stimulating. I suggested right away but he said let's meet for an *apèritif* (French for cocktail) in the lounge at 7.

Have to go down to dress.

Barb is playing shuffle board with a child of 16 who doesn't shave yet and wears a *pink* perspiration shirt. I can't do anything with her.

In cabin
2 A.M.

I THINK I have a real hangover. This is life.

I put on my chiffon dress with the dropped shoulders which makes me look Myrna Loyish. I was about four minutes late, so as not to seem too anxious. Barb was sitting with her Infant Prodigal playing backgammon and not having any drinks. Mac was waiting for me in a white mess jacket. He rose when I came to the table . . . naturally. He ordered a Bacardi and I ordered Vermouth Cassis in French. Poor Barb looked over at us with her tongue hanging out (figuratively). Humph barged in and Mac asked him to join us. They both questioned me about the Fan business. I told them about the 20th Century Club and the Penn. Drug Co. and the L.A.L. and the Unwritten Code, and our opinions of the stars' personal conduct. Then I told them about Freddy March having taken me to dinner (some of which was exaggerated on acc't I had 2 vermouth cassises . . . or is it vermouths cassis?).

Mac asked if I had any special talents, so I told him about my profile, and that people had said I had a Camera Complexion. Barb excused herself and came strolling past our table and pretended to be surprised when I said Hello. So they invited her to have a drink which was what she had intended. Adolescent youths are alright on the sports deck where everything is free. She looked cute in her dirndl model which hides her hips. I told them what a beautiful figure she had when she got down to it.

We had another round and Humph told Mac about my talent for writing and made me recite the poem about "I wish I had, etc." Mac liked it so much he wrote it down. He said I could easily get it published as the magazines were clamouring for that sort of thing. That'll learn Sour Puss.

He said he bet my friends said I wrote wonderful letters. I wonder how he knew.

Then Humph and I began carrying on a conversation in French. He said *"Comment-allez vous?"* and I said *"Très bien, et vous?"* and he replied *"Très bien, merci,"* which made things very cosmopolitan.

We had more drinks and began to feel swelegant and told them all about carrying the torch for Bette and Joan and what we thought of her leaving Franchot and how I had to sell my album to Vera Bailey. Mac said I needn't worry, that when we arrived in Hollywood we would be met by crowds of stars all clamouring to give us their signatures. (We didn't mention we were being sent back at Havana.) We told them how Greta was hard-boiled for fans, and Dietrich a push-over and that Chas. Boyer puts on temperament.

It got towards the last call for dinner and they had to help us down to the dining salon because the ship was rolling also.

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If we could only stay on the boat! I'm sure we would end up with contracts for something. Just when we are making such wonderful contacts, we're sent home. Helen Damnation.

S.S. Oriente
Homeward Bound
Sea: High
Spirits: Low

THIS is also a terrific boat but going in the wrong direction and not a soul knows who we are. Looked thru passenger list for celebs, but a lack! We'll just have to play games, see the pictures and scout for males. But I warned Barb that 18 is Low Field.

Havana is wonderful! Barb said wouldn't it be a marvelous setting for a romance, and I was just thinking the exact same thing. We often think alike. Great Minds.

Went to La Playe (The Beach) with a Cuban boy Barb picked up on the boat and then to a Jai Alia game which I now prefer to baseball. There were also cathedrals and a Fort named after that ship that sank. There were lots of Señors and Señoritas towards evening. Took trip to Chinatown After Dark, and then to a place called Sans-Souci (French for Without Care) where I learned all about Cuban Rhythm and danced with a stunning Señor. José (Barb's boy friend) took us. A couple did the *dernière wiggle* in rhumbas and a beautiful girl did the Dance of the Seven Beads from *Salomé* and we shouted "Bravado, bravado," until we were hoarse. Naturally we wound up at Sloppy Joe's. Everybody does. I didn't really get to know the life of the natives, not speaking the language and only being there 2 days. But someday I would really like to make a study of Life in the Raw.

Time for Tea. B's diet has been shot to blazes and she is cooling off on Herb Marshall. We have been eating 7 meals per day, including breakfast in berth. B. has taken on 5 lbs. and is sitting on the fat of the land.

I adore nautical life.

There is a grouch in the next deck chair who does nothing but read. He said he was studying to be a Globe Trotter. I wonder what you have to study.

Ship's Log
Sea: Heavy
Heart: ditto

TOMORROW it will all be over.
No more Night life
" Top Deck
" pools (ship's and swimming)
" Apèritifs
" 7 meals a day

The thought of going back to the grind of school would be positively barbaric, except for the kick we'll get out of telling the gang our adventures. We are going to call a special meeting of the club to show them our trophies (handkerchiefs, champagne swizzles, fans, menus, hat bands, spoons, coasters, ticket stubs, pressed flowers).

Of course I'll be glad to see poor old Henry, but I'm afraid I'll find him rather provincial. There are 2 very nice young men on board who have been rushing us. They are practically college men as they start next fall.

They started getting fresh on the top deck but we put them in their places. A little necking is alright but we know exactly where to draw the boundary line.

Home
Such as it is.

BARB and I have touched the depths. Nothing can hurt us anymore. We have drunk the cup to the full and tasted the bitter dregs. We wanted to commit suicide but didn't know how except jumping in the lake, but we can swim. Thought of taking rat poison but it wouldn't be very clean. Besides B. said it was a cowardly act and we should face the music in dignified silence, which we are doing. We only talk to each other.

We have been through Heaven and Hell together and nothing will ever separate us.

We had a wonderful time the last night on the *Oriente*, little knowing what was ahead. As the boat approached the pier we noticed a group of fans. Since there weren't any celebs on board we thought they had come to meet us.

Well, Pride goes before a Fall. In the 1st place, they had come to meet Claude Rains who was none other than the Grouch in the next chair, and he hadn't even worn dark glasses!

Mops and Mrs. Drew were on the dock and they didn't scold us at all but acted as if we were sick or something. We didn't understand at the time. Some of the fans smiled at us. It all felt funny and we would rather have gotten Hail Columbia, because it didn't seem natural.

That night I told Pops and Mops my adventures and they were very interested but a little sad. When I told them what Mac had said about my being a writer Mops burst into tears. Then Henry telephoned. He didn't ask a thing about my trip but invited me to go to Radio City tomorrow night. "Just the two of us," he said. His voice was peculiar.

I felt as if I had brought back the measles. Barb told me she felt the same thing at her house.

The next day at school we solved the mystery. Vera Bailey, of course, showed us the clipping. It had been in the evening paper the night before we landed:

Fanatic Fans Shipped Home to Have Fannies Fanned

The Misses Jane Lyons and Barbara Drew sailed for Hollywood on the *S.S. Cleveland*.

The young ladies occupied a de luxe position underneath the bed of Miss Olivia de Havilland, who was also a passenger. The actress entertained at tea and gave each girl a handkerchief before they got around to stealing them; they, in turn, presented Miss de Havilland with a bouquet of cold lamb chops.

When hauled out, the young stowaways were crumpled but unbowed, and only slightly chocolate-coated. They were relegated to Third Cabin until funds from papa arrived to carry them to Havana and back.

Miss Lyons is apparently the brains of the team, while Miss Drew is her "yeah" woman.

Her views on world affairs are unique. She believes that Europe is sitting on a Tornado and that the Sino-Japanese war is being fought on behalf of Miss Anna May Wong. She is planning to have a screen test and feels that her profile will revolutionize the motion picture industry.

Miss Drew, who still retains her baby fat, is in love with Herbert Marshall and making a valiant effort to cut down to five meals a day. Miss Lyons has a talent for writing, having composed the following gem:

I wish I had K. Hepburn's smile,
Marlene's legs or Myrna's charms.
I'd like to rest a little while
In Gary Cooper's arms.

A touch of Joan's simplicity,
A flash of Greta's fire;
If Gable once would look at me
His eyes filled with desire . . .

To have a week, a day, an hour of Heaven
I'd give ten years of life, from sixty-seven.

The girls boasted that fans had smashed Lily Pons' car; that Frances Farmer often had to leave the Algonquin by way of the kitchen, and that when Garbo went to see "Susan and God" last year, Gertrude Lawrence had to attract attention from the dressing-room window so Miss Garbo could get away with life and limb.

They have clubs and an L.A.L., which means Loose Actors' League . . . referring to the gentlemen who try to "make advances" when being interviewed by the children.

The fans firmly believe that their patronage can make or break a star. I wouldn't be surprised if they were right.

The snake in the grasses . . . or rather snakes in the grass! There are people in this world who are just super-stinko.

I wonder if an epidemic really hurts very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Connolly enjoying their dinner at the Marcus Daly Café. Walter was scheduled to play the roistering father of Scarlett in "Gone with the You Know" and no one was better suited to the rôle—but we aren't making any promises! Remember him as the irate newsreel editor, Gable's boss in "Too Hot to Handle"?

Emily Post Tells What's Wrong with Movie Manners

(Continued from page 21)

A woman's habit should resemble men's clothes, those of the conservative Bond Street variety.

"When it comes to riding boots, Hollywood and a great many other places go haywire. They should be low-heeled, with a straight line from the heel to the back of the top. They should not be fancy in shape. There should be nothing Mexican or Spanish about them. Hollywood should remember that correct riding clothes are *not* fashion but *form*.

"Even worse than the boots is the tendency of women to wear curls flying over their faces. Not a vestige of hair should be brought over on the cheeks. In fact, a hunting hair net should be worn. If a woman feels she has to wear curls, she can sit in a boat, but she must stay off a horse!

"My favorite dancer is Fred Astaire. His clothes, off the screen, are, I've heard, correct. So why, in Picture Five, does he permit someone to present him carrying that social pariah . . . an ebony stick with an ivory top. After all, he is meant to represent a gentleman. His stick should have been plain Malacca.

"In Picture Six, from 'Topper,' the clock on the mantel points to twenty-five minutes past ten. If this means morning, then Alan Mowbray is wrong. In the early morning a butler wears an ordinary sack suit with a dark, inconspicuous tie. For luncheon, or earlier, if he is on duty at the door, he wears black trousers with gray stripes, a double-breasted high-cut black waistcoat and black swallow-tailed coat without satin on the revers, a white stiff-bosomed shirt with standing collar and a black four-in-hand tie. However, if this is at night, then Roland Young is wrong, for he wears tweeds.

"Picture Seven points up a social error that many men may be guilty of . . . that of puffing smoke into one's partner's face.

"In Number Eight it would have been better had Gene Raymond removed his hat when greeting his mother-in-law. And Dolores Del Rio's make-up is decidedly an exhibition in Nine Applying make-up is all right so long as one does it privately or unobtrusively, but a public performance is something else.

"NUMBER TEN seems to be typically Hollywood. Walter Wanger is dressed in a dinner coat suitable for winter wear; Richard Bennett's clothes are correct only for midsummer; Gilbert Roland isn't dressed at all; and Constance Bennett wears a heavy winter fur coat with a white hat and those beach sandals with protruding bare toes!

"Number Eleven shows Mr. Darryl Zanuck and party with their elbows sprawled upon the table. Everyone will expect me to disapprove of this, but I *don't!* There is no food on the table. They are evidently enjoying conversation. There is nothing formal about it . . . so elbows are all right.

"Twelve is the dining table of one of our stars. Since the picture was originally captioned as 'a formal table,' I take it that it was intended as such. So the butter plates should have been omitted. No butter is ever served at a formal dinner, or, for that matter, can a bare table be considered suitable. A damask cloth would have been the proper thing. On the other hand, as a supper table, the layout is correct.

"In Thirteen the seating arrangement could be improved. Husbands and wives should *never* sit together. Just look at poor Gene Raymond, way at the end, with no one on his right to speak to.

"In pictures I notice they have trouble when they serve dinners for eight. To avoid having either two ladies or two gentlemen seated at the head and foot of the table, the hostess should relinquish her place to the guest of honor. She should sit at his right. The host keeps his place.

"And I have been told by visiting foreigners that there is one Hollywood custom that has given all America an illiterate reputation. That is the impulse of every new-rich hostess to have herself served first. There is no excuse for the impoliteness of this behavior. The custom goes back to the Borgias, when hosts invited enemies to their tables with the full intention of poisoning them. I am sure this is not the habit of Hollywood stars, no matter how bitter their professional rivalry.

"Speaking of foreigners reminds me of another mistake one often sees and that is the European gentleman clicking his heels and kissing our heroine's hand. In society only the hands of married women are kissed . . . never those of single girls.

"AT one time Hollywood did ask for instruction in etiquette," Mrs. Post said. With a reminiscent smile, she told me the story of Edward C. Potter.

It was in the days before talkies. Edward C. Potter was one of the smartest men in society. A well-known author in Hollywood suggested that his company persuade Mr. Potter to lend his talents to the screen. So they telegraphed a liberal offer, which Mr. Potter was tempted to accept. And he departed for the coast.

Arriving, he was given a royal welcome and everything went smoothly until they were ready to shoot the first scene of his first picture. He was supposed to be the host at a dinner party. Mr. Potter went forward, offering his arm to the guest of honor. Thereupon, the directors stopped him and said the hostess must lead the way.

"But," protested Mr. Potter, "they don't behave like that in any society in the world. In Paris, in Newport, London or New York, the host leads with the woman guest of honor."

But the director was not content with Mr. Potter's opinion. The entire production was held up while he telephoned Douglas Fairbanks in order to find out what *he* did. Fairbanks was out, but his valet obligingly condescended to come to the studio and tell them how things were done at Pickfair. The valet said that not only did Mr. Fairbanks give his arm to Mrs. Fairbanks, but, after going into dinner first, they always sat next to each other. This was enough for Mr. Potter. He returned to New York.

"Then, there was young Craig Biddle," Mrs. Post said. "He also was imported to portray the society man. The scenario read that he was to pay a call upon the girl he loved. The director ordered him to slap the butler on the back, pause in front of the hall mirror and rearrange his tie. Mr. Biddle, on the grounds that he never acted that way, refused to do this. The director insisted, so Mr. Biddle, like Mr. Potter, also went home.

"That continual screen habit of slapping everyone on the back is utterly impossible. Men in society never do that sort of thing.

"Of course, there are certain stars I like very much," Mrs. Post admitted. "I go to see any picture that presents Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis or Margaret Sullavan.

"I also like Spencer Tracy, Walter Huston, Gary Cooper, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ronald Colman . . . sometimes, and Herbert Marshall's voice.

"I like Carole Lombard when she doesn't yell or make a face as she opens her mouth.

"And now," Mrs. Post leaned back, "I hope I've answered enough questions for you."

"All but one," I assured her.

"And what might that be?"

"English, pure and simple."

Mrs. Post laughed. "I'm afraid to speak about that, for I'm really a kind person. I don't like to hurt people's feelings. But it is true that your scenic designer may furnish a faultless set, a star's gown may be flawless . . . everything can look like society . . . but talking is the dead give-away."

And because this fault, so glaring, can so easily be corrected, I prevailed upon Mrs. Post to give us part of her preferred list of English "don'ts."

Both Mrs. Post and PHOTOPLAY hope these observations will be accepted in the spirit in which they are given . . . as constructive criticism, and that they will help not only Hollywood production, but you, also, in your everyday life. Here they are:

DON'T SAY:	SAY:
automobile	automobile
reely	real-ly
secretree (unless you're English)	secretary
av viator	ay viator
eggsit	exit
Muhree	Marie
col yum	column
for *mid* able	*form*idable
cult your	cultcha
at-all	a-tall
ray-tion	ration (rash)
to-may-to	to ma(h) to
mayonnaise	mai-onnaise (my)
vallay	valet
attended	went to
wealthy	rich
brainy	clever
"Pardon me"	"I beg your pardon" or "Excuse me"
lovely food	good food
"Charmed" or "Pleased to meet you"	"How do you do"
a stylish dresser	"She wears lovely clothes" or "She dresses well"
formals	formal clothes
fellow or chap	man
young lady	girl
close friend	a best or intimate friend
social affair	a party
drapes	curtains
mansion	big house
I recall	I remember
request	ask
"Permit me to assist you"	"Let me help you"
converse	talk
presume	I suppose

"That's about all," said Mrs. Post, rereading the list. "Except you might add that if the producers would only realize what one drop of ink will do to a glass of water, they could easily see how seemingly unimportant trifles can mar what might have been a great picture!"

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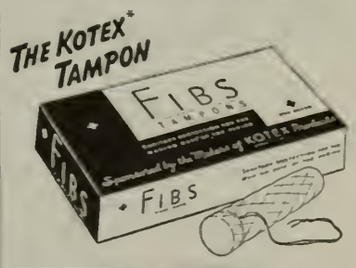

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

SINCE this has a cholera plague aboard a ship, those of you who hold a brief for the morbid should have expectations of pretty tense drama here. You won't get it. Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on to the bitter end; Victor as the chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture ends and you go home. Alan Hale and Barry Fitzgerald have small bits with which to struggle.

VIVYAN DONNER'S FASHION FORECAST—20th Century-Fox

USUALLY during a "fashion short" you take time out to stop looking at the screen and whisper to your beau, "Just what did your mother mean by that remark about my new hat?" This time, you'll forget your hat. In this Technicolor showing of "Wardrobes for Wanderlust" for both Northern and Southern climes, the girls are so stunning, the clothes so delectable (even if you can't wear them to the office) and Ilka Chase's remarks so witty that it leaves the usual dull style showing back at the post. It's the gals who will intrigue your beau—but definitely. They are the prettiest in the country, so we've been told, and this reviewer believes it.

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

FIRST in another series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as a hayseed country boy who likes to race cars and uses the midget motor-racing field as locale. He's a smart-aleck for sure and thus Cecilia Parker, whose father is a jinxed car-manufacturer, doesn't think much of him at first. But then Dennis comes through with honesty and courage, and love shines. You see there's a crooked doctor at the track who always washes out the eyes of the drivers before each starting gun. Coincidentally, one pilot crashes in one of Cecilia's father's cars at every race. Dennis gets a hunch, practices driving the track blindfolded at night. So, at the Grand Prix meet, you find an unusual and dramatic climax. The value of this picture rests mainly in the pace set by the miniature cars. See it if you like midget racing.

THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M

WHEN a girl can shine in a rôle like this, she's great cinema material. But then that's not news about Franciska Gaal, who plays the pretty Swiss scullery maid in this. Her foil is Franchot Tone, who dates her in order to see the girl she works for. Then, of course, he finds it's Franciska he loves after all. The picture isn't much, but Franciska is; see this for the scenes in which she appears.

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

ANOTHER series, boys, but nothing to hold your hats over. This one has Bonita Granville in it. When a rich graduate of Bonita's school is kidnapped before she can endow the place with a swimming pool, asleuthing goes Bonita and—after incredible difficulties—she solves everything. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting rôles. So is attractive young Frankie Thomas.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—M-G-M

THIS is an amazing picture, alternately touching and corny. In some scenes you never saw such hamming and one of the Spirits comes to *Scrooge* in a marcelled blond wig topped by what looks like a Christmas tree ornament. Then, just as you are working yourself up to a good laugh at the expense of the production, along comes a sequence so nicely done it floods you with tears. But then that's Dickens for you. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge*, the miser who thinks Christmas is humbug until, on the holiday Eve, three ghosts come around to show him the light. Terry Kilburn is wistful as *Tiny Tim*, the crippled boy, and the Lockharts play his parents. Barry Mackay and Lynne Carver are the lovers. Leo G. Carroll does the ghost of old *Scrooge's* dead business partner and looks awfully sick, the while banging his chains around with a sort of earnest delight as if they were toys. The main effect of this whole picture is to make you rush right out and give all your money away to the corner newsboy.

★KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

MR. ZANUCK thought so much of this he made it in Technicolor and gave it a Carthay Circle première-preview. Whether or not you will agree with him is problematical. Frankly, it's the oldest of stories given magnificent production; it has a feud between two old Kaintucky families, it has a horse race in which the heroine's horse is entered in order to save the mortgage ("Bluegrass *must* win, suh!") and even the inevitable love story, much frowned on, between the daughter of one family and the son of the other. These, respectively, are Loretta Young and Richard Greene. No one in the picture has even a trace of a Southern drawl. Walter Brennan gives a grand, if slightly rasping, performance as the gentleman horse breeder, but the real star of the piece is the color camera. It catches in breath-taking beauty the gorgeous Kentucky landscape across which moves, in real poetry of rhythm and grace, a succession of magnificent thoroughbreds. The show, in any analysis, is an orgy for horse lovers.

THE LAST WARNING—Universal

DETECTIVES Preston Foster and Frank Jenks are hired by a rich young man to trace threat notes which have been sent to him. The setting is a cheery house party which loses its gaiety when two people are murdered and the host's sister kidnapped. There's E. E. Clive, the estate's executor; Albert Dekker, the butler, and a few others for you to suspect. But you'll probably be wrong, although in any case the picture is the cinema equivalent of a paper-backed murder story. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene.

GOING PLACES—Warners

HERE again Dick Powell is cast as an innocuous young hero who sings and watches the races. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story; just go to hear Louis Armstrong's trumpet and to listen to "Mutiny in the Nursery," "Jeepers Creepers" and "Oh, What a Horse Was Charlie." Powell is in great voice. Anita Louise sings a number.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

THIS was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but somehow the producers and Billy Cook (as *Tom*) do not quite catch the feeling of the original characters. You may remember that this is the story of *Tom* and *Huck Finn* on *Uncle Silas'* farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. Porter Hall and Philip Warren are in the cast, with Hall playing the vague but lovable *Uncle Silas*.

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

JUST in case this is foisted on you when you aren't looking, be warned that it is a little B Minus movie, featuring Ken Murray and Johnny Downs. Small-town jitterbugs in the big city have a success with their first number, make enough to go home and start a service station. But the hero takes everything too big and is knocked down to his right size, which is Johnny Downs' size and so not very impressive. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BEACHCOMBER, THE" — MAYFLOWER-PARAMOUNT—Based on a story by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Produced and directed by Erich Pommer. The Cast: *Ginger Ted*, Charles Laughton; *Martha Jones*, Elsa Lanchester; *Reverend Jones*, Tyrone Guthrie; *The Contrôleur*, Robert Newton, *Lis*, Dolly Mollinger; *Kati*, Rosita Garcia, *Sergeant Henrik*, J. Solomon; *Dutch Captain*, Fred Groves, *Native Clerk*, Eliot Makeham, *Ho*, Mah Foo; *Ah King*, Ley On; *Albert*, D. J. Ward; *Mechanic*, S. Alley, and *Dudley* (the dog).

"BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Milton Merlin and Byron Morgan. Based on a book by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast. *Jerry O'Connor*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Jane Delano*, Cecilia Parker, *Buddy Butler*, Nat Pendleton; *P. G. Delano*, Harry Carey; *Ed Eberhart*, Addison Richards; "*Doc*" *Heath*, Charley Grapewin, *Jose "Rocks" Rivera*, Alan Curtis; "*Hank*" *Hogan*, Tom Neal; "*Lefty*" *Simmons*, Tom Collins; *Tim McElroy*, Frank Orth; *Jim Nixon*, Frank M. Thomas; *Mr. Jenkins*, Si Jenks.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Charles Belden. Based on character created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Judy Hayes*, Phyllis Brooks; *James Chan*, Sen Yung; *Al Hogan*, Eddie Collins; *Randolph*, John King; *Mrs. Carol Wayne*, Claire Dodd; *Dr. Cardigan*, George Zucco; *Captain Johnson*, Robert Barrat; *Johnny McCoy*, Marc Lawrence; *Joe Arnold*, Richard Lane; *Tommy Chan*, Layne Tom, Jr.; *Wing Foo*, Philip Ahn; *Inspector Rawlins*, Paul Harvey.

"CHRISTMAS CAROL, A"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Hugo Butler. From the novel by Charles Dickens. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Ebenezer Scrooge*, Reginald Owen; *Bob Cratchit*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Cratchit*, Kathleen Lockhart *Tiny Tim*, Terry Kilburn; *Fred*, Barry Mackay; *Bess*, Lynne Carver; *Marley's Ghost*, Leo G. Carroll; *Spirit of Christmas Present*, Lionel Braham; *Spirit of Christmas Past*, Ann Rutherford; *Spirit of Christmas Future*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Young Scrooge*, Ronald Sinclair.

"GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE"—M-G-M.—From a story by Alex Hunyadi. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: *Katherine Linze*, Franciska Gaal; *Paul Wagner*, Franchot Tone; *Mr. Brown*, Walter Connolly; *Charlemain Grump*, Reginald Owen; *Hugo*, Barnett Parker; *Rosalind Brown*, Rita Johnson; *Willie*, Reginald Gardiner; *Adolf Pumpfel*, Franklin Pangborn; *Maitre de Hotel*, Charles Judels; *Frieda*, Priscilla Lawson; *Karl*, Robert Coote.

"GOING PLACES"—WARNERS—Screen play by Sig Herzig, Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo. Based upon the play "The Hottentot" by Victor Mapes and William Collier, Sr. Directed by Ray Enright.

The Cast: *Peter Mason*, Dick Powell; *Ellen Parker*, Anita Louise; *Droopy*, Allen Jenkins; *Jack Withering*, Ronald Reagan; *Franklin Dexter*, Walter Catlett; *Maxie*, Harold Huber; *Frank*, Larry Williams; *Col. Withering*, Thurston Hall; *Cora Withering*, Minna Gombel; *Joan*, Joyce Compton; *Frome*, Robert Warwick; *Desk Clerk*, John Ridgely; *Night Clerk*, Joe Cunningham; *Groom*, Eddie Anderson; *Sam*, George Reed; *Gabe*, Louis Armstrong; *Speciality*, Maxine Sullivan.

"GREAT MAN VOTES, THE"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by John Twist. From an original story by Gordon Malherbe Hillman. Directed by Garson Kanin. The Cast: *Gregory Vance*, John Barrymore; *Donald*, Peter Holden; *Joan*, Virginia Weidler; *Iron Hat, McCarty*, Donald MacBride; *Byrnes*, Clarence Kolb; *Miss Billow*, Katharine Alexander; *Manos*, Luis Alberni; *Gillings*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Dary*, Benny Bartlett; *Chester Ainslee*, Brandon Tynan; *Phoebe Ainslee*, Elizabeth Risdon; *The City Mayor*, Granville Bates; *Charles Dale*, Charles D. Brown; *Iggie*, Darwood Kaye; *Fuz Washington*, Stymie Beard; *Marge Gillings*, Priscilla Lyon; *Tommy*, Eddie Syracuse; *Rafferty Twins*, Wayce and Warren Hull; *Principal*, Esther Dale; *Truck Driver*, Murray Alper; *Bradley*, Joe Bernard; *Cops*, Kernan Cripps and George Volk.

"KENTUCKY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote. From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Sally Goodwin*, Loretta Young; *Jack Dillon*, Richard Greene; *Peter Goodwin*, Walter Brennan; *John Dillon (1861)*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Mrs. Goodwin (1861)*, Karen Morley; *John Dillon (1937)*, Moroni Olsen; *Thad Goodwin, Sr. (1861)*, Russell Hicks; *Bob Slocum*, Willard Robertson; *Thad Goodwin (1937)*, Charles Waldron; *Ben*, George Reed; *Peter Goodwin (1861)*, Bobs Watson; *Thad Goodwin, Jr. (1861)*, Delmar Watson; *Grace Goodwin*, Leona Roberts; *Auctioneer*, Charles Lane; *Southerner*, Charles Middleton; *Racing Secretary*, Harry Hayden; *Track Official*, Robert Middlemass; *Lily*, Madame Sul-Te-Wan; *Melish*, Cliff Clark; *Susie May*, Meredith Howard; *Presiding Officer*, Fred Burton; *Doctor*, Charles Trowbridge; *Groom*, Eddie Anderson; *Presiding Judge*, Stanley Andrews.

"LAST WARNING, THE"—UNIVERSAL—Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann. Original story by Jonathan Latimer. Directed by Al Rogell. The Cast: *Bill Crane*, Preston Foster; *Doc Williams*, Frank Jenks; *Linda Essex*, Frances Robinson; *John Essex*, Raymond Parker; *Dawn Day*, Joyce Compton; *Carla Rodriguez*, Kay Linaker; *Major Barclay*, E. E. Clive; *Higgs*, Albert Dekker; *Tony Henderson*, Robert Page.

"NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE"—WARNERS—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Based on the "Nancy Drew" stories by Carolyn Keene. Directed by William Clemens. The Cast: *Nancy Drew*, Bonita Granville; *Carson Drew*, John Litel; *Challon*, James Stephenson; *Ted Nickerson*, Frankie Thomas; *Inspector Milligan*, Frank Orth; *Effie Schneider*, Renie Riano; *Mary Eldridge*, Helena Phillips Evans; *Hollister*, Charles Trowbridge; *Keifer*, Dick Purcell; *Adam Thorne*, Ed Keane; *Dr. Spires*, Brandon Tynan; *Miss Van Deering*, Vera Lewis; *Miss Tyson*, Mae Busch; *Spud Murphy*, Tommy Bupp; *Mrs. Spires*, Lottie Williams.

"PACIFIC LINER"—RKO-RADIO — Screen play by John Twist from story by Anthony Coldewey and Henry Roberts Symonds. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Crusher McKay*, Victor McLaglen; *Doctor Craig*, Chester Morris; *Ann Grayson*, Wendy Barrie; *Gallagher*, Alan Hale; *Britches*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Bilson*, Allan Lane; *Captain Mathews*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Deadeyes*, Cyrus W. Kendall; *Metcalfe*, John Wray; *Wishart*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Olaf*, Emory Parnell; *Silvio*, Adia Kuznetzoff; *Kovac*, John Bleifer.

"PARIS HONEYMOON" — PARAMOUNT — Screen play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman. Based on a story by Angela Sherwood. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: *Lucky Lawton*, Bing Crosby; *Manya*, Franciska Gaal; *Peter Karloca*, Akim Tamiroff; *Sitska*, Ben Blue; *Ernest Figg*, Edward Everett Horton; *Countess De Remi*, Shirley Ross; *Count De Remi*, Gregory Gaye; *Fluschotska*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Butler*, Keith Kenneth.

"SMILING ALONG"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by William Couselman. Scenario by Val Valentine. Directed by Monty Banks. The Cast: *Gracie Gray*, Gravie Fields; *Bert*, Roger Livesey; *Aris*, Mary Maguire; *Rene Sigani*, Peter Coke; *Denis*, Jack Donohue; *Jack*, Hay Petrie; *Charlie*, Mike Johnson; *Silvo*, Eddie Gray; *The Three Bolas*, Tommy Fields, Gladys Dehl and Nino Rossini; *Silas Gray*, Edward Rigby; *Bill Sneed*, Joe Mott; *De Courcy*, Phillip Leaver; *Mr. Skip (dog)*, Skippy.

"STAND UP AND FIGHT"—M-G-M—Adapted from Forbes Parkhill's novel of the same title. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: *Blake Cantrell*, Robert Taylor; *Capt. "Boss" Starkey*, Wallace Beery; *Susan Griffith*, Florence Rice; *Aunt Amando*, Helen Broderick; *Arnold (alias Morgan)*, Charles Bickford; *Old Puff*, Charley Grapewin; *Crowder*, Barton MacLane; *Sheriff*, Robert Gleckler; *Colonel Webb*, Jonathan Hale; *Marshal Cole*, Minor Watson; *Mrs. Talbot*, Claudie Morgan; *Davey*, John Qualen; *Enoch*, Clinton Rosemond; *Ross*, Cy Kendall; *Allan*, Paul Everton; *Talbot*, Selmer Jackson.

"SWING, SISTER, SWING"—UNIVERSAL—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Story by Burt Kelly. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: *"Nap" Sisler*, Ken Murray; *Johnny*, Johnny Downs; *"Snookie,"* Kathryn Kane; *"Chick,"* Eddie Quillan; *Prof. Beebee*, Ernest Truex; *Nona*, Edna Sedgwick; *Hyacinth*, Nana Bryant; *Mrs. Fredericks*, Esther Howard; *Mrs. Beagle*, Herbert Heywood; *"Ma" Sixler*, Clara Blandick; *and Ted Weems Orchestra.*

"THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL"—WARNERS—Screen play by Sig Herzig. From a story by Bertram Willhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: *Johnnie*, John Garfield; *Peggy*, Gloria Dickson; *Phelan*, Claude Rains; *Grandma*, May Robson; *Tommy*, Billy Halop; *Dippy*, Huntz Hall; *Spit*, Leo Gorcey; *T. B.*, Gabriel Dell; *Angel*, Bobby Jordan; *Mill*, Bernard Punsley; *Sheriff*, Raymond Brown; *Smith*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Lenahan*, Ward Bond; *Rucheck*, Frank Riggi; *Manager*, Cliff Clarke; *Colucci*, Dick Wessels; *Fight Announcer*, Sam Hayes.

"TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE", — PARAMOUNT—Screen play by Lewis Foster, Robert Yost and Stuart Anthony. Based on the novel by Mark Twain. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Tom Sawyer*, Billy Cook; *Huckleberry Finn*, Donald O'Connor; *Uncle Silas*, Porter Hall; *Jeff Rutledge*, Philip Warren; *Ruth Phelps*, Janet Waldo; *Aunt Sally*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Jupiter Dunlap and Jake Dunlap*, William Haade; *Brace Dunlap*, Edward J. Pawley; *Sheriff Slocum*, Clem Bevans; *Judge Tyler*, Raymond Hatton; *Prosecutor*, Howard Mitchell; *Clayton*, Stanley Price; *Dixon*, Harry Worth; *Aunt Polly*, Clara Blandick; *Farmer Sikes*, Si Jenks; *Tulip*, Etta McDaniel; *Curfew*, Oscar Smith.

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP"—HAL ROACH UNITED ARTISTS—Screen play by Eddie Moran, Jack Jevne and Corey Ford. Based on the novel "Topper Takes a Trip," by Thorne Smith. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: *Marion Kerby*, Constance Bennett; *Cosmo Topper*, Roland Young; *Mrs. Topper*, Billie Burke; *Wilkins*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Parkhurst*, Verree Teasdale; *Louis* Franklin Pangborn; *Baron de Rossi*, Alaxander D'Arcy; *"Mr. Atlas,"* Skippy; *Bartender*, Paul Hurst; *Jailer*, Eddy Conrad; *Judge*, Spencer Charters; *Prosecutor*, Irving Pichel; *Defender*, Paul Everton; *Gorgan*, Duke York; *Bell Boy*, Leon Belasco; *Magistrate*, Georges Renavent; *Waiter*, George Humbert; *2nd Waiter*, Alphonse Martell; *Bailiff*, James Mortou; *Doorman*, Gorben Meyer; *Porter*, George Davis; *Clerk*, Armand Kaliz.

"WINGS OF THE NAVY"—WARNERS—Original screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: *Cass Harrington*, George Brent; *Irene Dale*, Olivia de Havilland; *Jerry Harrington*, John Payne; *Scat Allen*, Frank McHugh; *Commander Clark*, John Litel; *Lt. Parsons*, Victor Jory; *Prologue Speaker*, Henry O'Neill; *Dan Morrison*, John Ridgely; *Lt. Harry White*, John Gallaudet; *Instructor*, Donald Briggs; *Ted Parsons*, Edgar Edwards; *First Flight Instructor*, Regis Toomey; *Armando Costa*, Albert Morin; *Commandant*, Jonathan Hale; *Capt. March*, Pierre Watkin; *Officer of the Day*, Don Douglas; *Drilling Officer*, Max Hoffman; *Check Pilot*, Alan Davis; *Aviator*, Larry Williams.

"ZAZA"—PARAMOUNT—Screen play by Zoe Akins. From the play by Pierre Bertou and Charles Simon. Directed by George Cukor. The Cast: *Zaza*, Claudette Colbert; *Dufresne*, Herbert Marshall; *Cascart*, Bert Lahr; *Anais*, Helen Westley; *Nathalie*, Coustance Collier; *Florianne*, Genevieve Tobin; *Malardot*, Walter Catlett; *Bussey*, Rex O'Malley; *Michelin*, Rex Evans.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus, recent foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (*Jan.*)

HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cinemomantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (*Jan.*)

★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (*Feb.*)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and charmingly acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as *Francois*, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the sly, craven *Louis XI*. Frances Dee is de-lightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew has had it. This is your dish. (*Dec.*)

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (*Jan.*)

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (*Jan.*)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A hard-fisted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Prestou, who forget their

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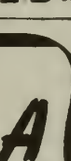

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fruit to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody mess. Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (*Dec.*)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young married is evident in this simple tale. Eldora Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a readjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (*Dec.*)

LISTEN DARLING—M-G-M

This little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it is fresh as a daisy. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, daughter Judy Garland and son Freddie Bartholomew decide to take a hand, find a perfect papa for a ready-made family in Walter Pidgeon. It's very funny. (*Jan.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Colonial-Paramount

The kids will root for this, but, if you like the comic-strip character, you will probably be disappointed. Ann Gillis is *Annie* and, believe-it-or-not, she manages a prize fighter. The town heavies lock him up on the night of the big fight, but you know what happens then, don't you? (*Feb.*)

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY—Universal

The guys have quite a gay time when they get an invitation from Mary Boland to take a vacation at a swank estate. They use some boy psychology to make a man out of rich brat Jackie Searle, finally foil a holdup. If you like this sort of pudding. (*Feb.*)

★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (*Jan.*)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (*Dec.*)

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. Great spectacle. (*Jan.*)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up . . . and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (*Dec.*)

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The *Hardys* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woolier than they thought it would be. The *Judge*, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (*Feb.*)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony" . . . we hope you catch each and every one. (*Dec.*)

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

In this, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as prize-fight manageresses. The situation is good for a few laughs with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies the romance, such as it is. (*Feb.*)

PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

This tale is just what you expect it to be, with Tommy Kelly being much too angelic for "Peck's Bad Boy." Benita Hume (Mrs. Ronald Colman) and Spanky McFarland are in the cast. The kids' bikes will all be lined up in front of the theater, but you better skip it. (*Feb.*)

★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists

While there is a familiar ring to its reform-school plot, new faces and excellent photography put this English film into the higher brackets. Edna Best is the superintendent who neglects her fiancé, who promptly falls for a young inmate, Corinne Luchaire—the eternal triangle in prison. (*Feb.*)

★ PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (*Feb.*)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (*Feb.*)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits' end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (*Dec.*)

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (*Feb.*)

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

Put a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer, a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em" and you get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran; attorney Edmund Lowe loves Helen; nobody loves anybody else, and someone is killed. Oh well . . . (*Feb.*)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau while on the lookout for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (*Jan.*)

SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Southerner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (*Feb.*)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90's, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (*Dec.*)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (*Dec.*)

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

Add another college picture on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is the Harvard senior who doesn't want to get married. But Maureen O'Sullivan's gal-pals gang up on him and everything winds up (including his hopes for a free life) at the spring dance. Burgess Meredith, as Ayres' friend, hams a little. (*Feb.*)

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gateson are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (*Dec.*)

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A bang-up melodrama, this has the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles is the intelligence service aviator who discovers the secret radio station among native tribes; Dick Cromwell gets heroic and Rochelle Hudson is the only girl in the carload. (*Feb.*)

STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are loverlike; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (*Jan.*)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balminess. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eight ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (*Dec.*)

★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is swell as the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (*Jan.*)

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the simoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (*Jan.*)

★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (*Jan.*)

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (*Feb.*)

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. Have a good time. (*Feb.*)

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (*Feb.*)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (*Dec.*)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (*Dec.*)

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (*Feb.*)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to fake a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (*Dec.*)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (*Dec.*)

★ TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (*Feb.*)

UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

If you are not sick of prison pictures, you may find some humor in this remake (it was originally filmed eight years ago) kidding the prison system. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men in stir who discover Tony Martin about to make a break for freedom. They fix things up just dandy and in addition steal the show. (*Feb.*)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no . . . Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (*Dec.*)

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (*Jan.*)

★ YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (*Jan.*)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl. Lots of chuckles. (*Dec.*)

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NORMA SHEARER
By Paul Hesse

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The LION'S ROAR

In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in American, Cosmopolitan, College Humor, McCall's, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

March comes in like a lion. (*advt.*)

★ ★ ★ ★

Below is a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

★ ★ ★ ★

He is standing on the shoulders of Mr. William (Bard of Avon) Shakespeare.

★ ★ ★ ★

That is where Mr. Shaw says he stands. It's his way of describing the natural advantages which made him able to write his first motion picture "Pygmalion."

★ ★ ★ ★

Mr. Shaw confesses that his film is wonderful and advises that each person should see it at least twenty times.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have written the Shavian epitaph: Author, Critic, and Salesman.

★ ★ ★ ★

The singing West, the great outdoors, the open plain—action, action and more action . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

In other words, Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring," plus Victor McLaglen, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let Freedom Ring! So say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

Soon our readers may say a gay hello to "Good-Bye Mr. Chips." Robert Donat, of Citadel fame, plays the heart-warming schoolmaster.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Wizard of Oz," now in production, will be the last word. Keep this confidential.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Did you receive the photo of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? Or the one of Mickey Rooney in "Huck Finn"? We now present Miss Joan Crawford. Address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Box W, Culver City, Cal.

Yes, Lew Ayres' appearance in Joan's skating picture is just a gay interlude. He returns to the bedside manner in "Dr. Kildare's Mistake".

★ ★ ★ ★

Johnny Weissmuller will soon appear in the newest "Tarzan" film.

★ ★ ★ ★

Oo-ee-oo-ee!

—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Norma Shearer, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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VOL. LIII., No. 4, APRIL, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Cary Grant, star of Columbia's "Plane No. 4," makes a voice test of his famous visitor, Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Better beware, Mr. V.—this "mike" business gets you, as witness Richard Barthelmess (top), who comes out of a very comfortable retirement to stage a comeback in this same picture

BOOS AND Bouquets

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR!

THE intellectual press is hailing "Dawn Patrol" as a fine achievement because it is an indirect sermon against War. I agree. The Press also praises Warner Bros. for courage in producing a picture of men without women. They point to the box-office success of "Dawn Patrol" as an indication that the public is tired of "boy meets girl" pictures and will welcome more pictures of social significance, uncomplicated by "unimportant love stories."

Almost a thousand years ago lived a great thinker who wrote many works on logic and theology. He it was who, in an age of blind fanaticism, first preached that no belief should be compulsory unless it was first understood. Never heard of him? Yes, you did. For his name was Abelard, but the judgment of the centuries awards him an Oscar only for his love letters to Héloïse. His sermons on social significance are forgotten.

The Garden of Eden proved rather dull until God had Adam meet Eve. If Eden couldn't be run long without women, do you think Hollywood can? An occasional "Dawn Patrol" is okay. But don't make a habit of it. Love *is* important.

QUENTIN PUTNAM,
Brentwood, Maryland.

THANKS FOR A GOOD READER

PART of the function of a good editor is to provide a shoulder for the sobs of the world, so I know you are used to "taking it." Why, oh why, the "Unmarried" article? It was good reading surely—but what Hollywood understands and condones does not set the standards for the rest of the world.

And why not some good publicity on this John Payne boy—he can put a song over better than anyone in pictures (except Bing, of course) and we'd like to see him often.

I love Jeanette MacDonald's singing, but isn't it odd that the only song in "Sweethearts" which got enthusiastic applause, when I saw it, was the "Parade" recording song which Nelson Eddy did. I'll bet that burns up the MacDonald fans who seem to wage eternal warfare for some unknown reason with the Eddy fans. "Sweethearts" should satisfy both sides.

Thanks for a good magazine.

DOROTHY MASON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

This seems to be Mr. Eddy's year! For illuminating copy on John Payne that you asked for—see Page 31.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

THE other day Edwin C. Hill in his syndicated column, "The Human Side of the News," quoted a French explorer and anthropologist who was visiting New York and who had lived most of his life in jungle deeps as follows:

"I should like to see an equally revealing pictorial study of your quaint and indigenous tribal life." The explorer had just viewed "Dark Rapture" and had then turned his attention to American ways.

As I read this story by Mr. Hill, I recalled the film, "The Shining Hour," which had, for the most part, a Wisconsin locale. But such fleeting glimpses of Wisconsin scenery as the picture revealed could never be found in Wisconsin. The view of the inland lake, yes; but never the California mountains in the background.

So, to the question: Why not more American pictures really set in genuine American scenes? Films, many of them made in England, Ireland, Russia, Germany, often take pains to make capital of their settings, "in the Bavarian Alps," etc.

I realize, of course, that you can't go hauling a "Gunga Din" all over the face of the U. S. And that in many portions of the U. S. location work, except for winter scenes, could be done only two or three months of the year. But that could be time enough. And perhaps if you give a director a paltry few hundred thousand dollars instead of a million, he could do very well in an Iowa cornfield.

I think America would enjoy seeing itself really, not just simulated—and with those ever present California mountains in the background. And it isn't wholly incidental that it would be good for us to look at ourselves, good for California to see a few pictures of Indiana and Louisiana, good for New York to look at Wisconsin and Florida. It might help us to cling a little harder to our faith in the U. S. A. and knowing it better, love it more.

Here are a few places that would make mighty interesting locations:

Both the upper and lower valleys of the Mississippi.

The Great Lakes (You just can't make the Pacific look like Lake Michigan or Superior.)

Brown County in southern Indiana.

The Gulf of Mexico.

The Kentucky mountains.

The Ohio valley.

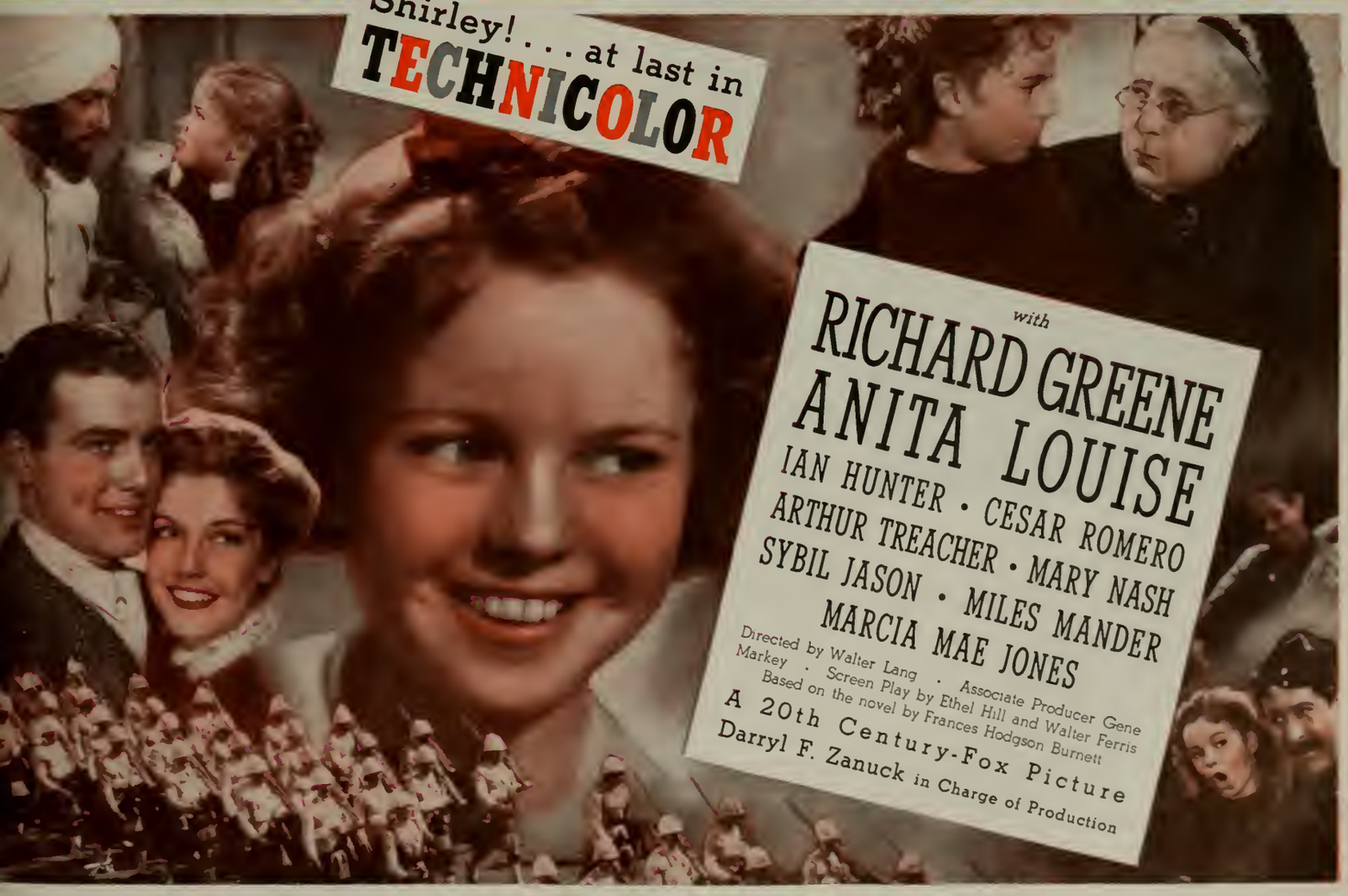
Michigan and Minnesota.

I suggest further the actual use of American cities, not Hollywood's idea of "typical cities"—with all their particular peculiarities: Minneapolis, Memphis, Charleston, Milwaukee and Cincinnati.

(Continued on page 10)

A GREAT CLASSIC COMES TO LIFE IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *in* THE LITTLE PRINCESS



A bit of perfect casting—four sisters, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, fourteen-year-old Georgianna and Loretta Young, will be movie sisters in 20th Century-Fox's "Alexander Graham Bell"

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-enders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (*Jan.*)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (*Jan.*)

★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his lustre. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (*March*)

★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (*Feb.*)

BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is *Blondie;* Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, *Dagwood;* Larry Simms is *Baby Dumpling;* Gene Lockhart, *Dagwood's* boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (*Jan.*)

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (*Jan.*)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (*March*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new *Charlie Chan,* Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (*March*)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge,* the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as *Tiny Tim,* the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are *Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit.* (*March*)

★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (*Jan.*)

★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (*Feb.*)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughtful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (*Feb.*)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhardts; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (*Feb.*)

DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (*Feb.*)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (*Feb.*)

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (*Jan.*)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (*Feb.*)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. That's about a man (Franchot Tone) who dates a little Swiss scullery maid (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Franciska works for. What a Gaal comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (*March*)

GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (*March*)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (*Jan.*)

★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (*March*)

★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus, recent foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (*Jan.*)

HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cinemantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (*Jan.*)

★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (*Feb.*)

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (*Jan.*)

★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his

(*Continued on page 96*)

EIGHT YEARS SHE HAS WAITED TO PLAY THIS ROLE!

Deep in the heart of every actress lives the ideal role she longs to play—a role that embodies every talent she possesses. Now such a role has come to Bette Davis in "Dark Victory." Not a "character" part, but a natural, normal woman who faces all that fate can offer—all the sweet and bitter of life—all the joy and pain of love—and comes through the dark with colors gloriously flying. Eight years she has waited to play this role. We sincerely believe it's her greatest screen performance.

Warner Bros.

BETTE DAVIS in
"DARK VICTORY"
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch
Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE night after the first poster that read "Norma Shearer-Tyrone Power in Marie Antoinette" was posted up, across the road from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, a car drew up alongside it and stopped.

Seated in that long, dark open car was a handsome boy who looked up at that poster and cried with joy and excitement. . . .

The boy was Ty Power. . . .

It is characteristic of Tyrone that he wasn't ashamed to tell me that story about himself, nor in the least ashamed of having given way to those tears . . . for this youngster, who has just been chosen the 1939 King of the Movies by the readers of twenty-two of this country's leading newspapers, loves his work and isn't afraid of emotion . . . and I, for one, think those two qualities getting together had a lot to do with his election to this honor . . . those two things plus a couple of others. . . .

What's put Tyrone Power and Jeanette MacDonald at the top of the heap? Hard work? Talent? Good looks? It took more than that to win Mr. and Mrs. Public's vote for the King and Queen of 1939

Another of those factors is his instinctive modesty . . . he says now about being the new "king" . . . "I hope my future pictures will justify this confidence" . . . no big "I" stuff, you notice . . . no promises about what "I" shall do . . . but just the quiet sensible attitude of merging himself into his productions . . . which, of course, is merely intelligence on Ty's part, for productions have had much to do with his present popularity, though they are not entirely responsible for it by any means. . . .

TAKE Clark Gable who ran second to Ty in this voting and who won out last year . . . in 1938 Gable had one fine picture, "Test Pilot," and one so-so picture, "Too Hot to Handle," but both of them added together did not equal in sheer production value any one of the pictures that Mr. Power has been in . . . Ty certainly didn't look much like an eighteenth-century Swedish count in "Marie Antoinette" nor a nineteenth-century canal builder in "Suez" . . . he certainly was made to appear silly in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" where he lived through some thirty years and didn't age by so much as one wrinkle . . . it is very much to his credit that he played these diverse and miscast rôles so convincingly that it was only after leaving the theatre that you were able to pick any flaws in them . . . .

But even allowing for Tyrone's charm and his acting ability, the fact yet remains that Darryl Zanuck put such elements into those pictures (excepting, of course, "Antoinette" which was an M-G-M production) that even if they were goofy on facts of time and history they were distinctly swell on the entertainment side. . . .

Gable was up against a stiffer problem to maintain his popularity than Tyrone Power was . . . boiled down into essentials "Test Pilot" wasn't so much of a story and "Too Hot to Handle" was plain goofy and it was the Gable personality (combined with Myrna Loy's, which is no slouch, either) that actually put both pictures across . . . in other words, his studio didn't back him up as well as Twentieth Century backed Power. . . .

Yet it is characteristic of that Gable guy, too, that he said of Power's winning . . . "It couldn't have happened to a nicer kid". . . which is absolutely true . . . it couldn't have happened to a nicer kid unless it happened to Gable himself . . . who, I bet, wasn't called a kid even at the age of ten . . . being always too loaded with that adult male ummph. . . .

NOW Jeanette MacDonald's winning out as "Queen" is even more of a pure triumph of personality than Power's . . . for this glamorous redhead has been associated in the public mind with Nelson Eddy . . . as half of a team, that is . . . when Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers used to lead in box-office polls they won as a combine and never separately . . . but Nelson Eddy, despite the fanatic loyalty of his personal fans, has never showed in the important voting . . . yet here is Jeanette, his co-star, triumphing alone and over every other girl in the movie business . . . and if you don't think I'll be able to find a moral in all that you just don't realize what an old moral hunter I am by nature. . . .

Seriously, though, I think it does prove that a right attitude toward one's public reflects itself from the screen . . . that plus, as in Ty's case, the terrific factors of ability, personality, charm and temperament . . . for Nelson Eddy, Astaire and Rogers, in fact every star in pictures has those latter assets, too . . . but few, indeed, possess such a wish to always do the right thing that will endear themselves to the public that Jeanette has . . . Joan Crawford is

(Continued on page 14)

heartbreak..!

The heartbreak of two young people in love...facing the world with song in their hearts. Laughter . . . melodrama . . . and Carole Lombard in a brilliant transition from comedienne to dramatic star!

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CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Two wise misses, Rita Hayworth (left) and Arleen Whelan (above), take advantage of what modern science can do to keep them brimming over with vitality — concentrated vitamins

This Oberon lass is a daughter of the sun, for she knows that's one of the best ways to get vitamin D. Merle makes certain that her daily diet contains all the other vitamins necessary to keep her healthy

MODERN WAY TO BEAUTY—Rita Hayworth finished a difficult scene with Cary Grant for "Plane No. 4" and walked off the set. I had watched her rehearse the scene several times before this last take, and the terrific amount of energy it required to do the same thing over and over until it was done perfectly had practically exhausted me, even though I had nothing to do with it.

But Rita wasn't exhausted. She didn't even look tired. As a matter of fact, she looked more glowing and lovely than I had ever seen her.

"Nice going," I said. "I needn't ask how you are. You look wonderful."

"Oh, I feel marvelous," she laughed, "even though I'm working so hard. You know, this is really my big chance. It's the best part I've had, playing second lead to Jean Arthur, and I've just got to feel well and look well."

"How do you do it?" I asked. I felt positively haggard in contrast.

"It's simple," she said, "and you can see what it's done for me. I don't let myself get run down or tired. You know the importance of vitamins to health and beauty. I just supplement my regular diet by taking vitamins in concentrated form. They do wonders for you."

HEALTH and beauty are even more important to screen stars than to us. The cameras magnify every blemish, even the faintest sign of ill health or exhaustion, and the strain of spending emotions under hot lights too often leaves its mark upon a star's face unless her health is superb.

It's a wise girl who realizes that the basis of beauty is health; that bright eyes, shining hair and clear skin come from within.

Modern living demands so much from girls today, not only in the picture business, but in every walk of life. We rush around madly under tension all the time, yet we expect to look as rested and relaxed as though we did absolutely nothing all day long. But we don't stop to think that our hair and skin and eyes, even our capacity for having fun and enjoying life are all dependent upon those little things that we can't see—vitamins.

We find them in everything we eat, of course, but even a carefully selected diet, with plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits, can be low in vitamins, which are vital food substances needed to maintain good health, the basis of beauty. Modern refining of foods often destroys the vitamins, so that we see the result in our loss of vitality, our lowered resistance to colds, our wonder as to what can be happening to our looks and our definite suspicion that we're losing them.

When that happens to us, something has got to be done, and vitamins in concentrated form are the answer. They give us back our zest for living, our vitality; they restore lost color to our skins, luster to our hair, brightness to our eyes. They're modern science's answer to a woman's prayer.

THE life of a Hollywood star seems to consist of glamour and ease and ordered living to the rest of us who are harassed by the details of everyday life. But we forget the strain under which stars work on a picture, the concentration they must give to every scene, the tiresome rehearsals, the consistent striving toward acting perfection.

It's no fun to get up at five o'clock in the morning, dash to the studio to be made up and gotten ready for the set, to work all day before going home again to drop wearily into bed, and start it all over again the next day. They must combat this strain and its effect upon their nerves and health and beauty.

Arleen Whelan, who's one of the town's most active and popular girls—she's always doing something, dancing or playing tennis or riding—takes advantage of what modern science can do for her. She knows that she must have sufficient vitamins in her daily routine to keep herself looking lovely and to give her vitality to carry on her picture career as well as her social life. Since her health is superb, she's able to relax after a hard day at the studio and enjoy herself in the evening.

Business girls often don't get enough fun out of life. Not because they're in business, but because they work so hard and are so intent upon getting ahead in their jobs that they're worn out at the end of the day. They're too likely to grab a quick sandwich for lunch when they've had nothing but a cup of coffee for breakfast, and work all through the day with no other nourishment. They can't get sufficient vitamins, the essential food substances, that way. They've thrown all their energies into their office work, so no wonder they lack the vitality after they've finished the day to drag themselves out to a show or to a party.

That's very bad, because it's too easy to lose

(Continued on page 87)

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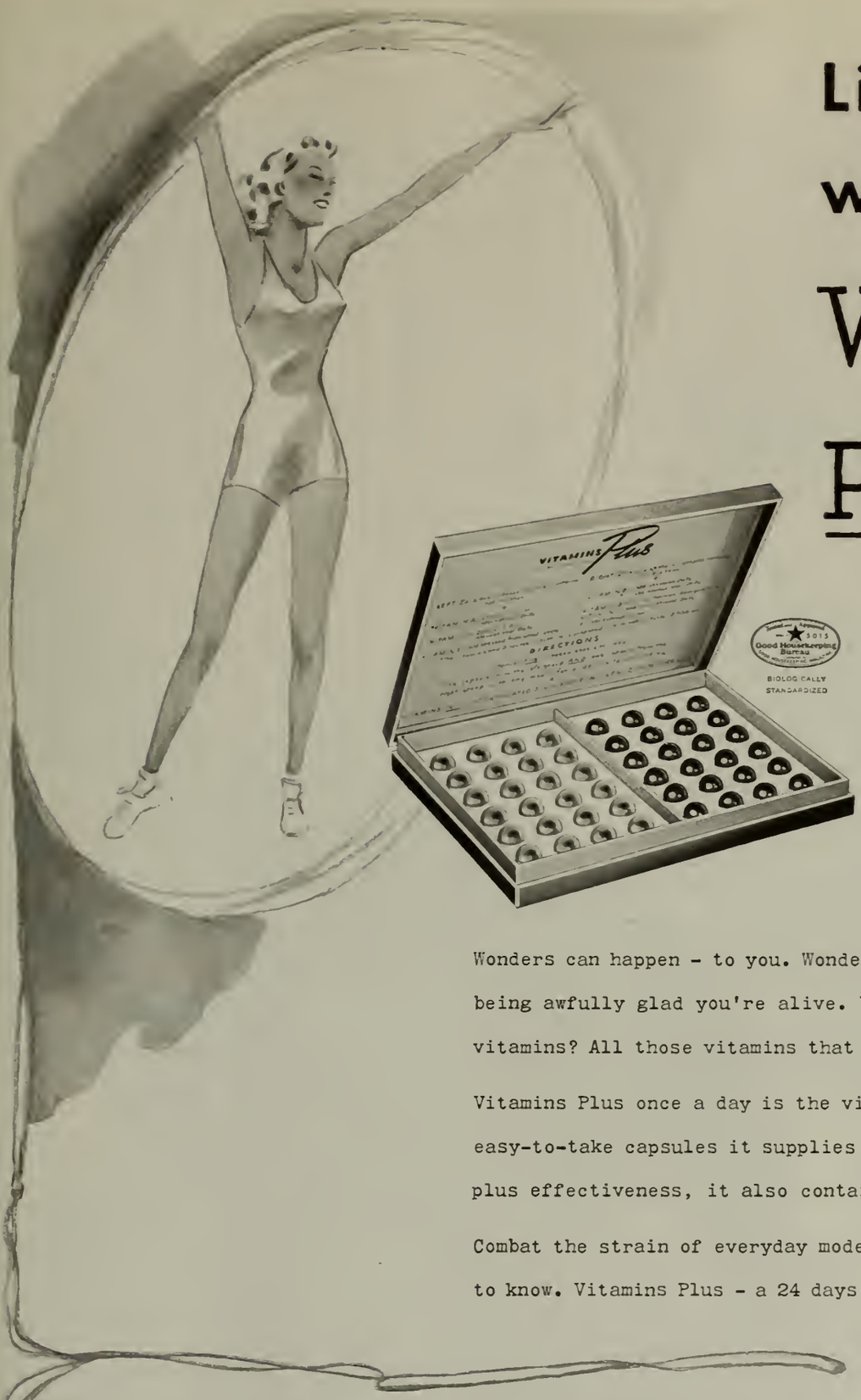

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P-4

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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 8)

another example of this, which is why Joan has lasted in the big brackets as long as she has, I believe. . . .

Jeanette starts off by working like the grubbiest wage slave you ever knew . . . there is never a time that she isn't in some phase of production on her pictures, musicals being so much harder to prepare and finish than dramatic productions . . . there are always scores to be learned, dances to be mastered, costumes to be fitted . . . there are prerecordings of songs . . . there are those big crowd scenes, inevitable to musical pictures, to be shot and they usually take several days to get on the screen . . . dramatic pictures today average two to four weeks in production . . . the MacDonald-Eddy musicals average about five months each . . . but despite these time demands . . . despite her running her home perfectly and keeping her husband content . . . Jeanette takes time for that daily singing lesson . . . for posing for any and all pictures that are requested of her . . . for giving out interviews whenever they are asked for . . . for always being gracious to the public. . . .

In contrast, Nelson Eddy doesn't like to give interviews or pose for pictures . . . neither does Rogers or Astaire . . . and neither does Myrna Loy, who was queen last year . . . it isn't that Myrna, for example, isn't a darling when you get to her . . . but try and get to her . . . it once took this magazine two solid years to get a cover photograph made of her. . . .

I DON'T mean to say that being nice about interviews and photographs is what makes a star . . . if that alone did it Toby Wing or Betty Grable or any one of fifty cute kids would be the biggest personalities in Hollywood . . . you've got to have great talent along with this . . . but I do believe they are most important for major stars . . . if you don't hear about stars and see provocative pictures of them between productions, almost automatically you lose a little of your interest in them, and the longer the blank silence continues, the more apathetic you become . . . but the most important thing about this co-operation in giving out information on themselves to their public, or the lack of it, is the attitude it reflects . . . the world still responds to generosity . . . and, after all, it is no more than courtesy to try to do all one can to make the people who support you happy. . . .

There's where Gable wins and big . . . he is the most generous guy with his time . . . there's where Ty Power is just like him . . . and there's where the MacDonald comes in . . . the screen reflects this warmth, this intelligent kindliness in all three of them, and we all of us respond to it . . . and award them their crowns as a result of it. . . .

THERE'S a terrific storm going on about Vivien Leigh's being cast as *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind" . . . Photoplay's office is flooded with letters, mostly against it . . . but I, for one, am willing to go on record as being very satisfied with the thought of this little British girl in the rôle . . . I've seen her in many British productions . . . playing everything from very sappy ingénues to that mean little minx in "The Yank at Oxford" . . . and in every one of them she has given distinguished performances . . . I see no reason why it will be any harder for an English girl to master our Southern accent than it would be for one of our Middle Western girls, let's say . . . and it seems to me just silly to insist that this heroine should be played by a girl of pure American birth . . . that would have been nice indeed if Mr. Selznick had found an American girl who could have played *Scarlett* . . . but apparently he didn't . . . and American movies are bigger than any mere boundary lines. . . .

Personally I think Miss Leigh has got the temperament for *Scarlett* . . . that right blend of hardness and softness that makes any star. . . .

To go back to Power-Gable-MacDonald for a moment, that is what they have, too . . . what every big star has . . . that is, the quality that the pretty youngsters, who do co-operate on publicity and work hard but don't win, lack . . . that is, the quality that stars are often condemned for . . . and which wrongly used can kill any personality . . . but which rightly handled is the biggest success factor in the world. . . .

Until about a week before Miss Leigh (she pronounces her name as though it were spelled Lee) was signed for *Scarlett* . . . it looked definite that Jean Arthur would get the part . . . there is a girl with temperament all over the place, but with a temperament so destructively used that it has practically eaten up her career in the process . . . as you know, Olivia de Havilland has been signed to the rôle of *Melanie, Scarlett's* gentle sister-in-law . . . and there is a darling and a beauty but a girl lacking that final, electric temperament . . . what really holds Olivia back, I think, is her being just too much of a lady to blow off. . . .

For underneath everything, to be a major star you've got to have passion . . . passion and wisdom . . . Miss MacDonald can blow up, and often does, in a flame that matches that red hair of hers . . . Gable sulks like a bear when he doesn't like certain things . . . Power glooms and is that miserable . . . the endearing truth about them is that they often lost their hearts . . . but they come right back to being themselves again . . . in those flashing moments that betray their artistic nerves, they still never lose their heads. . . .

It is my private hunch that this is true of Miss Leigh also . . . I think she will be a grand and glorious *Scarlett* . . . not that I will really know, however . . . I'll be so busy watching Clark, made up as per his promise after our Photoplay sketch of him as *Rhett*, that I won't be able to be aware of another single thing. . . .

W. C. Fields—long may he wave! In Universal's "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man," the famed comedian dances, something he has not done since he was in the Ziegfeld Follies a decade ago. It's all due to that imp, Charlie McCarthy, as you'll find out when you see the picture

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★

A dramatic episode in the life of Hedy Lamarr, revealed for the first time by a writer new to America

Vienna Farewell

BY HEINZ LIEPMANN

VIENNA, night of November 22, 1934. . . . Vienna—the gayest capital of Europe; the town known the world over for its waltz music, pretty girls and easy life; Vienna, now dark and deserted. On the Kaertner Strasse and around the Stefansdome, where, in former days, music, light and laughter ruled, there is now silence and darkness. The only steps one can hear are those of the patrolling guards of the Heimwehr, the Storm Troopers of Austria.

Vienna is dying. Only nine months have passed since Dollfuss' cannons and machine guns smashed houses and streets in Vienna and slaughtered the last Austrian Liberals. But behind the five-foot Chancellor Dollfuss, who now governs the unfortunate country with terror and tears, stands another man, six feet, five inches tall, a member of the oldest and proudest nobility of Europe, fabulously wealthy—Vice-Chancellor Rüdiger Prince von Starhemberg, Master of the Heimwehr and therefore Master of Austria. And whereas the streets of gay Vienna lie dark and deserted, and the easy-going Viennese sit in their houses, silent, poor and hungry, the palais of Prince von Starhemberg shines, full of light, gaiety, music and

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

REBORN! HOW GEORGE BRENT BROUGH

Enthusiasm crackles from Bette, but this time it was different

The touching story of a valiant woman who battled heartache and failure to come through—a champion

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IF the camera and the microphone should be turned on the lives which the players live on the side lines while a picture is being made, oftentimes an even greater story would be filmed.

Take the Warner picture, "Dark Victory." It's a hauntingly beautiful love story. But the emotion felt on the side lines while this picture was in production frequently was equal to the emotion that was distilled on the set. During the making of this picture George Brent, who had worked in a series of pictures he had not cared for, became hopeful and enthusiastic again, while Bette Davis, separated from Harmon Nelson preparatory to a divorce, met up with an experience she was unable to take in her customary gallant, fighting stride.

The "Dark Victory" company sat on the side lines of a set that represented a doctor's office. Here the first scenes of the picture would take place. Edmund Goulding, the director, described the mood he wanted the picture to have.

"Actually, you see," Goulding was saying, "death, in this story, becomes the most beautiful and constructive thing of all. It is as she faces death that *Judith* learns how to live. And it is from watching *Judith* that a lot of other people learn this, too."

George Brent turned to Bette Davis. "I believe in this one," he told her.

"Yes, I think it's marvelous."

Enthusiasm usually crackles from Bette, like current from an electric wire. Now it came, forced. Nevertheless, it was better than her silence. George relaxed. So did Goulding and Humphrey Bogart and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

If Bette would only start fighting they knew everything would be all right. It was her complete lassitude that had frightened them.

Goulding pushed back his chair. The preliminary rehearsal was over.

"Bette," he said, "you won't have to be around for a day or two. We'll let you know. . . ."

Bette turned to George. "I wanted to see you at the starting post of this one, Brentie. I did, really. *Frederick Steele, M.D.* is going to do great things for you or I miss my guess!"

Yet, even while she talked, her words coming too clipped and fast, Bette was wondering if she would be making this picture with George or if the crack-up which threatened would catch up with her before they called her back.

The next morning George and Actor Henry Travers were on the set early. George, as *Frederick Steele,* sat on the desk in his office and explained why he was going to quit his practice and go in for research.

"We try to cure with the knife," he was saying, "when we don't even know the cause. People put their faith in us because we're doctors and. . . ."

There was a signal from the control room. The microphone had picked up some outside sound. And it was then, before they could get started again, that the flowers came. They stood four feet high and they were almost that long. They festooned the basket handle and they spilled over the sides. The delivery boys staggered under their fragrant weight.

"God bless Bette," announced Goulding, reading the card. "She knows a new picture is an event, not something you go into thinking, 'Wednesday I get my pay check, what the hell. . . .'"

George smiled with quiet satisfaction. Unless he was more mistaken than he was apt to be about Bette, those flowers meant she was going to see this picture through. Bette's hat was in the ring.

TWO days later, George and Bette were working together. They were doctor and patient in his office. The mood between them shifted subtly and often.

All morning they worked; all afternoon, too.

"Listen, Doctor," Bette, as *Judith,* said, "I've never taken orders from anyone. And here's something else . . . I'm well, absolutely well. I'm young and strong. Nothing can touch me. You can't make an invalid out of me. I won't let you. I'm going. . . ."

"That's right," he told her, "run away! Run away because you're frightened. . . ."

"Just a minute," Goulding interrupted George and Bette. "I want you to take this sequence easy. It's long and it's complicated. In it we've got to plant the keynote for everything that's still to come."

The two started from the beginning again. They tried a different tempo.

Now, when the studio door opened, no sunshine fell in. It was dark outside.

At last, Bette came off the set and threw herself in her chair. George, looking up as she came towards him, was frightened for her.

Two years of strain and struggle had preceded Bette's separation from Harmon Nelson. The separation, which might have been expected to be a relief, was, instead, a blow that had struck at the very roots of Bette's life.

Bette isn't constituted to take failure easily. Besides, she's enough of an idealist to hold

NEW FAITH TO Bette Davis

things like marriage vows just a little sacred: she's enough of a realist to know what little chance of happiness there is for a woman, alone.

"Maybe," Bette said to George, disciplining her voice to keep it steady, "maybe I should quit right now . . . before we really get into this and it means time and money to replace me."

George knew this was the crisis for her.

"You won't crack," he said calmly. "You have too much vitality—too much pride."

Bette straightened a little in her chair. "I hope you're right," she told him.

The truth is that with that simple sentence George saved Bette.

"Because," as she says herself, "when someone you respect counts on you for something you give it to him."

GEORGE and Bette don't have to say much to each other. They've come a long way together. Years ago, it looked as if they were going to make their screen tests at the same time. But plans were changed and it was actually on the Universal lot that they met first. Their experiences there were equally unfortunate and many times they used what little courage they had left to encourage each other. Then, simultaneously, they signed with Warners to play together in "The Rich Are Always With Us," with Ruth Chatterton, whom George later married. Since then they have made a dozen pictures, good and bad.

It isn't, however, from Bette's and George's professional intimacy that their sympatica comes. They are out of the same mold. They're both rebels. They have the same uncompromising sense of justice and the same clean-cut intelligence. And they're both complete fools about sticking their necks out.

They had fun on the side lines of "Dark Victory," too. When the day's work was over the company would collect in someone's dressing

(Continued on page 86)

In more ways than one, Bette's acting assignment in "Dark Victory" was the hardest of her career, but with a single sentence George Brent gave her the courage to go on

PLAY *Truth and Consequences* WITH ALICE FAYE

***An amusing new kind of interview originated by* KATHARINE HARTLEY**

Third in a series of talk-provoking interviews in which the stars enter into the spirit of that old game—Truth and Consequences. They answer with the absolute truth questions that would ordinarily set them back on their heels—or pay a penalty. This month, Alice Faye, famous for her frankness, tells all—all but the answers to six. But when you read those questions, you won't blame Alice for taking the consequences that are shown opposite

1. (Q) What is your habitual costume around the house?
   (A) I've been converted to the slack style . . . should anyone drop in on me from ten until four they'll always find me in about the same outfit—a blue flannel pair of slacks. They're not elegant, but comfortable and practical. I'll leave the hostess gowns to somebody else.

2. (Q) What advantage do you believe you have lacked in life?
   (A) A further education. I had to leave school early to go to work. I remember that it broke my heart because at that time my greatest desire was to become a school teacher, with all sorts of fancy degrees. The only point on which I could qualify for such a career now is—patience.

3. (Q) Do royal titles impress you?
   (A) Heavens, no, and it's the truth! Though as a young girl I must admit that I did look forward to meeting Prince Charming.

4. (Q) Have you ever sought revenge, and did you find it "sweet"?
   (A) I'm afraid I'm not the type to seek revenge. I am more inclined to let bygones be bygones.

5. (Q) Do children annoy you?
   (A) Not at all. I adore them, love to be with them, and always learn a lot from them. Their directness and simplicity are what I enjoy most.

6. (Q) Who has been a heroine to you?
   (A) Marilyn Miller. I worshipped her for years, because she was so much of everything I wanted to be.

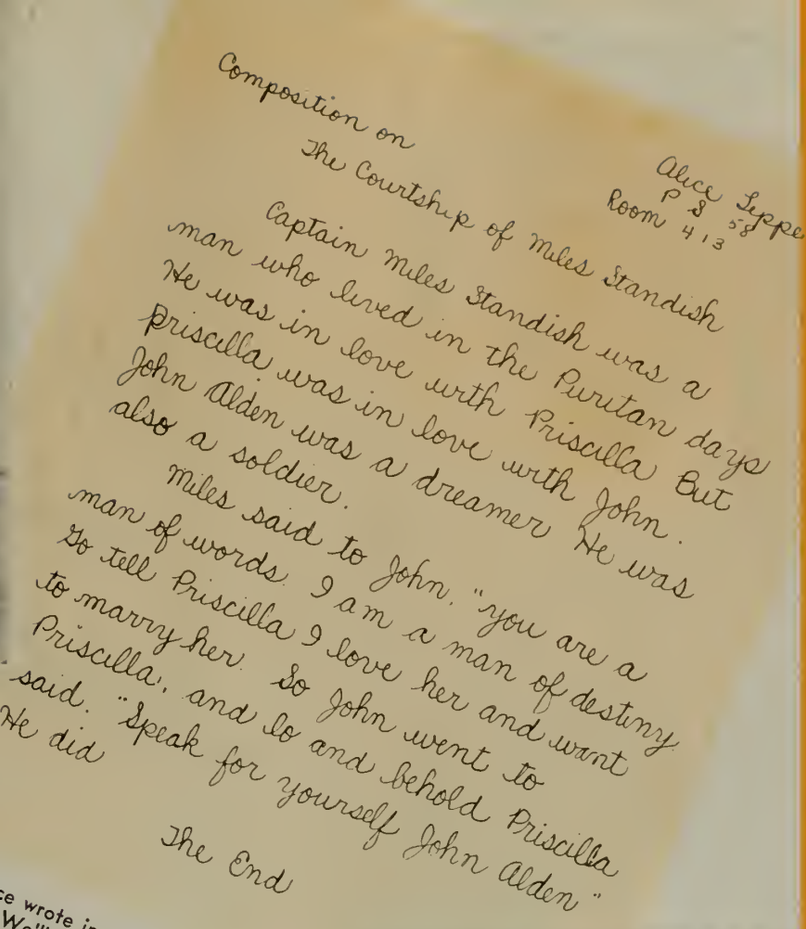
7. (Q) On what subject do you consider yourself most uninformed?
   (A) History. I never could remember dates—and I still have difficulty.

8. (Q) Of what things are you afraid?
   (A) The dark. I can't help it.

9. (Q) Have you ever written a letter of complaint or protest? If so, to whom?
   (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let

(Continued on page 72)

An "unglamorous picture" was the forfeit Alice made for failing to answer question No. 9. The little Faye knows when it's more discreet to remain silent



Alice Lippe
P S 58
Room 413

Composition on
The Courtship of Miles Standish

Captain Miles Standish was a man who lived in the Puritan days He was in love with Priscilla But Priscilla was in love with John. John Alden was a dreamer He was also a soldier.

Miles said to John, "you are a man of words. I am a man of destiny So tell Priscilla I love her and want to marry her. So John went to Priscilla, and lo and behold Priscilla said, "Speak for yourself John Alden" He did

The End

A theme Alice wrote in grade school—penalty on No. 16. We'll bet there are other stars in Hollywood who'd pass up that question, too

We thought we had Alice on this penalty, when she refused to answer question No. 54; instead, look what she produced—the Alice Faye lapel hat, a miniature hat which may be worn on the lapel or in the hair. She launched the style herself and the hats are now being marketed

There would have been reverberations aplenty had Alice answered No. 33. She prefers to jump rope

Consequence on No. 39—these two notes monogram the Martin stationery and Xmas cards

PERSONALITY SYMBOLS . . .

As a consequence Miss Faye was asked to select from each list below the item which, in her own opinion, symbolizes her. Put them all together and you have a portrait of Alice as she sees herself

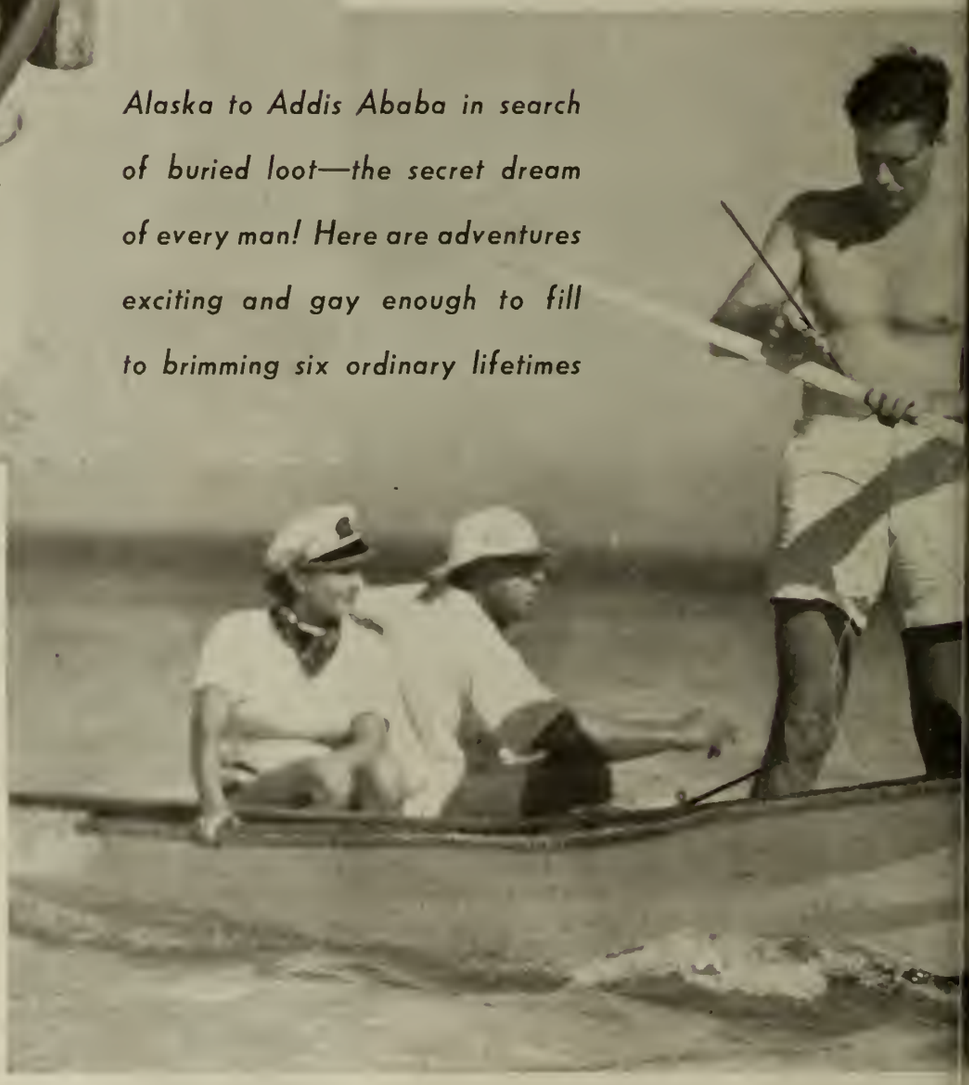
1. If you were a flower?
   - calla lily
   - daisy
   - poppy
   - American beauty
   - √ tea rose
   - lily of the valley
2. If you were a color?
   - √ pink
   - √ blue
   - red
   - orange
   - green
   - crimson
3. If you were a pet?
   - fox terrier
   - Scotty
   - canary
   - √ Angora kitten
   - Pekingese
   - pony
3. If you were a sound?
   - chimes
   - siren
   - √ bicycle bell
   - alarm clock
   - a purr
   - a loud shout
5. If you were a fabric?
   - √ mousseline de soie
   - velvet
   - chiffon
   - calico
   - satin
   - gingham
6. If you were a vehicle?
   - roadster with top down
   - station wagon
   - √ hansom cab
   - pony cart
   - town car
   - limousine
7. If you were an article of clothing?
   - negligee
   - sheer black hose
   - white kid gloves
   - √ evening kerchief
   - cocktail dress
   - ribbon sash
8. If you were a food?
   - vanilla fudge
   - mixed green salad
   - soufflé
   - √ strawberry ice cream
   - bread and butter
   - applesauce

This was Alice's 100th [illegible] for [illegible] to answer the 23 [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible] and what was the result?

LET'S HUNT FOR *treasure*

BY ERROL FLYNN

Alaska to Addis Ababa in search of buried loot—the secret dream of every man! Here are adventures exciting and gay enough to fill to brimming six ordinary lifetimes



FOR some reason that I've never been able to understand, people are envious of a lucky break. Way down deep, they sneer at luck —unless they're the ones who have it. That, of course, makes the whole thing different. For the same reason, they seem to find it excruciatingly funny when someone else follows his luck and it turns out to be all bad.

I've had my share of both.

There's a small mountain in Alaska named after me. It's called Flynn's Folly. Yes, I was the goat in that deal. There's a cove in New Guinea, a tiny little spot where the sea battles with the jungle unceasingly. Its name, translated into pigeon-English, is Man-Go-Along-Dog. That's me—the natives couldn't pronounce my name. It's another spot where my luck ran out and provided laughs for the boys in the island bars. There's an abandoned shaft up the Sepik River in Papua . . . but why go on with the grisly list?

Friends and business associates and relatives have come to me dozens of times with sad head-shakings and asked, "Look, old boy, why not drop this? It's a harebrained scheme. You'll lose your shirt." To which I usually reply that I'd sooner lose it than wear it out. The tragedy of life is in its frayed edges and all that they imply. I don't like that. Right royal robes or sackcloth. One end or the other. Never mediocrity.

The result is that at heart I'm a treasure hunter. I always have been, since I was a lad digging in a garden of a suburban villa near Sydney, Australia. I'd heard that the previous and deceased owner had been a miser. In all the books I had ever read, misers invariably buried their hoards in the cellar or in the back yard. We had no cellar, so it was the hollyhock beds that were elected to suffer under my youthful but enthusiastic spading.

In one way or another I've been at it ever since.

Nor am I alone in that urge. I think that nine men out of ten have the same instinct, but not all have the opportunity to gratify it. Still others have the chance but are afraid they'll be laughed at if they lose out.

Personally, I don't care. Lest I sound whimsical, let me point out that my treasure seeking is quite practical. I'm still a little ahead, by and large, even including the more obvious financial failures.

But, most important, I've enjoyed myself doing it.

I even get a laugh out of all the wild stories that have been circulated through the taprooms, mostly untrue, about my so-called adventures. But, if the truth of them is not quite up to the elaborately concocted tales told over a whiskey-and, they were still not run-of-the-mill and were delightfully absorbing while they were going on. Beside them, Hollywood is a very tame place. People out here work very seriously to make a living. I'd never done that before. I'd played to make a living and, I hope, always will. When a job got to be serious and seemed to be jeopardizing my personal liberty, I quit. There was always some treasure, a mine, a jewel, a pearl or trochus shell bed on a forgotten shoal around the corner or across the seas that seemed much more worth while than any job whose familiarity was beginning to make it prosaic.

Hollywood was the first place I had ever found that paid enough money to make it worth while to endure the banalities of maintaining a permanent anchorage in any harbor. But even with the money and the pleasure of working at a pleasant job, I'd chuck it in a minute if I couldn't have a few months every year in which to get back to that fascinating game of bucking mesdames, The Lady Luck and Mother Nature.

ONE of my really successful treasure hunts was for a mine up in the wilds of the head-hunting country on the Wau Plateau in Morobe, New Guinea. Before I left there I'd seen the airplane shorten that long, arduous overland safari; formerly it had taken a traveler eleven days to make it and almost another eleven to recuperate. I made money for myself and three pals. It didn't last long, but then, what's money for?

It was not so long ago that I heard of a mine up in Alaska. The whole situation surrounding it seemed ideal. One of my best friends, Bud Ernst, was at loose ends. He pitched in with me and we began on that delightful stage of treasure hunting accomplished with elaborate maps, one bottle of ink, a pen, one bottle not of ink, pipes, tobacco and an open fire. That's the time when all the participants make at least seven million dollars apiece, find Paradise Lost and meet the beautiful Eurasian Princess who invariably will fall madly and excitingly in love with you. It's always you she falls in love with —never the other guy.

Of course, in your heart you know from previous experience that you'll probably lose even the pipes and tobacco, get knifed by a native who never heard of paradise and doesn't want to and the beautiful Eurasian Princess will turn out to be more Asian than Eur- with most of her teeth gone from too little hygiene and too much betel nut. She will also have four angry husbands and a child in every port. But never let these sober reflections dampen your ardor.

Bud and I decided that the Alaskan adventure would have to be experienced by air. Any other route would mean months of overland mushing and neither of us could afford the time. We bought a ship, a used Waco in excellent condition, and proceeded to trim her down and outfit her for the flight. Days were spent in test

(Continued on page 95)

(Opposite page, top) Mrs. Davison, wife of a professional diver, and Lili help Errol into a helmet before he dives into the briny; (bottom) Erick Sundstrom, holding corner of lead chest taken from sea off Isle of Pines, Cuba; (center) a thrilling aquatic sport—Errol fishes with bow and arrow. (Below) Skipper Damita and her adventure-loving spouse

Glamour GIRL

My sex appeal is factory made—strictly to order. I'm on the production line to stardom. What price fame? See how you'd like it!

BY GLAMOUR GIRL 17,268

Editors' note: here is an unsolicited manuscript, written by a young starlet under contract to one of the major studios. It is the story of her actual experiences in the hands of the experts and, with minor variations, it's the story of all rising stars in Hollywood.

I AM a Hollywood Glamour Girl and I hope I'm satisfied!

Perhaps it sounds a bit vain to come right out flat-footed with a statement like, "I am a Glamour Girl." It's like saying, "I am beautiful," and I've always hated women who say such things about themselves. But the fact remains that a Glamour Girl is exactly what I am, technically speaking. It's like saying, "I am a cameraman," or "I am a director."

Whatever you are in this motion-picture business, you *are;* there's a term for you, and you're it.

So I'm a Glamour Girl.

I'm by way of being a successful one, too. Not in too big a way, of course, but I've had my second option lifted, which means I'm on the paymaster's list for my third consecutive six-months' period. Most of us fall by the wayside after our initial six months. By that I mean we're dropped by the studio which signed us. Then we either go back home or marry a Los Angeles hosiery salesman or stick around trying to get a break in another studio—while the rent and other little incidentals go merrily and devastatingly on.

They tell me that's no fun, that business of just waiting around for another break. But, of course, I, in the smug sense of my own ability and importance, can't imagine anything like that happening to me. To others, perhaps, but never to *me.*

At best, though, it's pretty nerve-racking. You can see thousands of people walking around Hollywood with their ears cocked for the sound of a dropped option.

The face I hold out to the motion-picture world is a bold, confident face; but deep down inside me is that gnawing uncertainty about the inevitable option time. By the time this little confessional reaches print, I may be a has-been, a new recruit to the large army of up-and-coming hopefuls to whom Thursday has become just another day.

Mostly it's a case of cold economics to the studios. If they think you may make money for them, very good—they're willing to gamble on you for a while. They'll spend large quantities of money on embryonic star material, but if the embryo doesn't develop satisfactorily the ax falls—on your neck. And that economic angle is what worries me; for, in my first six months in Hollywood, I worked exactly seven days before the cameras! Figured on the basis of my regular weekly salary, each of those seven days cost my studio as much as the working salary of almost any well-known featured player.

Why was I considered a valuable enough piece of acting property to be signed by one of the world's largest movie studios? The same reason why hundreds of other youngsters are signed every year: hope on the part of the producers that an occasional star or featured player may be culled from the legion of potentials.

And how did I get around to being screen-tested? Simply by starting out, at the age of about seven, to become an actress. I played in at least a million school productions. By the time I reached high school, I was ready for leads. After high school, college—and more plays. Then a sort of borrowing arrangement, similar to the system employed by the movie companies in the handling of stars, put me to work with male college groups who needed female actors (technically speaking, you know, an actress is a "female actor"). I reached the apex of my amateur career, in my own opinion at least, when I played the title rôle in George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." I did the rest of the company dirt by coming down with a streptococcus throat infection three days before opening, but they did me the honor of postponing opening night for a week, chiefly because the gal who had been understudying the part said she knew she couldn't do justice to it after having seen me play the part. Giddy praise for a young punk like me!

Probably ten days in the hospital gave me a sort of unearthly quality that suited *Saint Joan,* for I was terrific—a good Hollywood word—in the rôle. By the time we had finished our little run I had definitely made up my mind that Bernhardt, Duse and Maude Adams were mere tyros in comparison to me; a conviction which still lingers in my soul, though I've pushed it way back inside of me where people who wouldn't understand can't see it.

HOWEVER, a terrific amateur success is hardly more than a professional yawn. Still, I had to be a professional. The jump from one plane to the other is an easy one—if you can get a job. I was lucky enough to get one with a good summer stock company in one of those fashionable New England resorts.

With that summer behind me, I saw no reason why Broadway managers shouldn't be eagerly awaiting me in their plush offices.

They all seemed to be waiting for *something,* but I don't think I was it; they were probably waiting for a decent play, or for somebody with money enough to finance a revival of "Trelawney Of The Wells." They were all very polite. None of them made a pass at me. But,

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

UMBER 17,268

you see, I wasn't a Glamour Girl at that time

I annoyed lots of people so utterly to death that at last I got myself a part in a Broadway production I bubbled the same two lines eight performances a week for six months. Some time later, I got another part, and another after that. That wrote at least a temporary *finis* to my career on the legitimate stage, for I was screen-tested and shipped off to the Hollywoods.

I was supplied with a ticket entitling me to a lower berth. I had to pay eight dollars more for the upper so that I could have a whole compartment to myself, but I felt entitled to that much luxury—for was I not on my way to fabulous Hollywood?

I had a cold and an earache all the way out; due, no doubt, to the air-conditioned comfort of the train. When I reached Los Angeles I felt like anything but a Glamour Girl; I felt just plain lousy.

There was a man from the publicity department of the studio there to meet me, and he had brought a photographer. They took a lot of pictures of me: grinning and waving from the steps; sitting atop somebody's trunk (not mine) with my legs crossed; swinging happily down the platform with an orange in my hand, and all that sort of thing.

The publicity boys drove me to the Hollywood Studio Club, where I was going to live. They made a point of passing the studio en route.

"Are you impressed?" the photographer asked.

"Terribly!" I managed to answer brightly, but as a matter of fact I was too sick to be impressed by anything short of having Darryl Zanuck and Sam Goldwyn act as bellhops for my bags.

When they dropped me at the Club, the publicity boys uttered the words that have become famous as a greeting to contracted newcomers: "Just relax and take it easy for a few days. Honey—you're on salary!"

NEXT day I went to the studio and was shown around by a young man who was on the payroll just for that sort of thing. He asked me for a date.

Somebody showed me my arrival picture in the *Los Angeles Times*. I bought a dozen copies to send home to the folks. The gist of the caption under the picture was that I was one of the more famous of Broadway's reigning actresses, and had arrived in Hollywood to play leads at once.

I was introduced to all the members of the casting department, and to the director and inmates of the stock school on the lot. I thought I measured up pretty well against the other kids of my own professional level, so it was a bitter blow to have an assistant casting director tell me that I wasn't so hot from a glamour point of view. He offered Westmores' as a possible solution.

So I went to Westmores' and put myself in the hands of an operator who surveyed me with the disinterested professionalism of a medico who is about to perform an appendectomy.

But miracles were wrought. Back in New York we had always thought that we knew how to smear on the glamour.

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It was a bitter blow to be told I wasn't so hot from a glamour point of view . . . the Westmores remedied that . . . my clothes were wrong, I went into hock . . . my mouth wasn't so good, either . . . I practiced being provocative, alluring . . . What price Glamour? . . . it's fun

THE Gay Romance OF CARY GRANT

Enchanted clowns—Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks

It's perfect the way it is—but when impulse smacks up against impulse, keep your eyes on these Mad Hatters

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN order to get even the dimmest perspective on the gay romance of Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks you have to understand Cary himself. And that is just as simple of accomplishment as your working out one of those puzzles that consists of a box within a box within a box within a box.

You have only to see these two magnificently complementary young people together to know that they are riotously in love. No casting director could possibly pick two types more beautifully—Cary so dark and tall and masculine and Phyllis so slight and blonde and feminine. You have only to hear their mutual hoots of laughter over the silliest nonsense to know that they have more fun together than a bunch of ten-year-olds dancing around a Christmas tree. But to try to figure out what their "intentions" are toward each other is just as profitable as attempting an exact forecast of the weather for next June tenth. The signs would seem to indicate that it will be fair and warmer. But it all depends, with the weather. And it all depends with these two enchanted clowns.

As for example: the last time I had seen Cary had been on an intensely gloomy, sticky day in California. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, please don't note.) Cary himself swung open the door to his simple beach house. His scowl was blacker than his hair and he said, "What a foul day. Come on in. Have some tea." It was a no-account hour, eleven in the morning, to be exact, midway between breakfast and luncheon. But we had tea and five minutes later Cary murmured, "Gee, I feel fine." Then he laughed that great ringing laugh of his and explained, "See what a cup of tea does to me? That's why the English stick to it."

The next time I ran into Cary (and "ran into" is most certainly not the word—the meeting was arranged by way of a series of telephone calls as long as your arm) was in New York and the weather was even worse. It was bitingly cold. (The New York Chamber of Commerce can note and see if I care.) The wind was howling around and there were biting snow flurries in the air. I was prepared for gloom or even icicles dripping off the glib Grant tongue. For the day was bad enough, but to add to it, it was right at the time that the metropolitan newspaper boys were badgering the life out of our hero asking Cary when he and the beautiful Brooks bundle, who also happened to be in New York at the same time, were going to wed.

I knew that Cary hated New York and anything cold. I knew that he hates being cooped up in small rooms, though the extreme luxury of the penthouse apartment where I saw him would have made any set of nerves coo with pleasure. I was only too aware that he loathes any questions that touch, even remotely, upon his private life. The entire RKO press department had warned me that I would suffer a fate worse than death if I dared even mention the initials PB. Thus I expected anything—anything, that is, except Cary's bounding out, caroling, "Gee, isn't this a swell day? Come on in. Have a cup of tea."

So over that uniting tea, which we had in a jewel of a tiny library, sitting vis-a-vis in red leather chairs before a small open fire, I decided I might just as well ace myself in strong with him. Therefore, I remarked (subtle like a hangover), "I know I'm not supposed to talk about Phyllis and marriage to you."

"Why not?" said Cary, while I fainted.

Such unabashed inconsistency is why I did believe Cary when he went on to add (after I had come back to a bemused consciousness) that he honestly doesn't know whether he is going to get married or not. For he undoubtedly doesn't. From what I've seen of him in Hollywood and heard about him from his friends, he never does appear to know five minutes ahead (except when it comes to his career) what he is going to do, or where he is going to be, or how he is going to be feeling when he gets wherever it is.

La Brooks has a quality in common with Cary that makes their plans as unpredictable as the weather

However, when he does get there, he will see to it that he has a swell time. That's the certain thing. But a man who can't make up his mind until fifty-nine minutes after the eleventh hour what color shirt he is going to wear can't be expected to keep any timetable on the hoopla of his heart.

However, Phyllis is almost as impulsive as he is and one day (and it may be tomorrow for all they know) one of Cary's impulses may bump head on into one of her impulses; and there they will be, full of rice, Lohengrin marches and preachers, smack in the middle of a marriage.

For instance: the reason that Cary was in New York was that he was returning from a trip he had made back home to Bristol, England, to see his parents. He is devoted to those parents, and to England, too, being still an English citizen, even if he does prefer to live in California. So, whenever he gets time enough, he dashes across the Continent and the Atlantic Ocean to visit them. This winter he had lost a lot of weight and was tired out from working down in the desert on "Gunga Din." Columbia, who has next claim on him professionally, didn't have a script ready. So it worked out that he had time enough for one of those six-thousand-mile vacations of his.

But returning from abroad, he was suddenly aware of missing Phyllis very much indeed. He missed her so poignantly, in fact, that he couldn't wait a second longer to hear her voice. So, with the boat still one day out from New York, he put in a telephone call from the ship to her in California. He told her he did wish she were going to be in New York next morning, as he was to be, to see the shows with him. It was a thing they had long dreamed of doing; but, alas, she was working on a picture and he wouldn't have time to stay in New York until she was free, so that was that, and she was an angel, anyhow.

Now putting through a telephone call from a ship at sea all the way out to a girl in Hollywood is no mere trifle, not one of those things you just do every morning, like brushing your teeth, let's say. So Cary was a bit miffed that for all of Phyllis' sounding gay as a buttercup at hearing from him, she also sounded rushed.

To be blunt about it, he got the distinct impression that she had hung up the very instant she could. It annoyed him so that he gloomed around the boat all the rest of the evening, thinking hard thoughts about dames in general and about one saucy-faced little blonde in particular.

NEXT morning, he came down the gangplank—still sulky, still sore. Then he loosened up and figured he had gone completely wacky. For there, at the foot of the gangplank, was Phyllis. What had made her sound rushed on the telephone was because she *was* rushed, having decided the instant she heard his voice that she was going to fly to New York to meet him, picture or no picture, but that she hadn't a moment to waste if she was to make it on time.

Well, did that set off a lot of steam whistles. Instantly, Cary arranged to stay with his friend, Bert Taylor, whose sister, the Countess di Frasso, is Cary's favorite Hollywood hostess. Phyllis ensconced herself in one of Manhattan's most glittering hostelries. They were so gay that the very bird on Phyllis' hat started to sing.

As soon as they were unpacked Cary and his little lamb planned to go to town. But everywhere that Cary went, a pack of reporters was sure to go.

Were he and Miss Brooks being married in New York, asked the reporters. If so, just when? Just where? Was it true that Miss Brooks was now shopping for her trousseau and that he preferred pink? Would he demand that she give up her career after marriage? If not, why not? If so, why so? Who, what, where, when?

"Eeeeeeyah," cried Cary at me from behind those very white teeth of his as he told me about it. He got up, nearly knocking over the tea tray, and took one stride up the room and one stride back (that being all the space would permit) and gave a fine burlesque of a man in a

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"When I got that snapshot you sent, Marie," Jelliff explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out"

SECOND CHANCE

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, famous star of silent days, discovered that she was almost penniless, except for a heavily mortgaged Long Island estate, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. Her first setback came when she learned that her old producer was no longer in charge of Goldmont Studio. Instead, Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was now production head. He refused to give work to her, or any member of her family, on the grounds that she was a trouble-maker.

Still another blow awaited Marie. Jack Jelliff, ex-hoofer and friend for many years, had handled the sale of Marie's home, but with disastrous results. No money was left, so Marie took work as a caretaker of a Beverly Hills home during the absence of the owners. She kept Betty ignorant of her true financial state, pretending that she was renting the house.

Through Lydia Watts, an ex-burlesque queen and former friend of Marie's, Betty met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, and, using the name of Betty Smith, persuaded him to test her for a rôle in "Bringing Up Mother." The test was a success.

On the first day of shooting, Chris, who had been aware of Marie's identity all along, asked her to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman, Marie's enemy, was out of town, she agreed. Chris asked Marie to run through the scene for Betty. He shot it "just for a gag," a technique which he followed through the entire production.

At the studio preview, the audience was only lukewarm to Betty's performance, that is, with the exception of Alex Lorm, a fortune-hunting adagio dancer who had been playing up to Betty. A second version was then run and Marie saw herself on the screen in Betty's rôle. She was a success. Once home, Betty accused Marie of double-crossing her. "I'm going out on my own," she shouted. "I'm going to show you where to get off, and I'm never coming back!"

Now continue Marie's story:

"Marie La Tour"—spelled out in lights! But that thrill was as nothing compared with the jolt in store for this grand old trouper

WHEN you think you have come to the end of your rope you most generally find another length left that you hadn't known was there. And that was what happened to me the night Betty slammed out of the house saying she would never return.

Of course I followed her as far as the driveway calling out for her to come back. But when I got outside she had already started up the car, and the old thing made such a noise that she either didn't hear me, or else had a swell excuse to pretend she hadn't. Anyways she drove off, and I walked back on into that big empty house feeling as shut off as an unwelcome radio program.

Of course when a person gets to be my age, no matter what a member of the younger generation says, why we discount it at anywheres from ninety per cent up, and it just didn't seem possible that Betty could actually believe even ten per cent of the terrible things she had accused me of. However, not to be sentimental or anything, I certainly was upset and shocked; in fact so shocked I couldn't as yet realize what had happened. Betty would calm down and feel sorry, I was sure. So I tried to do the same.

Well, I waited supper, and put a light in the porte-cochère, and did all the other things which is supposed to be done for errand children in hopes they will finish their errand and remember to come on back home. But as the hours went by so did a lot of cars, none of which stopped to let Betty out, and by two A.M. I finally admitted to myself that the poor kid must have been pretty serious. I couldn't very well go looking for her in case she came back while I was gone, or telephone the Bureau of Missing Persons; because my missing Betty did not as yet mean anything except that she was temporarily mislaid. So I spent a bad night fighting with my bed and beating up the covers every time I thought of those fatal sequences. However, finally the bed won and I dozed off, only to wake up with a start after what seemed like about one minute. It was eight o'clock and just as I noticed the time, I heard a car stop in front of the door.

Well, without even looking out of the window I flew into my wrapper and down the stairs, all set to tell Betty exactly what I thought of her putting on such an unholy show. For now that she was back I was mad clean through. I commenced to let her know it even as I was opening the door.

"Of all the outrageous things to do!" I shouted. "What do you think I am anyways? Come on in this minute while I box your ears for you!" And here I stopped dead on account it wasn't Betty on the steps at all, but Jack Jelliff with two large straw suitcases, one on either side of him, and a taxicab waiting behind.

"Hey!" he says. "That's a nice welcome! I suppose I ought to turn around and go right back where I come from, but. . . ."

"Jack," I says, "excuse me! I thought you was somebody else—you're as welcome as a government refund! Come right on in!" He looked relieved and broke into a smile.

"Sure!" he says. "I'd love to, but . . ." he jerked his head towards the taxi.

Well, half an hour later we was having coffee, both of us trying to talk at once.

"When I got that snapshot you sent me," he explained, "and saw what a swell setup you had, and how well you must be doing, I thought I'd drop on out.

"My leg hurts pretty bad in the cold weather, you know, and besides I couldn't help feeling you hadn't ought to be out here without a man's protection!"

"Why didn't you let me know you were coming?" I asks. Jelliff rubbed his bad knee the way he does when he can't think of a quick one.

"Well," he says at last, "I was afraid you might feel embarrassed about accepting my help, but I wanted to show you there was a strong right arm behind this man's cuff."

Of course, I knew perfectly well Jelliff had come out simply because he couldn't get on without me and I don't mean only in a financial sense either. I and he had been too close too long, for either of us to break away easily. But I was upset by Jelliff's hinting that he hoped he was going to be worth the money I was giving him. So I pretended I didn't get the double entender though his eyes was very entendered indeed.

"Jelliff," I says earnestly, "I am not only glad to accept your help, but I need it bad. As for how I am doing, for the moment I will allow this house to speak for itself. If it says something it don't really mean, why we can go into that later. But meanwhile I am in trouble, Jelliff!"

And then I gave him the case history of Betty

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"I'm on your side, Chris!" "Good Old Marie!" he says. Then all of a sudden he took my face in both hands, kissed me and ran gaily off, waving and smiling from his décolleté car

ILLUSTRATIONS BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

VIVIEN LEIGH

BOB HOPE

JEFFREY LYNN

THEY'RE TALKING

THE name is pronounced "Lee." She is very beautiful, with red-brown hair and sea-green eyes. She is very talented. At first, she wasn't sure she wanted the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara;* but now she has it . . . which means that Vivien Leigh, the British actress comparatively unknown in this country, finally selected for the heroine of "Gone with the Wind," is a name that's on the tip of everyone's tongue.

It also means that Vivien Leigh is in what Hollywood terms a "tough spot." Already we are describing her natural English reserve as "high-hattedness." Already we are complaining, "At least, they could have chosen an American girl!"

But Vivien Leigh is a trouper. She is tackling her hazardous assignment with quiet courage. David Selznick chose her for the rôle. Well, she will do her best. "It is all I can do," she said to me the other day. And then she added, and I liked her for it, "But between you and me, I am frightened to death!"

Despite the fact that we call her English, Vivien Leigh has the ancestry of *Scarlett.* Her father, Ernest Richard Hartley, onetime stock broker of Calcutta, India, came of French forebears and her mother was Irish. Vivien, however, has a far more cosmopolitan background and education than that of *Scarlett.* Born in the town of Darjeeling, India, at the foot of the Himalayas, she was educated in schools scattered throughout Europe, always the finest. She speaks German, French and Italian as well as she does English and her dramatic education was gained at the famous Academy of Dramatic Art, in London. We Americans will remember her as the hussy wife of the book dealer in Bob Taylor's picture, "A Yank at Oxford."

She is married to Leigh Holman, a barrister of London, and they have a five year-old daughter, Suzanne.

Will she succeed as *Scarlett?* That, of course, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, wouldn't it be sporting to withhold judgment until "Gone with the Wind" is finished?

BOB HOPE, he of "Thanks for the Memory" fame, is a chap who grows on you. You see him in a picture and at first you're a little disappointed—at least, I was—because he isn't very good-looking. But somehow when the picture is over you find yourself remembering his wisecracks; for instance, his eulogy of Southern California . . . "What could be finer than getting up in the morning and picking oranges in your own back yard. Yaaah! And then in the afternoon going out to Santa Anita race track and picking lemons." You laugh . . . and all of a sudden you are a Bob Hope fan.

According to Bob's own story of his life, he was born in England, the youngest of eight brothers, but was brought, when he was very small, to this country to live in Cleveland, Ohio.

When he had finished his "education" he became an automobile salesman, which job he insists he kept solely because they needed a master-of-ceremonies at salesmen's meetings.

Fired at last, he went into vaudeville, ultimately got a break. Asked by a theater manager in Newcastle, Indiana, to announce an act, he began to tell stories in approved "emcee" style. He stopped the show. From then on he was booked as a comedian, at first playing small houses, then later Big Time.

As vaudeville began to wane, some screen offers came. He was tested first by Pathe. "That test was a flop," he says.

Came a lull in the screen offers and he went into radio. But motion pictures looked him up again and he finally went to work for Paramount. He has a long-term contract now and he and his wife figure they are all set.

"Hollywood is a great place," Bob says. "I live out in the Toluca Lake district where all the big stars are ensconced. (Remind me to look that word up.) When sight-seeing busses pass by Walt Disney's house, the guide says, 'That's Walt Disney's house.' Then they pass by Jim Tully's house and the guide says, 'That's Jim Tully's house.' Then they pass by my house . . . now don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood!"

JEFFREY LYNN, living on a New England farm, never saw a motion picture until he was fifteen years old. The picture was "Abraham Lincoln." He saw it in the basement of the Auburn, Massachusetts Methodist church. And he thought it was so wonderful he decided then and there to be a motion-picture actor.

Of course, as time went on and he attended high school in Worcester and Bates College in Maine, he kind of forgot his histrionic ambitions. But after he had graduated and had secured a dull job with a telephone company, he got to thinking about them all over again . . . and never changed his mind after that.

Followed jobs as English instructor and dramatic coach at the Lisbon, Maine high school; dry-goods clerk in Worcester; night doorman at the Embassy Newsreel Theater in New York; clerk at Macy's department store; and hungry interludes in which he didn't work at all and seldom ate.

Finally, though, he secured a summer stock engagement at Abingdon, Virginia and this led to a bona fide Broadway spot in "A Slight Case of Murder." Came a job with the touring company of "Lady Precious Stream" in which he did so well he was signed for the lead in the road company of "Brother Rat."

This company came to Los Angeles. Talent scouts spotted him. He made a screen test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Warner Brothers saw it and snapped him up. At first, he played minor rôles in such pictures as "Cowboy from Brooklyn" and "When Were You Born?" But when Errol Flynn staged his famous hookey act, Jeffrey was given his rôle in "Four Daughters." He's been news ever since.

He is Irish, this Lynn, with more than his share of Irish humor, but he takes his work seriously . . . so seriously that he vowed to me a few months ago he wouldn't marry for four years. "I've too much else to do," he insisted. "Marriage wouldn't be practical."

Still, I have seen him so often, lately, with that pretty Doris Carson . . . after all, when was love ever practical?

ABOUT—

Six newcomers prove themselves newsworthy

BY MARIAN RHEA

YOU see his name in lights, now—John Payne. Since "Garden of the Moon" and particularly since "Wings of the Navy," you mention him among the first when you talk about Hollywood's new stars. You say, "Bob Taylor and Ty Power had better watch out!"

As a matter of fact, anything you say along this line is about right. For young John Payne, grandnephew of the John Howard Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," six feet, two, broad-shouldered and handsome, gifted with a good singing voice as well as a flair for dramatics, has what it takes to get by in pictures!

A good many things happened to him, however, before he ever faced a movie camera. In 1929, when he was seventeen, living in Roanoke, Virginia as a rich man's son, his father died. And when his will was read it developed that each of the three Payne boys must turn thirty-five before inheriting his share of an estate valued at $1,500,000.

Whereupon, John, never having earned a cent in his life, started out to seek his fortune. First he was a bouncer in various places he describes as "joints." Then, endowed with a talent for wrestling, he took it up professionally—again, according to his own admission, not very successfully. Writing came next and ultimately he sold to the "pulps."

Finally, he tried his hand at acting in stock at Roxbury, Massachusetts; then landed a Broadway job in Beatrice Lillie's "At Home Abroad," at $35 a week. Goldwyn saw him, offered him $350 a week and brought him to Hollywood.

That was three years ago. John never made a picture for Goldwyn nor did he do much at Paramount, where he later had a contract. But Hal Wallis at Warner Brothers noticed him, thought him a good bet and featured him.

In the summer of '37, John met Anne Shirley at a cocktail party; proposed to her within a week and married her a month later. They are now "living happily ever after," having a lot of fun and saving their money, which two "musts" constitute a big part of their life's philosophy.

A GOOD many movie children are to be found in Hollywood but, according to my mind, it is small, pig-tailed Virginia Weidler who, of them all, has remained the most completely untouched by fame and fortune—the reason, perhaps, that we like her better with each succeeding picture, especially as *Andy Hardy's* pal in "Out West with the Hardys" and as John Barrymore's daughter in "The Great Man Votes."

She is eleven now and she played in her first picture, "Moby Dick," at the age of three. But to see Virginia away from the studio, you would never know she had a career.

Perhaps it is because of the size and character of the Weidler (pronounced to rhyme with "side") family. There is the father, a quiet, kindly woodcraftsman, German by birth; the mother, quiet, too, and comely and sensible; two elder sisters and three brothers nearer Virginia's age. They live in a big old house in the mountains above Santa Monica. They own two dogs, some chickens, two ducks, six cats, a honey bear, a couple of love birds, a baby burro and two goats, to say nothing of an automobile and a sailboat. They have no servants.

A healthy, normal little girl a bit on the tomboyish side, Virginia's real interests are centered in the boat she and her brothers are building, the family pets and the dramatics they stage regularly in the garage . . . pardon me, *theater.*

I spent an afternoon out there not long ago and picked up considerable information. One of the dogs is named "Laddie," inappropriately, "because we didn't know he was a she until we had named her a him," according to Virginia. The love birds are "W. C. Fields" and "ZaSu Pitts." The company's latest dramatic offering was "The Midget's Revenge." Virginia played the midget, not wholly successfully, it seems.

"I'm gettin' too big," she remarked, ruefully.

"By the way, do you like being in pictures?" I inquired.

She looked vague. "Pictures? Oh, sure. But I like lotsa other things better. Come on, I gotta get the fleas off'n Laddie."

WHEN I told young Nancy Kelly I was going to write a piece about her, she made a gay wisecrack. "Don't forget to glamour me up," she said. "Me—I've been reading about Hedy Lamarr!"

Still, when you think about it, Nancy Kelly, 20th Century-Fox's new-found star (see "Submarine Patrol," "Jesse James" and "Tail Spin") doesn't need "glamouring up." To my mind, she stands personally and professionally on her own two feet, a lively, pretty, intelligent American girl.

Nancy was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, but she has spent most of her seventeen years in Astoria, Long Island. Her father is Jack Kelly, formerly a theatrical ticket broker, and her mother is the Nan Kelly who was once a model for James Montgomery Flagg. From Nancy's very babyhood, she and her mother were "friends." Nan—and Nancy calls her that—taught her to act. They dramatized every child's story they knew and Nancy loved it all, even to turning on the histrionic tears.

Her break came the day Nan Kelly took her to watch the filming of "The Untamed Lady" on Paramount's Long Island lot, in which Gloria Swanson was being starred. The director, looking for a child who could cry, noticed four year-old Nancy. And when he learned she could weep at will, gave her a part in the picture.

From then on until she reached the "awkward age," she played in silent pictures, her list numbering fifty-two, none of which she ever saw, incidentally. Finally, though, she outgrew her cuteness and decided to transfer to radio as the ingénue on the "March of Time."

The years passed and Nancy came into her early teens. One day she tried out for Gertrude Lawrence's play, "Susan and God"; got the part and did so well that a 20th-Century scout noticed her. Hollywood resulted.

Still, she isn't too set up about this seemingly easy success. "I've a lot to learn," she admits, readily, "an awful lot." Which becoming modesty means, I should say, that she is the girl who can do it.

"I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT My Marriage"

Nelson Eddy, in his own story of his surprise elopement, tells why he waited so long for what he wanted most

BY SARA HAMILTON

"WE wanted each other more than anything else in the world."

And so Nelson Eddy and Ann Franklin were married.

Behind that statement of Nelson's, given exclusively to us in the name of friendship (and deeply cherished on our part) lies the story of Hollywood's sweetest romance.

A romance that has kept itself lodged deeply within the hearts of Nelson and Ann, skipping the headlines, the gossip columns, the usual brass-band publicity of Hollywood. The only kind of romance of which Nelson Eddy could be capable.

"I know I've been criticized for not going out more often with girls, being seen at a certain night club one night with one girl and another night club next night with a different girl," Nelson told us, "but you know that isn't my way. Besides, five years ago I found the ideal girl for me and that was all I wanted—just the one girl in the world for me."

Here's how it happened—that meeting. Over five years ago, when the name Nelson Eddy was known only to concert audiences, the singer came to Hollywood to find a place on the screen. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was permitted to remain idle for many long months. During that period, when things seemed pretty hopeless, Nelson popped over one afternoon to see his old friend, Doris Kenyon, and have a game of tennis.

"This is Ann Franklin, Nelson," Doris said that day, introducing a tiny blonde woman with a deep infectious smile that matched her bright gaiety.

They played tennis together—Ann and Nelson — and afterwards, talking, Ann Franklin sensed the unrest that was his. As a director's wife (Ann had, only the year before, divorced Director Sidney Franklin), she had known many of the angles and problems of the movie world and she could tell how hard this man was finding it to adjust himself to Hollywood's way of doing things.

So, before he left Doris' that afternoon, she spoke a word of encouragement and advice to Nelson. He stood and looked down at her, at her blonde prettiness, her bright smile, and caught beneath it all the deep understanding in her heart.

"When may I see you again?" he asked her, solemnly. "Is tomorrow night all right?"

It's never been anyone else for Nelson Eddy from that moment on.

Circumstances have thrown some of the most beautiful women in the world in his path, social debs and celebrities have sought him out after parties and concerts in Hollywood and on tour; but to Nelson it's never been anyone but Ann. And to Ann it's never been anyone but Nelson.

They wisely postponed marriage until Nelson could get definitely established in his work; until the gruelling grind and the uncertainty of public reception and fancy were over.

"And it's worked out swell," the actor said. "I don't believe it will make a bit of difference to the fans.

"In fact, I'm deeply touched at the hundreds and hundreds of cards and wires and messages that have poured in from fans all over the country."

BUT, even so, Nelson had agreed upon one thing in his heart—he wanted Ann *more* than anything else in the world. And his fans are applauding his stand.

"There will be no period of adjustment for Ann and me," he said. "We've come to know each other so well after five years. She knows my moods, my likes and dislikes in foods, my preferences in people, books and recreation and I think I know Ann pretty well. My marriage won't make any difference at all in my work. I'm going right on with my concert tour and Mrs. Eddy is going along. When I return there will be pictures to make and more radio work."

"Is your bride musical, Nelson?" I asked him.

"Thanks heavens, no," he said. "The papers were all wrong about that. Ann loves music but doesn't make music of her own. I'll tell you something about that too: I was always afraid I might someday fall in love with a musician and thank heavens I didn't. You see, this way," and his turned-up-at-the-corner-grin widened, "Ann can ask me if such and such is true about a certain piece of music and I can authoritatively say 'Yes' or 'No.'

"Good idea, don't you think? I mean, to have at least one good 'yes' or 'no' always ready."

Last October he gave Ann an engagement ring.

"She wore it under her glove and kept it hidden," Nelson said, "for we didn't want the engagement announced. You can understand why we didn't want the publicity."

"I can understand you wouldn't give anyone a darned bit of satisfaction when they tried to pry it out of you," I said.

In fact, Nelson and Ann kept their secret so well hidden even their closest newspaper friend knew nothing of it. They made no effort to conceal their friendship, dining here and there together, but Hollywood had grown so used to seeing Ann and Nelson together they more or less accepted it as just that—two companionable people enjoying fine friendship.

Once I heard Ann say in answer to the same old question of their marriage plans, "But we're old friends, Nelson and I. You should know that by this time."

But a deep rosy glow crept up Ann's cheek to her blonde hair as she spoke, for even then, under her glove, was Nelson's engagement ring.

(Continued on page 75)

A duet finale that culminates five years' of love's old sweet song: Ann Denitz Franklin becomes Mrs. Nelson Eddy to the tune of a surprise elopement, the applause of Hollywood and the envy of a goodly percentage of the female film audience

Hyman Fink

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

A stepped-up, swing version of glamour—these close-ups of gals who have what it takes to make women worry and men woo—

Plenty of Umph!

Joan Crawford of M-G-M's "The Ice Follies of 1939"

Sheila Bromley of Warners' "Nancy Drew, Reporter"

Rosemary Lane of Warners' "Oklahoma Kid"

Betty Grable of Paramount's "Campus Dormitory"

In tune with our times are these pictures of Hollywood lovelies, for nowadays "umph" is as essential to a modern star as a swing band to a jitterbug. When Joan Crawford first starred in films, sex was the fan fare that Hollywood offered; but later years saw a return to a too, too nice decade when the stars were little ladies and limbs were taboo. Today finds umph in vogue, as proved by this new picture of Joan Crawford posing in a bathing suit—something she hasn't done in years—while up-and-coming younger satellites like Bromley, Lane and Grable follow suit with poses that you'll look at twice

Little curl for cute little girl

At home with the birds

Slink, sister, slink!

The reason why the collitch boys cheered

All photographs from the Pho files, one of the most valuable collections in the motion-pictu

Nice work—if you want to get it

"This is easy," (Norma in 1926)

With the smallest dog in the world

hantine coyness

Chief purser

Come and get it

Dainty morsel at tea time

VANT TO BE A STAR!"

Then you'll have to be prepared to be as good a sport about posing for publicity shots as was Norma Shearer, for stunts make for stardom. But she who stoops to folly stoops to conquer in Hollywood: i.e., she wins fame. Whereupon, she can forego giggles for glamour, be poised instead of posed

Bang-up pose with the smallest pistol in the world

A major star today, Norma can turn thumbs down on publicity stunts and be herself—first lady of Hollywood

John Garfield: born in the Bronx, reared a "difficult boys'" school, matured in t theater, who brings to the rôle of Diaz "Juarez" a strange medley of beau tragedy and passion unique to Hollywo

Jean Parker: the lighter side of celluloid, refreshing hazel-eyed breeze of "It's Spring Again," who talks modestly of her talent, proudly of her husband and is, most emphatically, an ingénue sprinkled with stardust

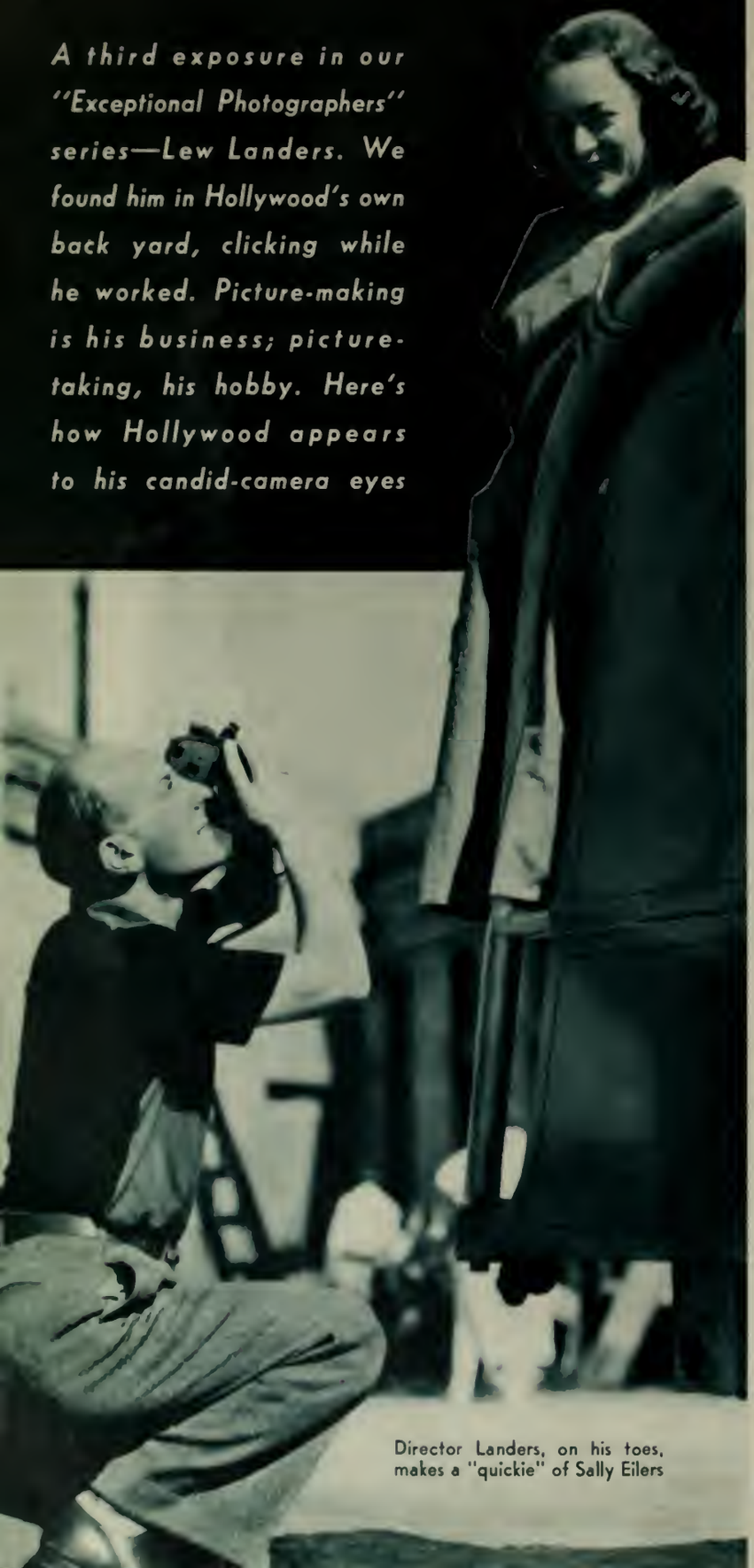
PHOTOPLAY

DISCOVERS

ANOTHER NEW PHOTOGRAPHER

DIRECTOR LEW LANDERS

A third exposure in our "Exceptional Photographers" series—Lew Landers. We found him in Hollywood's own back yard, clicking while he worked. Picture-making is his business; picture-taking, his hobby. Here's how Hollywood appears to his candid-camera eyes



Director Landers, on his toes, makes a "quickie" of Sally Eilers

"Listen, Oakie!"—Jack takes orders; "Annabel Takes a Tour"

"Brimful"—photograph of a movie star who won't take orders

"Riot Scene"—taken during the filming of "Condemned Women"

Eduardo Ciannelli—camera loot from a visit to "Gunga Din"

"Our Neighbors" broadcast—and are c

"Pacific Liner"—Landers deserts megaphone for camera

Paul Guilfoyle—of Landers' most recent film, "Pacific Liner"

"Pipe down"—Chester Morris relaxes between scenes

Olivia de Havilland

Bette Davis

WE LOVE 'EM Natural

To gild or not to gild the star, that's the question. Some like them candid; some like them coy. Photoplay prefers them with a big helping of naturalness. And how about you?

Ginger Rogers

Ann Sothern

Myrna Loy

Anita Louise

Sonja Henie

Merle Oberon

Hedy Lamarr

Barbara Stanwyck

Joan Crawford

Loretta Young

Prominent unattached stag of Holl wood—David Niven, who shed h Scotch formality, an army commission and a family title to explore America. Having made cash as a lumberjack and trouble in a Cuban revolution, he sailed for San Francisco; met Sam Goldwyn at a dinner party; became Niven, protégé of Goldwyn and, in "Wuthering Heights," one of the best bets in the busines

A quiet, dark-eyed young woman with an oddly chiseled face — Claudette Colbert of Paramount's rollicking "Midnight" company. At six, she was pupil Lily Chauchoin, French import in New York's P.S. 59; at eighteen, she was the girl who'd come to Broadway on a casual tea-party bet. To Hollywood today, she is the dynamic Mrs. Joel Pressman, modern exponent of the art of well-bred sophistication

Above: Chaplin, 1919
Right: Paulette Goddard, whom friends think might be Mrs. Chaplin

A toast to Charlot of the past and to Chaplin, personage of today, marking the fifty-year run of a great performance

The man whom the public never forgets—the unassuming, gray-haired Chaplin. English born, he started stage work at twelve, toured in vaudeville; then, in 1913, entered the film industry. His private life made headlines: his two marriages, to Mildred Harris in 1918 and to Lita Grey in 1924; the birth of two sons; his divorces—yet to the American public he remained primarily the Tramp of the baggy trousers and soulful eyes. After eight years of inactivity, he produced, in 1936, "Modern Times," found the public as Chaplin-conscious as ever and is now busy, on his fiftieth birthday, with production of a political satire, "The Dictator." Interesting commentary on this newest effort is that Chaplin is but four days older than Germany's Adolph Hitler

Chaplin meets Gandhi. His 1931 tour was punctuated by interviews with the famous

London: the right-hand guest of the Prince of Wales at a benefit dinner

Singapore: Chaplin with his brother, Sydney, and two of the native police

Tokyo: with Kichiemon Nakamura, famous Kabuki actor

"I'm very nervous," said Chaplin. "I'm nobody to be afraid of," chuckled George Bernard Shaw

Berlin: with the 1931 German idol, Dietrich

"Modern Times"—1936: Chaplin, with his modern leading lady, Paulette Goddard

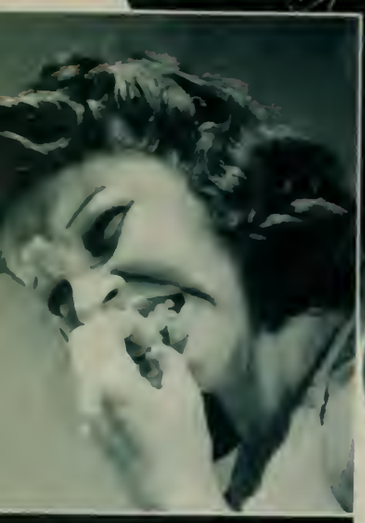
Far left: Chaplin with his famous leading lady, Edna Purviance, and J. D. Williams

Bottom, opposite page: Francis X. Bushman, Chaplin, "Broncho Billy" Anderson

Ultra-violent Raye . . .

. . . of "Never Say

She made a fortune by her face . . . and she never saves a dime. She shouts "Yeah, mam" to film auditions . . . and she felt like shouting at her wedding to David Rose musical arranger. She's a lov of classical music . . . and sh had only three weeks' school She's the female film counte of Joe E. Brown . . . and she wants to be a sophisticate



Girl with a big mouth . . .

Girl WITH WIDE APPEAL

Outstanding clamor girl of Hollywood is Martha Raye, who produces loud and funny nonsense for the motion-picture industry. Natural resources: wide-open face, big mouth and an innate knack of knowing how to use both profitably. Herewith the Raye formula for stardom: be born backstage in a theater; debut at three in your parents' vaudeville act; sing your way through the night clubs and then leave the rest to Hollywood

. . . big heart, big brain

Cal Yorke's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

GWTW's Scarlett, Vivien Leigh (above, left); Melanie, Olivia de Havilland; Ashley, Leslie Howard; and Rhett, Clark Gable

Dizzier than ever—this month's whirl of the town's fun—out Hollywood way where the stars begin

Cut Short

COMPLETELY ignored by the eager little fans who come to Hollywood searching for stars are the local barbershops.

Not the swanky, red-leathered affairs, but the little side-street shops that often offer a welcome retreat to male stars.

Dropping into a tiny two-by-four shop on Sunset Boulevard one day for a "quickie" hair trim, one of Cal York's "Gal Fridays" demanded the barber leave at least a suggestion of curly locks over the ears.

"So that's the way you like it, eh?" came a voice from the only other chair in the shop. Twirling quickly, she gazed, with considerable astonishment, into the twinkling eyes of her old friend, benedict Nelson Eddy. . . .

And there's the Hollywood High School lad who dashed into another small barber shop on Santa Monica Boulevard and demanded to be made into a glamour boy.

"Got a heavy date," he laughed, "and if I don't come out of this looking like Tyrone Power I want my money back."

"I demand you get your money back right now," said the customer in the next chair, removing the hot towel from his face.

The high school boy sat open-mouthed and big-eyed with surprise.

The other customer was only Tyrone Power himself.

This Month—In Review:

FRANCIS LEDERER becomes an American citizen. Since last autumn Lederer has been practically "a man without a country," for his native Czechoslovakia was dismembered by Hitler. Lederer, needless to say, is Hollywood's happiest man. . .

Margaret Sullavan has at last come into her own—she's boosted to stardom by M-G-M . . .

Elsa Maxwell came to town and the town became Elsa's. . .

June Travis and Allan Lane call off their engagement. . .

Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson call off their marriage. . . .

Feminine fragility in eye-filling fashions (and not a strapless gown ... 'em), Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Mrs. Elliot Nugent

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

We Pause to Wonder:

THE selection by New York critics of the foreign films, "The Citadel" and "Grand Illusion," as the best of the year has all Hollywood gathered in quiet, sober little groups, discussing the subject pro and con.

"What is hampering our films?" is the question from producer right down to bit player. And the answer is always the same—heavy-handed censorship.

Censorship that has eliminated all sparkle, all spontaneity, all life from present-day pictures. Censorship that has motion-picture fans everywhere recalling, with nostalgic longing, the bittersweet memories of "Broken Blossoms," "The Cheat," "The Letter," the Valentino heart throbs.

Certainly Hollywood is against suggestiveness or indecency in films, but desperately it cries, like a drowning man, for a lighter hand in presenting unhampered to intelligent audiences stories of the classics and everyday happenings.

Will this death clutch on movies be lightened, or is the fifth greatest industry in the world to stagger under a load which it cannot possibly survive?

One-Minute Drama

IT was the night of the "Gunga Din" première. The klieg lights searched the skies above the Hollywood Pantages theater. There was a grandstand for spectators—not of the picture, but of the parade of attending celebrities—and the onlookers cheered as limousine after limousine drew up to the curb and deposited its famous cargo.

Inside, the cameramen were working like lightning . . . "Smile, Miss de Havilland, please . . ." "Look this way, Miss Young, please . . ." "Dick, won't you and Joan stand by the door, there?" "Miss Kelly—Nancy Kelly, please pose for us!"

It was right after young Nancy, only a few weeks a star, had been snapped that it happened. Another imposing limousine arrived and a beautiful woman alighted. She was wrapped in ermine and she wore orchids . . . Kay Francis. Experienced in the ways of premières, she paused before the photographers as she had done a thousand times before, waiting for them to take her picture. But somehow the cameramen didn't seem to see her. Somehow they were busy elsewhere. Oh, yes, one or two may have snapped her, but that was all.

We shan't forget the look on her face when she saw how things were. Surprise, hurt, dismay were written there for a tragic, revealing instant. Then she smiled and, head high, passed on. But we knew she had realized for the first heart-breaking time, how fleeting is glamour and how fickle is fame.

We had seen the same sort of thing happen to Mary Pickford a few years before and we thought how sadly does history repeat itself—in Hollywood as everywhere. . . .

Taylor Marriage Talk

IF Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck march altarward (and Hollywood is wondering whether they will or not) it will be because Bob's studio unwittingly opened the way.

It's no secret M-G-M has constantly advised Bob that a bachelor at the box office is worth two benedicts in "B" productions. It's even said a clause in Bob's contract demands he remain single; but such a clause cannot be legally binding if a star chooses to ignore it.

But now Bob need no longer depend on his bachelor rating for future security. His studio has presented him with a brand-new contract (at Bob's suggestion, of course) that guarantees a man-sized fortune at the end of three years. And since Bob has been genuinely in love with Barbara for several years, there seems to be no particular reason for delaying.

Is It True What They Say About Power?

TO those who have doubted the sincerity of Tyrone Power's love for little Annabella, take a tip from Cal. It's the McCoy.

Recently we were given an opportunity to observe the two at close range and all we can say is, if it isn't love it's the best imitation that's ever been given. Across a room little bridges

Once at the bar in the home of a friend, Ty softly whistled a little Spanish air which instantly turned the starry eyes of Annabella in his direction. Some music remembered from a South American rendezvous all their own.

Yes, you can take our word for it, it's love.

Lamarr or Politics?

HEDY LAMARR was a dinner guest at the Jack Warners' the other night and her partner was a certain attractive young man from New York (non-professional). They seemed to enjoy each other at first, but, after a while, the young man turned his attention to the woman on his other side, leaving the beautiful Hedy pretty much alone.

After dinner was over and the guests assembled in the drawing room, he still seemed to prefer the company of this other woman. Presently, Hedy went home.

But she needn't have been jealous, if, indeed, she was, because her "rival" was a married woman, notably in love with her husband—Dolores Del Rio. And we happen to know that she and the young man were discussing South American politics!

Pay-as-You-Go Miracles

WE'VE just come to the amazed conclusion that Hollywood miracles are not confined to those which appear on the screen. Not by a jugful! Having heard of a couple of private miracles performed recently, we've been doing a little scouting and have discovered many others on tap, so to speak, just waiting for someone to say the word and, of course, pay the price . . . yes, miracles do come high.

One miracle to be supplied by a certain Hollywood firm for the asking—and for the paying—is the installing of a portable dance floor, any size, any place, in less than a day's notice. So, if a hostess is going to have a garden party and at the last minute decides to change it into a tea dansant, all she has to do is call up this certain firm and the floor is hers.

Another miracle available and particularly nice for an outing takes the form of a kitchen on wheels which, manned by expert cooks, will go anywhere and produce any kind of a repast on a moment's notice.

Another firm will supply, in practically nothing flat, a tent which will fit your particular tennis court, making it into a pavilion for parties. Still another guarantees to deliver box

You can take our word for it, it's love, says Cal on these pages about little Annabella and No. 1 Screen Hero—Ty Power

Joanie's got a beau—it's writer Charles Martin who's squiring La Crawford to previews these days

lunches in any number and to any spot in just the time it takes a car to get there.

Representatives from a dressmaking concern will, when called, arrive with bolts of yard goods and, when milady has selected material she likes, will create a gown for her in half an hour. A certain Hollywood millinery establishment will supply a hat in much the same way and with the same speed. There is also a concern whose sole business is to come and clean up after a party, bringing along a handy man to mend furniture, obliterate cigarette burns and spots and repair other damage done.

These various service establishments do little advertising. They rely on that best of all publicity, the word-of-mouth variety. Several are offshoots of others whose business it is to supply strange service and strange properties to the motion-picture industry, itself.

And Hollywoodites, used to miracles in the business, call upon them as casually as you or I would telephone the grocer and order a can of tomatoes.

Age, 72

SIXTY-SEVEN years is a long time to have been an actor, you might think, but Harry Davenport (he played the judge in "You Can't Take It with You" and did that "jitterbug" dance in "The Cowboy and the Lady") doesn't agree. Seventy-two and still able to swing a mean golf club and to steal a scene when he has a mind to, he looks forward to a good many more years before the camera or behind the footlights.

The Davenport family has been in the theater for generations. Harry's great grandfather was Jack Johnstone, the famous Irish comedian during the reign of George IV. Johnstone's daughter married Fred Vining, another famous actor in Great Britain and Ireland, and their daughter, Fannie Vining, who followed in her parents' footsteps, was Harry's mother. He is also related by marriage to the Drew and Barrymore family.

He began his own theatrical career at the age of five in "Damon and Pythias" at the old Chestnut street theater in Philadelphia in 1871. He had one line to speak: "I want to be a soldier like Pythias." After it was over his father, who was manager of the theater, gave him a five-dollar gold piece dated that year, which he never spent and now keeps in a specially made leather case as his most cherished possession.

Since that first appearance, he has played, he thinks, in half the theaters of the United States and also in innumerable motion pictures, silent and talking. His last sojourn in Hollywood began two years ago. Since then he has appeared in thirty-four pictures: has had every kind of a part, he says, from a beachcomber to —well, to the *Judge* in "You Can't Take It with You." It was in that rôle that he really made a name for himself. Frank Capra had tested a good many actors for it, but when he saw Davenport's test, it was all over. Harry got the part and turned out to be one of the hits of the picture.

The rôle of Merle Oberon's "jitterbug" uncle in "The Cowboy and the Lady" followed. Now he is appearing in "Juarez."

Harry lives in Hollywood with his two sons, Arthur Rankin, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and E. L. Doherty, and his two daughters, Kate and Fanny Davenport. His actress wife, Phyllis Rankin, is dead. While Arthur is the only member of the family who has a contract, the others work in pictures regularly . . . none, however, with more gusto than Harry himself.

Rhapsody in Blue

WE suppose it could only have happened in Hollywood. Anyway, the other day a Hollywood automobile dealer called around at Loretta Young's with a brand-new car and a photographer, ready to photograph Loretta with the car for a beautiful color layout—object: advertising.

But immediately a fly appeared in the ointment, despite the fact that complete arrangements had been made in advance. The car was a blue car; Loretta had elected to wear a blue costume and the two blues didn't "jibe."

"Won't you change your dress, Miss Young?" the photographer asked.

But despite the fact that Loretta was to have been given the car as reward for her endorsement, she reneged.

"I just don't want to bother," she said, sweetly.

Crazy? Well, maybe. But, after all, her income is up in those brackets where to have received such a gift would have cost her $300 in taxes.

Steam Story

YES, directors do have their trials and tribulations. And they take various means of letting off steam.

We can't mention names, but we heard this ourselves during the making of a very important picture at a very important studio.

It was a love scene between two very important stars and it was going badly. The hero was okay, but the heroine, never noted for her dramatic talent, didn't "give" worth a hoot.

"You're so lovely. You're so beautiful. You're all a man could dream of . . ." Over and over again, the hero thus avowed his love and over and over again his words met a wooden reception.

"Rehearse it again!" the director snapped.

They did. Then it was we heard the director muttering to himself in unison with the lover. He was saying: "You're so terrible. You're so lousy. You'd send a man into D. T.'s. . . ."

Sorry—but we can't tell you who!

Toto

THEY'VE insured Terry for $10,000 at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is a pretty high figure, considering Terry is just a dog, and a dog who never won any blue ribbons, at that. Just the

(Continued on page 90)

Angle on a Triangle

WE had lunch with the two feminine members of one of Hollywood's newest and most modern triangles last week . . . meaning Ann Sheridan and Margaret Lindsay. Our date was with Ann, but Margaret happened by and, on Ann's invitation, she joined us. The third member of the triangle, Eddie Norris, formerly Ann's husband and now Margaret's boy friend, was absent, but he was discussed with disarming casualness by both Margaret and Ann.

It seemed that Margaret and Eddie had been invited to become members of a new Beverly Hills badminton club and Margaret, being a thrifty lass, as Hollywood beauties are wont to be these days, was wondering if it would be necessary for them both to join, since members can always take guests to tournaments, parties, meetings and such.

"I shouldn't think you would have to join if Eddie is going to," Ann said, practically. "Eddie can always take you."

"Well—" Margaret looked doubtful, "perhaps he would like to take someone else once in a while."

But Ann came back promptly. "Not if what I hear he thinks of you is true," she said. "He thinks you are the One and Only." The clear, direct look she gave Margaret was as friendly as though she, herself, were practically a stranger to the young man in question.

Funny thing about the handsome Eddie . . . during the time he and Ann were married she got all the screen breaks and he nary a one. But almost simultaneously with their divorce his luck picked up and he is at present doing fine—as you will realize when you see the good part he has in 20th Century-Fox's "Tail Spin."

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

IF you have seen even half of Warner Brothers' recent pictures you cannot get away from thinking moodily that this studio is in a rut. The question is, what will they do when they have run out of U. S. prisons? Once more Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer, busily doing a Fagan with Billy Halop. Billy thinks it's fine to learn the stick-up racket until he sees murder done. Then he wants to quit, finds Bogart won't let him. Since it is a current literary rule that all slum kids who Go Wrong must have a pure sister to weep for them, Gale Page has a rôle in this. More, she has a romantic interest, Harvey Stephens. Harvey almost gets stuck with a murder rap, so you can see poor Miss Page has a bad time.

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

YOU will want to see this for its novelty and for its breath-taking speed thrills, although, without these selling points, there would not be much picture. The film deals with the girls who slave to compete with rattletrap ships in the Powder Puff Derby—women's air races, to the multitude. After several reels exploiting the perils and sacrifices of Alice Faye, Nancy Kelly and Jane Wyman, up pops heiress Constance Bennett, who brings her special plane to the Derby—not for the money, but to show the man she loves (Kane Richmond) that she has courage. There is a beautiful love story between Miss Kelly and Edward Norris; Joan Davis and Wally Vernon work at starchy comedy. Alice Faye has a poor rôle, but manages to survive.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTUR

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

HEREWITH an hour's swell entertainment. Taken from the highly successful stage play, "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is meant to be a satire on the freedom with which women live their lives these days, but it is done with such rollicking humor and pace that you are likely to forget its social message. Which is just as well.

Priscilla Lane, giving just about the best performance of her short career, plays the daughter who has reacted too completely to her liberal mother's teaching. The mother (Fay Bainter) used to be a suffrage crusader when she wasn't having an affair with a poet. But, now that she has married a banker, Fay is horrified when Priscilla calmly decides to go off on a week end with Jeffrey Lynn. The girl's intentions are of the social experiment order, but the situation makes for dialogue with a bawdy leer. Everyone in the family, including Granny May Robson, much-married Auntie Genevieve Tobin and, finally, Papa, find out what is going on. Papa sets off to stop the debauch. Everyone else starts out to warn the kids except Granny, who has other ideas.

Jeffrey Lynn is completely charming as the nice young man who loves Priscilla but thinks her family is a rum lot. If you will notice the love situation is reversed throughout, even to the scene in which Priscilla asks Jeffrey if he wants to run back. Ian Hunter splutters well as the father and Roland Young, Fay's poet, wanders through it all with one eyebrow happily raised.

★ STAGECOACH—Wagner-United Artists

JOHN FORD, who did "The Informer," once told this reviewer that the future of motion pictures lay in filming the story of simple, down-to-earth human beings. In this Western "Dinner at Eight," this "Grand Hotel" on wheels, he does his best to sketch the portraits of nine people who, sometime in the last century, meet and face treachery during a forty-eight hour trip in a stagecoach. Thus, with the magnificent if stark scenery of Arizona as a background, you get not only a roaring Wild West movie but a dramatic tale, with sustained action and few idle moments.

The characters are of widely different mettle. Louise Platt, a refined young wife from Virginia; John Carradine, a gambler; Claire Trevor, as the dance-hall girl escorted from a frontier town by women reformers; a doctor who drinks too much, played by Thomas Mitchell; stern U. S. Marshal George Bancroft; Tim Holt, a code book lieutenant; and Berton Churchill, a banker tempted by his last $50,000 deposit. These, with a whiskey drummer, make up the passenger list of "Stagecoach." The group is joined by John Wayne as a sinewy son of the plains who has broken out of jail in order to end a long-standing feud and finds first romance in the process.

This is a fine break for Claire Trevor and she uses it to advantage. Wayne is attractive and sincere. Production and photography are excellent and the supporting cast follow Ford's direction with ease—but final honors must go to Thomas Mitchell.

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

THE fashion of hysterical fighting between lovers is still going strong, apparently. Anyway, this hectic comedy is just one long series of battles between Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. At least, you never worry about their meaning it, because you know that when people earnestly hate each other they are quiet and deadly when quarrelling. The story is built on the controversial premise that all cafe society is as dull as junket, a social strata composed of females with ignoble ideas and of men without any ideas at all. Thus, you see Miss Carroll as an eye-filling but misguided dish, who is the leader of cafe society. She decides to marry ship reporter Fred MacMurray, just to prove she can keep the gossip columns newsy.

This seems like a pretty inconsiderate motive when you take a look at the stalwart handsome Fred, but let that pass. He discovers all finally and is pretty sore. The first fight—a humdinger—comes at this point. Then Madeleine's grandfather persuades the couple to make a show of enjoying their marriage in order to silence the gossip and to this the young people agree. They do try. It is only that every time they go out in public they disagree about something and start another battle. Meanwhile, Fred has kept his interest in Shirley Ross, a singer whom he has helped.

All the players have a good deal of vitality, which they certainly need and the picture hops from scene to scene with very few dull moments. You will get a good laugh out of this, in any case.

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

HOLLYWOOD seems incapable of making a picture just for the fun of it. Even minor efforts, like this, must make a plea for something. "Four Girls in White" pleads with medicine to stop trying for the big dough and start worrying about the health of the poor. In this case there's an amusing, if reminiscent story. Florence Rice plays a shrewd young miss who takes up nursing solely for the purpose of getting a rich husband. She hooks a famous surgeon, only to be disappointed in him because his ideals keep him in a $5,000 a year job when he could be getting the hypochondriac trade. Annoyed, Florence goes after a playboy, but loses him to her sister. This makes Florence think. Can she Redeem Herself with Alan Marshal, the surgeon?

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

HERE'S as dismal a preachment as ever emerged from Hollywood—or anywhere else, for that matter. If you're an inveterate reformer and are wallowing in the current run of pictures which make a point of depicting the unfortunate, you'll probably love this. With relentless, cold anger it chooses the deep South as locale and paints a picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist there. Fine technique gives the film good rating as a cinema study; Ann Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do beautiful work in morbid characterizations. But the story is not there, nor is there a high spot for relief. Maybe if this were used purely as humanitarian propaganda it might do some good, but any idea of entertainment is sacrificed to realism.

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

THE long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this depressing race-track story. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is in a boxcar on his way to a track when he stumbles upon Roger Daniel, a young boy. Now, Menjou used to be a pretty respectable man, so Roger talks him into pulling himself together. The two buy a horse, it wins a race and money rolls in. Then what do you think happens? Roger turns out to be a runaway and his mother, Dolores Costello, wants him back. And who do you think Dolores is? Why she's Menjou's ex-wife. Roger, what of little Roger? He is torn between two loves; but Dolores has a plan. If you see the picture you'll find out what it is. It all seems like a Rooney-Beery set-up.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Ambush	**Cafe Society**
Gunga Din	**Honolulu**
Idiot's Delight	**Let Freedom Ring**
Made for Each Other	**The Mikado**
One Third of a Nation	**Stagecoach**
Tail Spin	**Yes, My Darling Daughter**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Cary Grant in "Gunga Din"
Victor McLaglen in "Gunga Din"

Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight"
Clark Gable in "Idiot's Delight"
Charles Coburn in "Idiot's Delight"

Madeleine Carroll in "Cafe Society"
Fred MacMurray in "Cafe Society"

Eleanor Powell in "Honolulu"
Gracie Allen in "Honolulu"

Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring"

Carole Lombard in "Made for Each Other"
Jimmie Stewart in "Made for Each Other"
Lucile Watson in "Made for Each Other"

Nancy Kelly in "Tail Spin"

Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"
Thomas Mitchell in "Stagecoach"

Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
Jeffrey Lynn in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
Fay Bainter in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

THIS is the picture in which Nelson Eddy beats up Victor McLaglen in a fist fight. That alone should be enough to make you spend your money at the box office. But there's a lot more: once again, as in "Jesse James," the railroad plays the villain.

Nelson probably will gain new fans through his portrayal of *Steve Logan*, who wages a winning fight for the ranchers against the suave villainy of Edward Arnold, shyster promoter, and his henchmen. It's a tale of the days when the West fought, without guns or banners, the eternal struggle against oppression and won for another generation the gift of simple liberty. There is music, of course, but always motivating to the story. Nelson, it seems, has been recalled from school to help save the railroads from snatching right-of-way; resorting to trickery, he pretends to ally himself with Arnold and thus alienates his father, Lionel Barrymore, and his sweetheart, Virginia Bruce. After much stirring action the piece reaches its climax with the fight between Nelson and McLaglen.

The latter is particularly pleasant as the lusty Irish railroad foreman and contributes some comedy moments with Charlie Butterworth, who is a barroom pianist and possesses an iron jaw. After the long run of MacDonald-Eddy musicals, you may have to get used to Nelson in this type of film, but he adapts well; and you will like the strong blend of drama, music and action.

The songs with all male voices are highly effective, particularly "Dusty Road."

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-U. A.

FOR the first three-quarters of its running time this is one of the finest pictures made for years in Hollywood. It paints a magnificent portrait of two unexceptional, real people in the details of their life together, their problems, their happiness, their small miseries. With kindly touch and deep understanding, but often with brutality, it tells their simple story. Then, quite suddenly, the touch is lost, the plot goes wild and so does the screen. You are confronted with melodrama. There is a dying child, a mercy flight through a storm, a parachute jump and Carole Lombard prays in a chapel. Heaven knows, she does it well. But you must try and forget about this finale. Instead, give all your energies to the section that is great.

Jimmy Stewart plays the boy, a young lawyer doing very badly, who meets and loves and marries a girl suddenly and brings her home to a small apartment in which his mother must also live.

She is a bitter woman, nags her daughter-in-law and gets unbearable when a child is born to complicate things.

Carole is proud of Jimmy and talks him into asking his hard-bitten boss for a raise. Instead, he gets a wage cut. Climax comes with a heartbreaking New Year's Eve scene in which the young couple decide to call it quits. Then comes word that the baby has pneumonia. Neither Stewart nor Lombard has ever given a finer performance. Lucile Watson portrays the great mother-in-law of all time.

(Continued on page 93)

My, my, such gossiping as went on over the "Wuthering Heights" wedding scene with David Niven and Merle Oberon!

An innocent pipe caused grief aplenty for "Sherlock Holmes" Rathbone in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"

New British invasion hits Hollywood; sound stages reek with "raw-thahs" as England's lads and lassies take over with a bang

BY JACK WADE

HERE come the British with a bang, bang! Not since the Oxford accent invasion after talkies came in has Hollywood gone so suddenly and sensationally English as in the first merry months of nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

First of all, Vivien Leigh, a strictly tea-and-cakes girl from the Old Country, picked off *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind"—the prize part that almost touched off another American Civil War—and Leslie Howard got the job of *Ashley Wilkes.* Clark Gable is still *Rhett Butler*—but everybody's pretty disappointed Anthony Eden couldn't get around to taking a crack at it on his recent American visit.

Then the movie critics got together over a pot of tea and named the ten best pictures of the year as if London were the movie capital instead of Hollywood. And the star sensation of the hour is Lambeth Wendy Hiller, the Cockney Charmer of "Pygmalion."

So we're not at all surprised to find the Hollywood sets simply reeking with "rawthahs" and

WE COVER the Studios

Most amusing incident of the month — June Lang's lovely little lamb's holding up production for hours on end on the "Captain Fury" set

reallys" as we make our studio rounds this month. In fact, on the first one, "Wuthering Heights," at Samuel Goldwyn's drama factory, we find the entire cast, elite and extras, His Majesty's loyal subjects. The only thing American about the whole place is Sam—and he's sporting a Bond Street tailoring job. But he's still murdering the King's English!

You have to hand it to Sam Goldwyn at that. He may pull a grammatical nifty every now and then, but he's got Jimmy Roosevelt and also courage and a sense of taste that makes his movies right—or else.

We wander through some of the most meticulous and lavish sets we've seen in months—all under one roof. These sets are as English as the actors who make up the cast of "Wuthering Heights." Everything keys the story perfectly.

Far be it from us to try to condense the masterpiece of Emily Brontë into a couple of sentences, but if you're weak on your English literature, you should know the tale is about a landed English family and how they grew.

A trail of rice outside the stage door warns us it's a wedding scene we're about to witness. Inside, a venerable, ivy-clad church set confirms it. And when we see Merle Oberon—our particular British weakness—demurely exchanging vows with David Niven, we feel a decided urge to kiss the bride!

No chance, though, so we revel from afar.

As the rector starts to make David and Merle one, we can't help thinking what a swell couple Merle and David would make in real life. We idly wonder if they might not be thinking the same thing. David is so nervous. After a couple of false starts, he smiles, "I've never been married before, you know." He looks at Merle and Merle looks at the floor. Not too long ago they were one of Hollywood's most romantic couples.

And to top it off—sitting on the side lines just visiting but watching intently is the man who rumor says is Merle Oberon's real husband-to-be, if they aren't already married, Alexander Korda, the British producer. Wonder what he thinks, watching the girl he loves and the man she loved pledging themselves to each other?

The cameras grind on. Business is business and making pictures is Hollywood's business—not reading minds and hearts. But we sigh.

FIFTY years later, but only a few miles away, we carry on with the British at Twentieth Century-Fox, "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and another all-English cast. Not a citizen of the U. S. A. gets a break in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous bloodcurdling exploit of that Genius G-Man of the nineties, *Sherlock Holmes.*

The picture's been on for days when we arrive—but still they're shooting the very first scene! And all because Basil Rathbone picked up a straight-stem pipe to smoke in the scene the first time they shot it. Sherlock was strictly a curved-stem man.

Chief, a giant Great Dane, is the *Hound.* He tips the beam at a hundred and forty pounds, his keeper tells us, which is why he got the job after fifty dogs, including a few real hounds, were tested for the part. The *Hound,* you'll recall, was a pretty ugly customer, with glowing eyes and dripping jaws—so you'll never recognize poor old Chief in the movie. They've rigged up a mask with phosphorus peepers to make him a sort of canine Karloff.

Plot stuff in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is simple but sinister. A ghostly curse about a canine spook who gobbles up bad Baskervilles with his Vita-Bone hangs over the ancient house. A renegade B'ville revives the legend with a real mutt to cheat upstanding young *Baskerville* Richard Greene out of his inheritance—and Wendy Barrie. Catch on? Into this little family spat *Sherlock* Rathbone intrudes his glass pipe and touring cap and pretty soon it's—"elementary, my dear Watson!"

We thought we'd get away from the British influence for sure at Hal Roach's. No studio in Hollywood is more plain and unpretentiously American. But it's no use. "Captain Fury" is all Empire and largely British in cast, with

Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen and June Lang.

The idea of "Captain Fury" is *Robin Hood* in Australia. But it's based on history, and a part of history that both England and some people in Australia would much rather forget.

A century ago, Australia was England's Devil's Island for political exiles and convicts. Land barons contracted for the convicts and worked them like slaves. Hopping back to this inglorious era, "Captain Fury" dramatizes the fight of a dauntless Irish exile to free his fellow prisoners.

The realism of Hollywood's set architects never fails to amaze us. One minute we are outside in the California sun, the next deep in the green jungle of the Australian bush.

Brian Aherne, in a long curly wig and tattered leather jerkin, is talking the scene over with Hal Roach as we approach. ("Captain Fury" is all Roach family. Hal himself is directing it; his son, Hal, Junior, is the assistant director; his daughter Margaret has a small part).

Somebody yells, "Hey, Butch!" in the midst of all this and the door of a dressing room pops open and June Lang pokes out her red head.

The scene we watch is on the Bopeep side—with June in a ragged dress (she's a poor settler's daughter) leading two woolly lambs to the stream for a drink. There Brian, dodging the law through the heavy bush, surprises her—and love blooms.

June Lang is so beautiful, even in rags. One thing we always notice about ragged movie heroines: despite the sometimes sad condition of their wardrobes, their coiffures are always very much in order and uncannily up-to-date.

"All right," says the cameraman. June advances, with the two baby sheep, up to the brink of the stream. She's supposed to give them a drink, but apparently the lambs have a bigger and better idea. They dive right in the water! "Cut!" yells Roach. "Dry 'em off, and we'll do it again."

But the next time—up they come to the creek and— splash! In again! There's another drying session and another try. Same result. Two more. Same.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Edith Head, Paramount's designer, created this gay Easter Sunday frock for Dorothy Lamour's personal wardrobe. Of blue silk jersey, it is short-sleeved with softly draped blouse and skirt. An old-fashioned stole banded with dyed blue fox is chic substitute for a jacket. A cluster of carnations tops the matching jersey chapeau which is an original Robert Galer model. The lovely Lamour is currently appearing in Paramount's "Man About Town"

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

The problem of what to do next was paralyzing the Roach studio and staff as we leave for Paramount, where even Bob Burns has gone white-tie-and-tails and—that's right—British!

BOB'S current epic, oddly enough, is called "I'm From Missouri." That alone seems to us a form of native state treason, after all the money Bob has gathered in being a professional Arkansan. But when we learn that Bob invades Mayfair society in the picture, and actually discover him on the set in the very act of doing same—well, it's a sad day for Van Buren and Grandpa Snazzy—is all we can say.

"I'm From Missouri," our Paramount informers confess, is a step forward in the campaign to place the mantle of the late Will Rogers on Bob Burns' rawboned shoulders. There's to be no bazooka-blowing foolishness in it and none of the Burns stock of rural relations jokes. Instead, Bob is advanced in this picture as a character actor, plopped in polite surroundings where his earthy wit and character shine through as good hoss sense, *à la* the old Will Rogers' formula.

Paramount is having a slight production breather before plunging into the busy season, so we head down the street for Columbia.

Columbia is definitely up and at 'em this month with an aviation special called "Plane No. 4." Don't bank too much on the title, however, as they'll probably fix up one with more punch.

We decided to take in the two big sets. One is in the studio with Cary Grant the attraction. The other is out on location with Jean Arthur the lure. More and more we find the studios doubling up on their shooting because, as ever, the biggest expense is—time.

We find Cary, an imposing-looking hombre with a wide-brimmed planter's hat, ducks and

(Continued on page 78)

Good old American pioneer patriotism has a fling in "Let Freedom Ring," with (left to right) Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore, Victor McLaglen, Nelson Eddy and Virginia Bruce

Jeanette MacDonald's bright blue herringbone tweed jacket stresses the importance of short-sleeved tailored jackets for wear with frocks or skirts. Left, Jeanette wears hers over a black silk crepe pleated tailored frock. Her natural Toyo straw hat is banded with black grosgrain ribbon and pierced with a multicolored quill. Suède, a pet of winter's sport fashions, continues into spring. Jeanette's moss-green suède frock with front button closing (below) has a contrast dubonnet chiffon scarf that matches her suède hat. Short gloves, bag and shoes of rust calfskin complete this ensemble. Miss MacDonald is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Broadway Serenade"

Eitt

Jean Arthur (opposite page) wears this spring picture gown created in mood of yesteryear by Irene in Columbia's "Plane No. 4." The apple-green satin bodice, so snugly fitted, boasts a strapless décolletage which is edged with starched white lace. The bouffant skirt, of sheerest green organdy printed with apple blossoms, falls over a crisp green taffeta slip—the bows that march from waist to hem are of green satin

Schafer

The influence of the middle Nineteenth Century costumes created by Natalie Visart for Paramount's Cecil B. DeMille production, "Union Pacific," which co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea is reflected in these two models posed by Barbara Stanwyck. Left, Barbara wears a dinner dress which is almost a duplicate of the 1860 costume shown in the above insert (from the film, "Union Pacific"). The blouse of black challis sprinkled with pink roses is an exact copy—the skirt of black silk jersey has bands of green grosgrain ribbon instead of braid as on the costume—the shamrock motif on the wide leather belt is studded with green stones instead of nailheads. Natalie Visart designed the smart and unusual dresses shown on these two pages exclusively for Photoplay

Walling

Barbara's navy blue and "Pacific" blue gabardine sports dress was copied and inspired from the "rough and ready" shirt worn by Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific." The culotte skirt is joined to the blouse by a navy leather belt which closes with a large monogrammed silver buckle. Barbara's blue felt crush sport hat was copied, too, from Joel's

Values

FOR YOUR BUDGET

SMARTLY POSED BY

ANITA LOUISE

currently appearing in
"The Little Princess,"
a 20th Century-Fox production
starring Shirley Temple

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KORNMAN

A chic and practical "basic" spring jacket-frock of black sheer with contrast trim of white silk braid smartly selected for $29.95. Anita combines it with patent heelless, toeless pumps ($6.50) and bag ($5.00), black silk jersey toque ($10.00) and suède gloves ($4.50). The accessory total is economically shared between three costumes—the one above and the chartreuse and striped models shown on the opposite page

Anita's watermelon crepe jacketed evening gown accepts both formal and informal invitations. The bodice is tucked to a low waistline to match the sleeve treatment of the brief bolero jacket. This gown was discovered for $19.95—the gold sandals for $6.50

On bright sunny days Anita reassembles her basic black jacket-frock shown on the opposite page with this white hat of piqué (above, left), shoulder carnation cluster and gloves—she picked up the three for less than $10.00

A sheer woolen frock boldly striped with yellow, violet, purple and black, magnificently selected for $22.95. Anita wears it with her basic black accessories and adds her gold necklace and bracelets as final fillip. On sunny days the white hat and gloves shown in the photo on the left replace the black ones worn here

Anita's dressy frock of chartreuse crepe—practically "a steal" at $19.95—features a draped blouse, extravagant shoulders, graduated belt, skirt pockets and shirred fullness. Anita closes the neckline with her novel rhinestone Zebra pins, but it may also be worn open in a deep V. The toque, gloves, bag and shoes that complement this frock are the same as those worn with her basic frock

Anita selected these budget values at Josephy, Inc., 268 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. For further information on any of these clothes, write Josephy, Inc., direct

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Jacket dresses are a "must" in every spring wardrobe. Linda Winters, appearing in Columbia's "Blondie Meets the Boss," poses in four striking Jeanne Barrie models. A wee shirred bolero (above, left) tops a short-sleeved frock of matching navy sheer crepe. The flowers on the shoulder repeat the coloring of the pink kid trim on the patent belt. Linda wears pink patent sandals—a new Hollywood contrast shoe vogue. The frock also available in black with white. Here's a frock (center) that presents the new spring color contrast—cork with black. The cork-colored, Italian-quilted, zipper-closed, fitted jacket interestingly contrasts a black short-sleeved frock with V-neckline. Also cork and navy, and chartreuse or Capri blue and navy. Right, another bolero frock of black sheer. The bodice of the short-sleeved frock is a froth of dainty embroidered organdy edged with Val type lace. Below left, navy sheer smartly accented with white. The high neckline of the short-sleeved frock is banded with Angel piqué—the fabric of the fitted jacket features all-over diagonal tucking. Also in black with white

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CROWLEY

PHOTOPLAY *Fashion*

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

Dolores Casey, appearing in Paramount's "Cafe Society," and Joyce Mathews, of the cast of Paramount's "Boy Trouble," bring you the newest felts and straws of the spring season. Miss Mathews (top, left) models Byron's "Saucebox," a casual hat that's always good with suits. Note the new stovepipe twist to the crown that stamps this model "Spring '39." It is of soft felt with a contrast band. Miss Casey (top, right) poses in Roxford's "Little Dipper"—a tiny little sailor designed to be dipped at a dizzy angle. In beige garlanded with surrealist felt flowers—a gay little hat just right with the new beige background tweeds. Joyce smiles from under the shadow of Byron's "Pastoral" (center)—a rhapsody in the blue straw braid with the rustic look that's going to be so good for town this spring—it has a contrast grosgrain ribbon band trim. Dolores (below, right) wears Roxford's "Bo-Peep"—a wickedly simple wide-brimmed mushroom type hat in a natural, sewn straw braid reminiscent of gingham pinafores—a country-born fashion slated for town headlines

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALLING

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EVANS

From Constance Bennett's own exquisite wardrobe comes this smart afternoon ensemble. The taupe crepe dress, simply fashioned, depends upon the dirndl skirt, broad shoulders and wrap belt for outstanding style detail. A sable scarf, taupe gloves, shoes and ostrich turban are stunning accessories. Miss Bennett is currently appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tail Spin." Her next film will be made at the Hal Roach Studios

MELVYN OF THE MOVIES

He's changed—but he hasn't lost his zest for living. He's still dynamite

Peter Gahagan Douglas and his famous mother

Reckless haste, minor successes, a new love, then fame and a calmer philosophy—in other words, that's the life story of Melvyn Douglas

BY HOWARD SHARPE

MELVYN DOUGLAS found himself with a wife before he remembered that he had no job and no money. Like so much that had happened to him—his early break from home because he could not endure the intense possessivness of his musician father, Edouard Hesselberg; his attempt to join the army at fifteen; the girls; the parties; the reckless thoughtlessness that was forever getting him into trouble—this marriage was again an act of impulse, and he was faced with the quick and immediate problem of finding a way to earn money for his bride and earn it quick. So he shook off the spell of his recent joyous, unencumbered trip to Europe and entrained for New York, a sobered young man in search of work. He left Alice behind in Chicago.

Once before, briefly, Melvyn Douglas had battered at Broadway's closed doors. He had been too young. Now he knew more of the theater, had friends, thought he understood the technique of slipping through back doors rather than approaching front reception desks with foolish bravery.

Grand Central Station received him, unfriendly, cavernous. He put up his coat collar, then saw himself in a reflecting window and caught the look of the outcast, the seeker, it gave him—and turned it down again. He took a deep breath and got his head back. That was better. . . .

A friend was living in town at his fraternity house. Melvyn stared down three redcaps, got a good grip on his two suitcases and headed for the subway. The friend was in. "I'll put you up here, fella," he said, to his endless glory.

The days went past . . . New York surged with prosperity, with jobs and people to fill them. They had all preceded Melvyn. Backdoors, he discovered, were kept securely locked and bolted. But he tried: he tried until the afternoon when he came out of an agency, his ears still hearing the regretful voice of the secretary *(Try us again—in a week, say?)* and stood vaguely, empty of thought, on the crowded sidewalk. After a minute something clicked in his mind and he knew a drink would taste good. It was late.

A taxi took him to an address on Fifty-second Street and after he had paid the driver he looked at his change. There were a half dollar, and a quarter and a dime and four pennies in his hand. He looked at them curiously, remembering the one very crisp dollar bill in his wallet. Then he went on up the brownstone steps.

There would probably be someone he knew at the bar.

Inside, he found a booth and motioned to a waiter. "Ask Tony if he's seen Steve today and bring me some of that stuff you guys made last night." *Why are all speak-easy owners named Tony?* he thought. *And why do you always know somebody named Steve in New York?*

Across the room a good phonograph played the new Whiteman arrangement of "Song of India." Carl Van Vechten came in, looked

around for a moment and went out again.

Tony had not seen Steve today.

Melvyn had one drink and left. At his room in the fraternity house he read a story in a magazine and, when he had finished it, went to the bureau and began taking underwear and shirts and socks out of the drawer. He pulled his bags from under the bed and propped them, open, on chairs.

Someone knocked, then. He opened the door. "Special delivery letter, Douglas," a boy said.

Melvyn stared for a long while at the envelope before he opened it. The timing of its arrival was too good, too pat. It must mean something.

It did. "I hope you've found a good spot," Alice had written, "because—not to be coy about it or anything—I'm going to have a baby."

"SEVEN, please." The tall man in correct chesterfield and derby leaned on his stick and stared blankly at the grillwork side of the elevator. At about the fourth floor he realized the elevator boy was staring at him and grinning. He turned. "Hi, Eberhardt," Melvyn Douglas said, from his little stool.

"It isn't possible!"

"You're getting to the seventh and that redhead through wish fulfillment, I suppose?" Melvyn said bitterly.

"But—why an elevator? The last time I saw you in Chicago . . . you working off a bet?"

"No bet. It's a personal problem, you see."

"Oh."

"Here's the seventh."

The man stepped out, paused, then turned and came into the elevator again. "A quickie, hmm?" Melvyn said.

"I'll ride down with you. Listen. Jessie Bonstelle's casting for a show today. Why don't you try her?"

"Bonstelle? She wouldn't see me."

"I get it. It's like that then. You don't care."

"I'll take a whirl at Bonstelle," Melvyn told him. At the lobby he opened the door and stepped out with Eberhardt. "I've got to go to the locker and change first. Let you know what happens."

"But the elevator?"

Melvyn stopped and looked back at it. "They're a dime a dozen."

The receptionist guarding the door of Jessie Bonstelle's private office was getting a little hysterical. "No!" she shouted at Melvyn. "No, no, NO! No more today! Look at this crowd ahead of you—we won't be through with *them* until midnight."

He took the electrically locked gate at a lope. "Sorry," he called over his shoulder, "but I haven't that much time." He had the door open before the girl was out of her chair.

Bonstelle, listening with a look of quiet agony to a reading ingénue, looked up with mingled surprise and pleasure on her face. The ingénue had been getting pretty bad.

"In the movies," Melvyn said breathlessly, "you break in and after some hauteur and what-does-this-mean they give you a job." He waited, white with sudden panic.

"We'll skip the hauteur," she said after a moment. "I need a second lead. Read these sides, if you will."

He took the script, amazed that his hand didn't tremble. Ten minutes later Bonstelle, smiling, said, "It's all right. You can stop looking so doomed. I'm going to take you on."

WHEN he remembers that year now it comes to him in three scenes, with blanks between, like part of a motion picture. There was the ride home with his wife and little son, from the hospital. "I'm glad the show came to Detroit," Alice had said. "New York is a rotten place to go through this sort of thing."

"You were swell."

She looked at him then and after a moment she stared down at the infinitesimal red face almost hidden in quilted satin in her arms. For a moment he wondered whether she would cry. But she didn't. She looked out the cab window, her eyes expressionless.

"Yeah" . . . .

There was the morning, weeks later, after they had given a small party. He came into the living room in his pyjamas feeling good, clearheaded, and looked around him. No one had remembered to open the windows the night before, or turn the furnace off. A soft haze of very stale smoke seemed to cling to the walls and blur the colors of the furniture. There were several coffee cups with dregs and a glass with a cigarette drowned and shredded in the bottom. He pictured the party suddenly, saw the people and heard their voices. Yawning, he remembered the excruciating boredom of last night.

And suddenly, inexplicably, he thought, *This can't go on. It's not working out—we don't even love each other any more.* As he threw open windows the idea of divorce came to him for the first time.

THERE was the scene, sharply outlined in its simplicity, on the courtroom steps after the divorce. "Good-by," he'd said. "We'll see each other again, of course."

"Of course," Alice told him, with a polite half-smile. He had seen her to the cab and given a little salute with a limp hand as it drew away. *I have married a girl and lived for over a year with her and we've had a child,* he thought as he walked home. *And it means as little as that.* Try as he would, he could find nothing to worry about, nothing to be sorry for.

After a little he shook his head and put the entire episode in the back of his mind—far back, where it would be hard to uncover.

Convalescence from his first marriage cost him almost two years out of his emotional life. He emerged, in the late fall of 1927, well again: really mature, at last, vitally ready for anything. It was time to move again, find new scenery. New York was his mood—dangerous, exciting, magnificent. He went there, leaving Bonstelle and her show, and he began to do things with an intensity, a pace inevitable when healthy energy and eager youth have been smothered for three years.

Armed with letters—with one letter especially, to William A. Brady—he stormed all the important producers' offices in two days and wound up by signing a contract with Brady for three years. That settled, he took an apartment, visited a tailor, called up everyone he knew to let them know he was in town, took a deep breath and said to Manhattan: "Okay. I'm ready."

He lunched, in company with attractive actresses at the Algonquin and the Ritz and the Plaza and the Brevoort and in innumerable hushed rooms with barred doors and stronger cheer than tea in teacups. He danced to Whiteman and Gus Arnheim and Ted Lewis on roof gardens and in supper rooms and at roadhouses on the Pike. He borrowed the Stutz Bearcat of one friend or the cut-down Benz of another and drove across the Charles to Cambridge,

(Continued on page 88)

The stage play, "Tonight or Never," brought Melvyn a new happiness; the screen version, opposite Gloria Swanson, set him on the road to movie fame

What does a Woman want most?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."

LORETTA YOUNG

LOVE! says this beautiful 20th Century-Fox star. "All women want love—ROMANCE—admiration, don't they? So keep your complexion smooth. I use LUX SOAP."

ANDREA LEEDS

LOVE! says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP."

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YOU want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS at bedtime.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

1939
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1 to 3-day motor explorations, 'round quaint Old Santa Fe, N. M., to age-old pueblos and isolated mountain villages

Carlsbad Caverns

... the "Underground Grand Canyon" of southeastern New Mexico, without a peer in size, variety, and delicate coloring

Yosemite Park

... majestic mountains, towering waterfalls, and forest giants high up in the California Sierras

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Glamour Girl Number 17,268

(Continued from page 25)

but New York has much to learn from Hollywood. False eyelashes at a dollar a pair are standard equipment on the Hollywood glamour model. But the high point of my introduction to the art of Cinema City make-up was learning that you couldn't put on your mouth merely by using a lipstick; you had to use a brush, and you had to carry it around with you at all times like an itinerant house painter.

By the time I arrived at the studio commissary for lunch the next day, I was well on my way to being a Glamour Girl. People turned to look at me. I was impressed with myself.

I visited around some more and was delighted to find that everyone was extremely cordial and that everything seemed to operate with a smoothness that left one relaxed and aglow. The whole setup reminded me of that of a nice country club. But not for long.

The next morning signaled the end of my relaxation. I began my daily visits to the gym. One exercise was to crawl about, mewing like a cat, then to arch the back and bark like a dog. I think that was supposed to develop the body and the vocal cords at one fell swoop. Anyway it was fun, and it did me good. The instructor asked me for a date.

THE only trouble with having dates was that I was so exhausted by the exercises, the California climate and the change of four hours in time—including an hour for daylight saving—that I was lucky if I could stay awake until dinner time.

I did, however, have one date that I had to keep, with the still-photograph department of the publicity office. They were going to take glamour pictures of me. It seems that glamour pictures have to be taken with very little clothing on the figure beneath the slinky gown or negligee. That's to give plenty of "umph" to the finished product. If there's too *much* "umph," they can always resort to retouching the negatives. Many a devout fan would be shocked to see how much is sometimes lopped off his or her cinema ideal before the "stills" are released. Most stars will not allow still pictures to be released until they have personally marked them for such retouching.

My main trouble was in trying to keep the negligee closed while striking the intricate poses demanded by the photographer. What I really needed was *two* pairs of hands—one pair to pose with, the other pair for clutching purposes. I felt like an unwilling strip-tease artiste.

The photographer told me, without asking for a date, that the thing he liked about me was my naturalness. He claimed there wasn't enough of that sort of thing in Hollywood.

"Still," he said, eyeing me critically, "your clothes and hats are very cute, but they don't make you look like an actress. As long as you're an actress, you'd better look like one."

So he lent me his assistant, a young woman of excellent taste, who knew just what an actress was supposed to look like with her clothes on. We went shopping and I went into hock.

I supposed the only thing to do with the clothes I had brought with me to Hollywood was to give them to the Salvation Army, but I decided against it; if ever I found myself contractless, they might come in very handy. They were good clothes, mostly new. Their only fault was that they weren't glamorous. The hats didn't have yards of veils attached to them and the suits weren't broad enough across the shoulders. The shoes weren't tricky enough and the dresses didn't have the sort of bodices that accentuated the buzzooms (pronounced b'ZOOMS) of their erstwhile wearer.

THE new clothes corrected all those faults, and what with the ministrations of the Brothers Westmore on this particular Glamour Girl's face, and the bodily improvement of hours of gym work, the ugly duckling was at last becoming a swan.

Bill, the chief photographer, approved; so did others on the lot. It was all a little confusing. If they had liked me *before*, because I was *myself*, what on earth was there to like about me now? For I was an entirely different person; I didn't even *feel* like myself. But the crowning mortification came as the result of prolonged, bitter discussions: it was deemed necessary that I wear breast pads. I was willing to meet glamour halfway, or even further, but such an artificiality as this seemed fraudulent. It took much talk, the reciting of names of much more glamorous ladies than I who wore them, to win me over. I suppose it is all very glamorous and necessary, but I am startled still every time I look down into my soup plate.

Bill said: "Very good. You look like a Glamour Girl. Now all you have to do is *act* like one."

"Do you think I ought to be the languid type?" I asked him. "Or should I be the snooty type and practice looking down my nose at the office boys?"

"Whatever you do," Bill warned, "don't try to high-hat the office boys. Today's office boy may be tomorrow's producer!"

I had learned one of Hollywood's cardinal maxims.

Bill told me I should have a full-length mirror, in front of which I could practice being graceful and alluring. He showed me how to cross my legs when I sat down so that they'd deliver the maximum of "umph." He also taught me how to stand arrestingly, always holding—but lightly—onto something. I couldn't help thinking of my childhood training. Mother had always taught me that it was unladylike to hang onto the woodwork when I was supposed to be standing erect. Doubtless she was right, but now we were more interested in glamour than in character.

"You've got good eyes," said Bill. "They are, in fact, your best feature—but you don't know how to use 'em."

Of course I had been seeing and reading through them for quite some time, but it seems that wasn't enough.

"When you look at people," Bill instructed, "don't just look at 'em; peek up provocatively through your lashes—whether they're your own lashes or Westmores'. And you've got to look interested, especially if the person you're looking at happens to be a guy. You've got to practice all this sexy stuff in your everyday life; then when you get in front of a camera, it'll just naturally project itself onto the film. Besides, when a guy buys you a meal, the least you can do is make him think you think he's wonderful."

I tried to follow that piece of advice. I looked at dinner dates with sex appeal, whether or not I felt any. I batted my eyes over enchiladas down on Olvera Street, over lobster thermidor at the Brown Derby, over almond duck at Tommy Wong's in Chinatown, and over long strands of spaghetti at Travaglini's. If you've ever tried to look sexy over a plate of spaghetti you'll understand how wearing it all was.

I FOUND (because I was told) that my voice was much more effective if I kept it low. So I went around feeling like a coloratura soprano who has to sing baritone because there didn't happen to be any calls for coloraturas that day.

And my mouth wasn't so good, either, it developed. I'd always been rather fond of my mouth; after all, it was *my* mouth, and I liked it. But now they told me that the teeth didn't set right in the oral cavity; that I'd better see a dentist, or a couple of dentists.

So I went and had my mouth stuffed with plaster on two separate occasions. And I didn't get any Federal funds to carry on the work, either; I had to pay for it all myself. Gals who work in pictures get pretty good pay, to be sure, but by the time they pay for clothes and glamour and dentists and gym lessons, there isn't very much left.

Incidentally, while I'm on the subject of money, I might mention the fact that most of these six-months-option contracts carry a six-weeks layoff clause. In other words, the studio guarantees you only twenty weeks' work out of twenty-six. The six weeks layoff without salary is a good idea if your figure needs a little trimming, I guess, but I don't have that sort of figure trouble, and I'm crazy about steaks and baked potatoes smothered in butter. And I have neither the inclination nor the ability to gold dig forty-two consecutive dinners.

AND now back to the studio school for lessons in acting. The director of the school was impressed by my increased state of glamour.

"But," he asked, "what's become of the girl you used to be?"

I told him she had been sold down the river to the money pots of Hollywood, which I considered quite a *bon mot*.

He said: "Oh, have they given you a raise?" Which was a good answer.

Day after day, in the school, I practiced all the things that go toward getting one into shape to act in front of a camera, without tripping over cables and sitting in the director's lap, though some cynics still claim that the latter procedure helps a girl's career. We did little scenes from plays and motion pictures and learned a lot. But I wondered when on earth I was going to be a motion-picture actress.

I wondered so hard that it must have taken on the substance of a prayer, for at last somebody answered. I was given a small part in a big picture.

We went on location, which was fun. I was treated pleasantly, but with little deference.

It seemed to me that they'd never get around to shooting the scene in which I was to make my debut as a motion-picture actress. I was like a child waiting for the interminable hours of Christmas Eve to pass so that I could get at my toys. I read over my little piece of script four million times. It called for me to run down a flight of steps, pause, for a moment, to speak to several older men. Then I was to espy my lover, whom I had not seen for two long years. I was to light up every feature of my subtle (I hoped) face and hurl myself happily into his arms, there

(Continued on page 72)

They Always Star in CANDIDS

Airport—***Geraldine Spreckels,*** of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep **skin** wonderfully soft and smooth."

Races—At the running of the Futurity, ***Mrs. Victor du Pont, III*** (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It **cleanses skin** so thoroughly."

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(Continued from page 70)

to all but swoon in the rapture of his kiss.

When the assistant director hollered my name, I almost did the swoon ahead of schedule.

The director explained the scene, told us exactly how we were to do it. Then we rehearsed it a couple of times, quickly.

There were cries of: "This is the picture!" "Quiet!" "Roll 'em!" and all the other incidental clatter that precedes every "take" in a picture.

I ran down the flight of steps, paused for a brief word with the older men, saw my long-lost lover out of camera range. I ran to him, meanwhile hoping fervently that the camera was keeping up with me. I leaped on the unfortunate young man like a tigress; he responded to my ardor like the real trouper he was. His kiss knocked my hat off—literally.

The director laughed, everybody laughed. They kidded the young man, they kidded me. The director said he thought the business of having the hat knocked off was cute, even if it wasn't in the script. However, just for protection, we'd do the scene again.

As a matter of fact, we did it twice more. I guess that was all the film they could afford to spend on a small scene, so they let it go at that.

I said to the assistant director: "Who's the boy I did the scene with? He's good."

The assistant director thought that was very funny. He told it to the director, who also thought it was funny. Everybody thought it was funny.

The director said: "Even in Hollywood I think people should be introduced to each other before they kiss."

"Sure," said the cameraman, "what would the Hays office say?"

So they introduced us. The lovers didn't kiss this time—they just shook hands, which seemed slightly anticlimactical.

I rode back from location that day with the star and the director. The next step, of course, was stardom for myself.

Somehow, though, that imminent stardom has continued to elude Glamour Girl No. 17,268. It was more than three months before I so much as got another part in a picture, and the one scene I did do never appeared in the finished film.

Since that time I have done two more small parts, one of them in Technicolor! I wore no make-up and looked like a witch. What price glamour? But recently my studio gave a femme lead to a gal who's been under contract for two years without doing anything but bits. That's very encouraging. The trick being, of course, to stay on the payroll for two years until somebody finally decides that you're good.

The insidious thing about waiting around for parts is that you envisage yourself growing older at an alarming rate of speed. I find myself examining my eyes for crow's-feet every morning, and, in moments of repose, my fingers will move unbidden to where the first symptoms of double chin will inevitably appear. I am convinced, a good deal of the time, that when I am called for my next picture it will be to play a rôle designed for a May Robson or a Dame May Whitty.

THIS has all been about *me;* but, with minor changes, it's the story of all the other Glamour Girls in Hollywood: a continual struggle to be—or at least to *look*—glamorous; and a continual hoping for a break. Some are more fortunate than others; some have more natural equipment; some have more pure luck.

Our private lives? Pretty normal and regular for the most part, I think. There is plenty of parcheesi and Canfield played in Hollywood, believe it or not. I know one girl who is moving steadily upward to stardom who never goes out to night clubs because she hasn't an evening gown to her name. That's absolute truth. If she has to go any place at night for publicity purposes, the studio wardrobe department supplies her with gown and wrap.

You hear a great deal about censorship of dates. That isn't entirely true, of course, but we do have to be careful. We can't afford to be seen in the wrong sort of company any more than we can afford to look upon the wine when it is anything but pale pink in color. If the love-bug bites us seriously enough to cause marriage, we must not brag about it. Stars may openly admit and enjoy their marriages, but not starlets. It's not good for publicity or something.

If the California climate enervates us and makes our eyes lackluster, we must put herb-treated pads on them so that we can be as bright-eyed as ever; if we get a cold that hangs on for weeks (as they do in this southern paradise), we must drink cod-liver oil and sit under violet-ray lamps; and if we are dropped from our respective studios, we must go quietly away and not bother anyone—back to our homes where everybody will always look at us as though our failure to succeed were a cardinal sin.

And we try—most of us—so terribly hard. Even when we wonder if it's all quite worth the effort, we try. When you've got the urge to act and when you're lucky enough to have the opportunity to act, you'd be very ungrateful if you didn't try. Too, in spite of all the hard work and the trouble and the struggle to be glamorous, it's a better job than almost any other a girl can hold. It's exciting, it's thrilling, it's interesting—and it's fun.

And someday almost any one of us may be a star!

By the time you read this line I may be well on the way to that stardom—or I may be even less of a nobody than I am now, a Glamour Girl without a place or person to beglamour. But in the meantime I—and all my sisters—must stand right up to the plate and keep swinging at the ball.

"This is the picture!"

Play Truth and Consequences with Alice Faye

(Continued from page 20)

us publish an unglamorous picture of you.)

10. (Q) What things give you a childish pleasure?
    (A) I adore being surprised. The smallest gift, if it is a surprise, is of great importance to me.
11. (Q) What one important ambition have you yet to achieve?
    (A) To star in a musical success in the theater. That goes back to Marilyn Miller, too. I have had that dream ever since I saw her in "Sally."
12. (Q) Are you a good business woman?
    (A) No. I have no head for figures. Fortunately my brother handles all my business matters.
13. (Q) On what subject do you and your husband have a difference of opinion?
    (A) I like him best without a mustache.
14. (Q) What amount of money do you usually have with you in your purse?
    (A) I always have "mad money" . . . usually about eight or nine dollars.
15. (Q) If you were presented to the Duchess of Windsor, would you follow the example set recently by Grace Moore and curtsey?
    (A) That would probably depend upon the circumstances of the meeting: if it were a very formal presentation, such as a reception, perhaps. Otherwise, no.
16. (Q) Have you ever fought against doing a certain picture? If so, what was the reason?
    (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (If you have saved any theme or poem or sketch created by you in your school days, let us reproduce it here.)
17. (Q) Since your experience in "Sally, Irene and Mary," with Tony playing opposite you, how do you feel about husbands and wives working together?
    (A) Things usually work out better in this profession, I believe, if married people don't work together.
18. (Q) Do you refresh your make-up in public?
    (A) I do if I have to, but I always feel a little self-conscious about it. I certainly try to avoid it at a restaurant table.
19. (Q) What musical instruments do you have in your house?
    (A) A piano, a ukulele, a cornet, seven radios (including the one in the kitchen for the servants), a musical powder box, the dinner gong—and you'd be surprised what I can do with paper and a comb!
20. (Q) What size shoe do you wear?
    (A) Four and a half B.
21. (Q) For vanity's sake, have you ever worn shoes which were too small for you?
    (A) Yes, I used to, but not any more.
22. (Q) What point of grooming requires your most constant attention?
    (A) My hair. I just can't do a thing with it!
23. (Q) Are you inclined to be gullible and what was the incident?
    (A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Work out a symbolic portrait of yourself, selecting the thing you most represent; in flowers, colors, pets, sounds, fabrics, vehicles, clothing, foods.)
24. (Q) What do you consider your most attractive physical feature?
    (A) I have been told the "eyes" have it.
25. (Q) What widely spread rumor about yourself most upset you?
    (A) Tony and I were still honeymooning when we began to hear rumors of our divorce.

(Continued on page 74)

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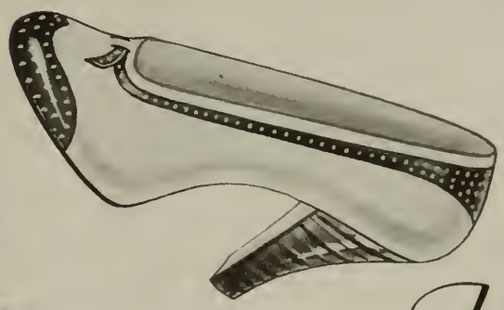

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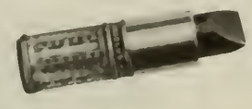

(Continued from page 72)

26. (Q) What incident in your childhood greatly impressed you?
(A) A stiff spanking with the back of a hairbrush.

*27. (Q) What causes dissension in your household?
(A) Eating. It's Tony's favorite pastime—whereas I have to watch my figure.

28. (Q) Do you cry easily?
(A) Yes.

29. (Q) Do you dread old age?
(A) No. I have heard a lot of people say that they hope they die young, but not I. I hope I live to a ripe old age, with lots of children and grandchildren, and I'm going to be so cute that they're all going to fuss over me.

30. (Q) What kind of a patient are you when you are ill?
(A) I'm not fussy about anything—so long as the nurse plays a good game of backgammon.

31. (Q) In selecting your home, what "say-so" did your husband have about design, furnishing, etc?
(A) We have always rented furnished homes; we are both easy to please as long as the house has a good big backyard.

32. (Q) What was the first money you ever earned?
(A) Mother paid me two dollars a week to help her with the housework. I spent the first week's wages on a fancy pair of dancing pumps.

33. (Q) What actor do you think has the greatest sex appeal on the screen?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let us see how you can jump rope.)

34. (Q) Would you be satisfied to lead an entirely domestic life?
(A) Not for quite some time. Right now I need my career.

35. (Q) With whom have you ever wished you might change places?
(A) I wouldn't change places with anyone.

36. (Q) How many pictures of yourself are displayed in your home?
(A) You'd better ask Tony this one. He's the one who sticks them around—I'm not guilty.

37. (Q) Do you believe in divorce?
(A) Yes, I do—if it's necessary for the happiness of both people.

38. (Q) What luxuries give you the greatest pleasure?
(A) Perfumes and having a different set of cosmetics (compact, lipstick, etc.) for each purse.

39. (Q) What nickname in your life have you most objected to?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (Let us reproduce the family crest or monogram which appears on some of your belongings.)

40. (Q) To whom do you use baby talk? Give examples.
(A) I never have.

41. (Q) Who influenced you to change from the platinum-blonde type you once were to the Alice of today?
(A) I was never happy as a platinum blonde. Eventually the studio agreed with me that it was much better to be my natural self.

42. (Q) Have you ever had operatic ambitions?
(A) I have never studied voice. I cannot read music. And I have no desire to change my style of singing.

43. (Q) In what ways are you lazy?
(A) I love breakfast in bed.

44. (Q) Have you ever tried to write a song?
(A) I have just written my first one, entitled "I Promise You," which is now on the air. I collaborated on it with Ben Oakland and Sam Lerner.

45. (Q) Would you know how to change a tire?
(A) I never drive, so I imagine that would be the least of my worries.

46. (Q) Are you the type who fusses a lot about your appearance?
(A) No.

47. (Q) Do you like to be spoiled?
(A) There are times!

48. (Q) When have you ever actually had to go hungry?
(A) Never, fortunately.

49. (Q) What moral or word of advice in your life has meant most to you, and from whom did it come?
(A) Mother taught me very early that if I were honest myself, I wouldn't have to worry much about the other fellow.

50. (Q) Do you like dolls?
(A) You must have been peeking. I have dozens of them, fluffy-ruffly ones for my bed, and I've also kept all the funny little kewpie dolls that I've ever won at amusement parks.

51. (Q) Which of your accomplishments today was the most difficult to acquire?
(A) When I came into pictures I had had no dramatic training or experience except as a singer. It has meant a great deal of study and struggle to become a dramatic actress.

52. (Q) Do you like to hear the truth no matter how it hurts?
(A) Absolutely.

53. (Q) What is your middle name?
(A) Jennie.

54. (Q) What lesson have you had to learn the expensive way?
(A) Miss Faye took the consequences. (If you have ever designed a dress or accessory, let us have a photograph of it.)

55. (Q) What is one of your unfulfilled personal desires?
(A) To travel extensively, and that means I have yet to cover a lot of territory because I have never been farther than Honolulu.

56. (Q) If you were told that you ought to wear glasses, would you be miserable about wearing them?
(A) No. In fact I have worn them at certain times in my life.

57. (Q) What manual accomplishments have you?
(A) I can make hooked rugs.

58. (Q) What kind of correspondent are you?
(A) I answer practically all of my own fan mail. But in my personal correspondence I lean toward post cards.

59. (Q) Are you a jitterbug?
(A) I could be, if I had the time.

60. (Q) Are you inclined to hang onto old belongings?
(A) I like things fresh and new.

61. (Q) What was the nicest compliment ever paid you?
(A) Victor Young, with whom I have worked many times, was kind enough to say, "I wish I could write a song that looks like Alice Faye." That *really* built me up!

62. (Q) When have you been susceptible to fortune tellers' predictions?
(A) Always.

63. (Q) Can you tell a joke well?
(A) I blushingly admit it.

64. (Q) What is the most important date in your memory?
(A) September 3rd, 1937—my wedding day.

"I'll Tell You About My Marriage"

(Continued from page 32)

"Our life together will be like every other happy couple's, I hope," Nelson said. "I'm building a home for us in Brentwood. It won't be a large pretentious place but just a cozy home with grounds to build to later if we care to. My work will be here and my happiness. At present I'm spending half the time at Ann's home and half at mine. Until we leave for this tour I don't know where I am half the time. We hope the new home will be ready for us when we return in May."

IN that new home of Nelson's we can promise you one thing: there will be true love and devotion such as Hollywood rarely glimpses. On the several occasions we've seen Ann and Nelson together, in Nelson's home and in the homes of friends, we've caught their spirit of gay camaraderie, the friendship they shared, their being together-ness that fairly radiated from them. We've caught Ann's glance as it followed after the tall, handsome singer and we knew that in no more capable hands could Nelson place his heart.

A few years older than Nelson and the mother of a young son, Ann Frankin combines all the sweetness of mature womanhood, the understanding heart of motherhood and the straightforward thinking and love of living that typifies today's modern woman.

"Let's go off on a tear," I've heard Nelson suggest and caught Ann's quick infectious laugh as they swung off together, arm in arm, for no more devilry than a cocktail and good dinner at the Cock 'n' Bull.

Nelson's own description to us of the wedding reveals a side of the man seldom glimpsed, a side that reveals the keen sense of the ridiculous that is his, the side that laughs heartily at himself when the occasion demands.

Nelson was in bed on Wednesday with a cold, unable to fill a concert engagement at Redlands, when suddenly it occurred to him time was slipping past and his next weeks would be crowded with engagements. So he grabbed a phone and called Ann.

"Say, we'd better get married tomorrow or I won't have time between engagements," he shouted. "I'm sure my cold will be better tomorrow."

Doris Kenyon, who was to be Ann's matron of honor, came on the phone screaming about nothing to wear. So Nelson kidded back, "Oh, wrap a mink coat around you and who will notice."

Next morning at eight, Nelson, his mother, Ann, Doris and Mr. Osborne, a business friend, set out for Las Vegas. Arriving in the Nevada town before three in the afternoon, Nelson grabbed a telephone to notify Don McElwaine, a studio publicist and friend.

"Get a key to my dressing room from the casting office," Nelson phoned, "and look in the upper left-hand desk drawer. There you'll find all the information you need."

"Information about what?" Don asked.

"About my wedding," shouted Nelson, "I'm about to be married, you dope."

As Nelson told us afterwards, Don didn't wait to turn corners. "I understand he went right through the buildings, plaster and all," the actor laughed.

After the license was secured, they stepped into the judge's chambers and waited while the judge adjusted his glasses and peered at the paper.

With a good old Hollywood double take 'em, the judge glanced quickly from the license to Nelson and from Nelson to the license.

"But you're my favorite singer, Mr. Eddy," the judge finally exclaimed, as if that ended matters once and for all.

"Well, you're my favorite judge," Nelson shrugged and the wedding was on.

"SUDDENLY," Nelson said, "I felt I was right in the midst of something without knowing my lines. Here I was doing a scene and no script. But I must have given the right answers for, after a rather long pause, the judge leaned forward and said, slowly and commandingly,

"'Mr. Eddy, Kiss Your Bride.'

"So we left on our honeymoon. *Fifteen minutes at Boulder Dam!*"

Away from Hollywood, it's eternal movies and commotion, the bride and groom stood out on the desert near the dam and very quietly took pictures of each other.

"Can you imagine that?" Nelson demands, "What a honeymoon!"

Back in Las Vegas, the crowds grew with kids demanding autographs and even giving autographs in return.

"They even fastened tin cans on the car and followed after us with cars honking for dear life. We've never enjoyed anything quite so much in our lives," Nelson said, "and I wouldn't have had those tin cans removed for anything. After all, it isn't every day a fellow can ride in a car with cans trailing behind him."

Among the first telegrams to reach the happy pair was one from co-star Jeanette MacDonald wishing them all the happiness they deserve.

And it is happiness for Nelson and Ann, for in the hearts of his thousands upon thousands of fans there will be, I'm sure, only a glad echo of sincere approval to Nelson's words, "We wanted each other more than anything else in the world."

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

GO TO SLEEP, MARY THAT PHONE WON'T RING TONIGHT

No dates for the girl with underarm odor

Wise girls make *sure* of charm—with MUM

NO ONE called her yesterday—surely *some one* will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that 'phone won't ring . . . tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can't help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilty of *underarm odor*. She forgets that *in spite of her bath*, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum underarms stay sweet, your popularity is safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so easy to use, so dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it's harmless to clothing. Apply Mum before or *after* dressing! Even after underarm shaving, notice Mum actually soothes the skin.

MUM IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you're through. Yet Mum protects *all day*.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Give underarms necessary, *daily* care with this fragrant cream and be truly lovely, attractive.

BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!

On Sanitary Napkins

Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Fashion LETTER

Robert Kalloch shows Ida Lupino the wedding veil of rare old lace which he has designed for her to wear in Columbia's "The Lady and the Mob"

BY GWENN WALTERS

THIS month Hollywood fashion circles are abuzz with trousseau chatter and clothes ideas for the spring bride.

No unanimous trend has been voted for her wedding gown. At the altar she may appear as the prototype of grandmamma in a picturesque gown with corseleted waistline and hoops or, just as fashionably, as a figure from a Grecian frieze in a creation of flowing draperies.

I got all pepped up about the trousseau end of this wedding business, which, after all, is very dear to a girl's heart, when I visited Robert Kalloch, designer for Columbia Studios. He was busily engaged putting the final touches to the trousseau clothes that Ida Lupino will wear in Columbia's "The Lady and the Mob," so he was simply bursting with ideas.

Kalloch says that although fashion decrees a great deal of leeway where the silhouette of the wedding gown is concerned, it must be a pure and simple white this season. When we were just broken into the pastel hues in wedding gowns, this is news indeed.

Kalloch also issued a "be careful" warning when deciding among the season's varied wedding gown silhouettes. "Make sure that the styling of the gown reflects the particular type and personality—that it enhances the figure.

"The petite, feminine type like Ida Lupino appears to best advantage in a picture gown of net, organdy or mousseline de soie with billowing skirt and tiny waist. The veil for this gown should be short, of lace or tulle, and the headpiece, of orange blossoms or lily of the valley, should be carefully designed to suit the contour of the face as in the case of all wedding veils."

On the other hand, Kalloch feels that the tall, sophisticated girl gains added loveliness through the use of classic draperies softly molded to accentuate body line.

He suggests heavy Celanese rayon jersey as a medium and a long, diaphanous veil of tulle with simple headpiece.

KALLOCH believes that every girl should be married in a wedding gown. If her plans are not for a formal wedding and therefore she does not feel like investing in an elaborate wedding ensemble, Kalloch makes this suggestion as charming alternate for her ceremony costume.

"Let her choose her trousseau evening gown in a jacketed model of heavy white crepe or piqué. A white snood encrusted with white petals or wee clusters of orange blossoms would be fitting and flattering headgear."

Perhaps the most important outfit next to the bride's wedding costume is her going-away ensemble. It, with its complementary accessories, should claim a sizable portion of the trousseau budget, for around the separate units of this outfit (coat, hat, shoes, bag and gloves) the rest of the trousseau may be smartly assembled.

One such ensemble was a sheer woolen in combination of black and yellow beige. The skirt, four-gored, is of black—the jacket, single-breasted with three-button closing, of beige to match a full-length swagger topcoat. As startling note of contrast Kalloch designed a gay print blouse in shades of yellow, black and red. Patent shoes and bag, white gloves and a yellow beige straw fabric sailor shadowed with gossamer red veiling complete the ensemble.

The other suit was of navy tricotine with accent of white and cerise. The skirt features a straight back and a circular front. The hip-length jacket flaunts a gay lining of cerise taffeta, the elbow-length sleeves are trimmed with deep lingerie cuffs to match a white hand-embroidered batiste frou frou blouse. The full-length topcoat for this suit is styled with princess lines. Navy blue gabardine shoes and bag, white gloves and a tiny navy straw sailor, excitingly dramatized by a single cerise rose, give final dash.

KALLOCH suggested a couple of important casual frocks as alternates for wear with the topcoats and accessories of these suits.

"First, a tie silk frock and, secondly, a knit. The tie silk frock should be a tailored type, so it can double for active as well as spectator sport wear; the knit, a two-piece model, so its jacket can be interchanged as chic top for separate skirts in contrast colors."

One tailored frock of tie silk particularly caught my eye. Of yellow silk, printed with shades of blue, this charming little casual was styled with a long-sleeved blouse, a four-gore skirt and a front-button closing from neck to hem. The circle neckline and cuff bands, which held in the fullness of the sleeves, were finished with organdy collar and cuffs daintily embroidered and edged with ruffles of baby lace.

Kalloch particularly stressed the dressy type of trousseau frock.

"The dress-up frock, with its own particular hat, should be perky, gay and picturesque. Every trousseau should have at least two such individual costumes. One, perhaps, a little taffeta dressmaker suit of navy or black with blouse of white frou frou and a tiny hat which might be appropriately termed 'a wee garden of blooms.' Another, a frock of colorful print, touched at the neckline with a lingerie collar, and worn with a wide-brimmed hat of natural straw. Then there is always the choice of classic crepe models in flattering colors—I like contrast toques fashioned of layer upon layer of sheerest veiling as complement for them."

Kalloch finished his trousseau hints with pointers on the house coat, which he feels is most important.

"Every trousseau should boast one, two or several house coats — they are flattering and comfortable for evenings at home and they're so wonderfully practical as wardrobe savers."

Kalloch made one for Ida Lupino of red, white and blue print and tied it around the waist with streamers of red and blue. He was designing another from a printed linen with yellow background and blue spiral motifs.

And so our little trousseau chat came to an end, for Kalloch was called down on the set of "Plane No. 4" to discuss added wardrobe for Jean Arthur, who plays opposite Cary Grant in Columbia's exciting foreign air film.

It's been fun writing about clothes for brides, and I do hope Kalloch's hints will be helpful to spring brides of 1939!

Promise....

and fulfillment await the woman just discovering the telling power of figure beauty. For her, the modern way of youthful figure discipline...Foundettes.

There are glamour and good form for figures in this new Foundette *pantie-girdle by* MUNSINGWEAR. *The new feature "Lastex"* batiste panel stretches up and down... extends into a horizontal-stretch yoke over the hips. Zipper in back; net fabric sides of "Lastex"* and "Cordura" Rayon.* Style 4215. *At all better stores. *Woven or knit of "Lastex" yarn.*

Foundettes
BY MUNSINGWEAR

Minneapolis New York Chicago

(Continued from page 56

a mean-looking cartridge belt and pistol, striding about the "Zuyder Zee" hotel and plane station. The script says he's head man of a ragged air fleet in this little Latin American banana town, sending his flyers to their death and waxing very cynical about life and love until—Jean Arthur, a stranded Broadway show girl, arrives and makes him see double.

We're due for a couple of surprises when we watch the scene. In the first place, Richard Barthelmess, who hasn't made a picture in years, strolls in—gay, debonair and handsome as usual—to swap words and wills with Cary. Dick plays a disgraced flyer out to redeem himself. Surprise number two occurs when Cary, in the middle of the scene, strolls over to a battered piano and ripples over the keys like Eddie Duchin.

When Howard Hawks cuts the scene, Cary confesses to us he's realized one of his great ambitions—to play the piano on the screen.

We leave the palm and bamboo set to find Jean Arthur on a giant fruit boat, out in the dry San Fernando Valley, of all places. It's in water, too, and a hundred imported sea gulls fly screeching around its three towering decks, diving for bits of hamburger the prop men toss them. In a way, this is one of the most amazing sets we've ever seen.

Jean's scene is the one in which she glides into port to become Cary's heart nemesis. The action calls for her to hang over the rail as the ship docks, then descend the gangplank. It sounds simple enough, but the hanging over the rail job becomes a little too realistic.

The ship is on rails, beneath the water, but you'd never know, as you watch it sail along. Jean knows the secret, but just the same, after two fakes she hangs over the rail in earnest. "I want to lie down," she gasps, turning a pale green. They hustle a deck chair up and Jean plops on it with that "Go 'way and let me die" look. Seasickness out in the middle of the California desert!

DOWN the line at M-G-M we hear a familiar bull-ape cry that means only one thing—Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller back at work. "Tarzan In Exile" is the fourth super ape-man movie M-G-M has cooked up to supply Tarzan fans with their virile fare. Frankly, we are a sucker for Tarzan, so it's music to our ears, and we watch a familiar "Me—You—Tarzan" scene and then hurry back to town and Universal who offer "The Spirit of Culver" for our prying eyes this month, with Jackie Cooper—the busiest young actor in Hollywood today—and Freddie Batholomew, growing tall, lean, and less beautiful every day.

If you remember "Tom Brown of Culver," you have the story of this picture. It's almost a rewrite. A tough and bitter orphan, son of a war hero in disgrace, is sent to the country's number one military prep school in Indiana, gets patriotism and manners at last and proves his paw is a real hero after all.

Tom Brown did the first Culver picture and Tyrone Power was an extra! Now Jackie, sixteen, and Freddie, almost fifteen, prove to us how time flies—even in Hollywood.

Since Freddie and Jackie worked together in "The Devil Is a Sissy," they're old pals by now. Jackie's phenomenal drum swatting ability gets featured in the picture, and Freddie is privileged to whack the sticks a few times for friendship's sake. It's been pretty hard keeping the Universal youth under control, we learn, what with Deanna Durbin making "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" next door. In between takes one or the other is prone to stray and stage a jitterbug or jam session on a moment's notice! The studio finally solved the production crisis by adopting Culver barracks rules on the set, with inspection and everything. Andy Devine volunteered for official top sergeant and Jackie and Freddie are scared to death of him.

OUR last two studio stops, before inspecting Radio Row, are Warners, around the corner from Universal City, and RKO. At Warners, "On Trial," the old 1914 stage play that brought Elmer Rice his initial fame, is being screen-conditioned with Margaret Lindsay, Edward Norris, John Litel and little Janet Chapman. It's heavy drayma—about a woman who deliberately sacrifices her spotless reputation to save her husband's life in his trial for murder.

But we don't have to be told that. One look at the lachrymose set is enough. It's a courtroom, formidable and severe. Courtrooms give us the shivers, anyway, and the movies can build them so realistically, we feel like a prisoner before the bar. This one is extra depressing because everybody we see is in tears and they aren't glycerine, either.

Edward Norris, who is going to be a star one of these days, we believe, in spite of his chain of bad breaks, has just finished an impassioned plea to the judge as we arrive. He is so good that when the director cuts the scene, the crew applauds! So does a striking-looking girl sitting on the sidelines in a canvas chair. She is Ann Sheridan, Edward's recently divorced wife. Now they're both at Warners and Ann has just dropped in to wish Edward good luck in a part she knows means a lot to him. We like her better for the gesture.

At RKO, "The Castles," as you ought to know by now, is in the final stage of a two-year endeavor to bring the exciting, glamorous and tragic romance of Irene and Vernon Castle to the screen.

Ginger Rogers plays *Irene*, naturally, and Fred is the 1939 re-creation of light-footed Vernon. There's Edna Mae Oliver and Walter Brennan to fill the other big rôles. Dances will be the big feature—the Yama-Yama, the Castle Polka, Walk and Waltz, the Texas Tommy, Maxixe and Tango. Fred dances one new routine—a military number—and the songs—well, just whip up your kitchen quartet and you've got them—"Pretty Baby," "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "When You Wore a Tulip" and such harmony favorites—a good dozen.

THOUGH cinema employers are raging with radio bigwigs over whether or not stars should be taken off the air waves, we caught these interesting happenings out in Hollywood.

Three big new radio shows featuring Hollywood stars have the *Rue* Radio at Sunset and Vine really excited, we find this month.

The biggest stars in Hollywood were picked to launch all of them, but "The Circle," Kellogg's bid for Hollywood air dominance, is so different and so star-studded that it's all you hear about around the massive new ether temples of NBC and CBS.

Breaking in behind the scenes of this program, we discover an amazing new studio setup to handle the round table talk of Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Chico and Groucho Marx.

A special broadcasting room has been fitted up with a U-shaped table, patterned after the copy desk in a newspaper city room. At the "slot," or center, a goosenecked microphone, the first we've even seen, is rigged up for the informal opinions of Carole, Cary, Ronald and company. Signs warning "Do Not Applaud" are the result of the star wishes—for this is the first Hollywood program tailored strictly to the desires of the screen stars. Every one on the program voted against applause, which we consider a big step forward in Hollywood air shows.

"The Circle" is costing more money than we can imagine and the gamble is terrific. Because every star on it is being urged to be himself, and outside of a skeleton script, the lines will all be *ad lib*. Whether or not that will click with the public is the gamble. Carole, for instance, came out in favor of presenting her serious side over the air minus any touch of the beloved screwball which has captured the fancy of millions.

The big air advantage to all listeners, as we see it, is this: stripped of any and all artificial showmanship, gags, and phony pretensions, "The Circle" is airing the biggest of Hollywood stars in their truest colors.

With Joan Crawford, Jack Benny, Reginald Gardiner, Judy Garland and George Murphy sending off the new Screen Actors' Guild show, and Miriam Hopkins and Cecil B. De Mille breaking in Jesse Lasky's new Gateway to Hollywood program, the air lanes from Hollywood are as jammed now as a department store aisle on Dollar Day. And only a few months ago the rumor went out that Hollywood was through as a radio center. It's only just beginning, if you ask us.

The Screen Actors' Guild program première proved the biggest all-star turnout in radio's Hollywood history. Tickets vanished in a few hours and El Capitan Theater was an autograph hunter's paradise. Even the ushers were stars. Edward Arnold, Robert Young, Conrad Nagel, Tom Brown and a dozen others showed bug-eyed ticket holders to their seats. Reginald Gardiner broadcast with his arm in a sling. And on the Lasky debut Cecil B. De Mille spoke from his sickbed. De Mille's playing hooky from Lux Radio Theater to guest on the Gateway was for a very special and sentimental reason, by the way. Twenty-five years ago Jesse Lasky gave him his first job as a screen director.

Next to this trio of new chances for radio ambitious screen stars, the best news of the month is that Orson Welles, the New York young dramatic genius who made Mars pay dividends, is coming to Hollywood to present his Campbell Soup series while he makes his movie debut in "The Monster," a picture originally intended for John Barrymore. John, just to turn the tables, is in Manhattan to do a stage play. But he won't mix it with radio. Barrymore's final program as master of the Texaco Star Theater brought tears to his eyes. As he finished his dramatic skit the whole cast, orchestra and audience stood up and thundered.

Departing from radio with John are Nelson Eddy and Una Merkel who are checking off the regular show list; Nelson, a fixture on the Chase and Sanborn hour, departs on a concert tour, but he'll rejoin the show after a few months. Una leaves Texaco for good.

Here and there around rehearsal rooms and control booths we find them talking about: Bing Crosby's new broadcasting shirt of blue with white galloping horses and his guest's (Roland Young) attempt to outshine him in violent orange . . . the diet that Fannie Brice is on because she tried to get into her Baby Snooks clothes before a recent broadcast—and couldn't squeeze in! . . . the melancholy pining Frank Morgan suffers for his lost mustache. He had it for ten years and then "The Wizard of Oz" made him shave . . . the great palship that has developed between Rudy Vallee's pop and Bing Crosby's . . . the whistling of Wayne Morris and Andrea Leeds which gummed up Lux Theater's "Kid Galahad." . . .

The breakaway pitcher Ned Sparks socked Charlie Ruggles with on Texaco Theater, and the fit of mid-broadcast chuckles that seized Olivia de Havilland . . . whether Nelson Eddy's successor, Donald Dickson, has what it takes for Chase and Sanborn . . . Kay Francis' good sportsmanship about airing her inability to pronounce her "r's" . . . Tyrone Power's running away from his guest and former sweetie, Loretta Young, after the Woodbury Playhouse to keep a dinner date with Annabella . . . Edgar Bergen's rapt and continued attention to Kay St. Germain . . . Jack Benny's black Rochester and his sudden craze for broadcasting in white tie and tails . . . the "Genevieve Blue," official spring dress shade inspired by the Amos. and Andy girl . . . and the Hollywood radio comedian who cracked about his closest rival—"He's the kind of a guy who'd marry Hedy Lamarr for her money!"

LAST-MINUTE REVIEW

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—20th Century-Fox

THE irrepressible Mr. Zanuck has a new idea in this musical comedy version of the old Dumas classic. It is not entirely successful, however, since it is neither musical, extraordinarily funny nor classic. The Ritz Brothers have one or two new routines, but they are not brilliant.

The story of the romantic flight of D'Artagnan after the *Queen's* brooch is told but hastily and without dramatic power. Don Ameche plays the dashing fourth Musketeer and the Ritzes come in when they outdrink the other three fellows and dress in their clothes. Miles Mander is an unconvincing Richelieu; Joseph Schildkraut plays the *King*, and Binnie Barnes looks exciting as always in the rôle of *Lady De Winter*.

Obviously, the main trouble with the picture is that it is not any one thing but a crowding together of two or three ideas so that all of them suffer. As soon as you are used to the romantic drama, the Ritz Brothers come roaring in and then somebody sings and then there is a duel and it's all very confusing. Ameche does his best and his voice is improving.

(Continued from page 29)

and what had happened the night before. Naturally I didn't mention me being caretaker of the house, or that money was short and that Betty's working meant our only way out. I also skipped over the projection room incident as lightly as I could. The main idea right then was to get Betty home safe and I didn't want to take his mind off of that.

"You better hold the fort here, Marie!" he says soberly when I had finished. "I'll make a quiet turn around town and see if I can locate her."

Well, after Jelliff had gone off on his search party I set about the work, keeping one ear cocked for Betty's arrival. However, nobody arrived except the electric bill, and then along towards four o'clock, with Hollywood seemingly the lonesomest place on earth, the phone rang and it was Chris Beall.

"Can I come on out?" he asked. "It's rather important."

"Come right on!" I says.

"I'll be there in ten minutes!" says Chris. And then he hung up before I had a chance to ask had Betty's body been found in a canyon or what, so it was, not to be sentimental or anything, a pretty bad wait until that low-necked roadster of Chris' drew up in front of the house.

"Where's Betty?" he asked even before he got inside.

"Haven't you seen her?" I asked, not knowing if this was a relief or not.

"I haven't seen her since last night!" he says. "But I want to, badly. She's got to listen to me!"

"Well, she won't," I says, "because for one thing, she's not home just now. And she's mad as blazes. Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

"Yes, plenty!" he says, flopping on the sofa. "I'm fired, to begin with!"

"Fired!" I says, "but the picture. . . ."

"Oh, they can do the final cutting without me and how!" he says. "Didn't I get told, though? But it was a swell fight while it lasted and I am still convinced I was right."

IT was certainly some story that Chris had to tell. It seems that Benny Rossman had got in on the early morning train, and one of the first things he had done was look at the rough cut of 'Bringing Up Mother" and they had shown him the one I was in! Naturally Benny hit the ceiling and anybody he could reach. He stopped the projection after the first ten feet, and exactly what he said, Chris was too much of a gentleman to repeat. But I gathered it was to the general effect that I was dead, washed-up, and that even if I was Shirley Temple, he wouldn't have me for a gift.

"I fought hard for you, Miss La Tour," says Chris, his eyes dark with earnestness, "I had to. You *made* that picture. Betty's work was very sweet, but damned if I'm going to put her ahead of my honest convictions, and in my opinion the only version to release is the one with you in it. When I told Rossman that I'd resign if he couldn't see it my way, he told me to go ahead and resign. He even added that if I thought so much of the sequences you were in, I could have them for a present."

"Say, this is awful!" I says. But Chris only slapped me on the back with a laugh.

"It is not," he says. "I know what I've got in those cans—I've got a fortune! And you're going to help me make it for both of us."

"Chris, I couldn't!" I says indignantly. "Think of Betty!"

"Betty should care what we do!" he says. "She's back in the film. Benny looked that version over and okayed it."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Didn't you tell him she was my granddaughter?"

"After the way he exploded?" says Chris. "Not much!"

"What did you do with those films of me?" I demanded. "You give them to me right away!"

"What for?"

"I'm going to destroy 'em for good and all."

"You are not!" says Chris. "Those films are in my desk at home, and there they stay until I get ready to show them to another producer."

"You can't do that, Chris!" I says.

"I'm going to!" he insists. "I've already talked to Tom Reis of Liberty about you. Now look here, Miss La Tour, don't worry about Betty and her career. I love her and I intend to marry her and that will be all the career she'll need!"

"Marry her, then," I says, "but you'd better get her on speaking terms again first. Here is something you don't understand, Chris. Betty has her pride. I'm glad she's going to be in that picture, but I don't agree yet that she can't act. What's more, if I was to try a comeback she'd never forgive me, and I've got to have her love."

"I know!" he says gently, "and so have I. Do something for me, will you?" I nodded.

"Go over to Riverside and catch the sneak-preview of 'Bringing Up Mother,' he says. "Take a look at Betty on the screen in a pay theater before a real audience. And be honest with yourself about what you see."

"All right," I says, "I'll do that. But just the same if this Mr. Tom Reis hires anybody in this family, it won't be me!"

"That's what you think!" says Chris determinedly. "Now listen! If we can get Reis to look at those rushes, he'll make a bid for you, or I'll eat my hat. But he's a hard guy to handle. Between ourselves he's a money snob and this house would impress him a lot. Let me bring him over for cocktails one afternoon and meet him, anyhow!"

WELL, I thought that over for a moment and I couldn't see any harm in saying okay, on account once I and the house had impressed this Reis, it would be a contact that certainly couldn't do us any harm. I was trying to look ahead, knowing that Betty would always be in danger at Goldmont because of me, even if they wanted to keep her. And if Reis took a fancy to her later, who could tell? So I finally says yes, Chris could bring Mr. Reis and we fixed a date.

"Thanks!" says Chris, getting up to go. "You don't know how good you are but I do, and I'm going to prove it to you yet."

I didn't answer that one at all. Then Chris hesitated at the door and came back.

"By the way, I almost forgot," he says. "What do you know about this fellow Alex Lorm?"

"I don't know much," I says, "but I think plenty!"

"So do I, but I'd be ashamed to have you hear me say it," says Chris. "He came to see me today. Lives not far from me and he must have seen me come in. What a nerve! He walks right in while I was putting those precious cans away and I didn't even know he was there for several minutes!"

LAST NIGHT HE WHISPERED...

"I LOVE YOU"

I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin . . . and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL...and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KNEW MY SECRET . . . She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd *dramatize* yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue. "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a *thing* for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl *instantly*. You need a brighter, more alluring shade ...and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly *one* shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Muriel Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside . . . I want to talk to you . . . alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms . . . he kissed me . . . and he whispered, "Sweetheart . . . I love you . . ."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "story book" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

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Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(44)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Just my luck.

Not two words did he say till I'm poking into my purse, after dessert. "Can that be a package of Beeman's?" he asks. And the whole dinner party looked so wistful I had to pass it around.

"That makes it a *real* party!" says he, thawing out. "I've been hankering for the fresh tang of that Beeman's flavor! Peppy as your sparkling eyes, my dear — refreshing as your smile! Folks, a toast to Miss Merriwell, the pearl of dinner partners!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

"What did he want?" I asks.

"That's what I couldn't make out," says Chris frowning. "Ostensibly, he wanted me to help him spot that Swing Adagio act of his in some studio. And he also asked me what I intended to do about Betty's part in the picture. When I told him she was back in it he. . . ."

"Well," I cued him.

"He rather tried to pump me about her money," Chris said slowly. "It's none of his damn business and I had nothing to tell him. But I don't like it!"

"I don't either," I says, "and I certainly haven't encouraged his hanging around here. I'm on your side, Chris!"

"Good Old Marie!" he says. Then all of a sudden he took my face in both hands, kissed me, and ran gaily off, waving and smiling from his décollete ear.

IT was almost dark before Jelliff came home and took a load off his feet and my mind.

"Betty," he says, "is at Lydia Watts. I suppose she's a nice woman, that Lydia, but. . . ."

"Thank God, Betty's safe!" I says.

"I talked to Betty in the kitchen," Jelliff added, "where she was making a pie. She claimed she was glad to see me, and I did all I could, but. . . ."

"But nothing," I says. "Do you mean to say you actually saw Betty and then let her stay there?" Jelliff nodded his head lugubriously.

"That Lydia is a powerful woman," he remarks, "and she's backed up Betty's idea that you are bad medicine, and said that the great Mrs. Watts will be big-hearted and shelter the poor child, and use all her influence to help Betty in pictures!"

"Lydia Watts' influence in the studios," I says, "is as hard to find as an orphan producer without relatives! That girl is coming home. I've got good news for her!"

So then I went to the phone with what I thought was a hot item, but Betty wouldn't talk to me and Lydia was very high-handed when I repeated a discreet section of what Chris had told me.

"Yes, we know Betty's footage is to be used," she says coolly. "A good friend of hers saw to *that!* And we know there won't be another change. That's one picture you'll never be in, Marie La Tour, I'll promise you!"

That was the way things stood the night when "Bringing Up Mother" was to be sneak-previewed out at Riverside.

I and Jelliff set out in time for the second showing, which is when the surprise number was due, but when we got to Riverside I was so lathered up with excitement that I had clean forgot the name of the theater Chris had told me it would be at. There was no dice at the first place we tried and then when we turned the corner to another theater I got the shock of my life on account there was my own name in enormous big letters right across the marquee!

"Jelliff!" I gasps holding on to him tight. "Am I whacky or what? 'Marie La Tour'! Not even the name of the picture! What does it mean?"

"Steady, old girl!" he says patting my hand. "It looks like this fellow Chris has played a trick on you. I guess he meant it for a pleasant surprise, but. . . ."

I handed him my pocketbook without speaking, and somehow or another we got inside. The theater was jammed to suffocation and as we stood waiting for seats I didn't dare look at the screen, but I got the feel of the audience right off, the way any experienced actress does, and it was warm. In fact, it was hot with interest and friendly amusement.

Well, a kind of cold chill, like eating ice cream too fast, settled on my chest as I sat down. Then I looked at the screen, and My Gawd, there I was! A plump young vamp in a black satin dress that was supposed to make me look like a seal; only now after twenty years I at last realized that it made me look like a seal which was wearing the wrong skin.

"It's 'Lillie of the Valley,' as I live and breathe," Jelliff whispered. "Ah Marie! One of your greatest rôles!"

"Hush!" I whispered. "Let me cry in peace a minute!" And, not to be sentimental or anything, that's what I did. Then I dried my eyes and tried to laugh instead like most of the other people in the theater were doing. But my heart didn't laugh, however.

BAD as it was, I still felt after all these years that there was a *something* to that fillum and I tried to kid myself that it moved in more than the one sense. One thing was certain—the audience went for it strong. Of course, they let out a few laughs and snorts where the commentator wisecracked, but they ate it up just the same and even when they were laughing at me, it was a friendly kind of laugh. But that was small comfort on account I knew an audience ought to laugh *with* a star, not *at* them in even the friendliest way. Suddenly I felt like a very old lady. I wanted to go home and crawl into bed. I wanted to pull the covers over my head and shut out the world with its troublesome memories. All my worries, all my early experiences sort of ganged up on me. I turned to Jelliff and he seemed to understand. Without a word he took my arm and led me out of the theater. Back home at the foot of the stairs he told me more than a plain good night.

"Marie, I know how you feel," he says huskily. "I get that way when I remember my dance and then look at Fred Astaire or somebody. But we *had* those good old times. They *were* good and nobody can take them away from us! Me, I guess I'm through. But you . . . you're slimmer, you got more style and more distinction right now than ever before. So just dream on that, my dear!"

THE PUBLISHER OF PHOTOPLAY, BERNARR MACFADDEN, MAKES A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT

Nestled in the beautiful rolling hills of New York State, near the town of Liberty, is the Loomis Sanatorium where a great adventure in life is soon to take place.

Beginning in May, I am arranging for a demonstration there of a cure in tuberculosis truly sensational in character. And, furthermore, in order that the really deserving may share in the benefits of this project, I am going to take one case each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River who will be treated without charge.

The cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength.

Now, the principal means of curing this disease are quantities of fresh air, proper amount of rest, sunlight, foods that will improve digestion and proper environment.

All this, and more, is available at the Loomis Sanatorium where the great battle for a healthy, joyous normal life is waged every day.

Tuberculosis is usually accompanied by a depressed state of mind and by the idea that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain recovery. In the right atmosphere, with the correct treatment, this belief is done away with and the cure begun.

Some of the elements involved are the rest cure, which I believe is advisable in complete form only for limited periods; health-building procedure, which will bring new strength to all parts of the body, especially the spine, and diet, one of the most important factors in the cure.

It is my belief, borne out by over fifty years of experience in treating tuberculosis, my own case included, that after a careful examination by a diagnostician followed by the competent supervision of experts, the patient suffering from this disease should be well toward recovery within a period of two to three months.

That is why I think the announcement about the Loomis Sanatorium is one of the most thrilling I have ever made to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Beginning May first, we will be able to witness the first demonstrations of the value of the Loomis treatment in curing this disease.

Although the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation is already conducting a large health resort in Florida and another in New York State, I am desirous of extending still further my health-building activities.

I urge all those desiring to present their case in connection with this free treatment offer to address Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

WHAT THE STARS SAY:

"Loomis Sanatorium seems to me a ray of promise lighting the way to a glorious possibility. Whatever will lessen the toll of tuberculosis is a great boon to humanity." PAUL MUNI

"Your plans for the Loomis Sanatorium are deserving of the highest praise from us all. My sincerest best wishes to you on a project so worthy."
DON AMECHE

"Good luck to you on your new and worthy project—the Loomis Sanatorium." IRENE DUNNE

"Congratulations on the fine ideals of your undertaking at Loomis Sanatorium. I wish you every success."
JEANETTE MACDONALD

"My sincere best wishes for the success of the Loomis Sanatorium stop it is both a worthy and very necessary venture sincerely" GARY COOPER

"I think your plans for tuberculosis cure at the Loomis Sanatorium are most worthy and I am sure will add much to the health and happiness of many now unfortunate human beings sincerely"
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"Oh, Jelliff," I says, "I'd like to believe you, but. . . . !"

"And," says Jelliff, "I'd like to prove it with a kiss but. . . ."

"Jelliff," I says with a big effort at trying to be light, "if I didn't know you were sober I'd say like the French, that this was a case of *'cherchez la dram!'*"

LIKE most mornings when you would like to wake up brave and cheerful, it was raining. And when it rains in California, I mean it rains. Not just cats and dogs, but lions and elephants. In other words, even the rain is super-colossal. When I got down to the kitchen Jelliff was already hobbling about, complaining of his bad knee which always hurt in wet weather.

"Jelliff," I says when we had the Java under control, "I feel bad about what we did last night. We should have quit my masterpiece and found that preview."

"I suppose we ought to have, but . . ." Jelliff gave me a sort of funny look and shoved the local trade sheet, damp with rain, towards me.

"I'm glad we didn't." He went on, "There's the preview brought right to your door. Get a load of that."

Well, I picked up the Daily Tattler and there, just as I had supposed, somebody had tipped off their ace critic to the sneak-preview. But there was nothing sneaky about what this reviewer had to say. In fact, he came out and threw bricks as shamelessly and openly as a chimney in an earthquake. The further I read the madder I got and then, instead of being mad any more, I got a cold, frightened feeling. Because the review was honest. This critic, Avery Thompson, was one of the best in his line, and what he said went with the studios. "'Bringing Up Mother' was a sorry piece of floy floy," he claimed, "which might only have been plain dull if sanely cast. But the performance given by a newcomer, one Gail Gallante in the rôle of the slavey, dragged the whole show down below see-level." Mr. Thompson then wished the picture a happy remake, and many of them. The public, he thought, had suffered enough without this!

Well, I put the paper down perfectly stunned. At worst I had expected faint praise, while this was the kind of notice which is harder to live down than the things your best friends are so mean about telling you. It meant plenty as far as that poor child, Gail Gallante, alias Betty, was concerned. She must, I figured, have read it by now, and I wanted to get right up and go over to Lydia's and comfort her. But for a few moments I simply couldn't move for, in spite of our many squabbles, Betty and I had at least always been honest with each other. And the honest truth was just this. Betty wasn't going to work for a long time—not in pictures—maybe never again in pictures. She thought she had money of her own and she hadn't. I'd spent my last cent on this promotion of her and now it was a bust and with Jelliff on my hands, in addition to everything else, I felt as forlorn as the last olive after a cocktail party.

I LOOKED at Jelliff for a long time, wondering about him. In all these years he'd never guessed how things were with my finances but as the song says "Now it must be told." Now, yes, but how? Lord, I hated to do it! For Jelliff wasn't young any more. He'd had a lot of tough breaks, but the last few years he had settled down into a nice comfortable contentment, without a thought of ever having to worry again. I remembered how well he'd done on his small allowance and how he'd been so happy with it. I thought too, about how he'd put himself out a thousand times for me, how he trusted me, and now . . . well anyways, I hated to do this but . . . as he himself would have said. Finally it was Jelliff personally who gave me my opening.

"Hum!" he says, reading the paper. "I see Paramount has a call out for character men." He said it in order to be casual while I got over my shock about Betty but I didn't take it that way.

"Why don't you try for it?" I asked. Jelliff looked up in mild surprise.

"Well, I'd just as soon, but . . ." he says.

"But it's raining and your leg hurts!" I says softly. "Oh Jelliff, I know, and I hate to ask it, but I'm afraid you'd better scramble for that job, leg or no leg, rain or no rain!"

"Why Marie, what have I done?" he says anxiously. "Are you sore at me?"

"You haven't done a thing!" I says. "I'm the guilty party, and if I'm sore at anybody, it's myself. I've been a pretentious fool trying to bluff my way along—and your way, and Betty's. But, oh Jelliff, I see my mistake now and I'm in a jam. I've got nobody to turn to but you and I'm making a sharp one to the right, so watch out!"

And then, before I knew it, I was crying on his shoulder and telling him the whole story—how I was only caretaker in this house and Betty didn't know she was broke. The only thing I didn't tell him was how much I'd counted on that sale of my Long Island property.

"There, there, don't cry!" he says softly, stroking my hair. "I knew you shouldn't be out here without a man to protect you! But now you've got one and he's going to do it!" I pulled myself away gently and patted at my make-up, like a woman does.

"Jelliff," I says, "it will be a mutual benefit association in this house from now on. I suppose we ought to get right down and sit on brass tacks about what's to do."

"I'll go mug at Paramount this very morning," he says, "knee or no knee, or I'm a Judas horned betailment!"

"Take anything you can get," I says approvingly, "because remember every time you crash a gate there may be a click to it."

"Now is the time for one good Party to come to the aid of all men!" says Jelliff with a grin. Then with a cheerful wave of the hat he hobbled out into the rain.

Gagging like that had made both of us feel better, and I put on my hat and waited impatiently for the weekly cleaning woman to arrive and start her job. And at last Amandabell appeared, black and lumbering.

"Ah's sorry Ah's late," she puffs, "but Ah seen where Metro was goin' to do a colored picture and Ah jest naturally haid to stop by the casting office fust."

"Did you get anything?" I says hopefully, because from now on Amandabell was one of the things we were going to do without. But she shook her black head with a sigh.

"It wa'nt mah kind of color," she says.

"Better match next time," I wished her. And then I told her where I was going, and gave her Lydia Watts' phone number.

"If anything important happens before Miss Betty and I get home," I says, "call me up here."

AND then I set out to fetch Betty, trying to feel as confident as I sounded. Betty still had the car so I had to take a bus and walk the rest of the way. But I did not mind as I am strong, and also on account I have been out in every kind of weather from wild to woolly, all my life. And yet my knees kind of shagged voluntarily when I got to Lydia's house and rang the bell.

Once I got inside, the house had, as

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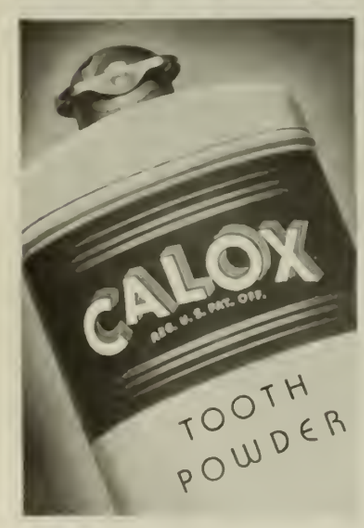

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a person might of expected, a kind of strip-tease touch to it. By which I mean to say it looked like Lydia had stripped the auction rooms and teased the house with the result, which I suppose came natural to her. And she kept me waiting which I also suppose came natural to her after so many years of keeping 'em waiting for that last shoulder strap to go. But finally she slithered in simply jangling with refinement.

"Well Marie!" she says, "I certainly am surprised at seeing you here after all you did to that poor child! I should have thought you knew stealing a show underhanded *isn't done* in the profession!"

"I don't know anything about burlesque, never having been in it," I says, "but I do know when my own granddaughter needs me to look after her."

"I can't say you seem to of done very well so far!" says Lydia. "And she is welcome to the shelter of my little home for as long as she cares to stay."

"Your little home isn't where she belongs," I says kind of grim. "My heavens, Lydia, isn't there family trouble enough in this world without you fertilizing it?"

"I only gave her succor!" says Lydia in a superior way.

"Sucker is right!" I says. "Let me talk to the child alone, Lydia, and I'll try to keep those movie mag-writers who like to jog the public's memory away from your door."

Well, it was a dirty threat without one word of wisdom behind it, but it worked.

"All right, I'll get her," says Lydia. "She's out in the kitchen."

"Working off a mood," says I.

"Well, she's fixing cucumbers with sour cream, wilted lettuce salad, and sour Russian rye bread with caraway seeds," says Lydia meaningly.

Then she slid out of the room, one hand going instinctively to her shoulder strap as the portières billowed around her, and pretty soon Betty come in and just stood there, looking sulky and pretty, but making a stab at big-woman-of-the-world stuff.

"Well?" she says. "I suppose you've come to gloat—for I take it you've read the reviews!"

"Not to gloat, Betty," I says. "I'm sorry as can be, but it would of been a miracle if the first part you ever played was a hit. Why, you don't imagine any actress is actually made overnight, do you? You who've been around show people all your life. You don't kid yourself on the facts, do you?"

"I know what the fact of your 'help' did to me!" she says, not meeting my eyes. "And I don't care to accept it any more. I've got my own money and I'll make out until I click."

"Darling!" I says miserably, "of course you'll click at something sooner or later. I won't interfere again. But unless you want to live off of Lydia. . . ."

"What's that?" she says sharply, and from her tone I could see she didn't want any such thing.

"Your money, Betty," I says, holding my head as if my permanent was a complete crime wave, "that's the trouble. You haven't any money of your own!" Betty's face quivered and her little hands clenched.

"This is too much!" she says. "I suppose you spent it?"

"No, you spent it, Betty," I says getting up and going to her. "There never was any money left by your father. I just said so on account of I wanted you to feel independent and to stay with me because you wanted to stay, not because you felt you had to." Still she didn't or wouldn't quite get the idea. Probably Lydia and that Alex Lorm had been working on the poor kid until she couldn't think straight, or see the truth in my eyes, either.

"So now you're going to stop paying my allowance, as it turns out to be," she says slowly. "Gram, I'm surprised at that—even from you!"

"Betty!" I cries, "I'm even more surprised at you! Of course I'm not stopping any allowance. What I am trying to tell you is that our money is all gone. We're broke. And there's nothing disgraceful about being broke. In fact some of the best people have made quite a popular sport out of it. If things had gone right, I'd never have let you know the truth until it couldn't hurt you." Betty's face twisted in a funny, proud little smile.

"I'm sorry, Gram," she says. "I don't know what to think. And I don't know what to do except that I certainly can't go home now! Home! To what? To live off you again, at your age? Not much! I'll find work. I'll. . . ."

"Betty, come home!" I says. But she shook her head.

"No!" she says, real firm. "I've got to think this thing out alone. I've got to decide for myself!"

I felt pretty well licked and was about ready to go, when the telephone rang. Betty answered it.

"It's for you," she says. "Amandabell wants to talk to you."

I took the receiver and listened, hardly able to believe what that soft thick voice was saying. But my face must have spoken for me, for Betty's eyes seemed to catch my fright.

"What is it?" she asked intently as soon as I hung up.

"It's Jelliff!" I says, unsteadily. "He—he couldn't make the Boulevard quite quick enough with that knee, and a car hit him!"

"Gram!" cried Betty, "where is he? Don't look like that! Don't!"

"Who wouldn't?" I says, "when it was me who made him go out. He's home—but I pushed him into this, I tell you—I'm responsible!"

Suddenly Betty's whole expression changed. I think that in those few short seconds she grew up.

"Come on, Gram," she says taking my elbow real gently. "This is no time for us to nurse our fight. Let's forget it and get on home to him!"

That accident was a blessing in disguise, for it brought Betty home; but—more trouble looms ahead for Marie when her magnanimity and humor toss her from the frying pan into the fire. Next month, another delightful chapter in the life of this gallant actress.

Calling All American Girls

So, you'd like to change places with a star? You envy her ability to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men? WAIT! Just wait until you read what some representative gentlemen told Gretta Palmer. It's in the May PHOTOPLAY. (Prepare to take a new lease on life!)

WHY AMERICAN MEN DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

(Continued from page 17)

laughter. Violins are humming sweet waltzes—beautiful women with jewels and chinchilla wraps laugh and dance and flirt; old servants in gold-embroidered uniforms carry trays with champagne; yes, the spirit of old, gay Vienna is still alive. . . .

YES, I remember the night of November 22, 1934. Two days before, I had arrived in Vienna. How well I remember the deep depression I felt as I walked through the dying town. And then, through the mediation of Professor Clemens Krauss, the famous conductor of the Viennese Philharmonic, I was invited to the ball in Prince von Starhemberg's palais.

We arrived rather late. The big crowd seemed to be in an extremely gay mood. About one hundred twenty people were present. Seldom in my life have I seen so many beautiful women together and so many famous men and so many diamonds, furs and luxurious trappings. The air was filled with exotic perfumes and the smoke from many cigars. The guests belonged to the cream of Austrian and international society. If my memory serves me right, I recognized Prince Nicholas of Greece, Madame Schiaparelli, Franz Werfel and his wife, formerly the wife of the great composer Gustav Mahler, Prince Gustav of Denmark, Nora Gregor, the best-loved actress of Vienna, General Malleaux of the French General Staff and —Hedy Lamarr.

I remember that she attracted my attention as soon as I arrived. Among all the beautiful and extravagantly gowned and jeweled women, she was by far the most attractive—and the youngest. She wore a white dress, which in its simplicity was really a work of art, and a single diamond that, as I learned later on, was one of the purest and largest in Europe. She was dancing with a man much older than she, a big stout man with a strongly lined face.

"Who is she?" I asked the young Hungarian playwright, Oedoen von Horvath.

He led me a few steps aside where nobody could hear us. "Look here," he whispered, "don't you know what is going on here tonight? It is the first official meeting between Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl, after their quarrel. Maybe history will be made tonight!"

A little impatient, I replied: "At the moment I am not interested in history but in that woman who is dancing over there. Who is she?"

Horvath looked at me, incredulously. "Do you mean to say that you don't know her? That is Hedy Kiesler, *the* Hedy Kiesler. She is the wife of Fritz Mandl. That's the man she's dancing with."

I WAS somewhat perplexed. I had heard the name Hedy Kiesler mentioned through her unfortunate appearance in the film, "Ecstasy"—but everybody in Europe knew Fritz Mandl, the owner of the Hirtenberger Patronen-Fabrik. Fritz Mandl was one of the four munition kings of the world. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the greatest international dealer in arms, Schneider-Creuzot, his French colleague, Alfred Krupp, the master of the German cannon works in Essen and Fritz Mandl—these four hold the fates of all of us in their hands. Day and night, they are active in their trade, for war is their business; they have to sell arms and ammunitions. Mandl was the youngest of the big four. He was fabulously wealthy. Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful woman in Vienna, was his wife.

"Look," Horvath gripped my arm. The dance had ended and Mandl, after bowing to his wife, slowly went up the wide staircase. His host followed. And, though the music was now playing another tune and everybody seemed to be busy flirting, dancing and laughing, there was something sinister in the air, a nervous tension, a barely audible excitement.

Everybody in the ballroom was aware of the two men who had just left the hall. In the minds of each one of us was the thought: what are the two men up to? A torturing question. . . .

I asked a mutual acquaintance to introduce me to Hedy Kiesler—or, as she was then called, Mrs. Fritz Mandl. I asked her to dance.

She seemed to be tired. I noticed that her shining deep eyes were not so gay as they had appeared to be from a distance.

"Let's sit down for a moment," she suggested. Only then did I notice that her soft alluring beauty was really intoxicating when enhanced by the vital charm of her eyes and her voice. She appeared sophisticated and naïve at the same time—great international hostess and sweet Viennese girl.

HEDY and I spoke about her father, Emil Kiesler, who had died a few years ago and whom I had known as director of an important Viennese bank. He was a shrewd businessman, a tall, handsome, well-dressed man with blue eyes and dark hair growing gray at the temples. About four or five years ago, when I was in his office, his wife came in. Mrs. Kiesler was—or better, is (she is still living in Vienna)—a small energetic woman. Kiesler immediately interrupted the conference and started to whisper excitedly with his wife.

"It must have been about a younger sister of yours," I told Hedy, "because I could not help overhearing talk of their 'little girl.' Something seemed to have happened to her."

Hedy laughed. "The little girl must have been me," she said, "because I am the only one they have. Probably I was having the measles or I had been in some mischief. My poor old daddy—" Mrs. Mandl added thoughtfully, "—we were a very happy family in our house in Peter Jordan Street—"

A new waltz began and Hedy was claimed by one of her admirers. Horvath approached me excitedly. "Did she say anything about Mandl's conference with von Starhemberg?" he asked.

I took Horvath's arm and led him out of the ballroom to the big balcony. It was a cold and clear winter night. The sounds of the music and the laughter were only faintly audible. Before and under us was the silent dark town.

"Mrs. Mandl didn't say a word about her husband," I replied, "but I wish you would tell me something about her. She can't be much older than nineteen or twenty. When did she marry, and why?"

Horvath thought for a minute and then answered slowly, "In these last three or four years, Hedy Kiesler has lived an amazingly fantastic life. It began in quite the usual way. As the only child of a well-to-do Viennese family, she went through the usual forms of education—private tutors, private schools, later on, perhaps a year or two in a pension in Switzerland; and then the climax, introduction into society.

Figure Glamour Stepped-up

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Bust contour idealized—breasts proudly high, importantly separated and deftly shaped by spiral bands, exactly as a painter of glamorous women would draw them—a dipping curve on top with fullness around and below. Such is the magic of "Spiral" bra. You *must* have one! With it Formfit's exciting new girdle—Panel-Art—with panels of fabric squelching over-ambitious bulges fore and aft—and sections of firm yet yielding "Lastex" treating you to the kind of supple loveliness others admire.

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Yes, comfortable shoes. But *not* because youthful lines have been sacrificed. Far from it! This year's collection of Enna Jetticks is full of college girl shoes—debutante shoes—young-business-girl shoes . . . all the newest, smartest, and youngest ideas in shoe design.

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Hand-Flexed by Master Craftsmen
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"As far as I remember, shortly before she became a debutante, her father died and at once her troubles started. The fortune of the family slowly vanished during the Austrian monetary crisis. Hedy's attempts to regain some of the lost fortune on the stock exchange failed. She and her mother lost every penny they possessed. But Hedy was a brave girl. She accepted a job as a stenographer, but she was much too pretty to work in an office. You know what I mean. At last, through an old friend of the family who wanted to help the Kieslers, Hedy got a job as script girl in the Sascha Film Studios. And there Gustav Machaty got hold of her.

"MACHATY was the first to recognize the possibilities of Hedy Kiesler," Horvath went on. "For years he had been planning a great film—his lifework, as he called it—but he had not been able to start it because he could not find the right actress. When he saw Hedy he knew that he had found her, but first, of course, she had to gain experience.

"Machaty asked a few film directors to let her play small parts in their films. After she had gained what the film people call 'camera technique,' Machaty began his 'great work.' It was a super-modern film about a beautiful poor young girl who married an ugly, old, but wealthy man. Working with unknown actors and with Hedy Kiesler as star, Machaty at last finished the film and called it 'Symphony of Love'—later known under the title of 'Ecstasy.'"

Horvath paused. Footsteps came nearer on the silent street. They belonged to a detachment of Heimwehr soldiers—gray-uniformed, brutal fellows—the creatures of the noble Prince von Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl.

I looked up. From the balcony of the palais where we stood we saw a lonely light in the floor above us. Prince Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl were having their conference there. What would be the result? Something sinister was in the air. Mandl was known as usually getting what he wanted. . . .

With one exception. I smiled. When Mandl had married the beautiful star of "Ecstasy," he had tried to buy all negatives of the film. Machaty sold them to him. But new negatives turned up in Tokyo, or in Australia, or in Rome. Again Mandl started buying. He didn't want to have his wife appear naked before the bulging eyes of movie fans. But it was a long time before he learned that as soon as he bought the negatives, the company which distributed "Ecstasy" had new ones produced. At last Mandl succeeded in buying the original for a terrific amount of money.

"Why did she play in 'Ecstasy' at all?" I asked Horvath, who was still staring up at the silent light in the room above.

My friend shrugged his shoulders. "I think that she can hardly be blamed for it," he answered. "The film itself is a very ambitious and purely artistic work and I think that nobody, least of all Hedy, had the faintest idea that the great public could regard it as a 'naughty' film. Hedy must have suffered deeply over the international scandal. Of course, she didn't behave cleverly after the scandal broke. She shouldn't have appeared in public for some time. But the great Max Reinhardt was just then going to direct the new play by Eduard Bourdet, 'The Weaker Sex,' and, either because he wanted to take advantage of Hedy's publicity, or, as I believe, in order to give her a chance to show the public that she was really an actress, he gave her a small part in it. Through her, the play became a sensation. She began to travel between Berlin and Vienna. Among the parts she played in these years, I remember one in Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' and a big part in the film, 'The Trunks of Mr. O. F.'"

My friend became silent again. After a while he went on, thoughtfully: "Yes—and then her marriage. It was a very strange and curious coincidence. People say that Fritz Mandl, who had seen Hedy Kiesler in 'Ecstasy,' went to the first night of 'The Weaker Sex' and watched her from his box. In the intermission, he asked a mutual friend to introduce him to her. Fritz Mandl is supposed to be a man who gets everything he wants—and a short time later his marriage to Hedy Kiesler was announced. Do you remember the story of 'Ecstasy?' A very wealthy, ugly old man buys—excuse me, I meant to say marries—a beautiful poor young girl. Do you understand what I mean when I call it a strange coincidence?

"Since the wedding, Hedy Mandl has become one of the most brilliant hostesses of international society. Yes," Horvath ended dreamily, "if a novelist were to describe her life, people would call him unbelievably fantastic. . . ."

Horvath suddenly gripped my arm. I looked through the glass door and saw Prince von Starhemberg and the munition king Mandl walk down the wide staircase, arm in arm. Horvath and I returned to the ballroom. Everybody had stopped dancing to look at the two men. Hedy Kiesler left her dancing partner and went over to her husband. At that same moment, the music that had stopped began to play a waltz. Fritz Mandl, the munition king, took the arm of Hedy Kiesler, the most beautiful girl in Vienna and his wife, and they began to dance. We saw him whispering to her, gravely, and then I noticed that her eyes grew wide and fearful. . . .

YES, it was a great night in the Viennese palais of the Prince von Starhemberg. Today we know from political documents that on this very night—November 22, 1934—Starhemberg and Fritz Mandl reached an agreement concerning their ambitious political plans. Fritz Mandl promised to supply Prince Starhemberg's Heimwehr with arms for the overthrowing of Dollfuss.

On this night the foundation was laid for those tragic events which began with the cruel murder of tiny Chancellor Dollfuss and led, at last, to the end of the proud Austrian Empire and its rape by the German dictator. . . .

I remember well the jubilant violins playing Viennese waltzes . . . I remember the laughter and the gay voices of famous men and beautiful women . . . I remember the atmosphere of exotic perfumes, white shoulders, expensive cigars, promising smiles, international medals and chinchilla wraps . . . and I remember Mrs. Fritz Mandl—more appealing, more charming and more beautiful than anyone else—and, hidden behind her veiled eyes, a great loneliness and fear. . . .

* * * *

Dark and deserted were the streets of Vienna. Only in one house, a palais—like a ghost, a dream out of old times—the last sweet waltzes of Vienna were danced under shining chandeliers. . . .

* * * *

It's only a few years ago, but the dream has long since ended. The morning was gray, the awakening terrible. Dollfuss has bled to death; von Starhemberg is a poor forgotten refugee in Switzerland; Fritz Mandl, driven out of his country, is traveling somewhere between Shanghai and Buenos Aires, selling arms—and Vienna, old, beautiful, gay Vienna, is occupied by the barbarians. The "blue" Danube has become a "red" Danube, flowing over with blood and tears. . . .

Only one has escaped the awakening in the gray morning: Hedy Lamarr.

MOVIES *in your home*

A new Photoplay department—giving ips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movieamera enthusiasts who want to buy, nake and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

SO you want to know how to make your amateur actors act naturally? Take a tip from Director Lewis eiler, of Warner Brothers, and give ne player something to do. As probbly every 16 mm. cameraman knows, s soon as the players realize the camra is turned on them, they drop whatver they are doing, grin sheepishly, nake a face, wave their hands, or do something awkward and uncharacteristic. Thousands of otherwise excellent vacation or family reels have been spoiled by this type of reaction. "All this can be avoided," Seiler says, "if you give the amateur player something specific to do. Let's say you are making a camping shot. One person can be chopping wood, another cleaning fish, another starting a fire, and so on. Weave your action in and out among the things people naturally do on a camping trip.

"In the 'plot' type of picture, the problem is a little tougher. The tendency of the actor is to overact, producing a result reminiscent of the old-time 'mellerdrammers.' The amateur actors will move too rapidly through their action scenes; their gestures and actions will pop in and out of the narrow range of the camera lens with disconcerting suddenness. Or, on the other hand, during dialogue scenes, the actors will stand or sit perfectly still with their lack of movement conspicuous."

From cameraman George Folsey, on the M-G-M lot, comes advice on how to "pan" correctly. Folsey complains that most amateur photog's use what he calls a "firehouse pan," in other words they move their camera from left to right, or up and down, too quickly. The right way to use a "pan" shot to connect two scenes is to follow some person or moving object from one shot to another. In that case, the audience watches the moving object and the blurred background is seldom noticed. In timing the "pan" shot the camera should move as rapidly as the object itself. As a general rule, shots should be "panned" extremely slowly—often not any faster than the motion of the second hand on a watch.

Castle Films are going heavy on production for movies for your home. Best of this month's crop of flickers is their "Sports Parade of the Year," which brings you all the big events to date. They also have an excellent one reeler of the Golden Gate Exposition and a nice number in "George VI Visits the United States and Canada." Animal fans will want Castle's "A Day at the Zoo," and you folks who are getting your boats ready for the summer will like "Sea Going Thrills."

Pathegram are quite proud of their 16 mm. Sound edition of "City of Proud Memories," which takes you through Charleston, S. C. Beautiful music in this is provided by a negro instrumental quartet. Science bugs will want to get the one reeler, "Craters of the Moon." This company also is out with new Grantland Rice Sportlights and a series called "Trips Around the World."

Garrison Films have finally released a picture that will probably be viewed with interest even 1,000 years from now. It's called "Crisis" and was shot by Herb Kline in Czechoslovakia in the month before and right after the Munich Pact. It's by far the best and most interesting picture for 16 mm. this year. Joris Ivens, who is familiar to any up-to-date cameraman, is now cutting his first full-length feature film on China. As yet untitled, this film will be ready for you by the time you read this. Some of you will probably be interested to know that "Professor Mamlock," one of the best foreign films of the year, has been released for 16 mm. by Garrison.

GOSSIP about Amateurs: Lew Ayres is now shooting a murder picture, using his swimming pool as the scene of most of the action. Eleanor Powell, a 16 mm. fan, learned how to do those fascinating dances she does in "Honolulu," by photographing a native hulu dancer with her camera running at double speed. By running her shots at slow motion, she broke all records at learning Hawaiian hulu dances. . . .

Dick Powell has been working on a 16 mm. picture for the last three years. It is a film recording of his first meetings with his wife, Joan Blondell, and the incidents of their life together.

New Equipment: From the Wholesale Camera Supply Co. of Los Angeles comes the announcement of a new 8 mm. camera equipped with an electric drive powered by a simple flashlight battery. One battery is good for about 20 rolls of film . . . The Craig Movie Supply Company has now placed on the market a film editing machine for 16 mm. film designed exactly like the 35 mm. editors used by Hollywood studios . . . Eastman Super XX film, four times as fast as regular Cine-Kodak panchromatic, is now available for 16 mm. cameras and will soon be ready for 8 mm. fans as well. . . .

Fresh as a Benchley Quip

IE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday Nights, Columbia Network

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

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Gail Patrick and John Howard, featured in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets". Watch for it. Note what adorable hands she has! Let Jergens Lotion help you!

GAIL PATRICK
(Lovely Paramount Star)
advises girls:
"For Romance—keep your HANDS soft and Smooth"

How "Winter Dryness" May Rob your HANDS of Charm

SOFT "Hollywood Hands" are so charming! Don't let winter chap and roughen them.

Your skin's moisture glands become less active in cold weather; your hands lose natural moisture, too, from exposure to wind, cold and water. Furnish extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. Helps do the softening, beautifying work of the depleted natural moisture. How do doctors help soften rough, harsh skin? Many use 2 fine ingredients that are found in Jergens. Never sticky! Regular use prevents chapping. Trade 2 minutes a day for hands *he'll* adore? Start now to use Jergens Lotion. For best results—use after every handwashing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 for the special economy size, at any beauty counter.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Cream—Vitamin Blend promotes smooth skin; beautifies. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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Reborn!

(Continued from page 19)

room with Scotch and soda and tea and cigarettes. "The Club," Goulding called these gatherings. They would discuss the scenes they had done and the scenes they had yet to do. And the talk at these times was so stimulating and so good that families and cooks were perpetually disgruntled over the hour at which they returned home for dinner.

"Ice, Lucy?" George would ask Goulding. Or he'd say, "Be a good girl, Lucy, old thing, and chuck me a cigarette, do!" And always Goulding, with a sheepish grin, would comply. He had courted this nickname and he knew it when he had insisted upon showing the bit actress who played a maid named *Lucy* how to do her scenes.

George kidding . . . George enthusing about his work. . . .

Bette was working the day her divorce was granted. She was more shaken than anyone realized—anyone except George Brent. George's greatest fault and charm, as anyone will tell you, is his understanding sympathy for everybody in the world. Even George, however, wasn't prepared for Bette's crack-up.

They were playing together when it happened. It was the day before Bette was to go into the sequence where she must let the audience know she is almost blind but keep this a secret from those around her.

Bette admits that *Judith* is one of the hardest acting assignments she has ever had.

She and George again were on the set which represented his office. As *Judith*, she was telling him that she had given up her wild, undisciplined ways . . . that she loved him . . . that she knew he loved her and that it hadn't been out of pity that he had asked her to marry him. And she was pleading with him to help her make the time that was left her count—really count.

"Where can I find peace?" There was a heartbreaking quality in the way she read that line.

George responded. He spoke with the warmth of a lover and the compassion of a father.

"Within yourself," he answered her.

Bette began to cry. Tears were what the script called for; nevertheless, Bette's tears were wrong. For they came from Bette Davis crying from self-pity and nervous exhaustion; and they should have come from *Judith Traherne*, crying because of emotions all her own.

Many actresses would have been satisfied simply to have produced tears. Not Bette. She was ashamed and horrified. She looked at George and shook her head. "Nice work, Davis," she muttered scornfully. Then she went to David Lewis, the producer. She asked that the company be dismissed.

"Tomorrow," she promised him, "with a good night's sleep under my belt I'll be all right."

True to her word she was. However, all the next day Don and Daffy, the two English setters in the picture (they belong to Bobby Davis, Bette's sister), wouldn't stir away from her.

Whenever she was on the side lines they sat with their great heads resting in her lap and their eyes devotedly beseeching.

FIVE weeks was the shooting time allotted "Dark Victory," but it was ten weeks before it was finished. However, no one seemed to care. There weren't any messages, pasted with red stickers, rushed to the set from the Front Office. When executives are pretty sure they have something special in a production they are more lenient.

At last, all the film was in the can. The time had come for a party. All slicked up, with husbands and wives and girl friends and boy friends in tow, the "Dark Victory" company gathered one night at "Lucy's."

"Lucy's" is a restaurant. It also is a sanctuary from the eternal California sunshine.

No golden beam ever has been known to penetrate "Lucy's" stone walls. Aromatic souvenirs of dishes flavored with garlic and spices cling to the air. Great crackling fires burn in the stone-walled rooms. The waiters are understanding and discreet. No tourists are allowed.

They sat around one great table, the "Dark Victory" company and their friends. The toasts were warm and many. They drank to George, over and over again. They toasted Goulding, David Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, Geraldine Fitzgerald (who, incidentally, makes a very real claim to screen importance in her "Dark Victory" rôle).

"If I may propose a toast," said someone, no one seems quite sure who it was now, "if I may propose a toast—to a champion!"

Those are the last lines of "Dark Victory" but somehow, as they were spoken that night and chairs were pushed back and glasses were raised, all eyes were on Bette—who sat there alone at the head of the table.

Broadway's Fay Bainter, with her retired naval officer husband, Lieut. Com. R. G. H. Venable, has Hollywood wrapped around her little finger with her charm and graciousness

(Continued from page 12)

ne capacity for fun; but you can get ack your enjoyment of life and your esire for fun and gaiety by getting ufficient vitamins to increase your vi-ality so you won't be tired or listless. Ierle Oberon, with her abundant vital-y, is, in our opinion, the perfect ex-mple of the "vitamin girl" at her best.

OST people need additional vitamins combat the strain of everyday living, make them feel wonderful and look onderful. And each different vitamin lays a separate part in its effect upon ou.

There's Vitamin A, which is found in een vegetables especially, and liver. 's in butter and eggs and carrots and pricots. A deficiency of this vitamin an impair your vision and lower your esistance to infections. You need Vita-in A for bright clear eyes and a ealthy nervous system and a smooth kin.

When you eat beans and peanuts and ysters, you're getting some Vitamin B. you aren't getting enough of this vit-min, your digestion is probably im-aired, and you're nervous and cross nd restless. Your fingernails break asily and you probably want to cry very time something goes wrong. "I'm tired," you often moan, and you know ou had plenty of sleep last night and ou really haven't done a thing all day.

If you're losing weight and you don't el like eating; if your dentist finds ore cavities in your teeth on your st visit to him than he ever did previ-usly; and you despair at the condition your skin, you're not getting enough itamin C. Perhaps your raw fruits nd vegetables have been stored over period of time, so that the vitamin ontent has been diminished. Have you een eating your spinach and tomatoes nd asparagus and cauliflower and rinking your orange juice regularly?

Vitamin D is responsible for healthy eth and bones because it deposits cal-um and phosphorus in your system. irect exposure to the sunlight, espe-ally in the summer, gives you Vitamin . Egg yolks and salmon have a little itamin D. The livers of cod and hali-ut and a few other large fish are a ch source.

Vitamin E will give you more vitality nd make you feel well and happy. ettuce and watercress and whole wheat nd meat and barley contain Vitamin E.

Lack of Vitamin G is one of the rea-ons why your hair has no gloss and our skin isn't so soft as it should be. ran and yeast and whole milk and heat germ are rich in Vitamin G.

These are the vitamin groups that are o necessary to you and your well-being. ou can see the importance of each ne and realize that each group can ork better when the other groups are lso present.

If you don't get all these vitamins in our daily diet, you can get them in oncentrated form and supplement our diet with them.

When you get sufficient vitamins in our daily routine, you'll be more than leased with the result. You'll sleep etter and have more vitality. You on't refuse dates any more because ou're simply too tired to go out after hard day's work. Your skin will be lear and smooth and have a healthy olor. Your nails won't break and your air will regain its gloss and luster. ou'll be a new woman, and have a onderful time!

Beauty Personals — When you have otten yourself into this marvelous state of well-being, then it's time for you to go even farther and add those little beauty tricks of the stars that will do so much for you because they're based upon your own clear skin, shining hair and excellent health.

Try Ginger Rogers' trick of "setting" her face powder. After Ginger has patted on her powder and brushed off the surplus with her little powder brush, she takes a cotton cloth or pad which has been dipped into cold water and wrung almost dry and pats her face lightly with the cloth. This way the powder remains for hours without that boring necessity of powdering your nose almost every few minutes. It's a perfect time-saving device for a busy girl.

Ginger has several excellent beauty tricks that you can adapt to your own use with splendid results. After she applies her make-up, she touches vaseline to her eyebrows to smooth them into place and eliminate any faint trace of powder.

Ginger's charming habit of touching a drop of perfume to the inside of her gloves results in a very light aura of scent about her whenever she moves her hands.

It's an old-fashioned trick — our grandmothers used it—but it's still as successful as ever.

Another old-fashioned idea is Ginger's coiffure for her new picture, "The Castles." It's a copy of the hair-dos worn in 1911, but it's adaptable for evening wear today and is very becoming. The hair is brushed smoothly back from the face and then coiled at the nape of the neck in a "figure eight." Because the hair is very smooth, it's important that your hair be in good condition, shining and glossy.

Sally Eilers prevents any dryness or brittleness of hair from overexposure to the elements by using her recipe of three parts olive oil and one part castor oil, which she applies to her scalp with pads of absorbent cotton before each shampoo. Wendy Barrie has her own system of brushing her hair. She first brushes it up, lock by lock, to stimulate it. Then she ends by brushing it down to restore her hair to shining order.

WHEN you're applying mascara, try using Anne Shirley's method to darken her lashes without caking them with thick mascara and giving them that artificial, made-up look. After she has brushed mascara on very carefully, just a little at a time, she takes a small dry brush and brushes off the surplus, separating the lashes at the same time.

For very formal evening wear, Anne sprays her new high coiffure with brilliantine, then dusts gold metal powder all over it, adding new high lights to her lovely red hair.

When painting her nails with polish, Anne does as her manicurist does, to give the same professional look to her nails. To avoid streaking, she uses a brushful of polish and applies the color with a circular stroke at the base of the nail, then completes the coating with vertical strokes. This gives a smooth, even coating to her nails.

Kay Sutton's contribution to our list of beauty tricks is to use only a cream rouge applied over a cream base if your skin is dry.

Liquid powder bases or powder rouges have a tendency to cake on a dry skin, whereas cream bases give a smoother finish.

"IT'S Revlon NAIL ENAMEL FOR ME... First, Last, and Always!"

"Of course Revlon is my favorite Nail Enamel!" says this dazzling beauty — Helen Bennett — who frequently lends enchantment to the covers of important fashion magazines. "From the first moment my manicurist puts it on, until it's taken off, days later, Revlon Nail Enamel is a joy. It stays so lustrous . . . wears so well . . . goes on so smoothly and easily. And I adore Revlon's fashionably correct shades. My nails are in grand shape, too. So — it's Revlon for me — first, last and always!" ◇ Smart women the world over say that Revlon Nail Enamel is best for looks, best for wear AND best for the nails — keeps them on their best behavior! Quality beauty salons the world over use Revlon Nail Enamel because it stays on so beautifully between manicures and brings customers back again and again. ◇ You—and your nails—will prefer Revlon, too.

Featured in leading department stores and in quality beauty salons.

Nail "Tips": FOR FRAGILE NAILS . . .

To protect fragile nails, use Revlon's ADHERON (contains no wax) as a base-coat under nail enamel. It gives a hard, smooth surface to soft or ridged nails! Prolongs wear! Use as a top-coat, over nail enamel, for added lustre.

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THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN—

Because it's right for You doesn't make it right for Me!

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

So Kotex* offers "All 4" types of sanitary protection—

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

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Fibs,* the Kotex Tampon—the new invisible protection that's worn internally; requires no pins or belt. Only Fibs are Quilted for greater safety—greater ease of insertion—greater comfort in use. Recommended for the final days, particularly.

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You'll See— KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

Melvyn of the Movies

(Continued from page 68)

where Yale let him down in the game with Harvard, and he hummed snatches of tunes like "Great Day" and "Chant of the Jungle" and "Tea for Two" and the new "Singing in the Bathtub" to girls with shingled hair and Clara Bow mouths and to ladies who could wear hip waistlines and get away with it and also to ladies who could not, and knew it, but wore them anyway. And he went to a reception where he met an actress named Helen Gahagan, who seemed to him completely beautiful and desirable but who saw him not, so that he put her from his mind with a note to snub her one day if given the chance; and he worked hard, and played harder, and got and accepted and gave invitations, and in the rush of doing these things the past dimmed, the present glittered and the future swelled with promise.

Once again, his life held glamour.

BRADY cast him first as the lead in "A Free Soul," which was a success. Then one of the leads went off on sick leave and in the hysteria of the moment Mr. Brady decided to take the man's place himself. Halfway through the first scene the old man forgot his lines; and it was Melvyn's chance. He snatched at it. With a reassuring grin at his boss young Douglas began ad libbing, working the other's dialogue into his own so that Brady had only to say "yes" or "no" and follow the action.

At the final curtain Brady told Melvyn simply, "My boy, you are a real *showman!*"

And after that there was nothing too good for Melvyn Douglas. The theater, the show, the house itself was his. Brady grumbled his praise to the rest of the cast and what was better, to his friends, and what was far better, to Broadway. So that when the three-year contract had expired and Melvyn had done "A Free Soul" (with George Cukor directing) and "The Command to Love" and "The Silver Cord" with Laura Hope Crews and some other plays including a flop called "Recapture," one David Belasco approached him with a legal contract and a dripping fountain pen. And he was set.

He needed that break. It had been a tough summer. A sort of personal prelude to the autumn that was to bring chaos for the rest of America; it was 1929, and by the time overopulent Wall Street disgorged its surfeit Melvyn already knew the meaning of financial disgruntlement. His father had been ruined in Detroit—which meant that out of the two or three hundred a week Brady paid Douglas, the young man must support his parents, his brother and family, an ex-wife and child, and keep himself in the required manner of a successful New Yorker. He could not accept jobs during the summer because of his contracts. But he managed, with the aid of a heaven-sent stock offer and an air of innocence when confronting bill collectors.

AT long last the air sharpened in Manhattan, chauffeurs in town cars got out their astrakhan collars, the rains came and the first snow, and Belasco called his new contractee to conference. Difficulties had presented themselves—or rather one Difficulty had presented Itself, in the form of Mr. Belasco's pet star, the stunning and sometimes stubborn Helen Gahagan who that week had returned from Europe. She had read the script of "Tonight or Never." She had said positively, "The male lead must be absolutely *perfect*. Otherwise, not a chance," and had gone off to the country to await developments.

"You're the development," Belasco told Melvyn. "You're going to be the lead—if she likes you. I showed her a picture of you, the only one I could find. It was an old one and she acted pretty dubious. You're lunching with her tomorrow, so look your best."

Melvyn did. Belasco, with a tentative air, introduced him to the beauteous Helen. Her face reserved comment for some time, but as the dessert was served she looked quietly up at Belasco and smiled.

"He'll do," she said.

Melvyn Douglas was wary of love, when it came. He felt, justifiably, that he had a right to be. And after he had admitted to himself, during the third rehearsal of "Tonight or Never," that the one thing in the world he wanted was to spend the rest of his natural life in the company—indeed, in the arms—of the lovely Helen, it occurred to him that possibly for the first time he was not sure of what would happen. Her attitude had changed, true; he had made those love scenes count. But he could not read her eyes.

He decided to change the scene of his romantic attack from backstage to the more suitable dim-light atmosphere of a glamour spot. Accordingly, one evening, he said to Helen, "Do you like cherries Romanoff?"

She stared at him. "What a peculiar question. Of course—but why?"

"I'm inviting you for the week end to a little country house I've rented. The cook there—"

"Now, *listen*," she interrupted furiously. "None of that!"

"My mother and father are visiting me."

"Oh." She paused, frowning sheepishly. "Well. . . ."

"Breast of pheasant," said Melvyn dreamily, "like oversized butterballs dripping with special sauce."

"Stop! The blood's all rushing to my stomach and I can't think." She grinned. "All right. And crêpes suzette."

"I'll go back and whip them up with my own little hands," Melvyn said.

IT was the first victory. He appealed to her stomach first, her heart later: the country place was a 1772 cottage right out of a Currier and Ives, complete with old maples and fat cows and a brook in the front lawn. It had gardens of green lace. It was surrounded by quiet like the breath of peace; and through the gardens, in the stillness, Melvyn Douglas walked his lady, summoning every technique of romantic attack he had learned from the past experienced years.

Helen was only human.

This period was Discovery, mutual complete.

The ultimate triumph came a few weeks later, surprisingly at the suggestion of a small white-haired woman who waited for them on the sidewalk as they came out together after the show. "Could I have your autographs?" she asked, rather timidly. "Both of them if you'll be so kind."

While they were signing she said, "You know, I do admire you so much. Especially that—well, *strong* love scene at the second-act curtain. I've seen it eight times."

Helen and Melvyn said they were glad, and Thank you. The old lady took the book back, beaming. "Just one more thing," she added. "You're married to each other, aren't you? Nobody told me but I just know it."

The two stopped dead and looked at er. "How," asked Melvyn, "do you now it?"

"Because of that love scene." The ld lady chuckled. "You've got to be— vhy, it would only be *decent*." She vaved the book gaily. "God bless you," he said, and trotted away.

Melvyn caught Helen's eye. They be- an to laugh, feebly.

"Well," he said, "it's an idea."

Soberly she nodded. "It is at that."

They were married the next day.

E had never thought of Hollywood. Iost of the pictures he had seen ap- eared to be hacked and hammed out, ndifferent entertainment which was in- ifferent to art. A few had impressed im; and since the recent advent of the alkies he had come to believe that here vas an extraordinary medium for some- ne with the right ideas and the courage o use them.

Wherefore he was subconsciously re- eptive, despite his professed scorn of he celluloid industry, when Sam Gold- vyn decided to make "Tonight or Iever" with Gloria Swanson, and ap- roached him to play the lead.

When he mentioned the subject to Ielen, whose views on Hollywood were itriolic, she planted her hands on her ips and gave battle, a rousing fight vhich turned into a kind of free-for-all. he did not quite convince him; there vere too many other considerations orcing him to the inevitable.

There was a depression. He had normous responsibilities, more than ver now that he had married Helen, nd he was under economic pressure, nd the salary offered him seemed un- eard of. Besides. Helen was more suc- essful than he, in New York. It was herefore pride, that caster of deciding otes, which forced Melvyn into accept- nce finally.

But it was a compromise. They would ake a belated three weeks' honeymoon o Europe, first. And he would stay in Iollywood only for the one picture.

Sadly, in early 1931, the Melvyn Douglases packed and entrained for the Coast.

They arrived on a rainy morning, took a cab through the dirty station environs nd through crowded Los Angeles to Iollywood, to the Roosevelt. There was a convention there and only one double oom with bath available.

From its windows they looked down n a flat, dripping city. After a while, ecause it was late, they went to Musso Frank's for dinner. The chef had a eadache that night. The chops were urned.

Melvyn and Helen came out, still hun- gry, to find the rain had become fog. A garish, awful, cheap street stretched way into enveloping mist. They were lone in a world of unfriendliness.

Standing there, they reached out and ook each other's hands.

Then, instinctively and simultaneous- y, they began to cry, blubbering woe- fully, with no attempt at concealment, for fifteen minutes while passers-by paused to stare.

The next day they called an acquaint- ance. "Where does one live in this town?" they asked him.

"There are only two places to live," the man said archly. "Beverly Hills or Malibu."

Hanging up, Melvyn found a Gideon Bible and put it on the dressing table. Helen's fingers touched his as they laid their hands on the Book. Solemnly, with uplifted eyes, they vowed never, never to live in either Beverly Hills or Malibu.

The next day they found a farmhouse in the San Fernando Valley.

The Hollywood story of Melvyn Doug- las, and of his wife Helen, is known to you. During the first years he discov- ered how magnificent the woman he had married could be. It was Helen who, miserable and homesick, took the time and the intelligence (after Melvyn, in his first enthusiasm, had signed a five-year contract with Goldwyn) to adjust herself to the new circumstances. It was she who, having accepted a Coast play in order to keep busy, remained uncomplaining in Hollywood while Mel- vyn was sent by a venomous Providence to New York, on loan.

But she bawled with delight when, at the end of nine months, he came to her and said, "I can't stand it any more. We've got to get out of here."

He said simply to Goldwyn, "I smell. Let me go."

And eventually Sam understood.

BREATHLESSLY happy at having tossed away three-quarters of a million dollars in return for freedom, Melvyn flew to San Francisco to visit Helen, who had gone up the Friday before. That night, lying in bed, they heard the far whistles in the harbor, the shrill call of romantic distance.

Half-serious, Melvyn said, "Let's go to China."

She stretched luxuriously. "All right."

They left that week on a cruise that would take them around the world. After two weeks at sea, Helen joined Melvyn at dinner one evening and told him she had discovered she would have a baby.

A French doctor in Paris, whom they consulted, said, "You must go home, madame. You must rest."

Another, in Rome, said, "I've never heard of its being done before—but if you take care of yourself, I can't see any objection to your going on around the world."

So the Douglases proceeded, arriving in Hollywood just before the birth of the baby. But it was not born in Holly- wood. "I won't have our first baby brought into a place we hate," Melvyn said.

Helen went to Pasadena for the de- livery. . . .

Then they moved again to New York. Melvyn did a play, directed a produc- tion or two—and Helen Gahagan signed with RKO to do "She."

He came west to visit her and Colum- bia offered him the lead opposite Clau- dette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss."

They had expected great things of "She." It was a terrible hodgepodge, a soft thud at the box office.

"She Married Her Boss" was supposed to be a quickie, to fill in. It was a re- sounding sensation and made Melvyn Douglas a star.

HE had no alternative, afterward, but to stay in Hollywood, retain in what manner he could the deep-rooted prin- ciples of eager living and earnest hard work that he built up through the hard long years, safeguard the happiness he had found with Helen, and delight, year after year, the American theater audi- ences who saw his pictures. It was necessary for him to discover that the man little neurotic Melvyn Hesselberg had created out of the nervous vital stew of his youth could keep his man- hood, his ideas, his form of life intact in whatever circumstances, in whatever environment.

He has done this.

He has, if you will, found himself; and the enormous success that is his, the adulation, the money—these things are secondary.

But in final consideration, he is still dynamite. It's that inexhaustible vital- ity and that imagination of his.

Watch him, and what he does; for it might be anything.

JOAN FONTAINE *in RKO-Radio's* "GUNGA DIN"

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(Continued from page 51)

same. Terry is important, being the cairn (a cairn is a sort of ancestor of the nowadays more popular Scottie) who was ultimately chosen to play the rôle of *Toto* in "The Wizard of Oz," said to be the most important canine rôle ever portrayed before a motion-picture camera.

The history of how Terry (a lady, despite the fact she is playing a gentleman's rôle) was selected is interesting. Seems that Mervyn LeRoy, who is producing "The Wizard," had simply scoured the country for a dog smart enough and versatile enough to play *Toto*, to say nothing of being sufficiently like the fictional canine to seem plausible. And with no luck. Seems, also, that Terry's master, Carl Spitz, dog fancier and owner of the already cinematically famous Buck, the St. Bernard, is something of a gambler. He heard LeRoy was going to produce "The Wizard of Oz." He read the book a couple of times and decided it wouldn't be easy for LeRoy to find a dog capable of the stunts that *Toto* has to perform. So he set out to create a *Toto*. This is where Terry came in, because Terry, one of Spitz's collection of dogs, was selected for the rôle.

For two months Spitz trained her to do what *Toto* must do—to pull a rope which, in the story, releases the scarecrow, to chase the old witch, to bark at a lion, to pick up apples and put them in a basket, to escape from a market basket, to bite a man playfully (in the picture it will be Frank Morgan) in the seat of the pants. Then he took Terry around to see Mr. LeRoy.

"I have a dog here," he began.

"Good heavens, man," groaned LeRoy, "I've seen a thousand dogs! I've about given up hope of ever finding a dog who can play *Toto!*"

"Don't do that, man," Spitz came back. "Here is *Toto*."

Whereupon Terry did her tricks and LeRoy did a portrayal of a producer snapping up a "find."

So now, they're guarding Terry with their lives at M-G-M until "The Wizard" is finished, realizing that even $10,000 would be little enough compensation for losing her.

Chuckle

PAULINE MOORE (in 20th Century-Fox's "Three Musketeers") promised to take her three-year-old daughter, Laurie Ann, shopping one day, but as a precautionary measure decided to teach her a few facts about herself in case she should get lost. She therefore sat down and carefully confided to the youngster her father's full name and the family address.

"Now, do you remember everything, darling?" she inquired when it was over.

"Oh, yes," Laurie Ann said.

"Well, then, let's have a drill. Where do you live?"

"At home," Laurie told her.

Pauline tried again. "Where is home?"

Laurie Ann looked disgusted. "Here, o' course."

"What is the address?"

"Oh, dress in closet," Laurie Ann informed her, brightly.

"What *street* do you live on?"

"This street."

"Well—" desperately, "who lives on this street?"

"We."

Pauline solved the matter by writing the information down on a card and pinning it in Laurie Ann's pocket. It seemed simpler.

Personal—for Fred Astaire

Mr. Fred Astaire,
RKO Studios,
Hollywood, California.
Dear Fred:

We hear you have just about finished your contract with RKO and are leaving shortly for a trip around the world, so this is to wish you *bon voyage*. We'll miss your pictures and we hope you will come back some day to make more.

One thing, though, Fred . . . as an interviewer, we won't miss you too much on account of you were always terrible copy, Fred. Maybe you know that. You wouldn't talk about anything but your dancing—not anything—and we've learned that a star's fans want to know ALL about him, and why not, we say, since it is fans who make a star? Being confidential and letting your life be an open book is a part of the price of fame, we maintain.

We remember the time we happened to meet your mother (about the loveliest lady there is) and she told us about you when you were little and how you crept under a bandstand one day when the band was rehearsing and she found you there, "directing" the band with your own little baton. She told us some of the cute things you used to say, too, and we wrote a story and quoted you. And then you called us on the carpet and gave us hail Columbia because you said you didn't like to be associated with baby talk. But probably you did talk it when you were four, Fred. . . .

Anyway, here's wishing you lots of luck and also here's wishing ourselves better luck with Astaire interviews if and when you should return to the screen! Yours,

Cal.

Screwball Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is an amazing place—and you may take the word of Mrs. Don Ameche for that. Recently, when husband Don was leaving home for the studio one rainy morning, he glanced at the weather and remarked, "Well, it's raining, so we won't make that rain sequence today." To which Mrs. Ameche lifted her eyebrows and remarked, "Would you repeat that, please; I don't quite get it." "Why, you see," answered Don, "we were supposed to work outside and make a bunch of rain scenes, but it's too wet—we'll have to work inside on the stage today, I guess."

"Let me get this straight," worried his wife. "If it's raining you can't make a rain scene, and if it doesn't rain you make a rain scene because it's so nice and dry outside—is that correct?"

"That's right," grinned Don. Yes, Mrs. Ameche thinks Hollywood is wonderful.

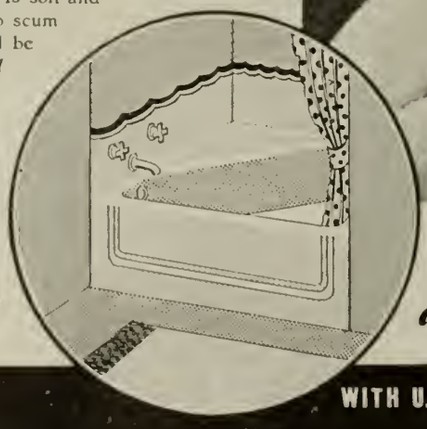
LOOK for the RING around the bath tub in your HAIR

After a SHAMPOO, if your hair is dull, dead or lifeless looking and tangles or snarls easily. *A horrifying thought* ✦ but simply remember ✦ *that the ring around the bath tub*—the wash bowl and the deposit on an unclean comb is *soap scum*, and that it forms and resists clear water rinsings, when soap or soap types of shampoo are used.

✦ REMEMBER: Hair acts as a filter when rinsed, and will collect more soap scum than the smooth sides of a tub or wash bowl, dimming its natural gloss and multi-colored highlights. ✦ Make this simple test, compare the ends of the hair to the hair close to the scalp. If three-fourths of its length is dull or lifeless looking, and tangles or snarls badly ✦ *"the ring around the bath tub is in your hair"*.

✦ CLEAN HAIR isn't messy or stringy looking when disarranged ✦ it is soft and fluffy ✦ picture the lovely hair of a child. Simply remove the shampoo scum shroud ✦ that forms in your hair during a shampoo, and your hair will be amazingly alive with millions of tiny, sparkling lights ✦ *and as soft and appealing as a baby's curls.*

✦ TWO MINUTES of rinsing with the New GOLDEN GLINT produces this beautiful effect; and removes the cause for annoying tangles and snarls, leaving a hint of a tint in a shade best suited for your color type. The New GOLDEN GLINT is now in Six Shades, with an entirely new formula in a new brilliant retail package. It contains two and one-half times the value, at the same old price.



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Thriller

OUR spine is still creeping a little, as a result of that story Adolphe Menjou told us recently. It happened during the World War. Menjou and three or four buddies, on leave one early evening, were trudging into a small town in the French Argonne.

Suddenly an enemy plane appeared overhead and, precipitously, Adolphe and his companions rushed to the nearest shelter, a deserted trench, and frantically packed themselves in.

In due time, the plane, after dropping an ineffectual bomb or two, flew away into the gathering dark. "Come on, fellows," Adolphe said, "let's go."

Whereupon, some of the members of the group clambered out. But the man Menjou was lying next to, with his arm around most chummily, didn't move.

Adolphe gave him a push. Still the man didn't move.

Hastily, Adolphe lit a match and threw the light into the unresponsive one's face . . . to learn that the man wasn't a member of the group at all, but a dead German.

Anniversary

MAYBE you thought Bob Burns was a comparative newcomer to the screen, but if you did you were badly mistaken. Bob, to the consternation of the assembled cast, celebrated his twenty-fifth screen anniversary during the filming of "I'm From Missouri" at Paramount recently. Seems Bob started his career in 1913 when he played the rôle of a Swiss guard in "The Swiss Orphan" for the old Biograph Company in New York. He was all dressed up to begin with, but after about 300 peasants in wooden shoes had clumped over his prostrate form he was considerably mussed up—and pretty fed up with pictures (he got three dollars for the part), which is why he didn't return to the screen until 1930.

Look to Your Laurels, Lamour

WE don't go in for prognostications as a rule, but we've seen a girl at Paramount who, we venture to say, will be a top star in the not too distant future . . . Patricia Morison. We had heard raves about her for some time, but put them down to a publicity department's usual enthusiasm over any newcomer. And then we saw Patricia.

Well, Oliver Hinsdell, Para's dramatic coach, describes her as a "brunette with a blond personality" and we can see what he means. She has, someway, the verve and intensity of a brunette and the sunny vivacity of a blonde. As Hinsdell says, "She's all mixed up but she's sweet."

It seems, too, that she is a cameraman's dream because she has no bad camera angles. You can simply shoot her any way you want to. Smiling, blue-eyed and built after the fashion of Phidias, Patricia also has the distinction of having the longest hair (dark auburn) in the picture business, her thirty-nine-inch tresses surpassing Dorothy Lamour's by three inches.

She was born in New York, the daughter of William R. Morison, the English writer and artist, and Selena Carson Morison, who served in the British intelligence department during the War. A Paramount talent scout found her on the Broadway stage in "The Two Bouquets." Her first picture is "Persons in Hiding."

Howard Humor

WHEN Leslie Howard was signed for the rôle of *Ashley* in "Gone With the Wind" he wired Margaret Mitchell the following message—"I'm not at all envious of *Rhett Butler*, because, thanks to you, it was 'Melanie Ma'am' that I wanted—but seriously, I feel it a great honor to have been selected to enact one of the rôles of your book, the title of which escapes me at the moment."

Why, Nelson!

WE should be talking about Nelson Eddy's surprise marriage, we suppose, but, as a matter of fact, the most entertaining story we have heard about Nelson lately has nothing to do with his new wife, but is an anecdote about his old Pennsylvania newspaper days.

Seems his city editor sent him out to cover a murder which was so mysterious that nothing was known about it except that the body of an unidentified man had been found floating in a river.

Still, Nelson's paper published several editions daily and it was up to him to phone in new "leads" for every edition. Desperate, after exhausting every other bit of news on the story, he telephoned a fabricated yarn that a posse of sheriff's officers were dragging the river bottom in search of other clues.

"Good," the city editor said. "I'll send out a photog to get pictures!"

So Nelson had to pay members of a road gang working near by $2 apiece to pose as members of his "posse" in order to substantiate his story.

Comedienne

THIS "short-short" is just another bit of proof that truth is stranger than fiction—or exactly like fiction. It is about an ambitious kid who got her Big Chance on Broadway as understudy to Ina Claire in Ina's Broadway play, "Jumping Jupiter." That was back in 1910 and the youngster was still in her teens and still had her career before her—a great career as a dramatic artist, she was sure.

Soon came her opportunity. Ina, whose rôle in "Jumping Jupiter" was a sprightly but not particularly comic one, was taken ill and the young understudy took her place.

Earnestly, eagerly, she put her whole soul into her performance. She made a name for herself that night, but not in the manner she had dreamed of. Almost with her first lines the audience sensed a certain something about her which she hadn't intended at all and didn't even know she possessed—a strange, inexplicable something which makes a person funny. They laughed and, with that first laugh, they broke her heart. But how could they know that? After all, they laughed, not in ridicule but because here was a born comedienne who was giving to the rôle a different interpretation than even the gifted Claire had done. They were crazy about her.

By the time the final curtain had been rung down, she had become a sensation. Her career was launched.

But just the same, this new sensation went home and cried herself to sleep that night. Because she hadn't tried to be funny at all. She had tried to give a serious performance.

You, yourself, have laughed at her many times, recently in M-G-M's "Stand Up and Fight." The name is Helen Broderick.

Cal's Thought for the Month:

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest mistake is in too careful deliberation. A town of quick, nervous energy, everything in it and of it should be geared to that tempo. Quick movie-making, quick action, quick thinking. For you give Hollywood two years for detail and it will give you "Parnell" every time.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

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How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 96.

1. This singing star's first Technicolor picture will be "Jenny Lind":

Irene Dunne — *Deanna Durbin*
Grace Moore — *Gladys Swarthout*

2. Since her recent much-publicized romance with one of Hollywood's most important stars, this actress has been signed for two more films by the same studio that has him under contract:

Ann Sheridan — *Joy Hodges*
Annabella — *Barbara Stanwyck*

3. Now that Joan Blondell has left Warner Bros., the studio is grooming this young actress for the type of rôles Joan used to play for them:

Jane Wyman — *Gale Page*
Gloria Dickson — *Lucille Ball*

4. He is the only member of the "Birth of a Nation" cast still active and prominent on the screen:

George Bancroft — *H. B. Walthall*
Adolphe Menjou — *Donald Crisp*

5. She was once publicized as Hollywood's "unkissed girl":

Ellen Drew — *Olympe Bradna*
Lana Turner — *Anita Louise*

6. This actress' sisters will appear with her in "Alexander Graham Bell":

Priscilla Lane — *Loretta Young*
Joan Bennett — *Olivia de Havilland*

7. He was a cavalry officer in the Spanish-American War:

Lewis Stone — *Lionel Barrymore*
Edward Ellis — *Henry Davenport*

8. This star once taught the Duke of Windsor how to Charleston:

Fred Astaire — *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Cesar Romero — *George Raft*

9. The leading rôle in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" will be played by:

Edward G. Robinson — *James Cagney*
Spencer Tracy — *John Garfield*

10. Only one of these actresses has never been married:

Marjorie Weaver — *Eleanor Powell*
Lola Lane — *Madeleine Carroll*

11. He once played the saxophone in an orchestra:

Alan Marshal — *Tyrone Power*
Fred MacMurray — *Lloyd Nolan*

12. When this comedienne played the tragic mother rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front" the audience laughed so hard at the preview that the scenes had to be remade with another actress in the part:

ZaSu Pitts — *Mary Boland*
Alice Brady — *Billie Burke*

13. This actor owns a night club and a girls' softball team:

Cary Grant — *Maxie Rosenbloom*
Randy Scott — *Richard Dix*

Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"

14. He was signed to play *Scarlett O'Hara's* father in GWTW but his option expired before his rôle began and since he was needed at another studio, he's out of the picture:

Jed Prouty — *Walter Connolly*
Walter Huston — *John Barrymore*

15. This former heavyweight champion of the world will make several westerns with songs:

Jack Dempsey — *James Braddock*
Max Baer — *Gene Tunney*

16. If Constance Bennett divorces her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, as she says she will, she will probably marry:

Gilbert Roland — *Don Alvarado*
Gene Markey — *Walter Wanger*

17. In her new picture, "Broadway Serenade," she will tap dance as well as sing:

Ann Sothern — *Lily Pons*
Joan Crawford — *Jeanette MacDonald*

18. This opera and film star created a storm along the Riviera when she curtsied to the Duchess of Windsor:

Lily Pons — *Grace Moore*
Miliza Korjus — *Gladys Swarthout*

19. You will find this Hollywood couple playing leading rôles in the Broadway hit, "The American Way":

The Basil Rathbones
The John Barrymores
The Joel McCreas
The Fredric Marches

20. This screen comedian is generally conceded to be Hollywood's richest star:

Mischa Auer — *Harold Lloyd*
Harpo Marx — *Jack Oakie*

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

★HONOLULU—M-G-M

GRACIE ALLEN'S newest starring picture has comedy, music and plenty of fast action to keep you happily occupied. She shares her honors with Robert Young and Eleanor Powell in this: Young is a screen star who finds a double to make his personal appearance tour and then goes off to the double's Honolulu plantation. He meets a girl on the boat and at the plantation finds his fiancée, as well as her father and some detectives. It's a bad predicament and while he works it out you have a chance to laugh at Gracie and watch Eleanor's irrepressible feet tap out rhythmic accompaniment to the fine score. Metro intended this to be Miss Powell's picture, but, somehow, Gracie Allen seems to have appropriated it.

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

WHATEVER story comes with this picture is merely a series of anticlimaxes designed to hold together a lot of sequences in which people sing. Lloyd Nolan plays the young captain of a Mississippi showboat and does excellent work. Dorothy Lamour, looking attractive, sings four songs during her stay on the showboat; she is fleeing from a manager who makes her perform in sarongs. Four numbers are also warbled by the incomparable Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson Choir. Jessie Ralph gives a Tugboat-Annie characterization, but good, and comedy in its less subtle form is offered throughout. You will like the music enough, probably, to ignore the faults in story and production.

★IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

ROBERT SHERWOOD was allowed to adapt his own play in his own manner and the result is gorgeous. Clark Gable, never more vital, plays the hoofer who survives the World War and tries in multitudinous ways to keep body and soul together in the following years. In a European hotel he meets Norma Shearer, whom he had last seen as a trapeze artist in a small American town. Now she's a phony Russian countess, traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions manufacturer. Also at the hotel are Burgess Meredith, a fanatic radical who is ready to die for his pacifism, a young English couple on their honeymoon and a German scientist.

Take these people against the electric background of the next war—which is just beginning—and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Add to this the magnificent characterizations of Gable and Miss Shearer and you have the best in entertainment.

★GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

GIVEN unlimited budget and a great cast, Director George Stevens has told the story of Kipling's poem with such drama, such terrific action, such bloodcurdling pace as to wear you out. Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are three buddies in the British Indian regiments. McLaglen isn't too bright; Cary is just a slap-happy adventurer; and Doug, Jr. plans to quit, marry Joan Fontaine. However, the revival of a cult of assassins, under the leadership of madman Eduardo Ciannelli, sends all three out into danger.

Grant, led by *Gunga Din*, a water boy who wants to be a soldier, finds the golden temple where the cult meets. Then it is up to *Gunga Din* to prove his courage. Cary Grant's work is an absolute delight. McLaglen is as good as ever before and Doug, Jr. does a good job. Sam Jaffe, without a trace of humor, plays with utter sincerity the title rôle.

★ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Orlob-Paramount

THERE is no doubt about it, the producer and Dudley Murphy, the director, were sincere in their efforts to make the first major picture made in the East at Astoria since 1935 a production that would make the public think. Using the President's famous line from his second inaugural address, "one-third of the nation is ill housed . . ." they have made a propaganda film—a sermon for slum clearance—that will make you want to attack with an axe the first old house that you see on the way home; but it's all very unreal emotionally.

A tenement house is the prime character; Sylvia Sidney, a slum girl, Leif Erikson, polo-playing owner of the building and Sylvia's little crippled brother seem to be making speeches against a backdrop rather than being definitely involved in a plot.

Allowing for the above mentioned drawbacks, there are thrilling moments and the cast is excellent.

★THE MIKADO—Toye-Universal

IT is hopeful to see the screen reach a new milestone in this—the first full-length production of any one of the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan of happy memory. "The Mikado" is one of the most lyric and colorful of the operettas written by this distinguished team and in this version it has lost little of its delightful sentimentality, its frothy but at times surprisingly modern and ironical humor.

The film was produced in England

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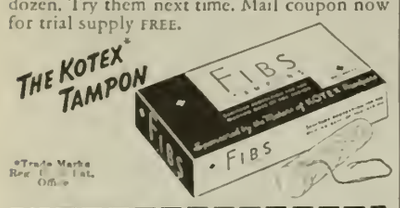

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and practically all the principals were drawn from the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. American Kenny Baker, however, takes the leading rôle of *Nanki-Poo*, son of a Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages, who roams the country as a minstrel when deprived of his love, *Yum-Yum*, who is promised to *Ko-Ko*, one-time tailor, now Lord High Executioner. Mr. Baker performs well, The *Pooh-Bah* (Lord High Everything Else) is splendid in his pomposity, *Yum-Yum* is creditable, but it is *Ko-Ko*, the bewildered comedy tailor, who is the most hilarious of all.

The chorus, the incidental music by the London Symphony, the Technicolor, and the settings (though not pretentious) all add up to a most ingratiating whole.

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

J. EDGAR HOOVER, you may remember, wrote the book from which this minor effort was taken. The cases were real ones in the files of the Bureau of Investigation and the plot here has been whipped up without losing the essential realism. Lynne Overman and William Henry, with Helen Twelvetrees and sundry others, have clearly drawn rôles which they play with understanding. Important is the advent of newcomer Patricia Morison, whose work in this film has made her a "white hope" at the Paramount studio.

THE LONE WOLF SPY HUNT—Columbia

HERE'S Warren William again as the *Lone Wolf*, this time hunting for spies. Spies are the vogue just now, anyway. William is being a respectable businessman in Washington when a spy ring, unable to open a safe, remember his genius at this work and kidnap him. He escapes and honestly helps the law, his patriotism blooming. Ralph Morgan is the menace. Ida Lupino, as the *Wolf's* sweetheart, gets in his way but sometimes helps and Virginia Weidler tags along.

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

BONITA GRANVILLE, as *Nancy Drew*, this time gets mixed up with a group of journalism students who enter a newspaper contest. The editor assigns them unimportant stories, but Bonita leads them onto a murder case—and then the action starts. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out and the whole setup is very tough on the poor murderer, who takes a beating. This is an amusing little number if you're in the mood for Granville.

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

MORE blood and thunder and shooting—this time with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain of a gang of bank robbers. He engineers a daylight robbery by spraying vapor at the tellers and in his getaway is forced to take along two innocent victims. They are Lloyd Nolan and Gladys Swarthout. There is a beautiful chase by stolen truck and plane to a mountain hide-out. Broderick Crawford, as leader of the gang, makes his part tell and Nolan gives character to his rôle. The surprise is Miss Swarthout, who does not sing a note and still gives an impressive performance.

This has thrills, romance and an ingenious plot, all blended nicely into a smooth production.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

SUCCESS of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. The interesting thing about it is that the material is excellent, not cheaply done for commercial purposes. Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Basil Rathbone work together with such an awesome effect of terror it is almost unbearable. The old baron's son returns to *Frankenstein* and discovers the monster is still alive; he tries to give it a brain with dismal results. Josephine Hutchinson has a small part. Prepare for nightmares.

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

THE *Fitch* Family—Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Joyce Mathews, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee—here meet their human troubles with staunch courage and humor. There is a ripe pathos which emerges after Ruggles and Mary adopt two young boys and one of them falls sick; essentially, however, the picture is a comedy and the laughs are timed in the unfailing tradition of the two top players. Take your entire family to see this.

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

THIS is a triangle piece, inexpensively produced, with lots of drama and adequate performances.

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry together through the tangles of love, wherein Miss Inescort is a woman physician and can't quite make up her mind whether her duty lies with crippled children or with her husband and daughter. Sybil Jason is the youngster who decides the issue by getting hurt. Cora Witherspoon plays her nurse.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

WITH Bobby Breen's face and supersweet young voice to work with, any of his pictures is limited to a certain type of sentimental treatment. This is less saccharine than its predecessors. Bobby lives with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta, fishermen, in happiness until Lee Patrick, Carrillo's sister-in-law, comes to join them and brings along her frightful offspring, Tommy Bupp. Things get unpleasant after that and climax with Bobby's discovery that he is an orphan. He sings a few songs, all in the usual manner.

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

IF you have wondered where James Dunn has been keeping himself, look this up at a neighborhood theater. Here he plays a speedboat demon who has been kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy wants him to design a fast torpedo boat, but he refuses; then the Captain's daughter, Rochelle Hudson, steps in and he agrees.

However, Dunn is just too mischievous and things don't go very smoothly. Horace MacMahon and Gordon Oliver work with him, but the comedy is pretty obvious.

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

NOTHING gives, here. After a long wait, during which you are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic-salesman lover has jilted her for another woman with ten million dollars, you discover the outcome is of little importance.

This is because the triangle story is stupid, the players not at their medium best and the direction uninspired. Lucille Ball, Patric Knowles, Donald Woods and Frieda Inescort struggle against hope.

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

THE Little Tough Guys, following closely on the heels of The Dead End Kids, come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One particular guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and given a death sentence, although innocent. The detective who caught him doesn't think he's guilty and neither does the detective's son, Frankie Thomas, who joins the Tough Guy gang to try and prove it.

Plenty of moral is pointed about crime not paying.

The Gay Romance of Cary Grant

(Continued from page 27)

rage. "It was awful on Phyllis," he said. Then he laughed and relaxed again down into the red leather chair.

"I'm old and philosophic," he explained, looking neither one, since he isn't either, "but she's not and it got her all upset, just when we wanted to barge around and have a lot of laughs. I think we probably will get married, but I'm not sure. We may get married tomorrow or we may have a quarrel and never speak to one another again; but, whatever we do, this much is certain: I will not live my life for a lot of journalists. I'm not going to marry a girl to make some newspaper a good headline."

From which if you gather that Mr. Grant is an individualist, you will be perceiving the most accurate of all facts about him. He free-lances today because he prefers to pick and choose his parts. He lives in a casual, comfortable way with Randolph Scott because that way he has companionship when he wants it, without any of the complications of a highly geared home or the loneliness of a bachelor residence in some hotel. He lives comfortably within his income, worried neither about the past nor the present. But he is smart enough to realize that marriage in Hollywood is just the reverse of marriage anywhere else. In any other community marriage means security and settling down. In Hollywood it usually means insecurity and settling up, since a married male at the box office is distinctly inferior in appeal to an unmarried one.

But above and beyond all, Phyllis and he are having fun and fun is the thing that Cary is fondest of. It is glorious to call her ten and twelve times a day. It is a thrill to party with her four and five nights a week, but also to have one or two nights when he can stay home and read, reading being the second thing that he is fondest of. He's in love—completely, excitedly, deliriously. It's all so perfect just the way it is right now. But one night he may come home, feeling lonely. One night Randy may be out, Phyllis may be out, the kitchen may be out of tea. And then. . . .

But "then" is something Cary never worries about. "Now" is what he's keen for. "Now" is what he lives for. And "now" for Cary Grant, with Phyllis smiling in it, is simply elegant.

Let's Hunt for Treasure

(Continued from page 23)

hopping her at the airport under all sorts of weather and load conditions; nights were spent arguing and figuring and dreaming. It really looked as though this was the one treasure hunt in the proverbial million.

Then the first blow fell.

The studio wouldn't let me go. I was heartbroken. Bud was the guy who was going to have all the fun . . . and he did.

The mine flopped at the sneak preview, but Bud, probably feeling I ought to get something for my money, named a mountain to commemorate it. Flynn's Folly.

To my mind, Flynn's only folly that time was to have let a job interfere with all the fun.

BUT there's always a recompense for everything if you want to see it. Mine came almost before Bud had gotten back to Hollywood. An old ship captain whom I'd known for years and in five of the seven seas wandered into Hollywood. When I first met him, years ago, he'd lost his ticket in some nameless scrape in the islands. We were both working our way back to England on board a tramp. As kindred souls will, we got to swapping yarns and little by little he told me of one of his cherished ambitions—to unearth a vast and fabled cache of gems and gold buried near Addis Ababa.

We agreed we ought to have a crack at that treasure. We were off Aden when the Captain of the tramp we were working on received a radio from the owners. He was to proceed at once to an unscheduled stop at Djibouti, French Somaliland, and there pick up a cargo of rubber. When word of this reached the forecastle, Captain M. and I merely looked at each other. Nothing else was necessary. No discussion of plans. We knew.

We jumped ship in Djibouti (which, incidentally, is no place to jump ship unless you're rich or well-connected), found an amiable French colonial and his wife with whom we stayed until our ship had left port. They turned out to be delightful people and Madame gave us the name and address of her cousin in the capital, some sort of a high-ranking official.

We took the comic train down to Addis Ababa. Obviously, it was beneath our dignity to arrive without baggage or the full accouterments of the lion hunt we were presumably engaged upon at the time. A bored gentleman with more faith in his poker ability than was justified by his belief in two pairs provided a few items of apparel and a few hundred francs, but we were still without baggage. Nor could we interest anyone else in taking a chance at the gaming table with us.

In Addis Ababa we were met by the Frenchman, cousin of our late hostess. Captain M. and I both exclaimed angrily over the deplorable state of the laws of Somaliland and the thieving proclivities of all baggage agents. We made quite a fuss about the whole thing and, after a few drinks, we made even more of a fuss about it. The result was that we overplayed our hands and what looked like a gift from heaven turned into a boomerang.

Word of the sad plight of the two indubitably wealthy Inglisi hunters reached the Foreign Office; from there it traveled to the Prime Minister, Ras Somebody-or-other, and thence, I imagine, to Haile Selassie himself. Now, at that time, the Ethiopians were encouraging tourist trade to the limit. The Conquering Lion of Judah wanted to demonstrate the innate hospitality of his people; so, forthwith, he or his prime minister dispatched two emissaries to the pub in which we were discussing the country with obliging white residents, pumping them as to caravan routes to the south and the possibilities of moving around without a Government escort. Native police, of course, would be a definite handicap in smuggling anything out of the country if we *did* happen to find something.

At that moment there was a stir in the room. Everyone rose respectfully and the waiters bowed low to the two impressive-looking gentlemen. They crossed to us with majestic austerity, bowed and informed us that henceforth we were the personal guests of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie, Emperor of Abyssinia, Ras of Tigré, Amhara and Shoa, the Conquering Lion of Judah, Defender of the Faith and half a dozen more titles. At the end of the recitation they smiled again, bowed and led us out.

Naturally, Captain M. and I took advantage of the awed respect accorded us by the proprietor and overlooked the matter of the check. Such details were beneath our new dignity.

WE were taken at once to one of the minor palaces in the capitol and there ensconced with full honors, a large staff of servants, bales of fresh clothing, tobacco, wine and food. It looked like what it was—a regal windfall.

But when the next train came in from Djibouti, Ras Tafali, our Escort in Chief, began to look strangely at us and ask embarrassing questions. Later, our French friend told us that the Foreign Office was burning up the wires to Djibouti in an effort to locate our nonexistent baggage. That same day Ras Tafali took us on another tour of inspection of Public Buildings. This time it was the local bastille—and a more revolting-looking spot I have never seen. It made us wonder uneasily what the score was.

We had been there ten days and were still no closer to sneaking away with a proper little caravan to cover the eighty miles southeast to where we judged the treasure was buried near an old Coptic monastery . . . and the regal hospitality was beginning to wear a bit thin. Very thin, we felt.

The next Friday, the second train since our arrival came in. Naturally, we felt that we should meet it just to keep up appearances, but our lamentations over the ever-missing baggage seemed false even to us and met with no responsive cluckings from the stony-eyed station agent. By the time we got back to our palace we found it stripped of its finery and its staff. One man, the gate-keeper, remained. He handed us a note requesting our immediate presence at the Foreign Office.

From the little hill overlooking the town we could see the Foreign Office and ever so many other Public Buildings.

We could also see the bastille.

We nodded cheerily to the gateman and headed in the general direction of the Foreign Office, turned abruptly off into some back streets, grabbed our French friend in the middle of his siesta, snagged him for the ready cash he had on him in case of emergencies and sneaked quickly out of town.

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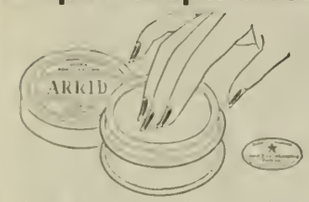

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We lay in a culvert, damning all buried treasure heartily, until the Djibouti-bound train chuffed past us up the grade. It never made more than fifteen miles an hour, so it was easy to swing on board and lay low on the rear platform until we crossed into French territory.

For all I know, that treasure still lies beneath the ravaged soil of Ethiopia. Personally, it can stay there.

I NEVER saw Captain M. again until a day not so long ago when he barged into Hollywood. He'd read in a paper about my purchase of the *Sirocco* and my plans to go after the wily sailfish in the Caribbees.

Now, as you have probably gathered already, treasure hunters are essentially optimistic. Captain M. was no exception. He cocked one rheumy eye at me as he stoked his pipe and spoke ever so casually.

"I hear you're getting under weigh for the Barbados."

I waited.

"Very strange," he muttered, trying to look mysterious, "I'm planning to make a voyage there myself."

I nodded. I knew he needed no prompting.

He lowered his voice appropriately. "I've a map, lad. Chart. Sunken cannon. Treasure. Isle of Pines!" He fairly hissed that at me and then sat back complacently to gauge its effect.

Yes—you've guessed it! Captain M. came along.

On this treasure trip the Captain and I fished our way from the Florida mainland to Cat Cay and down through the chain of islands bottling up the Gulf of Mexico.

We found the cove we were looking for near Nuevo Gerona. It was idyllic, a perfect place for our work and we lost no time in digging up our diving equipment out of the hold.

I started diving as soon as the sun was high. I dove for four days trying to find that cannon with its treasure, narrowing down the field of search in concentric circles, limited by the length of my air hose and life line. It seemed to me that during those days every time I came to the surface someone handed me another frantic cable from the studio. My next picture had been moved up on the production schedule and they wanted me back. They wanted me back with almost as much determination as I had to find the cannon first. I was on a hot lead and knew it. I felt it in every bone. The next dive would be it. . . .

At length I could stall the studio no longer. I had to give up. . . .

And the day after I left, Captain M. went down. In his first dive he lit squarely atop the weed-grown cannon! Intrinsically the value of that treasure was not a great deal—most of it was semi-precious African bracelets—a few of them gold; however, as I write this article, my paper weight is a beautifully wrought bit of metal of African workmanship, one bit of loot to serve as reminder of the Captain's and my second treasure hunt.

* * *

Captain M. cabled me the other day from the Isle of Pines. He's gotten hold of another chart. A Chart of a Buried Treasure.

So, as soon as I finish production on "Dodge City" . . . well . . . maybe. . . .

It'll be worth trying, anyway . . . treasure hunting always is!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (*March*)

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (*Jan.*)

★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horsey families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (*March*)

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnappings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (*March*)

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY—Universal

The guys have quite a gay time when they get an invitation from Mary Boland to take a vacation at a swank estate. They use some boy psychology to make a man out of rich brat Jackie Searle, finally foil a holdup. If you like this sort of pudding. (*Feb.*)

★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (*Jan.*)

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. (*Jan.*)

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnapped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting roles. (*March*)

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The *Hardys* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woolier than they thought it would be. The *Judge*, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (*Feb.*)

PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on the bitter end through a cholera plague on shipboard; Victor as chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture is over and you go home. (*March*)

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

In this, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as prize-fight manageresses. The situation is good for a few laughs with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies the romance, such as it is. (*Feb.*)

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a todo making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (*March*)

PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

This tale is just what you expect it to be, with Tommy Kelly being much too angelic for "Peck's Bad Boy." Benita Hume (Mrs. Ronald Colman) and Spanky McFarland are in the cast. The kids' bikes will all be lined up in front of the theater, but you better skip it. (*Feb.*)

★PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (*Feb.*)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (*Feb.*)

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (*Feb.*)

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

Put a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer, a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em" and you get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran; attorney Edmund Lowe loves Helen; nobody loves anybody else, and someone is killed. Oh well . . . (*Feb.*)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau while on the lookout for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (*Jan.*)

SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Midwesterner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (*Feb.*)

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (*March*)

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

Add another college picture on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is the Harvard senior who doesn't want to get married. But Maureen O'Sullivan's gal-pals gang up on him and everything winds up (including his hopes for a free life)' at the spring dance. Burgess Meredith, as Ayres' friend, hams a little. (*Feb.*)

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructious background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (*March*)

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A just-so melodrama, this has the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles is the intelligence service aviator who discovers the secret radio station among native tribes; Dick Cromwell gets heroic and Rochelle Hudson is the only girl in the carload. (*Feb.*)

STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are loverlike; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (*Jan.*)

★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is swell as the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (*Jan.*)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 92 with these correct ones:

1. Deanna Durbin
2. Annabella
3. Jane Wyman
4. Donald Crisp
5. Olympe Bradna
6. Loretta Young
7. Lewis Stone
8. George Raft
9. Edward G. Robinson
10. Eleanor Powell
11. Fred MacMurray
12. ZaSu Pitts
13. Maxie Rosenbloom
14. Walter Connolly
15. Max Baer
16. Gilbert Roland
17. Jeanette MacDonald
18. Grace Moore
19. The Fredric Marches
20. Harold Lloyd

★ **SUEZ—20th Century-Fox**

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the simoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (*Jan.*)

★ **SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M**

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (*Jan.*)

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city, who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (*March*)

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (*Feb.*)

★ **THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox**

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. Have a good time. (*Feb.*)

★ **THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount**

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (*Feb.*)

★ **THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia**

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (*Feb.*)

★ **THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners**

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of oumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (*March*)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of *Tom* and *Huck Finn* on *Uncle Silas'* farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (*March*)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissatisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (*March*)

★ **TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists**

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama lifts up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (*Feb.*)

UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

If you are not sick of prison pictures, you may find some humor in this remake (it was originally filmed eight years ago) kidding the prison system. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men in stir who discover Tony Martin about to make a break for freedom. They fix things up just dandy and in addition steal the show. (*Feb.*)

★ **WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners**

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (*March*)

★ **YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M**

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (*Jan.*)

★ **YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.**

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (*Jan.*)

★ **ZAZA—Paramount**

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this melodrammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the splendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, make it important. (*March*)

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Casts of Current Pictures

"AMBUSH" — PARAMOUNT. — Screen play by Laura and S. J. Perelman. Story by Albert Ray. Directed by Kurt Neuman. The Cast: *Jane Hartman*, Gladys Swarthout; *Tony Andrews*, Lloyd Nolan; *Charlie Hartman*, William Henry; *Inspector Weber*, William Frawley; *Gibbs*, Ernest Truex; *Randall*, Broderick Crawford; *Sheriff*, Rufe Davis; *Sidney Blue*, John Hartley; *Captain Gonzales*, Antonio Moreno; *Captain Bosen*, Harry Fleischmann; *Cora*, Polly Moran; *Mechanic*, Richard Denning; *Storekeeper*, Raymond Hatton; *Pop Stebbins*, Clem Bevans; *Sam Moore*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Bank Teller*, Archie Twitchell; *Bank Guard*, Wade Boteler; *Woman*, Jane Dewey; *Child*, Billy Lee.

"BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Doris Anderson and Paul Jarrico. Story by Edmund L. Hartman. Idea by Grace Norton and Adele Buffington. Directed by Glenn Tryon. The Cast: *Jean*, Lucille Ball; *Denny*, Patric Knowles; *Jeffrey*, Donald Woods; *Flora*, Frieda Inescort; *Gwen*, Inez Courtney; *Eve*, Leona Maricle; *Patricia*, Frances Mercer; *Peggy*, Whitney Bourne; *Cyril*, George Andre Beranger; *Jean's Secretary*, Kay Sutton; *Lois*, Ann Evers.

"BOY SLAVES"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Albert Bein and Ben Orkow. Directed by P. J. Wolfson. The Cast: *Nellie*, Anne Shirley; *Jesse Thompson*, Roger Daniel; *Tim*, James McCallion; *Miser*, Walter Ward; *Lollie*, Charles Powers; *Knuckles*, John Fitzgerald; *Tommy*, Frank Malo; *Atlas*, Paul White; *Pee Wee*, Walter Tetley; *Albee*, Charles Lane; *Graff*, Alan Baxter; *Drift Boss*, Fred Kohler, Sr.; *Sheriff*, Arthur Hohl; *Camp Cook*, Olin Howland; *Harvey*, George Breakstone; *Jesse's Mother*, Helen McKellar; *Freddie*, Jimmy Zahner; *Snob*, Charles Peck; *Small Town Judge*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Motor Cop*, Adrian Morris; *Brakeman*, William Pawley; *Truck Drivers*, Paul Guilfoyle and Rube Demarest; *Farm Woman*, Leona Robert; *Store Clerk*, Irving Bacon.

"BOY TROUBLE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Laura and S. J. Perelman. Based on a story by Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Brice. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: *Homer C. Fitch*, Charles Ruggles; *Sybil Fitch*, Mary Boland; *Patricia Fitch*, Joyce Mathews; *Butch* (*age twelve*), Donald O'Connor; *Joe* (*age six*), Billy Lee; *Mr. Snively*, Andrew Toombs.

"CAFE SOCIETY" — PARAMOUNT. — Original story and screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The Cast: *Christopher*, Madeleine Carroll; *Chick O'Bannon*, Fred MacMurray; *Bells Browne*, Shirley Ross; *Mrs. DeWitt*, Jessie Ralph; *Old Christopher Guest*, Claude Gillingwater; *Sonny DeWitt*, Allyn Joslyn; *Prince Vladimir*, Don Alvarado.

"CODE OF THE STREETS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: *Lieut. Lewis*, Harry Carey; *Chick Foster*, Leon Ames; *Bob Lewis*, Frankie Thomas; *Danny Shay*, James McCallion; *Tommy Shay*, Paul Fix; *Halstead*, Marc Lawrence; *River Street Kids* (*Little Tough Guys*), *Sailor*, Harris Berger; *Murphy*, Hally Chester; *Monk*, Charles Duncan; *Trouble*, Wm. Benedict; *Yap*, David Gorcey.

"FISHERMAN'S WHARF" — PRINCIPAL-RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Bernard Schubert, Ian Hunter and Herbert Clyde Lewis. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. The Cast: *Tony*, Bobby Breen; *Carlo*, Leo Carrillo; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *Stella*, Lee Patrick; *Angelina*, Rosina Galli; *Rudolph*, Tommy Bupp; *Pietro*, George Humbert; *Luigi*, Leon Belasco; *Tony's Gang*, Salvatore Dimino, Leonard Kibrick, Stanton Mu, Jackie Salling, Ronnie Paige, Milo Machetti, Jr.; *Priest*, Reverend Dodd; *Slicker the Seal*, Himself.

"FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Original story by Nathalie Bucknall and Endre Bohem. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The Cast: *Norma Page*, Florence Rice; *Gertie Robbins*, Una Merkel; *Patricia Page*, Ann Rutherford; *Mary Forbes*, Mary Howard; *Dr. Stephen Melford*, Alan Marshal; *Robert Mailland*, Kent Taylor; *Express*, Buddy Ebsen; *Miss Tobias*, Jessie Ralph; *Miss Bennett*, Sara Haden; *Doctor Sidney*, Phillip Terry; *Doctor Phillips*, Tom Neal.

"GUNGA DIN" — RKO-RADIO. — From the poem by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. Directed by George Stevens. The Cast: *Cutter*, Cary Grant; *MacChesney*, Victor McLaglen; *Ballantine*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Emmy Stebbins*, Joan Fontaine; *Gunga Din*, Sam Jaffe; *The Master*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Colonel Weeks*, Montagu Love; *Major Mitchell*, Lumsden Hare; *Higginbotham*, Robert Coote; *Ganesha*, Abner Biberman; *Stebbins*, Cecil Kellaway; *Telegraph Operator*, Charles Bennett.

"HONOLULU" — M-G-M. — Screen play by Herbert Fields and Frank Partos. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The Cast: *Dorothy March*, Eleanor Powell; *Brooks Mason* and *George Smith*, Robert Young; *Joe Duffy*, George Burns; *Millie De Grasse*, Gracie Allen; *Cecelia Grayson*, Rita Johnson; *Mr. Horace Grayson*, Clarence Kolb; *Nurse*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Gale Brewster*, Ann Morriss; *Wong*, Willie Fung; *1st Detective*, Cliff Clark; *2nd Detective*, Edward Gargan; *Washington*, Eddie Anderson; *Psychiatrist*, Sig Rumann; *Eve*, Ruth Hussey; *Native Dancing Girl*, Kealoha Holt; *Jailer*, Edgar Dearing.

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood. From the Pulitzer Prize Play "Idiot's Delight" by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Clarence Brown. The Cast: *Irene*,

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"LET FREEDOM RING"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. The Cast: *Steve Logan*, Nelson Eddy; *Maggie Adams*, Virginia Bruce; *Chris Mulligan*, Victor McLaglen; *Thomas Logan*, Lionel Barrymore; *Jim Knox*, Edward Arnold; *David Bronson*, Guy Kibbee; "*The Mackeral*," Charles Butterworth; *Rutledge*, H. B. Warner; *Underwood*, Raymond Walburn; "*Bumper*" *Jackson*, Dick Rich; *Gagan*, Trevor Bardette; "*Pop*" *Wilkie*, George F. Hayes; *Ned Wilkie*, Louis Jean Heydt; "*Ma*" *Logan*, Sarah Padden; "*Curly*," Eddie Dunn; *Sheriff Hicks*, C. E. Anderson.

"KING OF THE TURF"—SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The Cast: *Jim Mason*, Adolphe Menjou; *Goldie*, Roger Daniel; *Mrs. Barnes*, Dolores Costello; *Mr. Barnes*, Walter Abel; *Grimes*, Alan Dinehart; *Arnold*, William Demarest; *Santelli*, Harold Huber; *Murphy*, George McKay; *Carr*, Lee M. Moore; *Bartender*, Oscar O'Shea; *First Tout*, Cliff Nazarro; *Second Tout*, George Chandler; *Taylor*, Milburn Stone; *Policeman*, Charles McAvoy; *Interne*, William Bakewell; *Coffee Pot Proprietor*, Harry Semels; *Taxi Driver*, Donald Kerr; *Pony Man*, Tommy Quinn; *Pawn Broker*, Barlow Borland; *First Trainer*, Charles Sherlock; *Second Trainer*, Eddie Chandler; *Auctioneer*, Tom Hanlon; *Groom*, Snowflake.

"LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Original from the stories of Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Peter Godfrey. The Cast: *Lanyard*, Warren William; *Val*, Ida Lupino; *Karen*, Rita Hayworth; *Spiro*, Ralph Morgan; *Patricia*, Virginia Weidler; *Devans*, Tommy Dugan; *Palmer*, Forbes Murray; *Jenks*, Ben Weldon; *Thomas*, Don Beddoe; *Walter*, Marek Windheim.

"MADE FOR EACH OTHER"—SELZNICK-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by John Cromwell. The Cast: *Johnny*, James Stewart; *Jane*, Carole Lombard; *Judge Doolittle*, Charles Coburn; *Mrs. Mason*, Lucile Watson; *Eunice Doolittle*, Ruth Weston; *Carter*, Donald Briggs; *Higgins Twins*, Tully Marshall; *Office Boy*, Mickey Rentschler; *Beauty Shop Operator*, Ruth Warren; *1st Cook*, Esther Dale; *2nd Cook*, Renee Orsell; *3rd Cook*, Louise Beavers; *Doctor's Secretary*, Nella Walker; *Elevator Starter*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Judge*, Harlan Briggs; *Jury Foreman*, Arthur Hoyt; *Obstetrician*, Robert Strange; *Baby*, Jackie Taylor; *Blondie*, Ruth Gillette; *Waiter*, George Chandler; *Drunk*, Grady Sutton; *Dr. Healy*, Harry Davenport; *Simon*, Ivan Simpson; *Sister Madeline*, Alma Kruger; *Pathologist*, Robert Haynes; *Western Union Clerk*, Charles Lane; *Messerschmidt*, Edwin Maxwell; *Hutch*, Harry Depp; *Younger Doolittle*, Fred Fuller; *Gambler*, Stanley Ridges; *Plug Ugly*, Frank Moran; *Proprietor of Black and Tan Cafe*, Harry Tyler; *Gambling House Shill*, Paul Fix; *N. Y. Police Sergeant*, Francis Ford; *Policeman*, Grant Withers; *Hotel Clerk*, Lucien Littlefield; *N. Y. Mounted Cop*, Ed Deering; *Newark Airport Operations Mgr.*, Robert Elliott; *Radio Operator*, Irving Bacon; *Asst. Radio Operator*, Milburn Stone; *Conway*, Eddie Quillan; *Collins*, Russell Hopton; *Halton*, Ward Bond; *Rock Springs Radio Operator*, Jack Mulhall; *Denver Radio Operator*, Gary Owen; *No. Platte Radio Operator*, Carlisle Moore; *Chicago Radio Operator*, Victor Kilian, Jr.; *N. Y. Hospital Dr.*, Harry Worth; *John Hopkins Doctor*, J. M. Sullivan; *Farmer*, Olin Howland; *Farmer's Wife*, Fern Emmett; *Nurse*, Marjorie Wood.

"MIKADO, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Operetta written by W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The Cast: *The Mikado of Japan*, John Barclay; *Nanki-Poo* (*His Son*), Kenny Baker; *Ko-Ko* (*Lord High Executioner*), Martyn Green; *Poo-Bah* (*Lord High Everything Else*), Sydney Granville; *Pish-Tush* (*A Noble Lord*), Gregory Stroud; *Yum-Yum*, *Pitti-Sing*, *Peep-Bo* (*Three Sisters and Wards of Ko-Ko*), Jean Colin, Elisabeth Paynter, Kathleen Naylor; *Katisha* (*an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo*), Constance Willis; *Chorus of Schoolgirls, Nobles, Guards and Coolies*. The Chorus of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

"NANCY DREW—REPORTER"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Based on the "Nancy Drew" stories by Carolyn Keene. Directed by William Clemens. The Cast: *Nancy Drew*, Bonita Granville; *Carson Drew*, John Litel; *Ted Nickerson*, Frank Thomas, Jr.; *Mary Nickerson*, Mary Lee; *Miles Lambert*, Larry Williams; *Bonnie Lucas*, Sheila Bromley; *Eula Denning*, Betty Amann; *Bostwick*, Thomas Jackson; *Capt. Tweedy*, Frank Orth; *Killer Perkins*, Dickie Jones; *Effie Schneider*, Renie Riano; *Soxie Anthens*, Jack Perry; *Whitney*, Charles Halton; *Deputy Dist. Attorney*, Leonard Mudie; *Police Officer*, George Guhl; *Coroner*, William Gould; *Deputy Coroner*, Jack Mower.

"ONE THIRD OF A NATION"—ORLOB-PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Arthur Arent. Adapted by Dudley Murphy. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The Cast: *Mary Rogers*, Sylvia Sidney; *Peter Cortlant*, Leif Erikson; *Sam Moon*, Myron McCormick; *Donald Hinchley*, Hiram Sherman; *Joey Rogers*, Sidney Lumet; *Ethel Cortlant*, Muriel Hutchinson; *Arthur Mather*, Percy Waram; *Asst. District Attorney*, Otto Hulitt; *John* (*Butler*), Horace Sinclair; *Myrtle*, Iris Adrian; *Mr. Rogers*, Charles Dingle; *Mrs. Rogers*, Edmonia Nolley; *Mr. Cassidy*, Hugh Cameron; *Mrs. Cassidy*, Julia Fassett; *Mr. Rosen*, Baruch Lumet; *Inspector Castle*, Byron Russell; *Building Inspector*, Robert George; *Inspector Waller*, Wayne Nunn; *Mr. Cohen* (*1870*), Max Hirsch; *Mrs. Cohen* (*1870*), Miriam Golding; *Min*, Bea Hendricks; *Jim*, William Pote.

"PERSONS IN HIDING"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy from J. Edgar Hoover's book of the same name. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: *Peter Griswold*, Lynne Overman; *Dorothy Bronson*, Patricia Morison; *Freddie "Gunner" Martin*, J. Carrol Naish; *Dan Waldron*, William Henry; *Helen Griswold*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Alec Inglis*, William Frawley; *Blasé Blonde*, Judith Barrett; *Burt Nast*, William Collier, Sr.; *Madame Thompson*, May Boley; *Flagler*, Richard Stanley; *Flo*, Dorothy Howe; *Joe Butler*, John Hartley; *Ruth Devoe*, Janet Waldo; *Powder*, Richard Denning; *Ma Bronson*, Leona Roberts; *Curly*, Philip Warren; *Gordon Kingsley*, John Eldredge; *Zeke Bronson*, Richard Carle; *John Nast*, Roy Gordon; *Male Stenographer*, John Hart; *Maid*, Lillian Yarbo.

"PRIDE OF THE NAVY"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Ben Markson, Saul Elkins. Original story idea by James Webb, Joseph Hoffman. Directed by Charles Lamont. The Cast: *Speed Brennan*, James Dunn; *Gloria Tyler*, Rochelle Hudson; *Jerry Richards*, Gordon Oliver; *Gloomy Kelly*, Horace MacMahon; *Joe Falcon*, Gordon Jones; *Mrs. Falcon*, Charlotte Wynters; *Brad Foster*, Joseph Crehan; *Capt. Tyler*, Charles Trowbridge.

"SON OF FRANKENSTEIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Willis Cooper. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: *Baron Wolf von Frankenstein*, Basil Rathbone; *The Monster*, Boris Karloff; *Ygor, the Shepherd*, Bela Lugosi; *Elsa von Frankenstein*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Inspector Krogh*, Lionel Atwill; *Peter von Frankenstein*, Donnie Dunagan.

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Additional dialogue by Virginia Van Upp. Based on an adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan of a story by Eleanore Griffin and William Rankin. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The Cast: *Dave Guerney*, Lloyd Nolan; *Norma Malone*, Dorothy Lamour; *Aunt Tibbie*, Jessie Ralph; *Ivar De Brett*, Jerome Cowan; *San Ramos*, Tito Guizar; *Ida*, Maxine Sullivan; *Major Martingale*, William Frawley; *Punkins*, Mary Parker; *The Band*, Matty Malneck and his Boys; *Sheriff*, Victor Kilian; *Mr. Howey*, Walter Soderling; *Shorty*, Cliff Nazarro; *Mrs. Howey*, Virginia Howell; *The King's Men*, Grafton Lynn, Rad Robinson, Jon Dodson.

"STAGECOACH"—WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Story by Ernest Haycox. (Collier's story "Stage to Lordsburg.") Directed by John Ford. The Cast: *Dallas*, Claire Trevor; *Buck*, Andy Devine; *Ringo Kid*, John Wayne; *Doc Boone*, Thomas Mitchell; *Curly Wilcox*, George Bancroft; *Gatewood*, Berton Churchill; *Chris*, Chris Martin; *Capt. Whitney*, Cornelius Keefe; *Billy Pickett*, Francis Ford; *Billy, Jr.*, Kent Odell; *Capt. Sickel*, Walter McGrail; *Indian Scout*, Chief Big Tree; *Mrs. Gatewood*, Berendo Fowler; *Sheriff*, Lou Mason; *Hatfield*, John Carradine; *Lucy Mallory*, Louise Platt; *Lieut. Blanchard*, Tim Holt; *Peacock*, Donald Meek; *Chris' Wife*, Elvira Rios; *Mrs. Whitney*, Florence Lake; *Mrs. Pickett*, Marga Ann Daighton; *Cavalry Scout*, Yakima Canutt; *Telegrapher*, Harry Tenbrook; *Express Agent*, Paul McVey; *Bartender*, Jack Pennick; *Boone's Landlady*, Nora Cecil.

"TAIL SPIN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Frank Wead. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The Cast: *Trixie Lee*, Alice Faye; *Gerry Lester*, Constance Bennett; *Lois Allen*, Nancy Kelly; *Babe Dugan*, Joan Davis; *Bud*, Charles Farrell; *Alabama*, Jane Wyman; *Dick* (*Tex*) *Price*, Kane Richmond; *Chick*, Wally Vernon; *Sunny*, Joan Valerie; *Speed Allen*, Edward Norris; *Al Moore*, J. Anthony Hughes; *T. P. Lester*, Harry Davenport; *Mrs. Lee*, Mary Gordon; *Cafe Manager*, Harry Rosenthal; *Storekeeper*, Irving Bacon; *Announcer*, Sam Hayes.

"THREE MUSKETEERS, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by M. M. Musselman, William A. Drake and Sam Hellman. Directed by Allan Dwan. The Cast: *D'Artagnan*, Don Ameche; *Three Lackeys*, Ritz Brothers; *Queen*, Gloria Stuart; *Lady Constance*, Pauline Moore; *Milady De Winter*, Binnie Barnes; *King*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Naveau*, John Carradine; *De Rochefort*, Lionel Atwill; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Miles Mander; *Athos*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Aramis*, John King; *Porthos*, Russell Hicks; *Vitroy*, Gregory Gaye; *Duke of Buckingham*, Lester Matthews; *Landlord*, Egon Brecher; *Bailiff*, Moroni Olsen; *Ship Captain*, Montague Shaw; *Guards*, Jean Parry, Fredrik Vogeding; *Captain Fageon*, Georges Renavent.

"WOMAN DOCTOR"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Joseph Moncure March. Original story by Alice Altschuler and Miriam Geiger. Directed by Sidney Salkow. The Cast: *Judith*, Frieda Inescourt; *Allan*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Gail*, Claire Dodd; *Elsa*, Sybil Jason; *Fanny*, Cora Witherspoon; *Dr. Mathews*, Frank Reicher; *Dr. Martin*, Gus Glassmire; *Johnny*, Dickie Jones; *Louise*, Joan Howard; *Veterinarian*, Spencer Charters; *Miss Crenshaw*, Virginia Brissac; *Moxie*, Rex.

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the stage play by Mark Reed. Directed by William Keighley. The Cast: *Ellen Murray*, Priscilla Lane; *Douglas Hall*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Titus Jaywood*, Roland Young; *Ann Murray*, Fay Bainter; "*Granny*" *Whitman*, May Robson; *Connie Nevins*, Genevieve Tobin; *Lewis Murray*, Ian Hunter; *Sergeant Murphy*, Robert Homans; *Police Officer*, Edward Gargan; *Angus Dibble*, Spencer Charters; *Martha*, Lottie Williams.

"YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Don Ryan, Kenneth Gamet and Robert Buckner. From a story by Warden Lawes. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The Cast: *Frank Wilson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Madge Stone*, Gale Page; *Johnnie Stone*, Billy Halop; *Attorney Carey*, John Litel; "*Pop*," Henry Travers; *Fred Burke*, Harvey Stephens; *Scappa*, Harold Huber; "*Red*," Joe Sawyer; "*Smitty*," Joe Downing; "*Toad*," George E. Stone; *Principal Keeper*, Joseph King; *Warden*, Joseph Crehan; *Gas Station Attendant*, John Ridgely; *District Attorney*, Herbert Rawlinson.

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GINGER ROGERS
By Paul Hesse

NOT BE SOMEBODY? ***A Personal Challenge From*** **LELA ROGERS,** ***Ginger's Mother***

DO YOU SPOIL YOUR MEN? A Hollywood Lesson In Love by Faith Baldwin

W IRENE DUNNE SUCCEEDED WITHOUT GLAMOUR by Adela Rogers St. Johns

SHE WAS ON THE JURY —

. . . not to decide a man's innocence or gui but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste to decide whether or not it was an improvement ov older types, and if it offered more for her money cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulatio

On the same jury sat other women, hundre of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, sing women, young girls . . . rich, poor, in between in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. critical jury, as all women are in judging articles th affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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VOL. LIII., No. 5, MAY, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3 1879.

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BOOS AND Bouquets

Texan beauty—blue-eyed, brown-haired Constance Moore—who sang her way into movies, seizes the first rung of the ladder to a big career in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FUGITIVES FROM A BARBER SHOP

I WANT to express my views on a little trend which seems to be dominating the he-men of Movieland.

It seems to me that the male stars are quite out of style this season. Don't they know that the new "up" hair-do is the vogue? Stars like Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray and Michael Whalen, to mention a few, seem to be trying to outdo each other in seeing whose hair will soon be long enough to roll in the back.

There's nothing I like better than to see a neat neck trim, as witness Nelson Eddy in "Sweethearts."

Maybe if they squeezed their budgets a bit they might be able to afford the price of a haircut. Anyway, here's hoping.

ELSIE C. LITTLEJOHN,
San Francisco, Calif.

EVERY effort is made to ensure that each new heartthrob looks his very best on the screen. His evening dress is perfect; his historical costume is specially designed to show off his handsome figure. We have been shown photographs of the make-up expert giving the hero's face a final dab of powder before he goes into a scene. With all this care there is yet one feature neglected which always looks strange to English eyes. It is the fact that the hero's back hair is unvariably unbrushed.

Why is this? Is it perhaps that you in America do not feel that lank ends of hair straying idly above the collar detract greatly from a man's well-groomed appearance? Anyway, it always annoys me to see Walter Pidgeon or Melvyn Douglas, often striking sartorial figures, with a fringe at the back of the neck. It is almost as bad as that other extraordinary American habit: journalists and detectives barging into people's houses with their hats on, quite devoid of the most elementary good manners. Cannot the make-up experts be persuaded to attend to this matter?

G. LIVESEY,
London, England.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

THE title may be "Idiot's Delight," but I guarantee the film will be the delight of everyone!

May I salute Norma Shearer for her audacious portrayal of the Russian countess and applaud the year's jauntiest "hoofer," Clark Gable! Nor can I soon forget the poignant quality of Burgess Meredith's pacifist rôle.

Thank you, Hollywood, for taking this sparkling stage success and, in the medium of films, preserving all the original dramatic punch and, yes, in this instance, making it even better. May such splendid casts appear more often—and may they always have as shining a vehicle in which to ride before the public as "Idiot's Delight!"

MARJORIE BROUILLETTE,
Seattle, Wash.

PAY DIRT

WHY are the script writers and producers so inconsistent? Unheralded and unadvertised prematurely, they give us a wow of an interesting, wonderfully diverting picture that goes over with a bang, "Next Time I Marry," yet they spoil it with several incongruous situations not in keeping with the balance of the picture.

James Ellison is a common pick-and-shovel laborer on a WPA project, yet he is the owner of an automobile with a trailer, which, from appearance, must have cost at least $500. Well enough and forgivable—he might have had them before going on the WPA. But, lo and behold, he is making monthly payments on a sailboat to the amount of $44 out of his WPA salary. From the amount of the payments shown in the picture, the sailboat costs over $500. In addition, he is keeping a large dog that must consume as much food as a human, buying gasoline for his car, has several hundred dollars saved up and is shown wearing a hat that must have cost at least $10. How much do WPA workers receive in New Jersey, the locale of the picture? Open your gates, New Jersey, here I come.

FRANK J. MCINTYRE,
San Francisco, Calif.

MR. EDDY'S IN THE DOGHOUSE!

YES, I'm writing about Nelson Eddy's recent marriage! "Angry" and "hurt" were the words used by a columnist in describing the Eddy fans. "Disappointed" I think is a better word for it. "Disappointed" that a star in whom we have put such great faith and whom we have defended against any criticism should get married without any announcement of his engagement.

His famous co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, acted in a very gracious manner about her wedding. She let her public know of her marital plans by announcing her engagement a year before her wedding. Eddy's behavior has stunned us. Frankly, we don't like it.

For years, stories have been coming out of Hollywood, most of them issued after interviewing Eddy himself, that he was positively a con-

firmed bachelor. For years we have believed this. At least, if he had any intention of marrying, he should have announced his engagement to all the papers and set his wedding date. Then we might have become accustomed to his marrying—but, as it is, we aren't!

CHRISTINA AULISIO,
New Bedford, Mass.

MY temper is aroused these days by all this stupid talk about Nelson Eddy and his wife. It never occurred to me that when the poor man fell in love with a lady and asked her to become his wife that America would be so het up. They should be pleased, for doesn't all the world love a lover? But the first person I meet shouts angrily, "He shouldn't have gotten married, we like him single!" Now, what does this person know about Mrs. Eddy? She must be charming, for isn't Mr. Eddy charming?

He should be entitled to marry the woman he loves without all this silly excitement. Stop this arguing, America, and raise your glasses for a toast: "Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy!"

PAMELA WALKER,
Pittsfied, Mass.

THE "AYES" HAVE IT!

IT seems to me that we spectacle wearers, who comprise a large percentage of the movie-going public, are taking an awful beating. According to the movies, all one has to do to be completely unattractive is to put on a pair of glasses. Now I ask you, is that fair? Surely with all the wonderful things that can be done with make-up, it isn't necessary to use glasses to portray the nth degree of unattractiveness.

In no less than four recent pictures, there have been references to us long-suffering spectacle wearers. I refer especially to "Four Daughters" in which Priscilla Lane, as one of the daughters, consoles Claude Rains, as the father, for having such frivolous daughters by asking him how he would like to have daughters who wore spectacles, in much the same manner as she would have asked how he would like to have half-witted daughters.

I, for one, am getting pretty much fed up on such thoughtless and uncalled for scenes and have already boycotted one picture because I saw a preview showing a scene similar to the one mentioned above. I refer to "Brother Rat."

This attitude on the part of the movie-makers is doing real harm, as there are enough young girls—and boys, too—especially of high-school age, who won't wear glasses, even though they may need them badly, because they feel it will detract from their appearance. Perhaps you think I am taking this matter too seriously, or that I am hypersensitive, but I am willing to bet there are plenty of other people who will agree with me.

KATHERINE ROSE,
Wheeling, W. Va.

LISTEN, MR. ZANUCK

MISS WATERBURY'S idea of doing away with most of the singing and dancing in Shirley Temple's pictures suits me perfectly.

Not that I haven't liked it—but one can get too much of anything and it is about time Shirley has a real good story.

How about Elsie Dinsmore? Wait, now, don't scoff. I realize that the story would have to undergo a major operation but that could be done easily. It could even be divided into a series, as long as they are so popular now.

But the main idea could be retained; a poor little rich girl, with no mother, living among relatives who dislike her, only to have her life made more unhappy by the return of her stern papa. Shirley could be a more mischievous edition of the original Elsie and perhaps sneak in a little dance or two, when Papa's and Miss Waterbury's backs were turned!

RUTH KING,
Cranford, N. J.

SORRY, WE DON'T AGREE

I HAVE long been a subscriber and avid reader of PHOTOPLAY. I have always found the features interesting, the gossip, as much as there is, without evil intent, the photographs extraordinarily good and the magazine as a whole superior. However, this is not a letter of compliments, but rather of criticism. Criticism of the first picture and article that my eye fell upon in a recent issue, entitled "Lovers Courageous."

I admire Don Ameche, for there are few enough motion-picture stars that are religiously inclined. The thing I object to is the exploitation of his problems and particularly his religion.

Such a feature might be very apropos in a different publication, but it is inappropriate for a movie magazine.

JEAN SULLIVAN,
San Bernardino, Calif.

POWER-FUL TALK

WHAT'S all this commotion about "people staying home to listen to Tyrone Power instead of going to see his pictures"? And what's the idea of his removal from radio just because some narrow-minded theater owners have made the above statement? In the first place their theaters *are* filled up on Sunday nights. But just to give them the benefit of the doubt, suppose they aren't. It isn't because people stay home to hear Tyrone Power on the radio.

More likely it is because the admission has been raised on that night and if the public can see the same picture on Monday night for the regular admission, they are certainly going to do so, rather than pay more on Sunday night.

Tyrone Power, if you ask me, is the innocent target for a lot of groucheimers who are jealous of his popularity and are trying to escape the public's demand for cheaper admission by putting the blame on him. Well, it won't work. We want Tyrone back on the radio!

FLORENCE WITTICH,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Carter's rayon tricots are so soft and sleek you never know you have them on. In fact, they make you feel downright siren-ish, for nary a ripple gives them away. (And with figger-hugging fashions—that's important!) Heaven-sent to gals who lead a busy work-or-play life . . . a whisk and they're washed . . . no ironing . . . and you can pack dozens and still travel light. Inexpensive? You can buy plenty before you'll use up your underwear allowance. Particularly glamorous this season are the chic new styles illustrated—they're only four of the many trimly styled, smartly tailored new Carter gowns, pajamas, slips, pettiskirts and panties.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Prize fighter marries blueblood—that's drama aplenty for Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne in Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness." The story opens in 1927, which accounts for Irene's wind-blown bob. Remember it?

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their deviltry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (*April*)

★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his lustre. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (*March*)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (*April*)

★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (*Feb.*)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (*April*)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and Mama *Fitch* (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (*April*)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (*March*)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (*April*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (*March*)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge*, the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as *Tiny Tim*, the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are *Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit*. (*March*)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (*April*)

★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (*Feb.*)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughtful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (*Feb.*)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhardts; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (*Feb.*)

DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (*Feb.*)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (*Feb.*)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (*April*)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (*Feb.*)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This has a message—a message to the medicos to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is cute as the hard-boiled nurse out for a rich husband; Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic surgeon. Una Merkel, Mary Howard and Ann Rutherford are the three other gals. (*April*)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. That's about a man (Franchot Tone) who dates a little Swiss scullery maid (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Franciska works for. What a Gaal comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (*March*)

GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (*March*)

★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (*March*)

★ GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are the swash-buckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous *Gunga Din*. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (*April*)

(*Continued on page 99*)

THE PORTRAIT OF A FREE SOUL

NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!

"For an introduction ...six roses!"

"My garden is my pride and joy. I cherish it, show it off, and usually send our guests home laden with its flowers. After Anne's last weekend visit, along came her thank-you gift."

"Said the card: 'Now it's a city-dweller's turn to send *you* a bouquet. Here's something with the prettiest bloom in town... the loveliest colors, too. You'll like the way it lasts!' Inside the box was a nosegay of Berkshire Stockings."

"They were exquisite—sheer as a whisper, glowing with color, perfectly matched to my ensembles. Best of all, they really *wore!* For Anne's introduction to Berkshire Stockings, six of my very best 'New Dawn' roses. For me, *Berkshires for life!*"

for evening wear, with dancing slippers — for afternoon, with pumps or sandals — for street and business, with daytime shoes

Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3, or 4-thread.

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MOVIES *in your home*

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

WHEN Hollywood's professional cameramen get stuck on a knotty problem, they go to Jackson Young, Chief of Twentieth Century-Fox's elaborate Camera Department. Young is an expert on "trick" effects and a boon to the pro cameraman looking for an unusual way to shoot an ordinary scene. He is also a 16 mm enthusiast and the movies he takes as a hobby are the talk of filmland. This month we've asked Jackson Young to give us some advice in the way of "trick" shocks. If you follow these sample tips he's given us, you're sure to get a gasp and maybe a round of applause from your rival 16 mm cameramen.

The most spectacular and yet the easiest "trick effect" for the amateur is the reverse shot, according to Young. Although few 16 mm cameras are designed for shooting in reverse, the effect can be attained by holding the camera upside down while taking the scene and then cutting and splicing the developed sequence so that the strip of film is turned over on its back and reversed end for end. With this device, humorous effects can be given to a picture—divers can be made to fly out of the water feet first, smokers inhale vast clouds of smoke out of the air, and so on. This effect is also useful in solving many photographic and directing problems. For example, if your script calls for a knife to be thrown into a wall close to an actor's head, a dangerous situation can be avoided by driving a knife into the wall by hand, attaching a thin wire to it and then jerking the knife out of camera range while shooting the scene upside down.

Another useful adaptation of the reverse shot is titling. A title can be written by placing small pebbles on a sheet. Then, with the camera shooting upside down, the sheet can be shaken so that all the pebbles roll into a central pile. When reversed, this shot gives the effect of a pile of pebbles which suddenly begin to roll into place to spell out the letters of the title.

A more elaborate "trick" is the much used "process" shot. This is a scene which is shot against a background which is itself another moving picture projected on a screen. To do this, you synchronize the camera with the projector of the moving-picture backdrop so that the shutters of both the camera and the projector are open at the same time. This can be done by running a flexible cable drive from the motor of the projection machine to the shaft of the camera and making the same motor operate both instruments. This is the most widely used single trick of the Hollywood cameraman and has long been kept a secret from the amateur. With this "trick" you can produce hundreds of effects which are impossible to obtain with "straight" shooting.

GARRISON Films seem to be stepping forth with the best pictures this month for home showing. They've just released a film for 16 mm projection called "Carnival In Flanders." This picture won many awards as the best foreign film of the past year and it is worth seeing for the magnificent sets and the exquisite photography alone. Another thrilling Garrison release is "Fight To The Last," the latest film to come out of China. This picture was made in China by Chinese cameramen and directors. It shows actual troops in battle and takes great shots of the valiant struggle of the Chinese in the effort to drive the Japs from their land. Still another war film now available on 16 mm is the new Spanish documentary film, "Will Of The People," a splendid exciting film which supports the side of the Loyalists.

In a lighter vein, Castle Films have just released their latest one-reelers on the San Francisco and New York World's Fairs. Many shots of the Fair grounds have been taken from the air and they are breath-taking. It also gives you a good idea of what to pick to see if you are planning to take in either of these spectacles.

Now that winter is behind us, you can also enjoy Castle's newly edited film, "Snow Thrills."

Pathegram is specializing in one-reel comedies this month, Charlie Chaplin, Hal Roach, Charlie Chase and Snub Pollard. They are at very reduced rates, and swell for the kids. In Black and White and Colortone.

NEW EQUIPMENT: A boon for Bell and Howell projector owners is a new attachment which makes it possible to run an 800 foot length of sound or silent film without stopping . . . a new tripod top which permits two way panning is now obtainable from the Minosa American Corp. of New York . . . Universal Camera Corp. announces an automatic titling machine which sets three line titles by merely turning a few wheels . . . Bell and Howell has issued a sixty-four page list of over 2800 16 mm sound-on-film reels now available for the home movie fan . . . finis.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Isa Miranda in Paramount's melodrama, "Hotel Imperial"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get forty-five or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is sixty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of seventy-five, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 73.

1. During the last year, this actor had the distinction of appearing in more expensive and elaborate productions than any other:

Nelson Eddy — *Robert Taylor*
Tyrone Power — *Errol Flynn*

2. This comedienne is the star of a picture which has her name in the title:

Martha Raye — *Gracie Allen*
Patsy Kelly — *Joan Davis*

3. He's the latest actor to be given a he-man build-up and, in his next picture, he will engage in several fights to show that he's really pretty tough:

Bobby Breen — *Leslie Howard*
James Stewart — *Roland Young*

4. This actor's craze for flying has netted him 5000 hours in the air and he's a lieutenant-commander in the naval reserve:

Sidney Blackmer — *Henry Fonda*
Wallace Beery — *Walter Brennan*

5. Her studio has bought up her radio contract and she will no longer be heard on regular broadcasts:

Alice Faye — *Shirley Ross*
Bette Davis — *Marlene Dietrich*

6. The famous "Five Little Peppers" series of children's books will be brought to the screen with this actress starring in three of them a year:

Sybil Jason — *Shirley Temple*
Edith Fellows — *Virginia Weidler*

7. This star's wife is the heiress to a tobacco fortune:

Paul Muni — *Jack Oakie*
Wayne Morris — *John Wayne*

8. He won an Academy award for the third time this year:

Charles Boyer — *Spencer Tracy*
Frank Capra — *Robert Donat*

9. One of these stars is married to a producer:

Genevieve Tobin — *Maureen O'Sullivan*
Myrna Loy — *Louise Campbell*

10. Columbia University seniors in their annual vote chose her as their ideal desert island companion:

Ann Sheridan — *Isa Miranda*
Madeleine Carroll — *Hedy Lamarr*

11. She is Hollywood's only woman director:

Dorothy Arzner — *Edith Head*
Gwen Wakeling — *Jeannie MacPherson*

12. He made his first stage appearance as a female impersonator:

Fredric March — *Clark Gable*
James Cagney — *Basil Rathbone*

13. Only one of these pictures scheduled for 1939 release is new; the others are remakes of old hits:

Penthouse — *Dodge City*
Bill of Divorcement — *Within the Law*

14. It's hard to believe, but this chunky actor was once a race horse jockey:

Edward Arnold — *Andy Devine*
Eugene Pallette — *Oliver Hardy*

15. This actress, who gave up the screen for marriage, is now preparing to stage a comeback:

Arline Judge — *June Knight*
Eleanore Whitney — *June Collyer*

Avoid undie odor the easy Lux way

Undies absorb perspiration odor, and others notice this before you do yourself. Don't take chances with daintiness—Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux keeps undies new looking longer, has no harmful alkali to fade delicate colors. So don't rub with cake soap or use soaps with harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the BIG box.

A little goes so far— Lux is **Thrifty**

"THANKS A MILLION" SAID THE MILLIONAIRE

There sat Jones —my husband's richest customer—bored stiff. "Have some Beeman's?" said I, after the coffee — and the miracle happened! "My favorite flavor!" said Jones, suddenly very cheerful.

"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Jeanette MacDonald's beauty is more than just a pretty face. It has that certain something every woman may share. And here she tells the secret of her beauty — the secret of true loveliness

QUEEN OF THE MOVIES — Were you one of the voters who chose Jeanette MacDonald as Queen of the Movies for 1938? If so, I am sure that you voted for her not only because of her great talent and beauty, but also because of the warmth and charm of her personality that make you like her as a person as well as an artist. You recognized the fact that perfect features are not enough. It's the spirit and animation and graciousness behind one's features that lend beauty to a face!

It's spring again and the beginning of a new season makes us dissatisfied with ourselves—with our clothes and the way we look. We want to dash right out and buy a new dress and hat and try the new colors in cosmetics and give our morale that lift that comes only with a new shade of powder and lipstick and a brand-new eye shadow. But it's important to remember that cosmetics alone don't make beauty — although they're a great help. Beauty is a reflection of what you are inside Care of the skin and eyes and teeth are vital, of course; but, to give vividness and charm to a lovely face, you must have more.

Jeanette, whose pleasure at receiving that award gives her a new glow, says, "There is no secret to beauty—no secret in beauty that cannot be shared by every woman. Beauty is grace, poise, the keen mind, the vitality, the bright eyes and glowing skin which result from proper rest and relaxation and exercise —and the correct mental attitude, too— as much as it is the careful application of cosmetics and fastidious grooming of hair."

Jeanette has a quality of giving of herself to people, of kindliness and interest in others. Her face is animated. She radiates character and charm. She's open and friendly. That's the real secret of her beauty—the real secret of anyone's beauty, for that matter.

You must all know girls with sculptured faces, with lovely features who yet leave you cold, so that you look at them and wonder, "Why isn't she beautiful? Her face is perfect, yet she lacks beauty." It's that she lacks the spirit that gives beauty. And there are other girls with small eyes or a crooked nose who are enormously popular and of whom you say with a sudden shock of surprise, "She isn't really beautiful at all. Her face is all wrong." But it isn't important because the vividness of her face and the warm spirit shining through lend her more beauty than the former girl has.

True loveliness is the reflection of the spirit within. Sincerely like other people and they will like you. Forget about yourself and become interested in others and they will be interested in you. Do not let your face be a mask because of lack of interest; an animated face is more charming than one always in repose.

"No one likes a 'lazy' face, that type of unresponsive face that never reflects the mood behind it," says Jeanette earnestly. "It's a fact that it takes twice as many facial muscles to look unpleasant as it does to effect a pleasing happy expression. Making faces at yourself in the mirror is a good way to bring into play all or most of the facial muscles."

Which, incidentally, is an easy rule to follow!

I asked Jeanette how she managed to keep herself so radiant and vivid in spite of the terrific amount of work she does. Her answer was—relaxation.

"Late social hours on top of a long working day will make any woman look to her physical and beauty laurels. A career woman must have regularity and system in her work. She must recognize its demands and meet them with a healthful and sane logic and with the proper energy.

"Relaxation, I've found, is the best way of restoring your energy. I don't mean the kind of relaxation that makes further demands on your vitality. Playing the pipe organ, or the piano, provides ideal relaxation for me because I enjoy it; it takes my mind away from the day's tension; and I can indulge it without expending any more energy."

A second rule to look into, my pretties!

"Hands, too, are so important to beauty," went on Jeanette. "And the possession of lovely hands is more dependent on their grace than on their shapeliness.

"We all know girls whose hands are not perfect, but they are so vitally expressive that they are lovely to watch." Every woman can learn to use her hands cleverly, for emphasis on speech or dramatic stress, so that they become an interesting and characteristic feature of her personality instead of an awkward detriment.

"Hand exercises before your mirror are excellent to develop grace. Moving the hands in Hawaiian hula fashion is the best exercise I know. And I think it's so important to learn to hold a tea cup or a cigarette with grace. Never permit your hands to fall listlessly at your side or awkwardly on a table because that detracts from your whole appearance."

A third rule for greater loveliness that we copycats can follow.

A PROPER exercise regime is as necessary a part of your health and beauty program as proper sleeping and eating and Jeanette has worked out her own solution to this problem.

"Since I've worked most of my life under trying schedules which couldn't provide regular time for exercise, I have decided upon walking as the best exercise for me—and I might say with due modesty," she laughed, "that I am an unparalleled walker.

"An hour after dinner each evening is set aside for my jaunt. I walk briskly, covering a two-mile course. I believe there is no exercise more valuable for bringing every muscle of the body into play. And by paying particular attention to breathing — inhaling through the nose and exhaling from the mouth — this ritual can become even more beneficial."

Jeanette's idea of a walk is not a slow stroll, remember, but a good brisk jaunt.

That quality that gives zip to Jeanette's "High Flying" number in M-G-M's "Broadway Serenade" is yours, too, for the trying

With the vogue for strapless evening gowns and now strapless bathing suits, too, it's important to keep your neck and arms and shoulders lovely and firm. Jeanette comes forth with some excellent suggestions for neck beauty.

"First," she says, "diet must be regulated. Pastries and sweets are out; potatoes and bread should be limited to one meal a day. After bathing, wrap a towel dipped in very cold water about your neck.

"Then, with finger tips dipped in cold cream, pat from the chin down to the base of the neck firmly and rapidly, using the back of your hand.

"Do this exercise twice a week: stand upright, roll your head slowly around in a wide circle, first in one direction, then in the other. Make a complete circle, dropping the head as far back and as far forward as possible. Do this gently, being sure not to raise the shoulders or stiffen them.

"The entire body should be relaxed during the procedure.

"Try the patting and creaming at night and the exercise in the morning. Make it a habit to carry your head well at all times and when you're seated don't let your chin relax into a comfortable roll of excess flesh in your neck. Hold it high.

"Give your neck and chin line a smooth, sculptured appearance.

"I'll never forget the words of instruction spoken by a famous artist in New York to a group of girls who had been selected as mannequins for a stage play. 'Pull your hips out of your shoes. Pull your shoulders out of your hips. Pull your heads out of your shoulders. And *look* as beautiful as you are.'"

And, while you're remembering that artist's wise summary of beauty, remember, too, that beauty comes not only from figure and proud carriage, but also from the spirit within.

So let that spirit of friendliness and graciousness shine through to illuminate your new spring clothes and you'll have true beauty.

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The man who dreamed of spanning continents with the human voice . . . and the girl who believed in his genius! Out of the greatness of their love came an American miracle of achievement!

Twentieth Century-Fox Presents

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of

THE STORY OF

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

with

DON AMECHE · LORETTA YOUNG · HENRY FONDA

Charles Coburn · Gene Lockhart · Spring Byington
Sally Blane · Polly Ann Young · Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by Irving Cummings. Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti. Original story by Ray Harris.

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Tch, tch—a cocktail date that ends at sunup! Ruth Waterbury and George Brent (left, at El Morocco) do the town and GB proves "handsome is that handsome does"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"YOU see everyone in Hollywood as bigger than life-size," said my friend, who is much smarter than I am . . . we were talking together in New York. . . .

"Well, maybe they are," I said . . . and rather weakly, I must admit. . . .

"Oh, nonsense," said my friend . . . "you know they are just ordinary people who happen to be a little handsomer than average." . . .

So I went away from there . . . as soon as my friend had paid the bill . . . feeling pretty crushed and I was very glad when George Brent, who had just arrived in New York, too, called up and suggested cocktails at five o'clock the next afternoon . . . George was in New York, just as I was, trying to get away from Hollywood for a little while . . . I don't know whether he was being as elegant in his mind about it all as I was . . . I had been taking a straight dose of those marvelous New York papers for a week, getting myself loaded up on the Spanish War, the Chinese War, the labor war, what Hitler is about to do, what Mexico is about to do, about unemployment . . . about misery and worry, in other words . . . and my, did I feel intelligent . . . and boy, oh, boy was I in a state to welcome a little lowdown on Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn and whether or not Twentieth Century-Fox was going to sign Marion Davies along with the rest of the Cosmopolitan picture contract and what the budget was on that last Byrnie Foy "B" . . . .

We set the place for the Ritz Tower, where George was staying, and I planned to get my hair done and a manicure and all that feminine lure stuff, but it poured rain all afternoon and I got stuck with a mess of work so that I couldn't leave my desk for so much as a half hour . . . I planned to have just one drink and then get home and go straight to bed for some real sleep . . . I made the Ritz Tower smack on the nose of five o'clock only to find Mr. Brent wasn't in. . . .

"Hollywood," I muttered between my angry teeth . . . me seeing its stars as more than life-size indeed! . . . life-size nothing . . . Hollywood people were pigmies . . . worms . . . they had no sense of time or place . . . I turned away, burning. . . .

A young man from Warners came hurrying in . . . "There's a number George Brent wants us to call," he explained . . . "That's where we are to join him" . . . .

So we called the number and it turned out to be a saloon on Third Avenue. . . .

NOW, in case you don't know your New York, I'll tell you that Third Avenue is one of those incredibly dreary streets over which an "el" runs, making the street always dirty and full of shadows, always noisy and terribly poor . . . and well, I know that there are more stylish words for drinking places than the word saloon . . . you can be tony as all get-out and call them "bistros" thereby pretending you have trailed about Paris all your life and just can't think of those funny American names for things any more . . . or you can be very Broadwayish and call them "sin parlors" or just regular and call them bars . . . but this place can be called nothing but saloon, for it was one of those spots with greasy oil cloth on the floor and a big, bare bar running the length of it and bartenders more Irish than County Cork standing in back of it . . . a more unlikely spot in which to find a movie star cannot be imagined . . . but inside were George and his pretty sister, Peggy, the Ralph Bellamys and a couple of lads from the local Warner office. . . .

It was George who had discovered the place and the reason for that was his learning that the saloon was run by an ex-pal of his . . . a chap who, like George, had been a dispatch runner for the Irish Republicans in those stormy and bloody days when Ireland was fighting most bitterly for her freedom from England . . . George and that saloonkeeper had risked their lives almost daily in that cause . . . or, to be more exact, almost nightly. (You remember the background of "The Informer," don't you? That was the kind of thing George and his friend lived through.) . . . and after you have gone through such drama with a man you do not forget him . . . George had hunted Tim up . . . it turned out to be the right Tim and Tim turned out to have the smoothest Irish whiskey you have ever tasted and the brogues flying around the place when we entered were so thick you could have cut them into a statue of Eamon de Valera if you'd had a knife and skill enough. . . .

WELL, I had that one drink I was going to have . . . and then I had another . . . and presently we were all in a restaurant uptown having food . . . and it was there that the test began. . . .

We were all sitting there, not even talking, we were all so busy with eating, when a big burly guy came along and recognized Mr. Brent and began shouting forth what he thought of Hollywood . . . what he thought mostly was that he didn't like it . . . he said what he thought of Gable and Lombard . . . just like that, Gable and Lombard. . . .

"Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard, please," said Mr. Brent, his voice steely, and he rose swiftly out of his chair with his very broad shoulders silhouetted against the light . . . the loudmouth saw them too and he suddenly had to go away somewhere else but the scene he had tried to create brought every eye in the place on us . . . "Let's get out of here," George said and we paid the check and tried to escape into a taxicab . . . but one thing a movie star can't do and that is move about easily . . . for at the door there was that inevitable cluster of little kids with their autograph books, their leaky pens and their pencils that so often don't have points. . . .

No one can understand better than I, who have felt the charm of glamorous people all my life, how those little kids naturally do tag celebrities about . . . I don't blame them in the least . . . but I can not blame stars either at inwardly groaning when they must stand in

(Continued on page 81)

"IMAGINE ME...IN LOVE WITH A TAXI DRIVER..."

Nice work if you can get it? You said it, honey. So why the headache? Listen, with all the taxi drivers in New York I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver with ideas. What ideas? Love... romance...all the old gags. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. It's love and little cupids chasing each other all over the Champs Elysee (the local main stem). I got it bad. Imagine me falling for a taxi driver.

We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive her back to Broadway. And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend

Eve

Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert
Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore · Francis Lederer
Mary Astor · Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN

DÉBUT OF RANCH BRED

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stamped on the leather side
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natural ranch-bred skin

IT PAYS to know the quality of your mink
FEDERAL MINK keeps its appearanc
stands remodeling, gives long service. It i
incredibly warm, yet magnificently ligh
in weight. In spite of the luxuriously dens
lustrous fur, it is as supple as a soft fabri
Long, silky guard hairs add to its elegance
FEDERAL MINK skins are extremely, *na*
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yellow or red . . . lovely, subtle . . . the tone
in a pleasing contrast, not only flatterin
to all types of women, but with an affinity
too, for all costume colors. Only mink se
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mink
HAMBURG, WI

WHY *Not* BE SOMEBODY?

Drab mediocrity vs. a Somebody—
are you the envious or the envied?
Do you have what it takes to win?

you believe that you are handi-
oped by circumstances? Here's a
re that will set you thinking.
n you take it, Young America?

Y LELA ROGERS

(Ginger's mother)

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

O you want to be somebody?

It would be surprising indeed if you did not, for all down the ages every girl and boy has found the urge within themves to struggle upward, to make something of themselves and imve their lot in life. Where they live or how they live makes little ference. Normal human beings are interested in their own adcement. And they should be.

There are things happening in the world today that would make believe advancement is a thing of the past, that there is some sort diabolical scheme of retrogression afoot. But there isn't. Progress ne of the first laws of the universe . . . inherent in man. It is the t law of Heaven. So what is there to hinder it?

f I ask you what it is you particularly want, you might answer, want a million dollars," yet some of the dullest, most uninteresting and least progressive young people I know have a million dollars. Money doesn't make you somebody. It doesn't even help.

If you tell me you want to be "tops" in your profession, or that you are in the very disquieting throes of selecting a life work . . . a place to begin . . . that you are anxious to have something to offer when the time comes to launch yourself into the world of grownups, then I shall know that imagination, common sense and courage will vitalize your study of your problem and that I can help you.

So, let us take it for granted right from the start that you are so serious about this business of being somebody that you are willing to give both time and thought to it. It will take both, especially thought. The decision to be somebody comes from within—from thought and, since this somebody-we-would-be is an idea held in thought, a

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DO HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

When is spoiling not spoiling? When is surrender wise?

This famous novelist gives you a Hollywood lesson in love

BY FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me whether or not I would be interested in writing an article under this heading, I screamed, I hollered, I hit the ceiling. And I grabbed my trusty typewriter and wrote a letter to PHOTOPLAY in which I demanded to know what in the world was meant by "spoiling"? You see, spoiling is a pretty general term and what might mean spoiling to you might not mean spoiling to me.

I suppose it's spoiling when you encourage selfishness and certainly selfishness is encouraged by too much pampering, too much sheltering from realities . . . that goes for men, women and children; for, to be ideal, any human relationship should approximate a fifty-fifty, give-and-take basis.

Many wives are afraid they will spoil their men if they yield to them on various points. But sometimes surrender is wise. And some men spoil a lot easier than others. The rule here seems to be, how much can you spoil your man and not spoil your marriage?

HOLLYWOOD is full of the world's most alluring women; it is an enormous factory, working day and night, to create allure. It has to . . . because every week eighty million people pay money at the box offices to view that allure and to enjoy it vicariously.

To be born beautiful is very nice indeed. To be born attractive and made beautiful is something else again. Charm, beauty, allure—these will all interest and attract a man, but they can't hold him. Girls who look in the mirror and pray that they may become beautiful overnight should realize that. I've seen very plain women hold men much longer than beautiful women, and in greater happiness. Not even in legendary Hollywood do beautiful women always hold their men. Look at the divorce records. Nor, for that matter, do handsome men hold their women.

In looking over the recent examples of how Hollywood women may "spoil" their men, I come upon several which seem to me just common sense, not spoiling. For instance, I read somewhere that Joan Blondell threw away a new hat because her husband, Dick Powell, said he didn't like it. Spoiling? I don't think so. After all, *he* had to look at the hat. If Mama comes home in a lovely crazy creation which has cost her a pretty penny and Papa takes one look at it and either weeps or laughs or groans . . . well, out goes the hat. And a very sensible gesture, too. Nothing seems to irritate a man more than a hat which affronts him—on his wife. It irritates the wife, of course, when said husband doesn't mind the same hat on another woman. But *she* isn't his wife, so that's that.

My mother used to romp in with the latest thing in hats and my father used to order them off her red head, pronto. He would say, "You look like a drum major." He would say, "You look like Bertha, the Brewer's Bride." He would say, "You look like the waste basket, plus contents."

His contention was that a hat should frame a face; that the face should be the main object of the eyes and not the hat; that a hat should be merely a becoming adjunct. If he were alive

The Carole Lombard of today (left) is a far cry from the one on the right, who lived for night clubs and crazy entertaining. Clark Gable caused this transformation — but was she spoiling him? We ask you!

Spoil Their Men?

To dye or not to dye—Miss Goddard went blonde, Mr. Chaplin went critical. Today she's a brunette. Was she wise?

Who pampers whom? The wistful, girly-girly Janet Gaynor is no more—in her place is a chic, well-dressed woman. Was she right in conforming to Adrian's fancy?

today he would probably go into a straight jacket after viewing the hats which now appear upon the public streets.

Young girls and very pretty girls, smart women who are so plain that nothing is becoming but sheer crazy chic, can get away with the mad, mad hats. Since Mrs. Powell is both young and pretty, she can get away with them, too—except at home. But if Mr. Powell doesn't like one of her hats, she isn't spoiling him by throwing it away. She's being sensible.

So, if your boy friend doesn't like your hat, do something about it. The gesture will flatter him; it won't spoil him and, incidentally, it may improve your own appearance.

Adrian, famous Hollywood costume designer and fiancé of Janet Gaynor, has designed an entire new wardrobe and dress personality for her, or so I hear tell. I don't think she is spoiling him by conforming. I think she is being wise. In the first place, Janet Gaynor is lovely enough to have a new personality if she wants one.

Anyway, she's probably tired of being wistful and little-girlish. Hurrah for her, and for Adrian, and for their romance!

Suppose you're a brunette and you decide to become a blonde. Suppose you become a blonde and all your best friends (including the cats) tell you you are too, too ravishing. Suppose your husband or your fiancé takes one look and advises you that he fell in love with a brunette, that you looked much better to him as nature had intended. What would you do? Go on being a blonde because you didn't want to spoil him by surrender?

Paulette Goddard had that happen to her. She went blonde and Mr. Charles Chaplin went critical. She returned to her natural coloring. And I agree with Chaplin.

I like her better that way.

WELL, perhaps hats and hair-dos and make-up and blonde vs. brunette aren't very important problems, but here's a more serious one.

Take that most discussed little blonde number, Carole Lombard. Carole free-lances; she draws approximately one hundred thousand dollars per picture, plus profit percentage. Last year her income totalled nearly half a million and, in addition, Hollywood's most box-office screen lover is also number one man in her life. Marriage is around the corner and these two have been keeping company, as we say up here in New England, for some time.

How does she hold Mr. Gable's affection? By her beauty? Nonsense! There are women lovelier or as lovely right under his eyes. By her acting ability? When did that ever hold a man—off stage? By her earning capacity? Thumbs down on that—his own is stupendous.

Back in 1934, this little blonde star was celebrating a recent success at a party. She loved parties—the bigger, the better and the more fun. And there she met the gentleman aforesaid—not for the first time. They had co-starred in a picture, but that was business. This was social, and pleasure.

He just happened to be there. He doesn't go much for parties. He likes other things better.

But there she was, independent, witty, most

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An established star now—Fred MacMurray of "Cafe Society"

Sketched by a master, a warmly human portrait of Fred MacMurray, the guy who couldn't shoot wild doves because his doctor was a vegetarian

"LONG

BY CLAUDE BINYON

From the ogile pen of this author, famous Hollywood dialogue writer, hos come such hits os "I Met Him in Paris" and "Sing, You Sinners"

HE was standing by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and he was afraid for all he had dreamed of. The cameraman had shouted that his beard showed black and the assistant director had asked him why in hell he hadn't shaved; but he *had* shaved and there was nothing more he could do.

The director had talked to him that morning about his hands. They were large, like young hams, and he had a habit of holding them before him, with the thumbs projecting upward. It looked lousy and he must break himself of the habit.

The sound man had said he talked too fast, but when he thought of his speech and tried to control it, his memory played tricks with the lines.

The writer had sat watching him rehearse, the writer who had written the part for Gable and then found out Gable wasn't available, and there had seemed to be a resentful hostility in his eyes.

And so he was standing on the set by himself, out of the glare of the lights, and his hands were wet and there was a weakness inside him. He watched Claudette Colbert working before the camera. She was beautiful to see, calm and cool, wise to all the tricks. He had been yanked from obscurity to be her leading man and she had been kind to him, but hadn't he seen something in her eyes? Hadn't he seen it in everyone's eyes?

A man approached him casually and stopped beside him. One of those fellows related to somebody. He didn't seem to do anything but he was on the set every day and so it was best to smile at him. The man smiled back and shook his head slowly.

"Too bad, Fred," he said.

MacMurray swallowed. "Too bad about what?"

The man put his arm on Fred's shoulder. "They're going to replace you."

Fred stood straight and still. This was it. This was what he had seen in their eyes. He was no good and they didn't want him. The man patted his shoulder and walked away slowly. Fred didn't move.

He remained in the shadows the rest of the day and nobody called him for scenes. When the company was dismissed he went home and talked to his mother of everything but the picture.

In the privacy of his bedroom he waited for the tears and they didn't come. Only the weakness inside him and the blank realization that for him everything had ended.

In the morning he stood on the set and waited for the word. There were several minutes of agony and then the assistant director gestured toward him. "Ready for rehearsal," he called.

Fred stared. Ready for rehearsal? Why rehearse when you're through? Dazedly he joined Claudette and the director.

SHOT" MacMURRAY

"How you feeling?" asked the director.

"Fine," said Fred thickly.

"Good," said the director. "This is your toughest scene in the picture and if you lick it you're in the bag."

Fred nodded numbly. He rehearsed with Claudette, not hearing his own voice. He was telling Claudette good-by. Because she didn't need him any more and she loved another man. And then from nowhere the cameraman called that he was ready and people moved about busily and there he was standing with Claudette under the lights.

"Let's go," said the director.

"Roll 'em!" called the assistant. The sound man recorded the scene number. "Speed!" called the cameraman.

Fred faced Claudette, clenching his hands and biting his lower lip. Jerkily he spoke the lines, his voice rising and fading, but doggedly he went on. Don't quit in the middle of a scene! No matter how lousy you are, don't quit in the middle!

He finished and turned away, resting his hands on a table because all strength was gone from him. There was a moment of painful silence.

"Print it," said the director.

Fred turned, staring. "Please," he said. "I was terrible!"

"You were just the way I want you to be," said the director.

"But my voice. It was shaking and nervous. I was all mixed up."

"How else should you be?" asked the director. "You love the girl and you're telling her good-by because you think she doesn't want you."

Fred sank weakly into a chair. After a while he looked up. The man who had told him he was through was watching him. The man turned away after a moment, whistling casually.

THIS is the story Fred has told me, rounded out with what I know and it is as cockeyed an interlude as any man can have in his life.

Sensitive beyond the average man. Fred imagined many things, but there is the fact that the man who had nothing to do with anything told him he was through and Fred believed him. As late as two months ago, Fred still believed that there had been a definite though momentary decision to replace him in that first big part of his in "The Gilded Lily." I know differently, because I was the writer who watched him rehearse the part I had written for Gable, and the look he interpreted as resentful and hostile was a hammy attempt to convey encouragement without words. The director was Wesley Ruggles and when he has picked an actor that actor remains picked. The man who told Fred he was through has not been inside the studio since—although what he said to Fred will be news to Ruggles.

There are four years between then and now and they have given me much time to know the guy who stood in the shadows. He has married a girl named Lillian, whose German maiden

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Fred wasn't the type to forget "the girl back home"—he married her when fame touched him

1 Story conference: Producer Henry Blanke confers with scripters Huston, McKenzie and Reinhardt

2 Director William Dieterle (center) consults with his location manager and art director

JUAREZ

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MOVIE

Editor's note—This article is for those readers who have been demanding a chance to trace a film from the time a story is bought right up to the day their theater shows it. Here it is, the story of "Juarez"—chosen by PHOTOPLAY *because of its historical significance; because it will have taken two years to complete at a cost of $1,500,000; because it boasts five Academy Award winners among its cast and crew.*

TO watch any movie being made is interesting—to watch an unusual movie being made is exciting. "Juarez" is an unusual movie from every angle. It has an important story; it presents an authentic picture of a little touched period of history; it has a cast which boasts five Academy Award winners; it has been prepared with painstaking care.

Ordinarily, advance preparation for a movie takes about three months. This means all the planning before the picture goes before the cameras, developing of the script, story conferences, research, designing of the sets and costumes, casting, planning the shooting schedule. It took a year and a half to write "Juarez." It was written with the care of a novel. A year's work went into research to make every detail authentic. Then followed six months of conferences before a single scene was shot.

Out at the Warner Brothers' Burbank studio where "Juarez" is being made, I've been fortunate in being able to witness every step in this great picture's production. I've talked to scores of interesting people and, in so doing, have discovered how a picture is made. But let me take you there so that you can see for yourself.

THE historical background of "Juarez" goes back to the year 1863. Benito Pablo Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, is President of Mexico. Doing everything he can to free the Mexican people from six hundred years of military dictatorship, he has declared a moratorium on all debts to foreign powers. In France, Napoleon the Third, egged on by his scheming wife, the Empress Eugenie, has decided to put a puppet emperor on the throne of Mexico to secure a new source of gold for France. They choose Maximilian von Hapsburg, a liberal and an idealist, brother of Franz Joseph of Austria. Maximilian has been living blissfully with his beautiful consort, Carlotta, at the Palace of Miramar in Trieste. To convince him that the Mexican people really want him to rule over them, Napoleon's Mexican generals hold a fake plebiscite; thus Carlotta and Maximilian go to Mexico, innocent of Napoleon's plot.

Word comes to Napoleon that the North is about to win the Civil War in the United States. The French troops must be withdrawn immediately or the United States will enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Napoleon withdraws his troops, leaving Maximilian without support in an alien land. Maximilian's aides force him to sign the Black Decree, making the bearing of arms by the Mexicans punishable by death. Carlotta makes a futile trip to Paris to get aid from Napoleon. Oppressed by her failure, she loses her mind. Maximilian and his aides are captured by Juarez and executed. So much for the story behind "Juarez."

Hal Wallis is Jack Warner's executive associate in charge of production. It is he who lays out the programs for the entire year. He is responsible for the fifty-two pictures the studio makes each year.

To get to his office one passes through innumerable doors that open only when a button is pressed by remote control. You pass through long corridors and up winding stairs to be ushered, at last, into his inner office.

Hal Wallis is totally unlike one's idea of a movie producer. He is tall and athletic-looking; he is charming and very unassuming; he talks little about himself; he gives you a feeling of leisure.

"When you take hold of any story," he told me, "you naturally see it for certain people—the result is, the important casting is really done before the script is finished. At once we saw Paul Muni as Juarez, the Mexican Lincoln, and Bette Davis as the lovely Carlotta. We tested several people for Maximilian and chose Brian Aherne, who could be his twin brother. Then there were forty or fifty good speaking parts to fill. We made hundreds of tests and from them, I think, were gleaned some of the best character actors in Hollywood—John Garfield as Diaz, leader of the Mexican army, Claude Rains as Napoleon the Third, Gale Sondergaard as the

(Continued on page 93)

To Mexico went Paul Muni for authentic lore. Here he inspects a bust of the famous Juarez

Art Director Anton Grot inspects a small scale reproduction of a Mexican city to be built on location

Wardrobe test: Producer Blanke and Cameraman Ernest Haller look on while one of the fourteen costumes worn by Bette Davis in the rôle of Empress Carlotta is tested. Designer Orry-Kelly's original sketch is shown on the left

HOW IRENE DU SUCCEEDE

Without Glamour

Here is one of the most remarkable success stories ever told—about the girl nobody thought would survive

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE is a tale accepted in Hollywood's inner circles concerning a major story conference where the problem was to find a title for the celluloid masterpiece just completed.

After a couple of hours of debate the producer had an inspiration. "Hey, look, are there any bugles in this picture?" he said.

"No, sir," said the author, looking pained. "Certainly not. No bugles of any kind."

"Then," said the producer triumphantly, "we'll call it 'Without Bugles'."

Based upon this bit of Hollywood folklore I propose to call this portrait of Irene Dunne "Without Glamour." Because there is no glamour in it and that makes it one of the most remarkable success sagas ever told.

Somewhere back in the early '30s, Irene Dunne was working for RKO. So, as it happened, was I. We had at that time two women stars on the lot and we were concerned chiefly with their futures and their box office and getting stories for them. They were the glamour girl de luxe, Miss Constance Bennett, and the famous beauty, Miss Ann Harding.

On other lots Mae West was knocking over exhibitors and audiences, Marlene Dietrich was spreading glamour thicker than honey and Garbo, who invented glamour but couldn't patent it, was Queen. Jean Harlow, God bless her, was the platinum blonde dynamo and—well, everybody had glamour. All Hollywood's gals had glamour.

All but Irene Dunne.

Even after her enormous success in "Cimarron," you could still get about a thousand to one on Irene Dunne in the winter book. The picture, the part, the direction—sure, it had given her an outstanding performance.

"But," said practically everybody, "she'll never last. Never really get anywhere. Nice girl—fine girl. Beautiful. Sings, too. Fine little actress. Good reputation. But you know yourself—she hasn't got what it takes. Might as well face facts. No glamour. There you are. No sex appeal. Too bad. She'll never get anywhere—you can't survive in this business without glamour."

With all due respect to the glittering glamour girls of that day, time has told a far different story. For if you take a good look at the screen and at the box office of 1939 you will discover that Irene Dunne has survived. Not only has she survived but she has distanced most of her competition. Her position is at the absolute top and its security grows with every picture. And her real and deep hold upon the affection and admiration of American audiences is unequaled.

To write a story about Irene Dunne is supposed to be a hazard. The spectacular qualities so dear to the writer's heart are, frankly, missing. So you will forgive me if, in trying to get over to you via the typewriter the truly amazing and spectacular facts about Irene Dunne and what she means to the public, I wander about a bit. Because to me she is one of the loveliest and

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LADY Clown

A rollicking story of Joan Davis, "Happy Hooligan" by nature; actress at will; housewife at heart

BY SARA HAMILTON

WHEN the New York theatrical critics handed their loving cup award to Joan Davis for being, to their notion, the best comedienne of last year, the gratified lady accepted the cup with many thanks and a muttered aside to her husband:

"But why? I haven't been comic yet!"

To her close friends, Joan's remark seemed both right and wrong. On the screen, they claim, Joan hasn't touched the great well of comedy that lies within. "She punches her lines too hard and defeats her natural comic ability with too much acrobatic cavorting," they claim. "But Joan, off screen . . . " and they begin laughing before they can finish.

So, to the off-screen Joan, the one Hollywood doesn't know well enough to recapture for the screen, we present our own award—a verbal salute to a grand comedienne, a woman whose life is a testimony to the joy that can be had from just living. Plain, simple, everyday living.

Joan is different from the usual Hollywood actress. Funny, but different. Why, just to think of Joan is to have march before your eyes a jitterbug parade—antics so priceless that one can treasure them as dearly as a star his new front teeth.

My favorite is the vision of Joan that smacked me squarely in the face as I stepped off a hospital elevator to visit her during her convalescence from an accident on one of the sets.

In a wheel chair, hands crossed in utter relaxation, sat a stiffly starched nurse, with Joan, in nightie and bathrobe, feebly pushing her up and down the hall.

Before we could utter a word at this strange sight, a patient, in bathrobe and slippers, emerged from Room 12, on his way to the sun porch. Nodding, the patient passed on; and then the incongruity of the ludicrous sight hit him full force. Whirling about, he came back, peering wildly, first into the wheel chair and then into Joan's face.

Clutching his forehead he let out a yelp, "Doc, it's no use," he cried. "I've had a relapse. I'm seeing wrong end to."

"Everybody gets a free ride but me," Joan replied, in answer to our hysterical questioning. "I have to push my own nurse to get my back muscles in place. Can you beat it?" And she tottered on with her wheel chair pushing.

The overabundance of life that is Joan's failed to be downed, even remotely, by this sojourn in a hospital.

She lay there, her masses of dark red hair haloed about her comely face, her eyes bright with the interesting tidbits of conversation tossed about by the constant group of visitors, her mind ever on the alert for the lively and comical, her admiration for a tricky piece of finery keener than ever.

An acquaintance, who had accompanied one of Joan's close friends to the hospital, had stepped out of the room while Joan said good-by to the friend.

"Anything I can get you, Joan?" the friend

(Continued on page 90)

You laugh at Joan on the screen, but it's in a powder-blue mosque in Beverly Hills that her best shows go on

Game Conductor: **KATHARINE HARTLEY**

PLAY *Truth and Consequences* WITH FRED ASTAIRE

Whoopee! And a couple of wow-wows! We said we'd make some of these shy, retiring stars talk—but here was the hardest nut to crack. For five years Fred Astaire has been in the Hollywood limelight, yet you probably know less about him than any other star. But no longer. Not even he could resist the fascination of playing the old game of Truth and Consequences, in which he had to tell the truth or pay a penalty. He came through with flying colors—and just five punishments—those you see pictured on these pages

In "The Castles," Fred Astaire portrays his great childhood idol

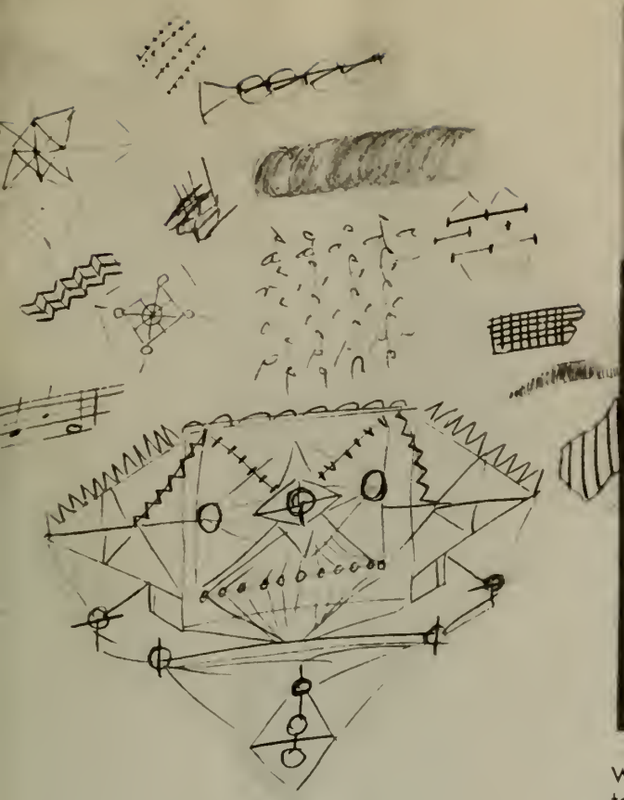
For refusing to tell us what he thinks about women who gush over him (Question 10), this is his punishment—Show us yourself as you were when you first started to dancing school. Cute, wasn't he?

1. (Q) What is the real reason why you so seldom dance for your personal pleasure when you are at a night club?
   (A) I'm glad you said "seldom" because just the other night I had a grand time doing the Lambeth Walk with a group of friends at the Clover Club. But by and large I don't dance because dancing is my career, my work, and if I have danced all day I'm glad to get away from it for an evening. But when it happens that the orchestra plays an inspiring tune which just must be danced to, then I'm out on the floor as quickly as anyone.

2. (Q) Do you own a race horse, or do you hope to own one?
   (A) No, and again no.

3. (Q) Do you hope that your son follows in your dance-steps?
   (A) I have no set hopes on that score. If he shows extraordinary dancing ability and wants to become a dancer, I'll help him all I can, but first I want to warn him of the difficulties of a theatrical career. I have always enjoyed my work, but, believe me, it is not always fun.

4. (Q) Do you believe that a dancing career shortens a person's life?



Was it modesty that stopped Fred on Question 16? We'll never know—but here's an example of his fancy doodling, over which he has no inferiority complex

We'd say that question 23 was impossible to answer. Anyhow, Fred wouldn't give on that, so we told him, "Since you have a phobia about posing with Mrs. Astaire, and also without your hat, do it for us"

(A) No. I have heard that theory, but I don't believe it. I feel better right now than I have ever felt in my life and I've been dancing since I was seven.

5. (Q) Do you gamble?
(A) I like to bet. I occasionally bet on a sport event.

6. (Q) What makes you most nervous?
(A) Having someone watch me when I'm trying to originate a step or make up a dance. It's like having someone look over your shoulder when you're writing a letter.

7. (Q) Are you inclined to sulk, and over what little thing did you sulk the longest?
(A) The only time I have ever sulked was when I thought that I had won a golf tournament, only to find that I had been disqualified because I unwittingly drove two balls off the first tee. I am still sulking.

8. (Q) When did you ever grow a mustache and was it successful?
(A) Once in a musical comedy skit I was required to wear a false mustache for a characterization. That one experience was enough; since then I have never even been tempted to raise one!

9. (Q) What kind of a soldier do you think you'd make?
(A) I think I'd be all right.

10. (Q) How do you react when a female fan gushes over you?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Show us yourself as you were when you first started to dancing school.)

11. (Q) What song-writing have you done recently?
(A) I haven't done any. I've been too busy. Anyway, I don't think I'll write any for a while. I'm going to leave that to Mickey Rooney.

12. (Q) About what things are you sentimental?
(A) I have a dressing gown which I prize very highly. I have had it since 1912 and wouldn't part with it—even though I'm told that it looks like a horse blanket.

13. (Q) If you had not become a successful dancer, what other career would you have liked to follow?
(A) I would have liked to become a professional golfer.

14. (Q) Whom do you ever envy?
(A) I envy all the good sports commentators and also the sports radio announcers. Next to professional golfing, I believe their work must be the most interesting.

15. (Q) What is your keenest personal ambition?
(A) Just to win a golf tournament. I'm not asking for a silver cup—if I could only win one little penknife, or something, with my name engraved on it! I've come close, but I've never won a tournament.

16. (Q) If a hundred per cent were perfect, how would you rate yourself as the Life of the Party?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Let us have examples of your doodling.)

(Continued on page 74)

Question 32 was an embarrassing one for anybody—and we don't blame Fred for taking the penalty on it. But we made him prove that tall fish story he told recently and, as you see, he wasn't just bragging

Fred gets as big a laugh out of this picture of himself as you will—it's the penalty on question 38, for refusing to tell us what his reaction was when the nurse said, "It's a boy!"

THE GREAT Autograph Conspiracy

Here's Jane Lyons again—in a "battle of the century" that was hopelessly lost until a dark screen villain became a hero for the day

BY LILLIAN DAY

HAVE been so busy with Life, itself, that haven't had time to keep up this chronicle. Vacation is over! Most exciting! But now things have settled down to a sort of chaos. I get older and wiser each week and have learned a great deal about people, especially men and women. In the last month or so have been in love twice and disillusioned three times. Note: mustn't judge by appearances. Many a man who does the Dartmouth Dip to perfection isn't even a high school graduate.

Met Ina Claire and we became firm friends—at least I did. She asked me if I intended going on the stage and I said no. She said that was the first intelligent answer she ever had from a fan. Pops thought it was an insult, but I took it as a compliment.

Yesterday Barbara and I drank *Bruderschaft* in frosted chocolate, so nothing can come between us. We have often said that if we both fall in love with the same man we will each sacrifice him to the other.

Have been helping Barb stalk her ex-grand pash, Basil Rathbone. Got two signatures each because we changed our hats and he didn't recognize us. The doorman at the Warwick knows our faces by heart.

The new hats this season are colossal. Barb has a Tower of Pisa while I have an off-la-face, as I had my Glamour Bump permanented. We both want black dresses. She'll get hers, but I'll probably have to compromise on pink. Barb always gets what she wants because her parents believe in child psychology.

DECIDED to have an h. to h. talk with Pops who is intelligent at times. I told him about how I had sold my precious album full of the very best autographs to Vera Bailey for $25 when hiring an Escort Guide had been a matter of life and death. He said I had no complaint as that was about what the Indians got for Manhattan Island (I think he was trying to be facetious). But I told him what kind of girl Vera was and that it was like selling one's dog or child to a cruel person and that if I didn't get the album back I would become a frustrated woman, which is considered unhealthy.

Pops asked how much it would take to buy it back and I said I thought she ought to take $30 which would give her $5 profit, besides having had possession of the valuable tome for several months. He hemmed, but I must say he didn't haw and I said he would only have to give me twenty as I could always borrow five from Barbara, whose parents weren't small about money matters. That got his back up, which I had intended, and he gave me a check which I cashed at once. Triple wham!!!

Ben Hecht got ten grand for taking the war out of "Idiot's Delight." Wonder what he'll get to lower "Wuthering Heights." Landed Luise Rainer, Gary Cooper and Doug, Jr. this week. The new book is filling up. Had to cut Eng. and Math. but then isn't all life a compromise? Like the time the Board of Education had the nerve to open school the day the *Normandie* arrived with Lunt & Fontanne, Sonja Henie, Peggy H. Joyce, Robt. Donat and Burgess Meredith! It put thousands of fans in a spot between Phyllis and Charybdis. We thought of getting up a petition to ask the Steamship Lines and the Board of Education to cooperate. My new Eng. teacher is a grade A Fife-star Gestunk.

Barb has a cold and is ecstatic about it because she caught it from Brian Aherne at the boat. He's in a sanitarium and she sent him carnations (75c doz.) and a note saying that both of them being infected with the same germs constituted a bond between them. He didn't answer. Come to think of it that isn't scientifically accurate and I must call it to her

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GALBRAITH

I told Pops that if I didn't get the album back I would become a frustrated woman

"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty . . . we have stood for hours in the rain outside hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

attention. They couldn't both have the same germs, only relatives, because two things (even germs) cannot occupy different places at the same time. We learned that in Physics 2.

YESTERDAY aft. my *attachée,* Barbara Drew, and I attempted a *rapprochement* with La Bailey. We offered her a cigarette which she accepted. I started talking about generalities, like Eric Blore and Eugene Lockhart. Then Barb explained that an album didn't really have any social significance unless one collected the signatures one's own self. No register. Then I remarked that I couldn't understand how anyone with a shred of self-respect, which I was sure she had, could take credit for autographs someone else had collected. It was like having a Ghost Writer, than which there is nothing more ignominious. No sale. Rather no re-sale.

Then I asked her point blankly how much she would take for the album and she said she wasn't at all anxious to sell. Barbara reminded her that she had promised she would and she denied it equally point blankly. They put it up to me and I had to decide between telling the strict truth and defending my chum to whom I had sworn fealty unto death, which I naturally did. That made Bailey furious and she called us both liars in so many words (one). So one word led to a lot of others and I offered her $30 plus a new album, but she still refused. I raised it an introduction to Raymond Massey. (Don't know him myself yet but expect to see "Abe Lincoln" next week.) The more I argued the adamanter she became. I raised to $35, though I didn't have it. We argued to and fro and Barb was about to offer 40 when I hinted to her to shut up.

"Silenzium!" I said, which is our secret code.

Then I rose and said, "Very well, Miss Bailey. You can't say I didn't give you a fair chance. From hence forth and on we shall sever all undiplomatic relations. My attorney will communicate with you."

And with that I stalked out with dignity, dragging Barb. I think she took the cigarette under false pretenses.

GOT Pops to bring home legal cap and blue backs and wrote document (copy appended).

STATE OF NEW YORK)
COUNTY OF NEW YORK) ss

WHEREAS, Jane Lyons, party of the first part, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That on or about several months ago she gave, sold, vended, bequeathed and disposed of her own personal Autograph Album, by her personally collected and accrued at much expense and risk of life and limbs (dodging taxis) and full of original holographs and signatures of numerous and sundry well known celebrities, to one Vera Bailey, party of the second part, in exchange for the sum of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) in hands paid.

AND WHEREAS, this transfer of property, personal and very real was conducted by minors and without the consent of any of the parents thereof,

AND WHEREAS said party of the first part, who shall be known hereafter as the plaintiff, wishes the return of her rightful property and is willing to give the party of the second part, to be known hereafter as the defendant, Thirty dollars ($30.00) as payment, recompense, emolument and compensation for same,

THEREFORE, if said defendant does not comply and come across by Monday next at 6 P.M., said plaintiff will not only institute legal proceedings, but see that her attorneys TAKE STEPS for the recovery of the aforementioned Album.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THEIR PRESENTS.

Jane Lyons L.S.
(Plaintiff)

Barbara Drew L.S.
(Witness)

(Continued on page 86)

WHY AMERICAN MEN

DON'T WANT TO MARRY HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

BY GRETTA PALMER

Take cheer, all you who envy glamour girls, for here are facts to prove that beauty, wealth and fame aren't always what they seem

SO you'd like to change places with a moving-picture star, would you? You'd like her beauty, her celebrity, her marble swimming pool and—most of all—her ability to use these things to attract shoals of fascinating, eligible men?

We women inevitably think of success in terms of increased sex appeal. Unless a girl is something of a freak, fame, beauty and money are chiefly important to her as aids in bringing her a long queue of eligible suitors: out of this waiting line she dreams of finally selecting a marquis or a famous playwright or the handsomest man in America. For women, on the whole, want success as a stepping-stone to their single-minded ambition of marrying the best and most glamorous man in the world after having, incidentally, broken the hearts of half a hundred second bests.

Now, recent researches I have conducted through the country, by train and plane and trailer, suggest that women who envy the moving-picture stars their attractiveness to men have been barking up a very wrong tree. We have, most of us, assumed that a successful Hollywood actress can take her pick of the most desirable suitors in the world.

Well, it looks as if that were the one thing she can never do!

I set out to investigate this myth that all men dream of marrying a $5,000 a week professional beauty out of the West. And I found, quite simply, that it isn't true. I asked handsome men and charming men, rich men and famous men, and even a titled foreigner or two how they felt about capturing the heart and hand of one of our princesses of the screen. Almost without exception, they rejected the idea with a kind of horror. No wife of theirs, they earnestly assured me, would ever be allowed to live the life of a successful screen star. Not while a drop of red blood flowed through their manly veins!

THE money was a serious obstacle to half a dozen of them. Let us take, as the spokesman of this group, a very handsome, very clever man of twenty-six—a man who is well on the way to the top in a Midwest advertising agency.

"I'm plenty busy trying to be a success on my own hook," he said, "without the nuisance of having to worry about a wife's career. It takes all the energy and thought I can afford to figure out ways of handling my own job and when I get home in the evening, I'm going to want a nice, clear-headed, sympathetic little woman to take my problems seriously and beg me not to work so hard.

"I want my wife to have a stake in my success. I want her to be terribly proud of me when my salary reaches the stage where we can afford our first trip to Europe together and I want her to look forward to the day when I can move her into a penthouse.

"But if *she* were the one whose salary check determined the scale on which we lived—if *she*

Margaret Lindsay

Jane Bryan

Rosemary Lane

Is it possible that American men wouldn't jump at the chance of marrying girls like these—talented, attractive, acclaimed? It's hard to believe, but the author of this article, after interviewing rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, puts forth some astounding reasons for her conviction that this is the case

Eleanor Powell

Rosalind Russell

beat me to it in renting the penthouse or taking us to Europe, my dish would lose its flavor.

"I can think of nothing more discouraging to an ambitious man than having the family budget set at a higher figure than any money he can hope to earn for twenty years. Drat it all, I want my success to make a difference in the way we live! I don't want a wife who has outstripped my earning power."

So we may eliminate from the eager queue of suitors whom a lovely moving picture star can claim that considerable body of attractive men who are independent, ambitious and determined to get to the top on their own.

That leaves a lot of very fine future husbands for the rest of us, the non-star girls, to marry.

BUT money isn't the only thing that prevents some exceedingly desirable men from wanting to court ladies out of Hollywood. There is also —seriously, now—the question of too much beauty.

Take a man with whom I talked at a very gay and expensive winter resort—a fine, bronzed figure of a man with a pleasant, playboy's smile, a charming way with him and a wife whose own estate amounts to some fifteen million dollars.

"I wouldn't care how much money a week a Hollywood wife brought in," he said. "Lord, no! My own wife has more money than I can ever conceivably hope to make, so I don't try very hard. The money isn't the barrier—but I wouldn't want to be married to a professionally beautiful girl. Why not? Well, beautiful women are, almost inevitably, spoiled. They've been flattered and coddled since the days when they heard their mothers' friends gush, 'She's like a little angel.' They've had young men sit and look starry-eyed at them since they were old enough to use their eyes—and a really lovely girl knows everything about how to flirt when she is ten years old.

"Beautiful women have had things their own way for too long to be able to adjust to the give-and-take of marriage. I've seen a lot of them and they expect their husbands to woo them for life and to act as if they were still trying to win them away from a crowd of suitors.

"Beautiful women are usually bores—they have never had to stir themselves and learn how to be entertaining, because people gathered around them just for the sake of staring. They are usually selfish and inconsiderate. And the funny thing about them is this: that when you've been around one for a month or so, you take her beauty for granted and you don't get much fun out of it, anyway.

"Give me a good, homely woman who has learned how to dress effectively and who knows how to compensate for her lack of looks by wit and charm and understanding.

"Fannie Brice might make a fine wife. Or Helen Westley. Even Jane Withers might work out okay. But heaven protect me from marrying one of these Hollywood glamour girls. They're the worst wives in the world!"

Well, so there's another set of delectable men left over for the rest of us to scrap about: the men who don't approve of beauty in a wife. And that's a consolation, on more counts than one!

Not many of the men who were cross-examined were worried by the beauty of the Hollywood stars. But several dozen of them shuddered away from the inevitable publicity a star meets up with. You would be surprised to find how camera-shy the average bachelor in America is today.

There was a serious, well-heeled young man, with a string of polo ponies and a series of mansions scattered over the more habitable sections of the United States—a man who is working hard at his chosen business and has had to evade the press photographers since he was a child in knee pants.

There was the less celebrated lawyer in his early thirties, who winced away from the prospect of being photographed, although he had never had a disagreeable experience with the press.

There were bank clerks and bank presidents' sons, young men who worked in chain stores and steel mills and skyscrapers, and a foreign nobleman. Their dislike of having a cameraman concealed behind the bushes while they proposed amounted, it sometimes seemed, to a mania.

"Who wants to court a girl while half the world is listening in?" said a tall, dark youngster of the type known as "Black Irish," who makes a good living in a brokerage house. "It would be embarrassing in itself and a warning to any man of worse to come.

"Imagine having a wedding with the press pursuing you and radio commentators announcing your honeymoon plans! Imagine coming home to find that the porter at the station had told Winchell you had an argument with your wife about who had the railroad tickets last! Imagine having every spat magnified, by eavesdropping servants, into a national scandal! The tension would be bound to get on your nerves so that finally you'd have a real scorcher of a quarrel, right out in the open in the Brown Derby restaurant, where everyone could see.

"I think that the 'fish bowl' existence famous Hollywood couples lead is disastrous to any normal, happy married life. And I think the statistics on Hollywood divorces bear me out. Even Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks couldn't stand the pace.

"I will never marry any girl who's mobbed by autograph hunters wherever she goes. The woman who becomes my wife may be light or

(Continued on page 85)

He has a good memory for faces but forgets names quickly . . . he's always punctual but only moderately orderly . . . he's a good business man and an easy touch

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO HAS WHAT HE WANTS

A brilliant interpretation of Spencer Tracy—the polo-playing Irishman who admits to no superstition, and rarely discusses politics

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE is extremely self-conscious.

He cannot eat onions.

He has a bulldog tenacity and never admits defeat.

He does not believe in fortune tellers or astrology.

His full name is Spencer Bernard Tracy.

He drinks a lot of coffee, and does not like radio commentators.

He declines all invitations to be guest of honor at large functions, and he has never played golf.

He does not get seasick, and as a boy he was not popular with girls. He plays fair tennis.

He was born to comfortable surroundings in an apartment house in Milwaukee. He is a crack polo player.

His rôle as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile" resulted in his picture debut. He weighs 170 pounds.

His father was Irish.

He gets a massage every night.

He enjoys reading the editorial pages of daily newspapers.

He is not a fatalist, and he has never read Spengler's "The Downfall of Western Civilization." He does not like skeet shooting.

He wants to spend the rest of his life in Southern California. He has a good memory for faces but forgets names quickly.

[illegible] musical instruments, and doesn't [illegible]ning in night clubs. He swims [illegible] at ease in the company of [illegible]

[illegible] any too well.

[illegible] lunch every day.

[illegible]nly his father's old hunting-[illegible]h he carries with him always.

[illegible]ears suspenders, dislikes writing [illegible]e questions the genuineness of the [illegible]erest in the off-screen personalities [illegible]-picture stars.

[illegible]ears a size forty-two coat.

[illegible]ites and snaps his conversation.

[illegible] does not like stuffed squab or crêpes [illegible]ette, and has a high regard for the drafts-[illegible]anship of Frank Lloyd Wright.

He thinks Panama City the most interesting place he has ever been, and he recently sold a forty-foot ketch which he sailed himself.

He owns a dozen polo ponies, two of them retired to a life of clover.

He has a habit of leaning his head slightly forward and looking up with his eyes. He is a frequent patron of drive-in eating places, and his home is of Mexican farmhouse style.

He is only moderately orderly.

He has no superstitions.

SPENCER TRACY does not think the world has improved much in the last hundred years. He wears soft, white shirts nearly all the time.

He smokes cigarettes and occasionally a pipe.

He has never had a sandwich named after him, and he hates wearing hats.

He hates to go shopping with his wife.

He considers "Captains Courageous" his best picture.

He is a very good businessman and takes good care of his money. He has no collecting hobbies of any kind.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick, and he thinks mechanical progress has not increased the general level of happiness.

He has a son and a daughter.

He enjoys taking long walks alone.

He has never worn glasses.

He thinks most people are sincere.

He never rides hunches and has never had a premonition.

He has a violent aversion to women who dye their hair even though it makes them more attractive.

He dislikes meeting strange people.

He is right-handed and does not like walking in the rain.

He does not have an ear for music.

He does not like Chinese food, and he can recall no individual who might have been his childhood's idol. He is very tolerant of his fellow man.

His favorite off-stage costume is riding boots, breeches and a sweat shirt.

He was with Ethel Barrymore's "Royal Fandango" company when a New York critic wrote that "Tracy looked like he had been picked up by the property man." His eyes are blue.

Spencer Tracy does not think it possible for a person to start out in life with a definite plan and carry it through to its conclusion.

"Too many things can happen beyond a man's

(Continued on page 89)

Two sides of the picture! Top, with Gable in "No Man of Her Own," which started the whole romance off, then at the height of her determined sexy career. Left, a generous view of appealing curves. Right, Carole Comes Marching Home Again . . . the real Carole Lombard of 1939. A tomboy, bespectacled, canvas jacket and corduroy skirt. Not a far cry from the Fort Wayne capers. And her public loves it!

A small-town girl with freckles, a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy, who is now busy charming Bob Taylor in "Lucky Night".

The little heller Don Ameche who grew up to be a great radio baritone and the money-drawing film magnet of "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell"

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

For the filming of the Brontë classic, "Wuthering Heights," Goldwyn, with the greatest of ease and expense, imported heather and the song of English larks (in cans); lavishly rebuilt the Linton manor house (top); and chose a cast that has Hollywood talking—but plenty. David Niven and Merle Oberon (left), who a year ago were a top-line romance, now lead a happy married life before the cameras as Edgar and Cathy, chat casually between scenes, with all eyes (including those of Korda, Merle's reported fiancé) at attention. Laurence Olivier (opposite page, top right portrait), who left Hollywood in a huff years ago, comes gleefully back as Heathcliff because (the columnists say) of Vivien Leigh, English Scarlett, who can be found most any day on this set. The show is certainly on!

ar right: at the window, Heathcliff, as played by Laurence Olivier; at the table, eo G. Carroll and Flora Robson. Bottom, right: Miles Mander as Lockwood

David Niven, as Edgar; Geraldine Fitzgerald (you're talking about her now because of "Dark Victory") as Isabella; Donald Crisp as kindly Dr. Kenneth. Below: Director William Wyler looks at $100,000 worth of Goldwyn atmosphere

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as he looks on Sunset Boulevard — grinning guy in Bond St. clothes. Insert: he puts on his camera lure at the studio

Tyrone Power: the chap that Annabella likes to dance with at the Troc; and, insert, the dark look that makes female audiences shiver

WE LOVE 'EM *Natural*

Richard Greene: two-way charm. Careless charm; (It certainly takes a pipe!) dimpled charm before the cameras

Nelson Eddy, as his bride sees him across the breakfast table—and as Jeanette MacDonald sees him through a bit of make-up

Gary Cooper: right out in the open at the races, having hearty fun—and Gary Cooper, the shy, silent—and groomed—hero of celluloid

Clark Gable demonstrates how to be a he-man both ways: off screen, with pipe, bangs and a few "laugh" wrinkles. On screen, with pipe

—with their film war paint off and their hair down. But we give you here the male "umphers" of the screen both ways—as nature shaped them up and as the make-up men turn them out. Decisions, please!

Wayne Morris when he forgets his screen manners and loses his dimple and Wayne when he wears a wave

Don Ameche: Daddy playing ball and having fun with Ronnie and Donnie; and a screen cavalier courting (and losing) the screen glamour girls

HEADWORK: JEFFREY LYNN, WHO CASHES IN ON ROMANCE IN "FAMILY REUNION"

HEARTWORK: DOROTHY LAMOUR, WHO SWINGS A SONG OF LOVE IN "MAN ABOUT TOWN"

Exemplary episode in the saga of the success of Hyman Fink: a hen party is given, with instructions that no men are to be admitted; Hymie, with a curl here or there, foils the doorman, crashes the gate and kow-tows with Sophie Tucker to the tune of a scoop picture

HOW A Candid Camera Expert WORKS

Fink

—the signature that marks some of the best Hollywood pictures. Above: action shot of Ronald Colman, David Niven, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Raymond Massey

Featuring a double exposure: Hyman Fink, Photoplay's cameraman—and the amazing tricks of his trade

BACK in the days of good King Baggot, F. X. Bushman and the Biograph Girl, Hymie Fink was up to his armpits in clover. The world had not become movie-insane, there was not a single correspondent stationed in Hollywood and Hymie was the only free-lance citizen of Southern California willing to sacrifice his life snapping tintypes of movie stars.

"Nowadays," says Hymie sadly, "they give the infants cameras instead of teething rings."

The result is a plague of picture snappers which frightens the casual visitor and makes a Hollywood first night something resembling the battle of Verdun. There are bulbs bursting in air, the flashlights' white glare and all through the night the stars are still there—pushing their mugs up close so there will be no mistake.

But Hymie is still top man in Hollywood, knowing more stars, past and present, than anybody alive and retaining their confidence because he has never double-crossed them.

"You can have the candid camera," says Mr. Fink. "What you get with it mostly is somebody with his mouth open. I don't do tricks like that to people. I've probably suppressed as many punk pictures as I've sent out good ones and I never send out a picture without letting the subject see it."

Which is why in the royal days of Pickfair when the nobility of the world fought to get entrance to the domain of Mary and Doug, Hymie was the only photographer allowed on the grounds.

"Those were the times," sighs Hymie. "Mary did things in style. The best party Hollywood ever had was when Pickfair entertained the Olympic Committee. There were 450 guests, the solid gold service was used and a tent was set up on the lawn, a tent which might have been used by a middling sized circus. I had my camera in a room upstairs. I'd just go around among the guests, ask them if they wouldn't come up and pose and that was all there was to it. Nobody but the people involved knew I was there. That's the way Miss Pickford always did it."

Mr. Fink is firmly of the opinion that Hollywood doesn't have parties now which compare with the old days.

"It was a smaller place, there wasn't much to do and everybody ganged up for a good time. The Talmadge sisters set the pace. There were Norma, Constance and Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton) and when either of them entertained the rest helped out. Natalie would lend her cook, Constance would supply the butler and Norma would look after the food. Bebe Daniels was a member of that bunch, too, and they always had fun."

But Hymie has his present favorites, which happen to be Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich. The Crawford friendship is of long standing, reaching its height one night at a show in a downtown Los Angeles theater when Miss Crawford noticed the sad state of a news-

(Continued on page 46)

"You can trust Hymie," says Hollywood of the man who knows more stars than anyone alive. Top: with Norma Shearer.

Miriam Hopkins—who has a bad time with all photographers—except Fink. She poses for him because he "protects" her

t: Mrs. Dick Bar-
ness, the Countess
asso, Rhea Gable
Mrs. Clive Brook
di Frasso party—
nded, of course,
lymie, who knows
sees all—and
ts everything

The Fink friendship with Joan Crawford is of long standing, dating since the time when...

OVER

GLAMOUR GIRLS PULL A POP-EYE ACT

Where there's excitement, there's Hymie in the flash-light's white glare with bulbs bursting in air. Above one of the best of Hyman Fink's candid action pictures

FAVORITE OCCUPATION

The Charles Boyers dine out and Boyer poses hatless: a shot which hurt Hyman's candid soul — and Boyer's

paper cameraman, friend of Hymie's, learned his wife was seriously ill in the hospital and offered to take care of the doctor and hospital bill.

"Called me two days later and bawled me out because I hadn't been reporting promptly about the case," says Hymie, a sentimental sort of guy who appreciates such things.

AT THE present writing, Hymie has entry into every home in Hollywood except Greta Garbo's. Some of his great battles have been fought over getting personality shots of that lady. During the masculine period of Garbo's life—the epoch when she was wearing trousers—the excitement became so intense and the yowling from editors became so frantic that Hymie finally gave his life over to the chase.

After months of vigilance he discovered that Miss Garbo and Miss de Acosta would appear at the Trocadero on a certain winter evening. The management of the restaurant conferred with the camera guys, pointing out very sensibly that it would only frighten Miss Garbo away if any monkey business took place as soon as she reached the establishment. What they should do was wait until she was leaving. They agreed and the vigil began. The Garbo party arrived about eleven, with drawn veils, hands over the face, and sheltering associates. Hymie, who had once before rested uncomfortably on the running board of a car for two hours to get a Garbo shot, now repaired to the rear of the Trocadero and took up a position behind a rain barrel. This foresight arose out of a tip from the management that Garbo, upon departure, would use the back door.

After three hours of resting alternately behind the rain barrel and a pile of lumber, Hymie was rewarded. The back door opened and Garbo came out. She came out, but she came out running.

"Running," says Hymie, disgustedly, "and with her hands over her face. What I got was a shot at the side of her face and a good view of the pants. I had to make that do."

MR. FINK arrived in Los Angeles in 1904 from Chicago, his old home town. The hangout for movie people in that period was the Rosslyn Hotel in Los Angeles, where Charlie Chaplin made his headquarters. As soon as that became cluttered up with tourists, the movie gang moved. The next spot was the Russian Eagle and after that came the Montmarte, which was a terrific rage for several years. That was followed by Eddie Brandstatter's Embassy Club, where you had to join and present a card. Eddie

FIRST LOVE

One of the best candids ever to be taken of Marlene Dietrich is this shot by Fink, who considers her the most beautiful woman in Hollywood—for reasons purely photographic!

DEGLAMOURIZE

Fearless Fink shoots and speaks candidly of Hedy Lamarr who, when posed, is perfect. Unposed, he considers her "flash sexless"

Margare
sneak u
theater.
how she
is lookin

Right: Mrs. G
smile and the
usual picture,
approved by
no Fink is
the subject
makes for

Caught in the act by
Marjorie Weaver
Mack Gray who ge
the crowds by going
It's pictures like the
make Fink top ca

took advantage of the opportunity, however, by opening a larger club next door for the visiting firemen. On great days he opened the doors between the clubs and gave the hoi polloi a treat. The next triumph was the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, where a series of Tuesday nights was started which still gets a full list of movie stars every week. No other Hollywood spot has hung on with such persistence. The different restaurants are mentioned because they were and are the happy hunting grounds for Hymie Fink. The Brown Derby was started by H. K. Somborn, ex-husband of Gloria Swanson; Henry's became the hot spot for a time; the Vendome came along to make a small fortune out of food and drink alone and now the Trocadero is the best known. Hymie starts out in his soup and fish suit every night, shoots the big names at the various hangouts and then goes home to develop his negatives in his own $5,000 laboratory.

"I use a case of film a month on an average," says Mr. Fink. "That's thirty dozen films."

Mr. Fink is now staff photographer for PHOTOPLAY, but in the beginning he sold his wares to any possible market. The price was three to five dollars a print, with ten dollars from the larger magazines. The Spanish market—Central and South America—paid fifty cents a print. It doesn't sound like much, but when the price of the print originally was around a cent, one could do all right with quantity.

THE great parties of Hollywood, in addition to those given at Pickfair, were thrown by Countess di Frasso. The Countess came along and overturned the works. For one binge she imported a whole prizefight card, preliminaries and final bout. At another she provided paper costumes to wear over the regular white tie and tails. Hymie was in on all those, but when Fredric

(Continued on page 48)

CANDID LIGHT WITH FINK

Food means more than photo—even to a star. So Fink haunts the commissaries. Here he spots he-men Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy deep in lemonade and conversation

March hurled his celebrated old German beer bout, Paramount handled the affair and barred ll photogs. The Countess di Frasso fixed the oys up, upon approach by Hymie.

"You come up to Pickfair first," she said. 'I'll fix it with Mary. She's having the outfit there for cocktails and you can get them before the beer rout begins."

Hymie and the boys get dolled up exactly e the guests those days and were very much jured by a decision of the Mayfair Party group veral years ago to bar cameramen. Hymie owed up in his party clothes, but the committee was adamant.

"You can't get in," they said. "If you want o get anybody, you'll have to catch them on the way in or the way out."

The boys conferred about it and came to a decision, which was reported to the authorities.

"Either we get in or no pictures at all," and he photogs then pulled what Hymie thinks is the first sit-down strike in America. The boys imply sat in the entrance way on their camera s and refused to snap a picture. Along ut midnight the committee collapsed under pressure from their eager membership and vited the lens-shooters within. Since everything has been okay.

One afternoon at the Santa Anita race tr Oliver Hardy, of the Laurel and Hardy t perpetrated the abysmal error of getting a with a cameraman. He nearly suffered the of oblivion for the better part of a year. a shutter snapped at the approach of his h some face and it was only when he made am at the Photographers' Ball that the ban lifted. You can't slight the men who limn mugs of the Hollywood great.

The matter of still photographs is so im tant to a film star that they have a diffe make-up for public appearances.

"Heavy rouge photographs black," says Fink, "so they avoid that, the wise ones. tering lipstick has equally bad results. If aren't careful, they're apt to look like wal errors. I protect them, but some of the one- fellows don't bother."

Miriam Hopkins has a bad time with pho raphers for several reasons. For one thing gets sick in crowds and a bit hysterical. has to suppress a desire to scream and run. another thing she is a blonde, with blue light eyelashes and a light lip make-up. result is bad in a still camera shot. Bing Cr Fred Astaire and Charles Boyer have high f heads and have learned to keep their hat when being photographed.

"If you shoot a picture of those fellow high, it makes them look bald," says Hym

A CAMERAMAN with an evil nature can n a lot of trouble. In the crowds of an ope he can take a shot of a Mrs. Smith and Jones which makes them look as if they in each other's arms and which will bring Smith and Mrs. Jones into the divorce c with blazing eyes. For that reason,

(Continued on page

A favorite Fink trick is to sneak up o stars at the West Side Tennis Club Notables concentrate on tennis Hymie concentrates on the notables Result — a splendid unposed sho such as this of Fredric Marc

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

GWENN WALTERS

Beige jersey, classically draped and casually tied, distinguishes Rosalind Russell's street frock selected from her personal wardrobe. Her black felt profile hat has a crown of crocheted silk braid—her unusual tubular stole of black fox is her own design. The silver arrow earrings, clip and bracelet of diamonds and rubies give accent to her costume. Rosalind is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Fast and Loose"

—Elizabeth Arden Salon, L. A.
Jewels—Brock, Los Angeles

Alice Faye's white leda cloth and ermine evening coat has real fashion news in the fur panel outlined by scallops and the shaped inset at the waist with flattering fullness above. Royer, who designed this coat, prefers this line to the more severe princess silhouette. The wrap is part of the beautiful wardrobe Alice will wear in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Rose of Washington Square." The sketch insert shows Royer's suggestion for adapting the styling of the coat into an alternate fabric combination—a carefully selected printed fabric for the coat with panels and waist inset of taffeta in the dominant coloring of the print

Kornman

ASHION MOOD

Rosemary Lane chooses a polka dot frock of luggage tan and white tie silk that is likewise foil for accessory changes. As pictured, it represents the perfect occasional frock. However, when Rosemary dons the luggage tan straw cartwheel sailor, the matching gabardine bag with white handle and white gloves (shown in the sketch below), it assumes a dressy mood. When she assembles it with white shoes and the white piqué hat banded with luggage tan, white piqué bag and white gloves (shown in the sketch below, right), it becomes a chic spectator sport costume. Rosemary's newest film for Warner Brothers is "Family Reunion"

Welbourne

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Little dresses with important "tops"! Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," suggests the bolero model (left) that features vertical stripe treatment, crisp piqué trim and contrast leather belt for warm weather street or travel wear —or the striped redingote with velvet collar over a sheer acetate rayon frock with short sleeves and white accent (above, center). Both of these frocks are the new Lac-er-sheen in "Four Corners" fabric. Ellen picks the little sheer frock (above, left) for a luncheon-through-dinner-date day. The pleated skirt matches the separate pleated jacket and the leather posies repeat the contrast coloring of the belt. This frock may be selected in navy, green or blue. The tricky jacket of Ellen's dress (above, right) is of pink (you may choose it in citron if you prefer)—the generously gored skirt of navy. Ellen's frocks shown on this page are Jeanne Barrie models and may be found at your favorite shops

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

Hollywood tops spring formals with mink chubbies. Patricia Morison, a talented young actress appearing in Paramount's "The Magnificent Fraud," chooses one with neatly squared shoulders, wide sleeves that stop just below the elbow, a collarless neckline and slit pockets. Beneath it, Pat wears her favorite spring formal—a three-in-one gown created for her by Edith Head. The pencil-slim slit skirt of heavy white crepe is seen in the photograph. One of the trio of interchangeable blouses is pictured below in Miss Head's sketch—a red and white silk jersey blouse, surplice and kimono cut, with wide girdle that loops and flows. Other alternatives, not pictured, are a gaily printed crepe blouse or a sweater top of chartreuse cashmere monogrammed in lacquer red. Willard George of Los Angeles designed Pat's mink chubby

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALLING

HOODS, HOLLAND AND HISTORY

INFLUENCE NEWEST PLAY CLOTHES

PHOTOGRAPHY—BACHRACH

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD will have nothing on you when the time comes to "go out to swim" in your newest play clothes. For said play clothes, this summer, come complete with hood. And you'll wear 'em—or else.

But you won't mind. A wise girl, you know that bonnets and hoods—with soft contrasting linings, clever shapes and fastenings—are as flattering as they are smart and new.

Designers divide the credit for this new "influence" on your wardrobe. To demonstrate, we submit these photographs of the star of RKO'S "Sorority House," Anne Shirley, in three play costumes.

Anne goes Dutch girl (above, left) in a lime-green cotton ensemble—a matlatex one-piece swim suit printed in lime green, leaf green and brown. Over it, she wears a fitted, pouf-sleeved blouse of matching print matlatex and a lime-green skirt shirred to a high waistline in peasant basque style. Her hood bonnet and bag are of natural raffia, hand-painted in a tropical California pattern. Note the wooden shoes.

The slack suit Anne wears (above, right) goes back to the days of the medieval huntsman of the Austrian forests for its "jager" hood, which is attached to the Coronado Rouge (a new shade resembling cyclamen) Amigo cloth (Crown Tested Rayon) blouse that tucks into matching corseleted slacks. The hood is lined—a crafty touch—with contrast white. Both blouse and hood are stitched with white braid in a typical medieval pattern. And observe those wood and leather shoes called "puddle jumpers," and the bracelet of sea shells.

Speaking of the medieval, Anne's terry cloth full-length beach coat (left) is an accurate copy of a monk's hooded robe—though somewhat more gaily colored, as bold stripes of red, orange, green and plum band the sleeves and the hemline of the skirt.

To conclude—with a word of warning! Not only will you wear hoods out to play; you'll wear them out to dance. Watch for the new hooded evening coats made of old-fashioned glazed chintz. These coats are elaborately quilted and the giddier the patterns, the smarter.

Anne's play clothes were selected from The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Some say romance and a new hair-do are synonyms. Anyhow, Lew Ayres and Norma Shearer, so chicly coiffed, have Hollywood guessing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

A Fink scoop—Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman leaving the Marcel Lamaze Cafe

Swing It, George Brent:

THE first day George Brent emerged from his house and noticed a tousle-headed neighbor boy standing by the door leading to the garage, he thought nothing of it.

"Hello," George said and moved on.

The second day, when he found the boy in the same spot, it seemed more than just a happening to Brent, who stopped for a chat.

"Did you want something, sonny?" George asked.

"Yeah," grinned the boy. "I wanted to ask if it wuz you making them noises on the piano?"

"Why yes, it was," said George. "You see I was practising my scales. I—I'm taking up music," he added.

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Oh, because I always wanted to."

"You call those funny noises music?" the boy asked, not at all impolitely, but just curiously.

"Well, not yet," George admitted, "but it will be some day."

Next day the boy was back. Waiting. "Look, Mr. Brent," he said, "I don't think you're going to ever make music the way you're going, so look—I brought you this."

And in his grubby hand he held out a badly used, slightly rusted mouth organ. Mr. Brent accepted with thanks.

Embarrassment Corner:

HOWARD HUGHES, who is really a shy young man, had admired Olivia de Havilland for ages but just never had the courage to ask the beautiful little star for a date.

But one evening chance threw them together at a party. Howard asked Olivia to go stepping, at Ocean Park of all places. So Olivia and the veteran of a round-the-world flying trip decided to fly around on the merry-go-round. Howard chose his horse carefully, his heart beating high at being with the lady of his dreams. And then something horrible happened to our flying hero right before his lady fair.

Hughes grew so dizzy on the merry-go-round he had to hold on to the horse's ears until Olivia helped him off. Why, Mr. Hughes!

Flash

A SCOOP for you girls with red-gold hair like Jeanette MacDonald's. Why not copy the style set by the star when choosing her gowns for her concert tour?

Jeanette had all the materials for her concert gowns dyed to match her hair. The effect under the evening lights is beyond description. Why not bowl over your friends with the same idea, you golden red-haired girls?

Designer Howard Greer, Eric Moller, hat stylist and protegé of Joan Crawford, Billie Burke, Charles Martin and his best girl, Joan, admire one of Irene's chic models

Among the fascinated spectators who attended Irene's showing at Bullock's-Wilshire were: above, Paulette Goddard and her mother; opposite page, Ty's heart-throb, Annabella, and Claudette Colbert; and, far right, that trio of style-conscious gals who oh-ed and ah-ed in delight—Virginia Bruce, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio

EXCLUSIVE! FASHION SHOW

Who Shoots Yon Gray Head

WE lay ourselves open to instant mayhem by revealing Hollywood's hottest rumor of the month. In fact, the whole town is asking, "Is Hedy Lamarr a flash in the pan?"

Long before M-G-M decided to shelve the fortune tied up in "I Take This Woman," the whispers grew that Hedy wasn't living up to her tremendous and too sudden acclaim in "Algiers." Conferences were hastily called. They resulted in script changes. The problem was in no way solved, so more lines of dialogue were injected here and there. Matters were immediately made worse. When beauteous Hedy talked and talked and talked, all her sultry charm disappeared. She was no longer a mystery, but only another screen beauty, chatting away for dear life.

Heads and hearts around the studio ached in unison. In their possession was a billion dollars worth of something and no proper setting to display it. There wasn't an "Algiers" or a Charles Boyer in sight. And, while the love scenes between Walter Pidgeon and Hedy were convincing, those between Hedy and hero Spencer Tracy lagged. It was all pretty awful.

With the world crying for Hedy, it became a major crisis of sorts, putting M-G-M, who wasn't prepared, on a great big spot.

Suddenly and with deadly finality the whole completed picture was shelved—maybe to see life again through surgery of some sort, or maybe to lie forever in state, a bitter reminder to a studio who wasn't prepared for so rare a happening as Hedy.

The question of Hedy's acting ability has been discussed and rediscussed, with the town pretty well convinced that Hedy, after all, did little high-powered emoting in her first American picture. But then she didn't need to.

Now the town wonders if the mysterious foreign allure of the picture, "Algiers," plus the dark and handsome charm of Charles Boyer may have provided a background for Hedy that can never be equaled.

In short, the whispers of "Is Hedy a gorgeous flash in the pan?" still grow. And can only be answered by her next picture.

Family Argument

THE hatchet, buried so long between Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has been dug up again and the two are having some more or less friendly arguments with plenty of gestures to emphasize the points. A few years ago Doug, Sr. protested his son's early entrance into pictures.

"You're too young to be an actor. I want you to get an education first. Go to Harvard, go to Yale, go to Princeton, or somewhere, and we'll see about it later," he said.

The present bone of contention is caused by Doug, Senior's efforts to secure his son as an actor in his own production, "The Californian," while Doug, Jr. insists on being made a producer.

For his side of the argument, Doug, Jr. has told his father:

"Once you thought I was too young to be an actor and I became one. Now, you say I'm too young to be a producer. We'll see about that."

It isn't a quarrel between father and son, for the two Fairbanks are more than father and son—they are close chums.

"We're having the matter out in exactly the same manner as any producer would argue with any star. I want Doug on my star list. He wants to be there, but with the producer concession, and there you have a strictly professional tussle," said the proud papa.

While Hollywood is watching this battle between father and son it has even money on Doug, Jr. to win, for didn't he have his own way before and isn't his dad glad of it?

Gray Days for Lombard:

AND the bride wore gray.

When Carole Lombard and Clark Gable announced their intentions to wed, the question of what the bride (a divorcée) should wear became important not only to Carole but to thousands of other women who were about to marry for the second time. Carole never faltered in her choice for a moment.

"A gray suit," was her decision. But the problem wasn't solved that easily. There are grays and grays, some flattering, some hard and cold in tone, some unkind to blondes, as every woman knows. So, in order to secure exactly the proper shade for her, Carole devoted "a gray week" to the selection of the color. Irene, who was to create the suit, began by sending to Carole sample after sample of gray materials ranging in tone from rose-gray to blue-gray.

Between his "Gone with the Wind" scenes, Mr. Gable would aid Miss Lombard in the elimination of tones, until, finally, the exact "Lombard gray" was chosen.

So, when you gaze at pictures of the newlyweds, remember this little story behind the wedding suit and, with a smile of universal understanding among women the world over, wish the bride a long and happy marriage with no "gray" ending.

RINGS OUT HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLAMOROUS STARS

A Doggie Story

MANY and great have been the sacrifices for a motion-picture career, but none on a par with that of Spook, who has exchanged not only his good, he-dog name but his very manhood for his rôle of *Daisy* in Columbia's new "Blondie" series, inspired by the "Dagwood and Blondie" comic strip.

Still, Spooks—pardon us, it is to be Daisy from now on, throughout the series and ad infinitum—doesn't seem to care. We saw him—pardon us, *her*—at the studio just the other day and *she* seems to be bearing up bravely.

Daisy has no illustrious ancestors of blue-ribbon standing. She is just a mut with ears suggesting the cocker influence and a hide reminiscent of Irish terrior. But she really doesn't need background. She is drawing her $150 a week in the movies because she has something still better—brains.

For instance, the day we met Daisy at Columbia, we also got acquainted with little Larry Sims, "Baby Dumpling" of the "Blondie" pictures. He is a cute kid, Larry, and we were delighted with him. We talked to him. We asked

(Continued on page 96)

Gala dinner party: quips flew when Joan Bennett and David Niven met at this celebration at Marcel Lamaze's

Farewell party: Ray Bolger, Cary Grant, Marlene Dietrich and Michael Brooke see Noel Coward (next to Marlene) off

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

IN this picture, Jackie Cooper plays the son of a war hero. The boy is picked up from the bread lines by the American Legion and given a scholarship to Culver Military Academy. He goes for the bread and butter, but holds no brief for the school's patriotic theory that "there are some things worth dying for." It is the task of his roommate, Freddie Bartholomew, to bring the dissenter to his senses so he will want to rush out to the next war. Henry Hull, playing young Cooper's father, gives a convincing performance. As for the moral: war-hating Americans may be inclined to agree with Jackie when he says, "I would rather exchange this Congressional Medal for my father." There is little plot.

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

THE irresistible *Bumsteads — Blondie, Dagwood, Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy*, the pup—return and this time offer better entertainment than before. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute with their emphasized swing.

Arthur Lake, as *Dagwood*, has a fight with his boss (Jonathan Hale) and is fired; *Blondie*, still played by Penny Singleton, takes over his job and he stays at home to cook and wash dishes. Meanwhile, *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms, and *Daisy* get into the same troubles which make you laugh at them in the comics. There is a well-done jitterbug sequence in which the entire idea of acrobatic dancing to improvised jive is satirized. No great budget has been expended on this effort but it will please you.

★ THE LITTLE PRINCESS—20th Century-Fox

CERTAIN observers have noted in Shirley Temple's recent pictures that she was not living up to the standards she had set herself. Her studio, implied these critics, had better do something—quick. The studio has. This is it. "The Little Princess" is not only the best of the Temple films but it is also one of the most charming melodramas Hollywood has produced in months. The inveterate readers among you undoubtedly remember the story—that of a soldier's daughter who is placed in a swank English school while he goes off to war; he is rich and the child is treated like a princess, until word comes of her father's death and of her impoverished condition. Then the hardhearted schoolmistress cracks down, moves the grief-stricken little girl to the attic and makes her work in the kitchen. But the moppet will not believe her father is really dead and searches the hospitals every day, hoping to find him.

Walt Disney has said this picture is "Snow White in the flesh" and there can be no better comment. Shirley will remind you of the Disney heroine and Mary Nash is the old *Witch* to perfection. There is a ballet staged (while Shirley dreams) which has such a quality of pathological unreality you will want your breakfast coffee immediately afterward; Ian Hunter plays a sympathetic father, Richard Greene and Anita Louise provide a nice touch of romance. Sybil Jason is magnificent as *Becky*, vying with Miss Temple for best performance, and the production—all in Technicolor—is superb throughout. Arthur Treacher and Cesar Romero do well.

THE FLYING IRISHMAN—RKO-Radio

THE main trouble with this would be that no one is any longer sitting up nights over the fact that Doug Corrigan flew to Ireland without a permit. Still, you'll find a nice hour of entertainment here. It's in good taste, this film. It doesn't try to be anything it couldn't be and neither does the Corrigan. He just wears his leather jacket and takes direction. He has three expressions—low, which signifies dejection at the many tough breaks life brings to him; medium, which is when he is flying; and high, when he smiles. That smile does something to your heart when you see it.

Of course, there is not much story since it is the tale of Doug's life and that is primarily one of dogged hard work and an eventual climax when foolhardy desperation takes the place of relaxed ambition. It all starts with the quarrel and separation of the child Corrigan's parents, played without the least conviction by J. M. Kerrigan and Dorothy Peterson. Then comes years and years during which Doug slaves away in airplane factories for a pittance, still managing to put his brother, Eddie Quillan, through college, although saving a few dollars a week toward a plane. Successive disappointments do not dismay the fighting Irishman, not even when the plane he buys with what is left of his Dad's estate is ruined by a crackpot ex-war ace.

Anyway, the flight to Ireland happens and you will learn that he really did intend to fly there—surprise, surprise—and that his brother helped him. Doug is happy about the whole thing, no doubt.

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

BE warned to rest up several days in advance with watching of the diet and plenty of sleep before seeing this. It is nerve-shattering—exhausting your emotions and so heartbreaking your evening will be ruined. We do not imply it is too melodramatic. It takes a great picture to do that to an audience. And "Dark Victory" is a great picture. Its story is deeply moving and powerful to a degree. The performances of each member of its superlative cast leave nothing for criticism. From a production standpoint, it is superb. But, it is not a pleasant film any more than the Russian classics are pleasant. It is the story of a woman, young, rich, desirable, vital, who begins to lose her grip on life. Bette Davis has this rôle and when she loses her grip before the cameras, any audience needs must turn its eyes away. Eventually her best friend and secretary, Geraldine Fitzgerald, persuades her to see a doctor. This is George Brent, a brain specialist. He discovers her case is hopeless and that she must die within ten months. The two have fallen in love with each other and everything depends on the fact of secrecy so that Bette may not discover her doom. But she does.

Thereafter, the picture concerns her solution of her great problem. Brent has never looked so well and he has the intelligence to underplay Davis—well there are no words. Bette's characterization of illness and recuperation, her control are matchless. Humphrey Bogart plays the trainer she employs for her stables and gives a virile, appealing performance.

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

IN this episode in the lives of the *Higgins* family, *Joe Higgins* suffers one calamity after another. He loses his job, sets up a candy business for himself and is unable to continue the payments on his wife's ring. His family suffers through all this since Mary Hart, his daughter, is engaged to the son of his ex-boss. The *Higgins* family consists of the Gleasons, James, Lucille and Russell; also *Grandpa*, Harry Davenport, whom it is always a pleasure to see, and young Tommy Ryan. It's a homey little group, all of whom have a pretty tough time of it, what with a designing widow trying to marry *Grandpa* and almost succeeding. Distinctly not recommended for sophisticated audiences, but you're likely to get a few laughs.

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

WHILE Bette Davis completes her eight months of remaining life, Bob Hope, on another screen, is told he has only a month to live because he is hyper-acid and is going to digest himself. It's all a mistake, of course, but Bob doesn't think so. Neither does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold in wedlock to a Prince. At this point, Andy Devine, Martha's home-town sweetie, appears in the Swiss town where this all happens and you are treated to the highly comical situation of a couple on a honeymoon with fiancé in attendance. Naturally, it's confused, but out of the chaos Bob manages to pull a succession of funny gags so that you simply relax and laugh. Martha is less boisterous than usual.

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

IT'S pretty hard to be a good policeman and a good father too, but Wally Beery, as *Sergeant Madden*, is equal to the occasion. He tries desperately to divide his love between his job as a New York cop and his family of four—wife, Fay Holden, son Alan Curtis, adopted son of a police pal, Tom Brown, and doorstep daughter, Laraine Day.

Everything might have been all right, if Alan had used his natural fighting spirit beating down crime instead of adding to it, first by being a rotten fighter, later by turning out to be a disgruntled rooky cop. He leaves in a huff, taking Miss Day with him as his wife. Lots of other things happen, but they all add up to a great deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery.

AVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Dark Victory — **The Ice Follies of 1939**

The Little Princess — **Midnight**

Never Say Die — **Wife, Husband and Friend**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in "Dark Victory"
George Brent in "Dark Victory"

Joan Crawford in "The Ice Follies of 1939"
James Stewart in "The Ice Follies of 1939"

Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"
Sybil Jason in "The Little Princess"

Claudette Colbert in "Midnight"

Bob Hope in "Never Say Die"

Loretta Young in "Wife, Husband and Friend"
Warner Baxter in "Wife, Husband and Friend"

W. C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

Henry Fonda in "Let Us Live"

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

FROM "Zaza" to "Midnight" is a longer and harder step than it sounds, but Claudette makes it with the insouciance which typifies her. This is a confused story with many slightly reminiscent counterplots, but it is gay and the cast are well-dressed pleasant people and the action keeps right on going along.

La Colbert plays an American chorus girl stranded in Paris, with nothing but the dress she's wearing and a pawn ticket for her suitcases. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, picks her up, buys her dinner. They quarrel and while Claudette is running away from him she sees an enormous house where a party is being held. She goes in, handing over her pawn ticket in lieu of an invitation. Is that clear so far? Well, so she gets into a bridge game with John Barrymore, Mary Astor (who is Barrymore's wife) and Mary's lover, Francis Lederer. Claudette says she is the *Baroness Czerny* —which is Ameche's name. Barrymore conceives the idea of using her to lure Lederer away from Mary. John, therefore, sets her up in the Ritz and, as things turn out, Claudette must seek legal divorce from a man to whom she has never been married.

Through much of this chaotic affair Ameche barges youthfully, using his engaging smile to cover the faint disbelief of the whole idea. Claudette gives the performance you have come to expect from her, looks more beautiful than ever and exudes unlimited charm. Miss Astor is lovely; Lederer, eager; Barrymore, ineffably himself.

★ THE ICE FOLLIES OF 1939—M-G-M

SONJA HENIE and her studio have had a monopoly on big-time movie ice spectacles until now. But Metro has entered the field with this Gargantuan frozen follies and it must be admitted that they have something here. The company that successfully followed the Henie troupe around America has been used for the show and the routines are done with perfect technique and finish. In addition, there's a love story to amuse you between Joan Crawford and Jimmie Stewart, just a wee drop of sadness and quite a good portion of pleasant comedy.

The skating numbers and the finale in Technicolor are presented in the musical comedy manner, going on for reels while the story waits, and they offer some new twists. But, after all the build-up, Joan does not set foot on the ice once and her touted three song numbers have been cut out. You are allowed just a bar or two in her remarkable voice to make you wonder why. As for the story—Jimmie has been a skating star, but he has hired Joan, who can sing but can't skate very well, and she has ruined his act. They marry and Jimmy's partner, Lew Ayres, goes off on his own with the remark that Joan may be a burden to her husband. Whereupon, she marches to a studio, gets producer Lewis Stone to sign her and becomes a star. Jimmy has no alternative but to make a success of his ice follies idea. Miss Crawford is not called upon to emote and is sensible enough to take the part for what it is worth—but it is not worthy of her

(Continued on page 92)

"Gone with the Wind" is under way with Clark Gable, just as we pictured him months ago, as Rhett and Vivien Leigh, over whom "Scarlett" fever still rages

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

A lesson in manners is what the scenarist got when Shirley Temple turned writer on her new 20th Century-Fox picture, "Susannah of the Mounties"

WE said we didn't believe it.

"Tell us," we said, "that Greta Garbo is hunting autographs; that Shirley Temple has been sent to reform school; that Jimmy Cagney is baking a cake. Tell us anything. But don't tell us 'Gone with the Wind' is actually shooting!"

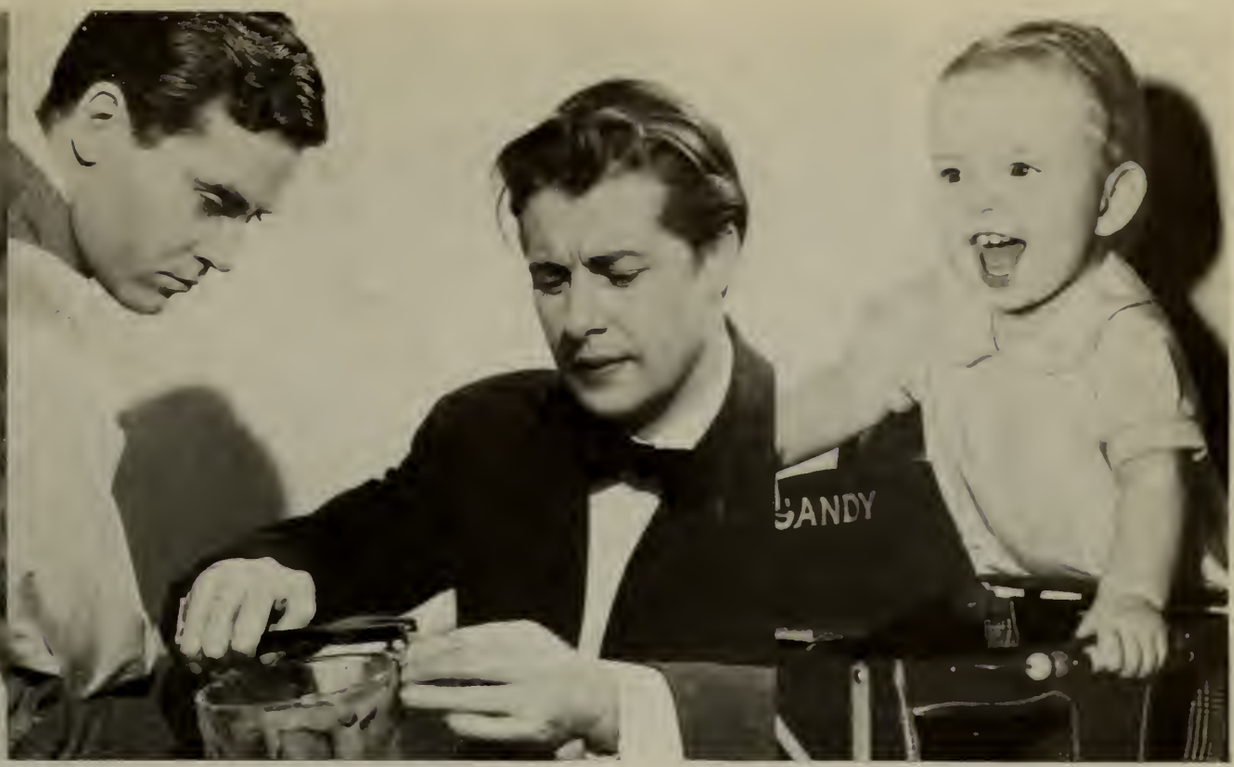
"Come over and see for yourself," said the Selznick-International man.

How could we resist making "The Wind," as Hollywood knows it, our first stop on the monthly set circuit? After these months of waiting and waiting—false hopes, phony *Scarletts,* reluctant *Rhetts* and so forth—a mere peep at the champion never-never movie in actual production is like a preview of the millennium.

We won't go into the strung-out saga of what double-trouble Selznick has had getting "The Wind" blowing. Or the countless hopefuls who have paraded past the test camera, or the ballyhooed search for *Scarlett* which ended quite unspectacularly one day when a green-eyed English girl named Vivien Leigh on a vacation to Hollywood visited the Selznick studio and heard a big man clap his curly head, point to her and say, "Good Heavens—there's Scarlett!"

That's all history—and so, of course, is "Gone with the Wind," which is a polite way of say-

Hollywood makes another convert —England's lovely Margaret Lockwood of "The Lady Vanishes," plays in "Susannah of the Mounties"



"The Life of Alexander Graham Bell," starring Henry Fonda and Don Ameche, is history—authentic, except for one thing—no spinach!

At Universal where Bing Crosby's making "East Side of Heaven," he's up against real competition—young Sandy Henville has him on the run

The dye is cast! The Rubicon is crossed! Here's the first set news of GWTW and other exciting adventures in Hollywood this month

BY JACK WADE

ing that you ought to know all there is to know about this Civil War classic by now.

What we are surprised to learn, as we go marching through Georgia at Selznick's, is that for months and months they've been shooting parts of this picture, without, of course, the stars. For instance, the spectacular burning of Atlanta, fiery and realistic in Technicolor, is all salted away in film.

The scene we take in today, however, is a Confederate ball and bazaar; the one, you'll remember, where *Scarlett* shocks all of Atlanta by jitterbugging in her widow's weeds with that handsome Charleston scamp, *Rhett* Gable.

First of all, a report on Vivien Leigh. Hollywood already has agreed that she's the happiest choice any one could have made. Even swamp angels from deepest Dixie put their okay on her accent.

Vivien is petite, with dark ringleted hair and genuine, 18-karat green eyes. We have looked right in 'em and we know. She has a mischievous, slightly petulant mouth and every movement of her trim body says sexily, "Watch out." Yessir, we are on Vivien's side—definitely.

Gable looks like a real Big-Man-From-the-South. In a black frock coat, starched bosom and ruffles, he makes a menacing, impressive *Rhett*, and he's a little pleased about it, too, we think. He practices a waltz in one corner.

"If I had known," says Gable, after a few turns, "I'd have to dance the first thing in this picture, I would have seen my lawyer. After 'Idiot's Delight' I see where I'm going to be typed."

We have a feeling that everybody is trying too hard to make "Gone with the Wind" a super-colossal epic. One scene we watch takes *twenty-seven* times until Olivia De Havilland, who has been doing most of the blowing up, is in tears.

SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL has no corner on the embryo studio epics. "Rose of Washington Square," which we see next at Twentieth Century-Fox, is almost as masterly an epic, even though it needed no world-wide search to find its talent.

Darryl Zanuck talked Al (Mammy) Jolson into running through his old repertoire helped out by Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.

They're all one happy family, on the big night club set we visit, with Alice, perched on a piano *à la* Helen Morgan, pretending to sing "I'll See You In My Dreams."

It's just one of twenty-seven old time tunes, like "Ja-da," "April Showers," "Mammy," and such, that brighten this reminiscent screen play for the customers who remember when. Even Ty Power gives out with "The Curse of an Aching Heart," we're told.

Like "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Rose of Washington Square" loud pedals the music and soft pedals the plot. Alice plays a night-club singer who marries a shady sharper, Tyrone Power, to reform him, thus gathering to herself a mess of headaches. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if the career of Fannie Brice inspired the story.

Outside, we run into Al Jolson, pacing nervously up and down. It's his first day on his first picture in about three years. He's as nervous as a witch "—and scared too!" Al tells us. "I'd give ten thousand dollars not to go through with this — but I said I would, so — gee — I wish Ruby was here!" The poor guy is still groaning when we leave — can you beat it? After all these years and still scared of a camera!

WE'RE going to picket Twentieth if they don't get shorter titles. After "Rose of Washington Square" what should we run into but "The Life of Alexander Graham Bell" or "Alexander's Ragtime Bell" as the boys at TC-F are calling it. Frankly, we suggest "Four Daughters," because, besides the ubiquitous Don Ameche and Henry Fonda, it's a sister act. Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane (Young) and Georgianna Belzer (Young), Loretta's thirteen year old half-sister—or did you know she had one?

The four sisters are using the same dressing room and you can imagine the feminine fuss and chatter that shakes its frail walls. Loretta and the sisterhood play the Hubbard sisters who actually existed. The drama of Bell, the chap to thank for your telephone today, is wound up with them. In fact, everything in this picture, dates and actual happenings, is right out of history. All, that is, except Don Ameche's smooth cheeks. Alexander Graham fancied sideburns of the broccoli type but Don said he'd rather be less authentic and more beautiful!

The big drama of this movie centers around the telegraph company's attempt to rob A.G.B. of his telephone invention; that and the court battle in which Loretta goes into court with a blessed event halo around her head—a thing unheard of in those prudish days—to show Bell's early telephone plans on the back of a love letter.

The day we arrive, however, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda have the spotlight in the scene where the telephone first works. It really happened just as we see it now. Don is in one room of a boardinghouse set. Henry Fonda is in the other. The primitive phone, borrowed from the Smithsonian Institute, is rigged up between. But it won't work.

Then Don, rising in disgust, knocks over a bottle of sulphuric acid and it starts to eat up his pants. "Mr. Watson," (that's Hank Fonda) he yells. "Come here—I want you!"

And those were the first words ever heard over a telephone wire.

Next door, we find Shirley Temple. This time she's "Susannah of the Mounties," a waif, winning the hearts of bluff Randy Scott and J.

(Continued on page 88)

SECOND

Trouble with a masquerade is that it must end and there was Marie about to set the world to rights just when the clock struck twelve

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, star of silent pictures, discovered that she was almost penniless, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphan granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. This career hit its first snag when Marie discovered that it was Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, who was now in charge of Goldmont Studio, the home of her past successes. Betty, however, on her own, met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, and he cast her for a minor rôle in the picture, "Bringing Up Mother."

On the first day of shooting, Chris, who had been aware of Marie's identity all along, asked her to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman, Marie's enemy, was out of town, she agreed to do so. Chris asked Marie to run through Betty's scenes for her. He shot them "just for a gag"—or so he told Marie.

At the studio preview of the picture, the audience reaction was lukewarm to Betty's performance, but when Beall's second version, with Marie in Betty's part, was run off, her performance rolled 'em in the aisles.

Betty accused her grandmother of double-crossing her and ran away from home.

At about this time, old Jelliff, ex-hoofer and a close friend of Marie's, arrived in California from New York. Marie told him about Betty and also about her dire financial state. Even the success of Marie's part in "Bringing Up Mother" amounted to nothing when Rossman returned, had the picture run off, and saw Marie in the part. He not only refused to let out this version of the picture, but also fired the young director, Chris Beall, telling him he could take the cans of film. He never wanted to see him—or them—again.

Meanwhile, Marie discovered that Betty was staying at Lydia Watts' home. Lydia was an ex-star of burlesque and another enemy of Marie's. Marie went to Lydia's to beg Betty to return. It was on that same day that Jelliff, job hunting, was run down by an automobile. When the news reached Marie at Lydia's, Betty, in swift sympathy for her grandmother, said: "This is no time for us to nurse our fight, Gram. Let's forget it and get on home to Jelliff."

Now continue this story:

NOT since the days when a swing rendezvous meant a date in a hammock have I hurried home with my heart in my mouth like I did after Jelliff's accident. We went in Betty's little car, she driving through the rain and several traffic lights in silence.

But though Goodness knows Betty drove fast enough, my mind was racing way ahead of that automobile. Every mean thing I had ever said or done to Jelliff seemed to rise right up out of the road and hit me like mud splashes.

Sometimes, in the last few years, I had kind of thought Jelliff was in the way. But now that there was a chance of his being removed, I knew I couldn't any more get along without him than I could get along without exercise or my make-up, or saying my prayers at night. Jelliff had come to be a part of my routine and I couldn't go into it without him. And what was even more upsetting, I at last admitted to myself that everybody has to be fond of someone, and while I was, of course, deeply fond of Betty, she didn't wear pants. After all, the poet says, "As pants the weary heart, etc." and there is nothing like a strong man's love or a weak man's love, for that matter, to make a woman's life worth living even if it, at the same time, makes her perfectly miserable.

Well anyways, all this went through my head before I and Betty finally got back to our nine hundred block in Beverly Hills. Amandabell met us at the door, her usually black face about the color of a shoe that needs shining badly.

"M's Marie," she says, "what's a Judas-horned-betailment? Mr. Jack, he claim Ah'm it!"

Relief flooded me like I was a Federal agency or something. If Jelliff was cussing he wasn't dead yet! But he was bad enough off at that. Two cracked ribs and his knee thrown out. The doctor said he'd be laid up for weeks.

"The old Charley hoss ain't what it used to be," Jelliff managed to smile at me when the medico had gone. "I guess Paramount's suffered the loss of a fine character man, but. . . ."

"Jelliff," I says, kneeling beside the bed and putting my hands over his. "Dear Jelliff, if you'd been killed I'd have done it! I'll never forgive myself, letting you go out to look for a job. . . ."

"It was a good idea," he says, trying to make light of it even though his eyes showed his pain. "When the insurance money comes in, it'll be more than I'd have got for a few days' extra work!" Then he caught sight of Betty, peering anxiously over my shoulder. I was kind of afraid of what he might say to her, but for once he did just exactly right.

"It's a good thing you're here," he says. "We need you Betty. Marie can open cans as fine as anybody, but. . . ."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," says Betty. "Thanks for not saying what's coming to me. I'm so dreadfully sorry you're hurt! I—I—well, I guess I'd better say it with chicken soup!" And with that she kissed him and ran for the kitchen like she always did when her emotions got the better of her.

IT was some hours later, with Jelliff asleep and Betty locked in her room, before I got a chance to sit down and check up on where I stood and on what. We had to have money. The only way to get it that I could think of was somebody going to work. And without any primary or ballot-stuffing, it seemed I was elected.

"I like doing this just like I love poison ivy," I told myself, "but as the poet says, 'Only the brave can earn the fare!' " Then I went to the phone and called up Chris.

At first all he could talk about was Betty and the fact that he hadn't been able to see her. But finally when he run out of words, I got one in, edgewise.

"Chris," I says, "do you still think your Mr. Reis, whom you told me about at Liberty

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

CHANCE

"I hate you," says Betty, "and as for the pie, well . . ." And before anybody but herself knew it, she had picked up the lemon meringue pie and flung it full into Chris' face

ILLUSTRATION BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

Productions, might be hypnotized into giving me a job?"

"Hurrah," says Chris. "Have you actually come to your senses?

"No," I says, "I guess I've lost what little sense I ever had. But there are reasons why I am now willing to be a typical woman and change my mind."

"Good Old Marie," he shouts into the phone. "We are going to put this thing over, and do it right!"

"I hope so," I says, "but Chris, I'm frankly scared Reis will know too much about me. I've never met him, but I've been snubbed by Liberty Studios just the same."

"Nonsense," says Chris. "That's a big lot—everybody doesn't know what goes on."

"Well," I says, "I suppose a motion-picture executive's right hand doesn't always know what his other hands are doing!" Chris laughed.

"That's right," he agrees. "And now, how about our talking things over before he actually meets you?"

"Okay by me," I says meekly, "but you'd better say something to Betty to prepare her. Frankly, I haven't the courage!"

"Betty may as well find out I don't intend to have my wife in pictures," says Chris, "and tomorrow is as good a time as any. I'll see Reis tonight if I have to trail him all the way from the Troc to Wethiemers. Meanwhile just pick yourself four nice stars out of this glorious sky, Marie, because you'll be hanging 'em on your next picture!"

It's nice to have somebody feel that way about you, especially when you are looking at the world through a permanent pair of anti-sunglasses.

It kind of pulled me together, what Chris had said, so I went upstairs and says my prayers, asking God to please not have Betty too sore at me for getting a contract in case I got it, but to, for Heaven's sake, get me the contract in any event on account of we needed it so badly. After which I fell straight asleep as only a person can who has attended to every possible detail.

Well, anyways, the next morning I was just about through getting Jelliff fixed up for the day when in breezed Chris. California doors have no locks to friends and hearing my voice, he had let himself into the ground floor bedroom where Jelliff was parked.

"Hello, what's this?" Chris says. "I didn't know you had a love nest, Marie. Or is it just a touch of nepotism?"

"He's not my nephew," I says indignantly, "nor is this either a love nest or a mare's ditto! Meet Mr. Jelliff!"

"I'm her manager," says Jelliff, glaring feebly. "I came out here to see that Marie got a man's protection, but. . . ."

"This is Betty's boy friend," I explained to Jelliff. Jelliff looked relieved and shook hands with Chris.

"Boy friend," Jelliff says. "Does Betty know it?"

"There are lots of things a person knows that they won't acknowledge," says Chris. "That's my rating with Betty right now. But we hope for the best."

Then when Chris and I were alone in the living room he took me by the shoulders and shook me, only half playfully.

"What er ya mean, manager?" he says. "I breathe the ghost of a word—'contract' to be exact—and you go Hollywood on me and pull a manager out of your hat! What's the idea?" For a moment I didn't know what to say because I didn't want either Chris or Jelliff to think I would pull anything tricky.

"I'll tell you what," I says. "Jelliff is a very old friend. He was hurt yesterday, but hurt worse many years ago. As a matter of fact, he has done some business for us now and then ever since his first accident." Chris give me a penetrating look and the mad went out of his eyes.

"Which I'll bet makes it easier for him to take a little money from you now and then," he says shrewdly. But I wouldn't admit a thing.

"He's done the work," I says shortly, "and some smart work at that!" How true those last words were I did not realize at the time, but as the world now knows, I had reason to remember them later. Well anyways, Chris having got rid of his daily Hollywood suspicion which it's the truth that everybody out there is subject to such spells, why we sat down amiably.

"Reis is coming for cocktails tomorrow," he told me. "I caught him when he was winning at Twenty-one and he made the date. I told him you would expect to see him in a top hat and cutaway and he swallowed it—he's just that kind of pretentious lowbrow."

"Well, many a lowbrow is hidden under a high hat," I says. "What else?"

"Be hard to get," he instructed me. "You don't have to work, see? You don't care for dough. You're a great lady and a big name—this idea of a contract means nothing to you."

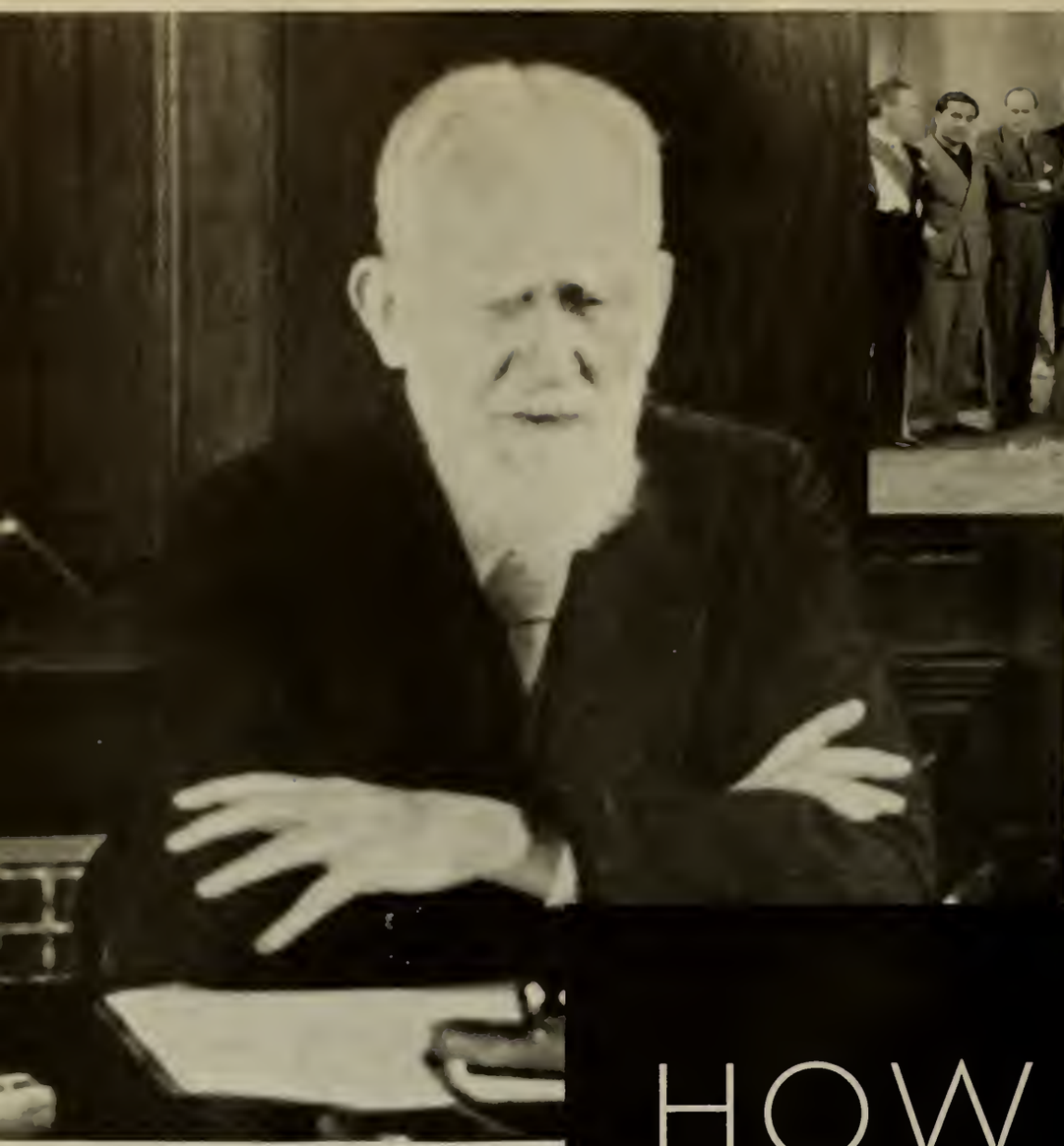
"I know that line," I says worried, "but suppose he believes me?"

"Nobody in the world would believe you," Chris declared, "not even a producer. But we hope he'll believe the house!"

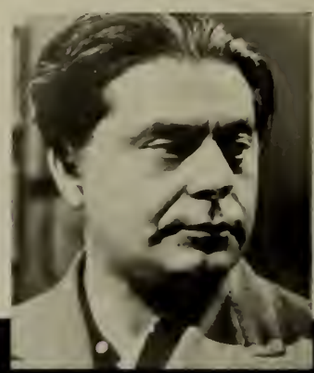
"Has Reis seen that footage of me?" I asked.

"No," says Chris. "I wanted him to get the setup here first. That's a scrub woman sequence, Marie, and Reis is the kind who thinks that stuff ought to come cheap. But once he has you and your house to contrast with the film, it will hit him all the harder. All you

(Continued on page 77)



The cast and crew of "Pygmalion," Shaw's first play screened for American audiences



Producer Gabriel Pascal

HOW SHAW *Gave In!*

At last it's open—the treasure chest of G.B.S.'s plays. Here's the reason he changed his mind

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"HOW are you fixed for money?" The bushy eyebrows above the pink face of the patriarchal bearded little man formed a question mark as George Bernard Shaw cut short his visitor's harangue on the art of the cinema.

"I've got fifteen shillings, six pence in my pocket and I owe a pound," answered the swarthy Hungarian who, a minute before, had been talking of film production in terms that would take hundreds of thousands of dollars to translate.

Shaw—the cynic, the iconoclast, the greatest living playwright in the world, who for years had been refusing to open his treasure chest of entertainment to Hollywood's purse—burst into laughter.

Literally millions had been waved before him as bait for his consent to the filming of his plays. Producer after producer, backed by the unlimited capital and vast releasing outlets of great companies, had sought the screen rights to Shavian successes. One after another he had turned them down because he doubted their ability to transcribe his work intact. And now this Hungarian fellow, with his tempestuous talk of honesty in art, his high-sounding promises not to compromise with movie conventions, had almost convinced him. And the man was flat broke!

"But this is delicious," chuckled Shaw. The effrontery of the man was as appealing as his flattery that the playwright's work was essentially entertainment for the masses and should not be restricted to the intellectual few of the theater.

"Here's a pound to pay your debt," said Shaw, reaching into his habitually unpressed trousers. "Now get on with it. What are your plans?"

In such a way did Gabriel Pascal, ex-farmer, ex-cavalry officer and itinerant producer of European films, secure the moving-picture rights to "Pygmalion" and finally introduce to the screen its number one holdout, George Bernard Shaw. Pascal secured not only the rights to "Pygmalion" but the rights to the rest of the rich store of stories of that brilliant, brittle Britisher who, for almost half a century, has been turning out the world's most discussed plays.

Pascal told of his coup a few weeks ago while in New York en route from London to Hollywood to negotiate for a cast and a cameraman to take back to England for his second Shaw production, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

"Pygmalion," starring Leslie Howard and an enchanting newcomer to the screen, Wendy Hiller, was in its ninth sellout week in one of London's largest cinema palaces and had just opened its first week on Broadway to packed houses at the Astor.

Exhibitors were tumbling over one another in the scramble for first-run rights throughout the country and Pascal was being proclaimed another Korda, a genius whose production challenged the best in Hollywood.

But to Pascal, as he sat in a corner of the New York Athletic Club and told of his triumph, it was not the acclaim of the press for his production, or the envy of other producers at his corralling of Shaw's plays that was now highlighted in his thoughts. It was the generosity and

(Continued on page 72)

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "MIDNIGHT"

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

BY GWENN WALTERS

Orry-Kelly, famous fashion designer for Warner Brothers, poses with Bette Davis who is wearing a hoop-skirted costume which he created for her to wear in "The Old Maid." Bette is fast becoming one of Hollywood's best-dressed stars, aided and abetted by Orry-Kelly, who is responsible for many of the gowns from her personal wardrobe. Read his bird's-eye view of the early summer fashion picture in the fashion letter below

FASHION LETTER

THE problems besetting our fashion souls these late spring days never troubled the belle of the late Nineteenth Century, for she wore a bustle or a hobble skirt according to fashion dictates. But today—with every silhouette from the Empire period through the flapper being promoted by some fashionist—what are we to do?

Fortunately, a visit to Orry-Kelly at Warner Brothers not only settled the silhouette problem but gave us a bird's-eye view of the coming season. More than one style has been formulated, revived or given impetus by this man who helps to fashion honors every woman he dresses for the screen. He was designer for Kay Francis during the years her name appeared on every "best-dressed woman" list in the United States. Now what he and Bette Davis are doing to the fashion picture is a caution. With the release of "Jezebel," they started every girl in the country thinking about hoop skirts and soon their revival was a reality. Then along came "The Sisters." Bette wore Orry-Kelly's clothes again and again they scored a bull's-eye by launching the Gibson Girl modes.

"It's in your hat," said the designer without ado when I asked him to clarify the picture. "Your accent, I mean. It must be very gay and on the romantic side. Gone for this season, at least, is that "pimple-on-a-pumpkin" look. Because most hats are swathed in veiling, there isn't a chance for hard headlines. Many little hats will be completely covered with flowers and topped off by veiling, but the very newest looking hats for summer are veiled mannish sailors of starched white piqué."

Considering that veiling has been in fashion for several seasons, it looks amazingly new this summer. The explanation is in the way it is put on the hat. In the case of a piqué sailor being done for Fay Bainter in the Warner Brothers' workroom, a yard of wide navy veiling was attached to each side of the brim. The long drapes could be worn tied in back to form a snood, brought up over hat and face, auralike, drawn into a crisp bow under the chin, wound about the neck, or looped around the face, wimple-fashion.

These veiled hats are really designed for short haircuts and would present an overdone appearance with shoulder-length bobs. That brings Orry-Kelly to his prediction that by fall every girl with long locks will be definitely déclassée. They've had their day and must go the way of the scissors. Bette Davis is the first important star to go in for a "baby bob." It is as short as an old-time wind-blown, but is more carefully dressed, for curls are brushed upward in the manner of winter's upswept coiffures. Bette made her first public appearance with her shorter locks at the Academy banquet (See page 96) when she was presented for the second time with the best-actress award. We could hear dozens of women on the spot vowing to be shorn on the morrow.

FOR some time prior to this summer, we have had mad little hats in vogue that frankly screamed for attention. Dresses which followed many different lines had points of interest in glitter and embroidery; costume jewelry was often loaded on with a lavish hand; and along with each ensemble went novelty belts, buttons, bags, gloves and shoes. There were too many things in a single outfit for the eye to catch. All the drama of a costume was lost.

Gay detail has now been traded for fine dressmaking touches and superlative tailoring. Overmatching is missing from the accessory picture. Fine leather and good workmanship has become more important than novelty in shoes, bags and gloves.

Orry-Kelly refuses to agree with the Hollywood designers who maintain almost anything still goes in this summer's silhouette. From the welter of past fashions and those that have been introduced in the last few months he foresees the emergence of one dominant silhouette under that far from plain but becoming hat. It has the feeling of a lady in a Renoir painting.

Characterized by simplicity, the newest note about that silhouette is the bustle. This interesting revival will be merely suggesed in day clothes through the use of concentrated back fullness, but in evening will take the form of loops, bows, ruffles and flowers. The padded bustle or the unwieldy "dress-improver" (which made a tent of the back of the skirt in the 1880's) will not enter the summer picture.

Although there is merely a bustle-feeling right now, we fully expect to see it ripen into a full-fledged fashion when Bette Davis appears on the screen in "The Old Maid." She wears hoop skirts with charming little shirtwaist tops in the early part of the picture, but when twenty years elapse the story carries on into the bustle period.

NATURALLY, accompanying the 1939 version of the bustle will be straight, slim lines. Further than that, be prepared for a snug bodice with shoulder accents and long, fitted sleeves.

Shirtwaist dresses will thrive by day and night, as will the less intricately draped styles.

Sleeves will be more generally used in dinner and evening dress than they have been for a decade, but will be most heartily approved in transparent fabrics.

Little linen and cotton jackets will accompany

(Continued on page 93)

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!

April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, **the Countess de la Falaise** says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for **Miss Sally Anne Chapman,** Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin—with Pond's."

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Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. **Miss Lucy Armistead Flippin,** charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so **make-up looks glamorous!**"

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Finally, touch Evening in Paris Perfume, "the fragrance of romance," to your lips, hair and ear lobes. Purse flacon, 55c, other sizes $1.10 to $10.00 . . . Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne is dainty and refreshing, 40c to $2.00.

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
PERFUMERS

How Shaw Gave In!

(Continued from page 68)

simple trust of a friendly barber in London who had made possible his momentous interview with Shaw.

"I had come over from Amsterdam to London by freighter," recounted Pascal in thickly accented English, intensified by compelling gestures. "I arrived broke, hungry and in need of a haircut.

"Near the Ritz-Carlton was the little shop of a barber whom I used to tip pound notes when he came to my hotel to shave me in the days when I was making much money as a producer.

"I went to his place and had a shave and a haircut. He soon gathered that I was out of funds and, while I was still in the chair, he went over to the cashier's desk and took a pound note from the register.

"'Let me help,' he urged. 'You have done me many a kindness.'

"With that borrowed pound I suddenly seemed to have acquired a new front. I went on to the Ritz-Carlton, engaged a room on credit, went downstairs and had my first full meal in several days and, fortified in body and high in spirits, set out to call on Mr. Shaw.

"As I started out, I felt very sure of myself, certain that I would not fail. For years I had believed that Shaw was the greatest playwright of our times and now I was certain I could convince him that his plays should be filmed.

"How did I persuade him? How did I get him to capitulate when others had failed?

"I used no arguments. I talked dramatic art with him. I told him what I wanted to do. Other producers had waved checks at him. I spoke his spirit. My modern, spiritual, romantic way was not the dry stuffy way of the others.

"You see," said the dynamic Hungarian, whose ego Shaw must surely have recognized as being as great as his own, "I have no inferiority complex before geniuses or kings or anybody. I said that I would make no picture with box-office compromises. And I think the old gentleman believed in my love of art. That's all. There was no mystery to it."

No mystery, perhaps, but a happy combination of great enthusiasm and . . . that barber's pound. For somehow one feels that it was that appealing picture of a man with fifteen shillings in his pocket, spouting production plans that would involve a fortune, that finally won Shaw.

"I had wanted to do 'The Devil's Disciple' first," continued Pascal. "That play had revolutionized our minds when I was a student and I believe there is a great message in it. I told Shaw that for years my dream had been to make 'The Devil's Disciple' and I told him how I proposed to make it. But the old gentleman said no. 'No, first we will make "Pygmalion." It is more popular. "The Devil's Disciple," if we gave it to them first, might frighten them. It is too dangerous to attack the masses with such red meat. Let us give them first the real entertainment, then later "The Devil's Disciple."'"

It is now Pascal's plan to make "The Devil's Disciple" third on his list of Shaw hits. It will follow "The Doctor's Dilemma," and for the leading rôle in this famous play of the days of the American Revolution, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who are releasing Pascal's productions) have promised to loan him Clark Gable.

"When I make 'The Devil's Disciple' I will make it a real American picture," promises Pascal. "Just as 'Pygmalion' is a real English picture. If I must, I will go to New England and live there for a while and I won't go as a producer, I'll go as a farmer."

Such a fervor for capturing the essence of a play, for translating it authentically to the screen, was another of Pascal's appeals for Shaw, ever critical of filmdom's handling of his works.

Some time ago Shaw, in refusing an offer of Samuel Goldwyn to make picture versions of his plays, voiced his chief criticism of Hollywood.

"The difficulty is," said the peppery playwright, "that I haven't time to turn my plays into scenarios and when I allow film firms to try their hands they turn the job over to the bellboy in whose view life is a continual going up and down stairs, opening and shutting doors.

"When the film producer wants a bit of extra dialogue he does not dream of asking me to supply it. He just sticks a patch of his radiant Californian on my classical English without perceiving the least difference. He uses up all the film he has time for on what I have carefully left out and cuts out all I have put in, to make room for it.

"Some of the people in the film industry insist on interfering with the natural way of telling a story. They want to cut into a sequence, which doesn't need breaking up at all, with shots of a bartender talking and things like that. I won't allow that sort of thing. The art of telling a story is really a knack which you either have or don't have. Very few people have it. I'm one of them."

Pascal met this attitude of Shaw's by persuading the author to write his own scenario. Every line of dialogue in "Pygmalion," the film, is Shaw's own, including two scenes added to the script of the play.

It is amusing to note that one of them is a bathtub scene that out-De Milles Cecil's own and perhaps exemplifies what Shaw meant when he said recently that "sex appeal has a perfectly legitimate part in the fine arts dealing with humanity. I believe the good being done by films associating sex appeal with beauty and cleanliness is incalculable."

With a script by Shaw himself and the long sought-after release of film rights to Shaw plays, Pascal had little difficulty in finding immediate financial backing for his venture in London.

"The first ten thousand pounds I secured," said Pascal, "went to Shaw, who immediately turned it right back into the production and took a share in the profits. Then I signed Leslie Howard to co-direct and play the part of *Higgins* in the film. He, too, took a share of the production in lieu of a large salary."

The all important rôle of *Eliza Doolittle*, the bedraggled cockney flower girl who is transformed into a great lady on the whim and wager of a phonetics expert, was more difficult to fill. Finally Shaw himself suggested Wendy Hiller, who had played the part in a provincial revival of the play; thus a new screen star was born. Pascal has the talented English girl under a five-year contract and plans to feature her in "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Copying the technique of the late Irving Thalberg, the one man in American production to whom he doffs his hat, Pascal cast even the most unimportant minor rôle with as much care as if it were the lead.

"I hired the very best actors in Lon-

on even for extra rôles," the producer eclared. "I paid some of England's reatest theatrical names only two ounds a day.

" 'All right,' I told them, 'it is an honor r you to be an extra in a Shaw pic-ire.' One of the finest actors on the nglish stage speaks one monosyllable one scene. He says 'Ah.'

"For two weeks we rehearsed the hole script before turning a camera. 'e rehearsed every scene, every cam-a angle and drilled every actor to let-r perfection in his lines. Then, when e went on the set, we had only to con-ntrate on finesse, on execution.

"Not a single line of Shaw's was anged. At no time did I compromise ith movie conventions. I knew that e can't translate George Bernard aw, or any genius, to the screen if u make compromises. It is like mix-g water in your wine."

ITH the exception of a visit to the udio the first day of production to see e impressive sets representing St. aul's Cathedral and Covent Garden, aw, who might have been expected have nervously hovered about like bird guarding its eggs in a nest, ayed religiously away from the com-ny. "I do not propose to interfere in e direction of this picture," he told ascal, "since I cannot, at my age, do myself."

On the one day he visited Pinewood, here "Pygmalion" was made, the rightly old gentleman was asked by ascal if he would speak a few words fore a sound camera for a reel to be ed as a trailer for the film. Without y preparation or rehearsal, the bearded tle jester bounced onto a stage.

Drawing up a chair before the cam-a, Shaw began:

"Oh, my Americans friends, how do u do? Now, since I've got you all re, might I make a little speech? ght! I will. Do you mind if I sit wn? I am very old.

"Now, it's a delightful thing to sit re and to think that, although at this oment I am sitting in London, I can lk in this way to an American audi-ce. Oh . . . stop a minute . . . I ite forgot to tell you who I am. I am e author of the film that you are go-g to see, but I'm also Bernard Shaw. "Mind you, *the* Bernard Shaw. Your wspapers are so full of me that you ust have heard about me. Now you've en the animal. I hope you like it.

"You know, I've suffered a great deal om America in this matter of motion ctures. For years past you've been ying to teach me how to make a film. nd I'm going to show you really how should be done.

"One thing that you've never dreamed doing is . . . when you want to know w to make a film . . . send for the thor. You'll never send for the au-or. You'll send for an electrician hen the light goes wrong. You'll send r a photographic expert when the mera goes wrong. But when the play es wrong, you send for anybody who ppens to be about. Of course, I know s not your fault. You're not in this siness.

"Well, that's the sort of thing that ey've been giving me in America and e result is . . . my plays have not een filmed.

"I can do a great deal more with them on the screen than I can do on the stage. I know all about the motion-picture business and I'm going to teach you . . . I mean, of course, the gentlemen who make the films . . . I'm going to teach them what a film really should be like.

"My friend, Mr. Gabriel Pascal, who has made this production, has tried the extraordinary experiment of putting a play on the screen just as the author wrote it and as he wanted it produced.

"If you agree with me when you see this film of mine . . . if you enjoy it, very well. You'll show it in the usual way by coming to see it, each of you, about twenty times. And then, if you do that, there will be other films. I'm thinking of doing an American play that I once wrote called 'The Devil's Disciple.' Probably another play of mine, 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' you may see on the film.

"But the really good thing about it is that when you have seen these on the screen . . . and if you like them . . . all the American films will become much more like my films. And that will be a splendid thing for America, and it won't be such a bad thing for me. Although, as you know, I'm pretty near the oldest writer here and I shan't have much enjoyment of them.

"You'll have to make up your mind that you'll lose me presently, and then, heaven only knows what will become of America. I have to educate all the nations. I have to educate England. Several of the Continental nations require a little education, but America most of all. And I shall die before I've educated America properly. But I'm making a beginning.

"Now I think it's time for me to get out of the way. I was asked to say something to you. I'm always glad to say something to you. I was asked to say something very agreeable to you. I've done my best. That's my aged idea of an agreeable speech. But I'm quite friendly. I think you've always heard that about me. At any rate, it's been written . . . you ought to."

TWO weeks after "Pygmalion" was finished and a superb score by the English composer, Arthur Honegger, had been transcribed into the film, Shaw and his wife were invited by Pascal to a special press preview of the picture in London.

Throughout the screening, Shaw sat stiff and silent watching this first full-length filming of one of his plays. Pascal sat between the playwright and his wife and, during the unreeling of the film, Mrs. Shaw patted his hand and reassured him that the production was far superior to even its best stage performance.

But it was Shaw whose opinion the producer was eager to hear. For on his approval hung the fate of future films of his famous plays. That whole storehouse of screen entertainment must be unlocked by this one effort.

As the lights went up in the projection room, Shaw turned to Pascal. "It's all right, Gabriel," he said. "You have done it. You may do all my plays."

Just then a newspaper reviewer approached Shaw with a question.

"Am I satisfied with the adaptation?" echoed the cinema's severest critic. "Am I satisfied? I'm delighted. I wrote it myself!"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Tyrone Power
2. Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"
3. Bobby Breen
4. Wallace Beery
5. Alice Faye
6. Edith Fellows
7. Wayne Morris (Bubbles Schinasi wife)
8. Frank Capra
9. Myrna Loy (Arthur Hornblow, husband)
10. Hedy Lamarr
11. Dorothy Arzner
12. James Cagney
13. Dodge City
14. Eugene Pallette
15. Arline Judge

7 SECOND
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Play Truth and Consequences with Fred Astaire

(Continued from page 27)

17. (Q) In what ways are you a fussbudget?
(A) I guess I'm kind of a fussbudget about neatness. For example, I go around turning off lights which aren't needed. This isn't an economy bug with me because I do it even in my studio dressing room and I certainly don't have to pay any part of the studio electricity bill. But I like a certain orderliness and I sometimes even go out of my way to go back and turn off a forgotten light just because the thought of its still burning bothers me. In contrast to this, I'm no stickler for correct time pieces: I keep my watches and clocks set ten minutes ahead of time.

18. (Q) Do you pay a great deal of attention to clothes?
(A) I dislike looking "dressed up"; I distinctly dislike "newness" in clothes. I never wear a new hat until I have battered it and crushed it so that it looks well-worn and comfortable. The same with shoes, etc.

19. (Q) What idiosyncrasy of yours throws your household into consternation?
(A) Practicing golf in my bedroom.

20. (Q) Do you ever flare up?
(A) Yes—but only at myself, as when I bungle or "blow" a scene. But I work off steam by seeing the humorous side of such ridiculous flare-ups.

21. (Q) In what surroundings do you feel most at home?
(A) I am never more in my element than when following a good golfer's game around the course, or when I happen to be swinging and hit "in the groove" myself.

22. (Q) Do you take any special physical care of yourself to counteract the strain of your dancing?
(A) No. But fortunately I like to go to bed early and get up early. Also I haven't a terrific appetite and I have never cared for smoking and drinking. These things, I suppose, help.

23. (Q) Which do you think was the best dance you ever created?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Since you have a phobia about posing with Mrs. Astaire, and also without your hat, do it for us anyway this once.)

24. (Q) By what nicknames are you sometimes called?
(A) There are a few friends of mine who occasionally call me "Hoofer"—if they smile when they say that, it's all right with me. Or if they don't smile, that's all right, too.

25. (Q) Have you ever fallen, or made an obvious mistake, while dancing on the stage, and how did you handle it?
(A) Adele and I had a trick ending to one of our dances: after a last whirl I was to swing her to one side while I dropped to one knee. On this occasion I took my bow and wondered why there was no applause and such awful silence. Finally it occurred to me to look at Adele and there she was—not where she was supposed to be at all, but sprawled flat on the stage. In my frenzy to get off the stage as quickly as possible I made matters worse by falling over her on the way out. The audience figured we were hurt and not a soul laughed. I felt it was the end of my career, and even now still remember it with horror.

26. (Q) Do you enjoy being waited on?
(A) No—with one exception. It's true that I do rely on someone to take care of my professional clothes, to hang up my costumes when I get out of them. This is because I have always been used to a "dresser" since early theater days when changes were sometimes a matter of seconds.

27. (Q) Do you use colognes, perfumes, scented shaving soaps, etc.?
(A) No.

28. (Q) Is it true that you hope someday to do the life of Nijinsky on the screen?
(A) No. I have been approached about this matter, but I'm afraid I would be biting off more than I could chew. I have had very little ballet dancing and would certainly hesitate about trying to portray one of the world's greatest.

29. (Q) What subject most interested you as a young boy?
(A) Baseball. I fancied myself as a potentially great player. That was before I took to golf.

30. (Q) Do you have a pet cause or theory about anything which you like to defend in arguments?
(A) No, I don't get drawn into arguments very easily, because I refuse to discuss politics, religion, dancing, movies, etc. There is only one subject on which I can talk for hour after hour—that's a certain sport and I guess you know what that is by now!

31. (Q) Do you have any artistic inclinations, aside from your dancing?
(A) I'm a very fancy doodler.

32. (Q) How old do you think you look?
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Show us proof of that tall fish story you told recently on an RKO set—if you *can*, and you weren't just bragging.)

33. (Q) Are you a good swimmer?
(A) For the first few lengths of the pool, yes; but I'm no champion.

34. (Q) What is one of your worst faults?
(A) Taking my work so seriously, I believe. I know that I sometimes make myself miserable worrying about it. I get so wrapped up in it that I probably give the impression of being in a daze, when I don't mean to.

35. (Q) Are you really shy?
(A) Not in personal contacts, not at all . . . but I must admit that I do get uneasy when obliged to meet and talk to people in my professional capacity.

36. (Q) When have you ever felt so embarrassed that you wished the floor would open up and swallow you?
(A) When I made my first screen test.

37. (Q) What was the extent of your education?
(A) I'm still acquiring one.

38. (Q) What was your reaction when the nurse at the hospital told you, "It's a boy!"
(A) Mr. Astaire took the consequences. (Pose for a comical picture.)

39. (Q) Is it true that there will be no more Astaire-Rogers films?
(A) "The Castles" is the last picture on my RKO contract and I'm leaving now for a trip to Europe. At present, I have no definite picture commitments and I do not wish to make any until I return. But, if the opportunity and story present themselves, Ginger and I will certainly do more pictures together.

40. (Q) What is your reaction to the swing craze?
(A) I'm half a jitterbug myself.

41. (Q) How do you annoy your friends?
(A) I'm afraid I'm a practical joker.

42. (Q) What honor were you ever awarded which you feel you didn't deserve?
(A) When someone nominated me as one of the ten best-dressed men.

43. (Q) How much time a day do you spend with your son?
(A) HOURS!

44. (Q) Do you have your legs or feet insured and, if so, for how much?
(A) I don't. The studio carries insurance on all principals while in production.

45. (Q) Could you have lived in another era, which one would you have chosen and why?
(A) I like the present era.

46. (Q) What costume have you ever worn to a fancy-dress ball?
(A) One of John Gilbert's old Hungarian officer's uniforms.

47. (Q) What honor or compliment bestowed on you most pleased your ego?
(A) When a golf pro said that I had a natural golf swing.

48. (Q) Who, when you were a boy, was one of your great idols?
(A) Vernon Castle. For that reason, I have really enjoyed making this last picture above all others.

49. (Q) Who are some of your idols today?
(A) Gene Sarazen, Sam Sneed, Jimmy Thompson, James Cagney, Benny Goodman, Bing Crosby, Gene Krupa, Joe Di Maggio, Olin Dutra, Harry Cooper and Mickey Rooney.

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Creamy	Green	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium	Hazel	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy	Brown	
Sallow	Black	
Freckled	LASHES Light	
Olive	Dark	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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How a Candid Camera Expert Works

(Continued from page 48)

married couples who don't want to appear together for personal reasons have worked out a plan whereby they make their public entrances several yards apart.

"Claudette Colbert is married to Dr. Joel Pressman," says Hymie, "and the doctor is adverse to trading on his wife's reputation. He had refused to pose for pictures with her and at opening nights he is always either five feet ahead or behind her when she appears."

Hymie also acts as mediator between the new cameramen who are getting Hollywood as a beat and the stars. At a party at the Little Club last year, one of the newcomers was rough on Joan Crawford. When he asked her to pose, she said:

"Let me fix my hair; I'll be right back."

The gentleman thought he was being stood up. "Thank you too much," he said bitterly.

Mr. Fink maintains that it spoiled Miss Crawford's evening and he spent some time with the new photographer pointing out that Hollywood was different and that the stars had to protect themselves.

"I got it all ironed out," says Hymie. "The fellow understands now."

On his All-America team of favorites, Hymie picks (in addition to Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich, both of whom he is obviously in love with) Ben Lyon, "the perfect host," John Gilbert, "the sweetest guy that ever lived"; Tallullah Bankhead, "a good scout"; Lilyan Tashman, "the most gracious"; Connie Bennett, "cold but kind"; and Kay Francis, who "gives the best parties now."

THE addition of resorts where stars congregate has made Hymie's job harder, but his only extravagance is a new car each year. He is a bachelor, living with his sister, and the trips don't bother him much.

Not only has Hymie ferretted out the places where his people live but he knows their peculiarities. Claudette Colbert, for example, has a hard and a soft side to her face; the soft side is all you ever see in the films or still photographs. Tala Birell has a long nose which must be looked out for. In the case of Ginger Rogers it is also a nose. With Marlene Dietrich the camera must be kept high because of her chin. From any other position it looks as if she has a double chin, which is not only a lie but an optical illusion. The three movie sets an outside photographer positively can't enter in Hollywood are those of Mae West, Shirley Temple and Greta Garbo. At M-G-M the studio supervises all outside pictures and insists on developing the negatives.

Hymie has had some of his toughest times with Katharine Hepburn, who is a homely dame who photographs well. La Hepburn got a bit fed up on Hollywood and pictures soon after arrival and put a curse on the whole business. Hymie had snapped her once at the Trocadero eating a chicken leg and that hadn't helped. He hadn't used it, but he had showed it to her and she had ascended. After that, he couldn't get near her. This made it bad for business, because Hepburn was at the height of her fame and his clients were bellowing for pictures. So when Hymie heard that George Cukor was throwing a farewell party for Katy, he simply went up and in. Upon sight of him, Katy let out a yell: "Throw him off the roof."

Whereupon, Mr. Fink sat down on the floor and said:

"Go ahead and throw me off, but don't overlook that the headlines will be as large as if you threw somebody of importance overboard."

This brought about a compromise and led to conversation.

"When are you leaving for New York?" asked Hymie.

"Thursday," said Katy.

So Hymie went out to the airport on Wednesday and Miss Hepburn turned up in due course.

"I could murder you," said she, deciding that she was licked. "Well, come on, take as many as you want and do a good one for a change . . . and don't tell a soul I'm going."

"The whole world knows you're going," said Hymie. "And, furthermore, if you think I'm tough, wait till you hit those New York photogs. They'll knock you down and walk over you."

"I'll bet you $100 nobody gets a picture of me the whole trip!" cried Katy.

Which was the easiest money Mr. Fink ever made because the New York guys did exactly as he had predicted, ran her through a gauntlet in which they had her doing everything but standing on her ear and kept her busy just as long as they wanted her.

"She's a grand girl, though," says Hymie. "She didn't forget the bet. I got a check in a few weeks, which is the only bet I was ever voluntarily paid in my life."

MR. FINK has certain rules about Hollywood:

a. Never sell a star a picture; give them the negative if they can't live without it. (George Jessel has hundreds of prints made of any picture of him.)

b. Be square with them; don't show them up.

c. No candid shots; they can't be retouched.

d. Dress just as well as the guests; a cameraman can have dignity, too.

e. Compromise.

The Great Hollywood Compromise of 1936 was in the case of Kay Francis, who gave a nautical party at the Vendome in which the restaurant was turned into a schooner with bows fifty feet high and with a gangplank on which the guests slid into the midst of the activity. Miss Francis first said cameramen wouldn't be allowed. With that Hymie went into action with his compromise. It was decided that the snapshotters could come in until eleven o'clock and then leave promptly at the stroke of the hour.

"It was all right," says Hymie. "A good idea. We got what we were after and when we left they could tear the place down if it pleased them. What could be fairer?"

Which is the Fink life in a nutshell. He has been doing it so long, he can start taking a picture of a star a block away and be sure who it is.

"I don't have to see the face," says Hymie. "I can tell by the walk, by the way the dress hangs, by the feet, by the bob of the head, the rhythm. They're all different. They're all distinct personalities. That's what makes them movie stars."

What makes Hymie Fink a good Hollywood photographer, however, is that if they happen to be possessed of pigeon-toes, he takes a shot of the head. You can always trust Hymie, says Hollywood. Which is why he was the first and will always be there.

Second Chance

(Continued from page 67)

have to do is keep calm and remember that psychology and good cocktails are the foundation of all progress in the Industry."

HE sat quiet a moment and then he looked at me out of the corner of one eye.

"'Bringing Up Mother' sure got a panning, didn't it?" he says. "Did you catch the sneak-preview?" The question knocked me cold, and slid all the self-confidence which he'd been building up clean out of me.

"No," I says, "but I saw something worse. I saw myself in 'Lillie of the Valley.' Chris, I was godawful!" To my surprise, he jumped up and started pacing the floor.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he snapped, "and maybe I don't either, but why are they having so many of these revivals? Why are people going to see you? It's not all curiosity. It's because some of those early show people had a slice of something. A certain umph! And speaking of umph, where is my little shooting star?"

"Where do you suppose?" I says. "In the kitchen, of course!" Before I got the words out of my mouth, Chris was following his nose and the perfume of lemon curd out of the room.

WELL, naturally, I would never have known exactly what went on in the kitchen during the next few moments, except for the accident of finding my face near the half-open back door and forgetting to remove it. As the poet says, "The end justifies being mean," and the only end I had in view was Betty's happiness. So I was mean enough to peek and see if she was getting it. But she wasn't.

"Beautiful," says Chris, strolling up to where Betty was topping off a lemon meringue pie, "the only trouble with this picture is the set. It ought to be my kitchen. When can we make the move?" Betty looked at him real cold, her chin in the air.

"If that is an offer of a job," she says, "I'm not taking any more jobs from you. I was burned once!"

"But not on my stove," says Chris. "I'll trade you a wedding ring for some of your coffee rings any day."

"Are you actually daring to propose to me?" says Betty loftily. "After the outrageous things you've done?"

"I certainly am," says Chris cheerfully. "I am offering you a home—Home on the Kitchen Range—new version cowboy chanty, beautiful! I am a director without much direction and a foggy future. But with you beside me. . . ."

"You mean a long way ahead of you," says Betty. "I only wonder you don't suggest casting me again. How many times do you expect me to be made a fool of?"

Chris got very serious then. "Never again," he says. "When I put you in that picture I let my heart get the better of my instinct. It wasn't a friendly turn I did you. I should have told you the truth the first day on the set and married you the next."

"So the part was a come-on," she says hotly.

"You know better." Chris was confident. "You know perfectly well that we fell for each other that first night before pictures even came into the conversation—which is an all-time record for fast work in Hollywood."

"I didn't," she cried. "I hated you! I only used you to get the job. You're always so sure about everything that I can't stand the sight of you!"

"You love me," says Chris.

"Get out," says Betty.

"If you'll come along," says Chris.

Betty's eyes were blazing. "I love you, and boy, how I love your pie!"

"I hate you," says Betty, "and as for the pie, well, you asked for it!" And before anybody but herself knew it, she had picked up the lemon meringue pie and flung it full into Chris' face.

WELL, if I had of had false teeth I would of swallowed them right then, trying to keep from laughing, especially as Chris commenced to emerge from the unexpected facial. And was he mad? Not one bit! He merely licked in as much of the pie as he could and wiped the rest off with his handkerchief.

"That, my dear," he says, "is exactly why you won't do in pictures. Pie throwing is dated. But the flavor is excellent even if the service was a little sudden. When we are married, we'll get a waitress with plenty of self-control."

For once Betty hadn't anything to say. She just stood there a moment staring at him. Then she burst into tears and ran out of the kitchen. And I ran out on the situation. I felt like I just had to walk off the excitement of seeing such a perfect husband going to waste.

ON the other hand, however, while Chris had given Betty a lot to think over, he'd gone off without a word about Mr. Reis. The pie had probably put it out of his mind on account it is undoubtedly hard to think clearly in a fog of lemon curd. But the fact that Mr. Reis was coming had to be broken to Betty and just how to let her know that I was the number he had in mind, was harder to figure out than a modern painting.

In the end, I decided to try and keep the entire business a secret from Betty until it was over. But this gave rise to further complications.

I was to serve cocktails and unescorted cocktails were out of the question. In a mansion of the size of this one I was presiding over for the moment (and, I might add, without the owner's knowledge), cocktails had to command a battalion of midget foodstuffs and when it came to making anchovies paste each other, why, I am like china in a bull-pen, as the saying goes. While with Betty, of course, all she had to do was wave a dish a few times and out would come a bunch of dwarf appetizers fit to make a professional chef jump on his cap with envy.

But to hire these things made cost money. That was a problem! Of course, my real No. 1 problem was how to get Betty out of the house without arousing her suspicions that I was up to something. And I couldn't think of a way on earth to do it, because nothing is harder to do than fool a person you live with everyday who is not your husband. Then suddenly while brooding over how to handle matters, I got a hunch on the less important half of my troubles and went into Jelliff's room.

"Jelliff," I says, "how would you like a nice big platter of cocktail eats for your lunch tomorrow?"

"I hate 'em," he says, showing the most life he had so far.

"But you're going to tell Betty that's

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

It's hard for friends to speak to a girl about a fault like underarm odor. And yet it's easy to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

No smart girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet. For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant . . . more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

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SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor for a full day or evening. In friendships—in love—complete daintiness is so all important that it's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be *sure* that you're sweet!

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NAME..... ADDRESS..... P5

all you feel like eating," I says firmly. "Don't say I suggested it, just ask her."

"I'll do pretty near anything for you, Marie," says Jelliff, "but. . . ."

"I will secretly slip you a schooner of soup," I says, "and you will secretly slip the hors d'oeuvres under the bed." Then I told him the reason. Jelliff grinned.

"As your manager," he says, "I agree to the maneuver."

WELL, that was one step in the right direction towards my zero hour, meaning that I greatly feared that exactly zero would come of my interview with Reis. But I still had to get Betty out of the house and when the next morning was as bright and fair as any claims of the Chamber of Commerce, I began hoping she would take a notion to go to the beach. But no, she got a sudden tidying-up fit, and went from room to room, picking up this and straightening out that, as busy as a hornet and about as welcome. Then, after lunch, just as I was about to break down and confess, who of all people would come to my rescue but Alex Lorm, the Adagio dancer, a chap who'd had an eye on Betty for some time, much to my disgust.

I must say I didn't like it to be him, nor did I like the way he got Betty to go out with him. The thing which made me uneasy, I overheard from the turn on the stairs while he was talking to Betty in the hall below, and I began to think all I was ever told in that house, was things which I was not supposed to hear.

"Have you made up your mind yet?" Lorm says in a funny sort of low tone. "I'm getting pretty tired of waiting."

"It's such a big step," Betty says, also real low. "I—I—hate to do it right now."

"See here," says Lorm, "I didn't hesitate to do a much bigger thing for you, did I?

"Don't you feel any obligation about that? Look at the risk I ran!"

"I know," says Betty, "and now I wish I hadn't let you do it!"

"But it's done," he says persistently. "Look here, we can get married if you like. Lots of dancing partners do. But you won't find many with a big original act like mine. Swing Adagio! It's new, it's different—it can't fail. The night clubs all over the country will eat it up!"

"And it is a possible way into pictures," Betty agreed reluctantly.

"You're doing the telling," says Alex. "Come on, let's get out of this and talk where we won't be overheard. If we stay here, first thing you know your Grandma will be doing your Swing Adagio act for Fanchon and Marco!" With which he whipped Betty out of the house.

WELL, a person can be so absolutely boiling mad that they are frozen to the spot and that was me for a moment. What on earth kind of favor had Alex done for Betty, I wondered? From his tone it sounded like murder, at the very least. Whatever it was, the poor kid evidently felt the boy had a hold on her! And worse yet, she actually appeared to be not only considering joining him in that new style Adagio act he'd been touting so long, but perhaps marrying the second hand sweetheart! Then all at once I remembered there was nobody but me to put a stop to all such outrageous nonsense and I immediately ran down the stairs to the front door meaning to stop them and give them a piece of my mind.

But, by the time I got to the terrace, the car was nowhere in sight and so there was nothing left for me to do at the moment except make peace *with* my mind, instead, and go get ready to receive the great Motion Picture Mongrel.

Well, the living room certainly looked like the lap of luxury when I got through with it, what with lots of flowers from the garden, and the drinks set out and Betty's beautiful fancy snacks which I only had to blow a little dust off of.

I chose a throne-like chair for myself and beside it I laid a good book. At least I judged it was a good book because with a binding like that it must of cost at least five bucks. After which I fixed Jelliff's door open a crack so's he could be ready with a man's protection. Then I sat down to wait in all the refined charm of black satin, pearls and my blue-white hair.

Well, anybody who has ever given a party or waited in a doctor's office or for a long distance phone call will agree with me that Hell is probably made up of waiting-time. One moment I thought Reis was never coming and the next I was afraid he would and after that, all I wondered was why, if I was looking for suspense, I hadn't tried it at the end of a rope over a rafter and been done with it.

However, there is an end to all things, even to getting chewing-gum off your fingers and at last a car drew up. I ran to the window to peek out, but it was only Chris. He kind of hesitated on the top step and looked around to see if Betty's car was parked in its usual spot. And when he saw it was gone he braced his shoulders and rang the bell.

"Hello, Marie," he says cautiously, "where is that slapstick comedienne of mine?"

"She's out," I says.

"Then I'm in," he replies, suiting the action to the word. "Do you know what she did to me?"

"I saw it," I says. "You must like lemon pie a whole lot to come back!"

"She sure can dish it out," he says cheerfully, "but I can take it. And now let's both calm ourselves. The great Whoosis will be here any minute now."

MR. REIS didn't wear any silk hat when he arrived but he had a high-hat manner, just the same. He was one of these picture men who started so low in life that they can never be satisfied until they top the tops. However, I was able to appreciate that kind of ambition, on account it is what I did myself. And so, in about two minutes, Mr. Reis and I were out refining each other for all we was worth.

"Nice place you've got here, Miss La Tour," he says, looking around, "charming, in fact."

"It's not bad," I says, "although it seems small after my little place on Long Island. I will be glad to get back there."

"Oh," says he quick, "you're only on a visit, then?"

"Just a pleasure trip," says I. "We may go on to Honolulu soon."

"I've been trying to persuade Marie to stay a while," Chris puts it. "But she doesn't care very much for the modern Hollywood."

"No," I says languorously, "it's too commercialized. I don't even care to see the studios."

"But, Miss La Tour," says Reis, "you can't imagine how things have advanced. Now our studio is really out to do big things. Intelligent pictures. Classies. I wish you would come out and look at what we are accomplishing!"

"You are so kind," I sighed, "but my social engagements are heavy. Perhaps when the dear Prince and Princess arrive to be my house guests they might like to see a studio."

"Ah, yes!" says Chris. "The Overleftskis, eh?"

"Prince Overleftski?" says Mr. Reis, pretending that he knew who they were, which was more than Chris or I did. "Oh, yes, bring them by all means! Pardon my asking, Miss La Tour, but have you ever thought of going back into pictures?" I raised my hands in delicate protest.

"Why no," I says, "why should I?"

"Well, you have not only a great name," says Mr. Reis, "but a prominent social standing. I believe people would like to see you on the screen."

I gave a well-bred little laugh. "You're very kind, but no," I says. "I really haven't the time."

"Chris says he has some interesting footage you let him make for a souvenir," says Mr. Reis, staring at me carefully. "I'd like to see it, for you are a very remarkable looking woman, if I may say so."

"Oh, my goodness," I says wide-eyed. "Why, that was just done for a joke!"

"I wish you would allow me to show it to Mr. Reis," says Chris, humbly, but not daring to look at me. "You see he has a wonderful story—and would I like to direct you in it!"

I ALLOWED myself a faint show of interest. "Why Chris, darling," I says, "if *you* were to direct me, that might really be a temptation." Then I turned to the stooge. "Mr. Reis, Chris is so brilliant," I says. "But then I always have heard that you were a genius at discovering people."

Mr. Reis nodded agreement. "So far I haven't made many mistakes," he says, "and that's why I'm interested in you. I've got a feeling, if we get together, there's a contract waiting—say a thousand a week."

"Oh, my dear man, don't be absurd," I says chuckling into my handkerchief.

Mr. Reis leaned over and patted my hand anxiously. "There now, don't be insulted," he begged. "I spoke too quick. Fifteen hundred."

"Mr. Reis," said Chris with dignity, "don't you realize Miss La Tour is not interested in money? A rich woman like her? The least you could offer her would be a substantial sum per picture."

Then he turned to me. "Would you take say twenty-five thousand to make one picture—and use it to buy that little place in Honolulu you were talking about? Come on now—why not, just for fun?"

AT that moment I paused to consider. Well, anyways, I paused, because I had looked out into the garden and there was Betty with that Alex Lorm. They were wandering around and talking earnestly and the sight certainly gave me a jolt.

The last thing I wanted was for them to come in right then and I watched anxiously until they turned and sat down by the swimming pool. Luckily, Chris' back was towards the French windows, leading out to the terrace, and I guess the expression on my face must of looked like serious thought to Mr. Reis, because he slapped his knee just as if Chris' suggestion had been his own.

"My own idea exactly," he says. "But what if the picture clicked? We'd want options. What do you say, Miss La Tour?"

I drew a long breath which sounded reluctant but was really a sigh of relief. "Well, I'm afraid you've persuaded me," I says. "I expect, Mr. Reis, you generally get your own way."

He chuckled and stood up. "Fine," he says. "I'll arrange to see that stuff Chris has right away, but I hardly think we need wait on it, because the society angle is great publicity. I am honored to have met you, Miss La Tour, and you'll be hearing from me soon."

"Delighted, I am sure," I says. And then I stopped short.

SOMEBODY who hadn't rung the doorbell was coming across the hall. There was a car outside and the sound of something heavy being set down in the entry. A voice called, "Put 'em here!" And then the living room door was flung open and there stood Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house, red in the face, big and fat and vulgar. At sight of me and the two men and the cocktails and flowers where she had left only dust-sheets, her red face grew purple.

"What's the meaning of this?" she gasped. "How dare you entertain in my living room?"

"Why, Mrs. Phoopher," I says, all weak inside. "This *is* a surprise!"

"I'll bet it is," she shouted, advancing on us like a one woman battalion of death. "When I hired you as caretaker I thought there was something phony about you!"

"*Caretaker?*" gasps Mr. Reis, reaching for his hat.

"Yes, caretaker," says my employer. "And if you call this taking care, *I* call it taking advantage! Mrs. Smith, please remove your company right now. Then pack your things, because you're fired. And to think if I hadn't been called home unexpectedly, I might never have known about this outrage!"

"Whoever you are," says Chris sternly, "you are the one who is behaving outrageously."

For a moment that stopped her and in the lull, Mr. Reis made for the door. There he turned and gave me a sarcastic smile and bow.

"See you in the society columns," he says, and with that he was gone.

CHRIS came over and took both my hands.

"Is it true that you are the caretaker here?" he asked gently. I couldn't speak because over his shoulder I could see that Betty and Alex Lorm had come to the garden windows and were standing there listening.

So I just nodded my head, wishing the floor would open up and swallow me whole.

"I'd no idea things were that bad," says Chris. "Good old Marie! You should have told me. Shall I stay and help?" I shook my head.

"I guess we can manage," I says. "There's not much to move—just our clothes and my old theatrical trunks . . . and Jelliff!"

"Then I'll go find a place you can move to," says Chris, "and be back by the time you're ready to go."

"Make it quick, young man," snapped Mrs. Phoopher. "I want this *lady* out of my house, and if there is anything missing, I'll call the police."

Chris gave my hand a little squeeze and was gone.

I looked towards the garden and saw Alex Lorm's white face as he mumbled something to Betty before he ran quickly out of sight around the corner of the house. I felt like I was going to faint and wished I could. But I didn't. Yet it was good to see Betty coming towards me with her arms outstretched.

Just when life looks blackest for Marie, a turn of events brings this lovable old character up against the most exciting adventure of her career. Don't miss this thrilling climax in JUNE PHOTOPLAY.

JOAN BLONDELL and DICK POWELL — two great Hollywood stars. They are happily married and have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this particular, fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black with jacket effect and green panels.

Do Hollywood Women Spoil Their Men?

(Continued from page 19)

amusing lovely. And there he was. And the romance began.

But the future looked dark for that romance. She was glamour epitomized. She liked dancing, night clubs, crazy entertaining ideas. To her, mornings were made for sleep, afternoons for thinking up something to do in the evening.

But he gets up at five.

He is off to shoot ducks, to ride horseback.

A fine how-do-you-do.

BUT now it's five years later. Our little star is lovelier than ever. Getting to bed at a reasonable hour hasn't hurt her and getting up to slaughter innocent ducks hasn't hurt her, either. She's learned to shoot; she's learned to pull her weight in a figurative boat; she's learned to take it—to rough it—and she likes it. Or so I assume.

Why wouldn't she? She's always been a good sport and this right-about-face of hers is just another step in good sportsmanship.

The gentleman in question still keeps out of night clubs and his favorite companion is a girl who at one time didn't know a pheasant from a partridge. They have built a sturdy companionship foundation to romance and perhaps they'll be married before you read this.

She's remade her life—she who can have men forming a line on the right to ask for a date, a glamorous woman whose career is still on the up-beat. She's become a crack tennis player and skeet shooter.

She can handle a shotgun as easily as a lipstick. She can pile out of bed at five in the morning, yank on boots, wool riding pants, a lumber jacket—not the most becoming of costumes—drink some scalding coffee and start out in a station wagon for a duck blind, over a mile of bumpy road into some God-forsaken wilderness where she'll kneel in mud and water, waiting and motionless, until the wedge-shaped flight of birds passes overhead against the morning sky. And when it's time to eat, it won't be crêpes Suzette!

Is that spoiling her man?

I don't think so. If she disliked hunting or sports in general more than she loved him, she had her choice—she could stay at home. If she was bored with skeet shooting, she could have found another man who was bored with it, too, and easily.

And I have no doubt that he makes concessions and goes her way now and then . . . but perhaps she has come to prefer his way to her own.

THERE are a few other little straws which point the way the wind blows. Simple things.

Claudette Colbert, for instance, used bright nail polish. Then she married. Her husband didn't like it. So she doesn't use it now.

(Aside . . . thank you, Doctor. I've always hated it myself.)

Jimmy Cagney can't stand hotels, so they say. (Maybe a hangover from his touring days. I wouldn't know. The only time I met him he was very comfortably situated in a hotel in New York, but maybe he didn't like it, at that.) However, recently the Cagneys built a new house and had to move from the old one before it was finished. It might have been easier for Mrs. Cagney if they had put up at a hotel for a few days. But, because Jimmy hated hotels, she didn't.

She moved into the quarters over the new garage instead.

You wouldn't think that Margaret Sullavan would give in to masculine whims, would you? Yet I read somewhere that her husband usually dines with a newspaper in front of him—in public, too. But she doesn't appear to object. There's much more to lose by arguing the point than you stand to gain.

Personally, I'd object. I think reading newspapers at the table—well, I'll except breakfast—is a little on the rude side. But it's Mrs. Hayward's problem, not mine.

I heard tell the other day that one of the very popular girls in Hollywood won't keep a date if the gentleman is late.

So the boys were accused of spoiling *her*. That's very silly! I think the young lady has taken an elegant stand.

You see there are more girls than men in Hollywood. And perhaps, therefore, some of the boys are spoiled—in the wrong way. They are at a premium as escorts, aren't they? So, maybe they thought they could get away with being late.

So it isn't spoiling the girl, if she locks the door when the bell doesn't ring at the right time. It's teaching the lads good manners.

I would go on record as saying that people who love each other very much and who concede something to each other's tastes and personal likes and dislikes aren't spoiling each other—they are building companionship.

Spoiling is something else again. Spoiling is building selfishness—in the man you spoil and in yourself, too—because sometimes it is easier to give in when you know you shouldn't and sometimes you like to feel a martyr, and sometimes you get a kick out of being a "good" wife.

That's spoiling a man, letting him have his way in things which are bad for him, bad for you, bad for your romance or your marriage. But to consider his tastes, his dislikes and likes isn't spoiling at all.

Ask the same consideration of him—and get it—and you have the makings of happy marriage.

Suppose he likes to—well, let's say bowl—and you like to go to the movies. All right, compromise. Bowl with him or, if it's a stag affair, let him go alone. Then, turnabout being fair play, see to it that he takes you to the movies as often as he goes bowling—or whatever it is he does.

In other words, spoil each other and you can't call it spoiling!

As for the Hollywood women who "spoil" their men. Maybe they do—I wouldn't know. I just know that they seem to have them.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

those crowds for half-hours at a time and be pulled at and yelled at . . . stand as George Brent did that night for a half-hour in the rain and sign his name on pieces of paper of every size and description and in most varying states of cleanliness . . . but if George was groaning inwardly he certainly didn't show it at all but signed to the very last request and then we got in the cab and dropped off the Bellamys at the theater they were going to and headed for sister Peggy's apartment, which by one of those coincidences turned out to be in the next building from the one in which I was staying in New York. . . .

THE idea was that we would stay at Peggy's, with her and her escort of the evening, and just talk quietly for a while, which we did . . . of George's months with a stock company, when he first was getting going as an actor . . . and of his marriage to that very interesting woman, Ruth Chatterton . . . and of his friendship with that even more interesting woman, Greta Garbo . . . and of the house he had built for himself in the loneliest and most beautiful of all the canyons around Beverly Hills . . . and of "Dark Victory" in which George thought he had the best part he had ever had on the screen and in which he said Bette Davis was magnificent. . . .

It was gorgeous talk that went on and on, so much so that when we heard the clock strike midnight I could not believe it could possibly be right. . . .

The striking of the clock, however, merely gave George another idea . . . "Listen, this is silly," he said. "We can always talk in Hollywood but in New York we should go to night clubs". . . .

"But you'll have to dress," said Peggy.

"I'll phone for my clothes," said George and with that he was on the telephone to his valet and within ten minutes the valet was there, with shoes, socks and black ties dangling over his arm, and I dashed home and threw myself into the nearest dress and gave one despairing glance at my hair, and then we were in a cab again and headed for El Morocco. . . .

The rope was up at El Morocco but after one glance at Mr. Brent the rope fell and immediately a small table appeared literally out of the air over the dancers' heads and was brought down almost in the exact middle of the floor . . . thither we were piloted and seated . . . and the headwaiter was there, bowing unctuously and the wine steward was there bowing unctuously and the orchestra leader began blowing the tunes in our direction and those photographers' flash-light bulbs began popping all over the place every time we got up and tried to dance . . . with that very suave young gentleman, Jerome Zerbe, finally getting the snap which you see on page 13 in which George looked handsome (as always) and I looked ghastly (also, as always). . . .

Nothing could have been in greater contrast, this place and the Third Avenue saloon . . . nothing could have been more calculated to go straight to the head than all that homage and flattery and attention . . . but it didn't bother George in the least . . . not any more than it bothered him when a friend came across the floor and asked to introduce his girl to George . . . or when a drunk stumbled by and muttered about these Hollywood heroes hogging the spotlight . . . or when the man came over who explained that he was an out-of-town detective there with another out-of-town detective and that he and his friend had made a bet, see, that George was George Brent but that even if he was he'd be too swell to come over to their table and talk with their wives . . . but would he be a pal and do it . . . so George did go over to their table for a minute or two. . . .

In all justice to them, I do not believe that one single person in all those people realized that actually they were being pretty rude breaking in on a stranger's personal privacy . . . I don't believe they realized that or that they were in turn demanding absolutely abnormal good manners on his part. . . .

FINALLY, however, the band went home and most of the crowd and I told George that whether or not he believed it, I did have a home and that I did have to go there sometime . . . so we came out into the street again . . . and the quality of the light made us glance at our watches in horror . . . it was six o'clock in the morning. . . .

Thirteen hours on a cocktail date . . . thirteen hours of swinging from the slums to Park Avenue, from very old acquaintances to talking to people you had never seen before . . . thirteen hours of a man's being polite and never losing his temper even under the most extreme provocation, and of being continually amusing. . . .

Maybe my friend is right . . . as I say, he really is much smarter than I am . . . and maybe thirteen hours like that are just a normal life-sized cocktail date to him . . . and to the average person . . . but I don't think so . . . and I know for me they aren't . . . and that they are only possible when they are of Hollywood, or in Hollywood, or by Hollywood, as this one was. . . .

But he's right about one thing and no argument . . . that Mr. Brent is certainly much handsomer than average . . . and as for being charming . . . ah, woe is me and darn that Garbo . . . after all, there's just no sense in trying to compete with a dame like that.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

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The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

A proposal to the Girl who has never had a proposal

Use a Long-Lasting Deodorant

"Every girl needs a true perspiration check that her bath cannot render ineffective . . . that will not fail her after tennis, a walk, dancing."

Dorothy Dix

SO many attractive girls make the mistake of thinking their charm is completely protected when in reality they may be safe for a short time only.

They do not seem to realize that it takes a true. *long-lasting perspiration check* to insure long-lasting daintiness. One that cannot be neutralized by a bath, that cannot fail you just when you want to be most appealing.

You may start out fresh and sweet, but are you still sweet and appealing after an evening of dancing? You may not be unless both that little hollow under your arm *and* your dress are completely dry! Are you still protected against perspiration odor after a warm afternoon of shopping or a walk or a fast game of tennis?

BE SURE!

Remember, even though you think you do not perspire enough to matter—you do—everyone does. Especially when you are nervous—and you're most apt to be just when you're trying to make your very best impression! No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspiration has been allowed to collect on your *dress*, it will betray you.

If you think you are the exception, smell the armhole of your dress when you take it off. It may explain why you have been "unlucky in love." And why women of refinement use Liquid Odorono—a doctor's prescription—a *long-lasting* perspiration check which controls dampness, odor and staining.

EASY—SAVES TIME!

Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm *completely dry*, as well as sweet, from 1 to 3 days. Why *hope* you'll stay glamorous when it is so easy to be *sure?* Thousands of discriminating women use Odorono regularly with complete satisfaction. Liquid Odorono brings sure freedom from any embarrassment—or even the *fear* of embarrassment.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Most women require only two applications a week. Think how that simplifies the problem of daily daintiness! The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

VOLUPTÉ

Paris has gone pretty . . . and so has Volupté Lipstick, in a new CANDID PINK shade . . . bound to set hearts a-flutter. Fresh, bright, CANDID PINK may be provocatively pretty in that HUSSY of a shiny Lipstick, "H". OR

"Pretty, Please!" with

Candid Pink

demure . . . be pretty, please, in CANDID PINK. But—shiny or sheenless—provocative or lovely LADY of a sheenless Lipstick, "L". artless and most appealing . . . in that tender . . . demurely pretty . . .

VOLUPTÉ

Why Not Be Somebody?

(Continued from page 17)

picture wholly mental, then it is in our thinking that we must do our practicing.

We must practice to be somebody just as we would practice to be a good pianist, a poet, a minister, an engineer, anything worth while. The pianist would never advance from the simple finger exercise without practice. Neither can we advance toward becoming somebody without practicing the elements that make a person important and necessary and the first element upon which we must begin is *honesty*.

Honesty of purpose was the first thing I looked for in a young player brought to me for dramatic training in the Little-Theater-on-the-Lot at RKO Studios. You would truly be surprised to know how many of these youngsters, fortunate enough to be put under contract as beginners, did not keep faith with themselves or the studio.

They *must* have started out with a yearning desire to make something of themselves. The studio had enough faith in their sincerity to put them under contract and pay them while they learned. They said they wanted to learn. Well, they will probably wake up, all of them, some day; but, in the meantime, who is cheated? Had they known HOW to be honest to a purpose, faithful to an opportunity, see the time that could have been saved.

We need to be honest with ourselves! In the sanctuary of our thinking where no one may come with us unless invited, where we hold council with ourselves and make decisions, here, right here is where honesty begins and abides. It is from here our thoughts are mirrored in speech and action.

Shakespeare was so right when he said:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

This above all!

It takes a heap of self-examination to be true to "thine own self." You must be alert and alive to everything that person who is you is thinking and doing, and the only hope of properly judging him, correcting him, strengthening him, is absolute honesty with him. Self-honesty is the only basis from which you can advance and it isn't some newfangled basis either. It is part and parcel of that ancient admonition, "Know thyself."

YOU are probably not old enough yet for your life to have taken on any definite design. But, regardless of your choice of a life work, you need nothing now so much as the hammering and chiseling of experience in many things. You girls who will choose to be wives and mothers as your future . . . oh, you must definitely be somebodies! The whole of the next generation depends on that!

It is highly improbable that any of you are qualified to judge, as yet, where you will be best suited to serve the world. Your problem is to begin serving.

Service! Did you ever stop to think that every work you ever do, everything you ever do is serving?

Now, don't get the idea that I am dancing gracefully into the indefinite or being a Pollyanna when I give you "Service" as the keynote of a successful, happy life! The greatest Exemplar of human living, when asked how best a person could be somebody, almost two thousand years ago, turned to His inquisitor and said, "He who would be great among you, let him serve." He wasn't just talking. He was stating one of the fundamental laws of human living.

We cannot become somebody, be important either to ourselves or the world, unless we serve. Any right activity is service and activity is the piano upon which we must do our practicing. It is genius that "develops itself in solitude," but character develops itself "in the stream of life."

If you haven't some worthy activity in your life now, get one. It is as necessary to you as breathing! If you are already up and about doing something, broaden it, deepen it, enlarge upon it.

WOULD you like to hear about a boy you all know, who, believing that to be somebody a person first has to serve, proved it?

His name is Ben Alexander.

I've known Ben since he was four. He was a child star in the "old silent days" of motion pictures.

Children stars in those days were not paid so generously as they are today, so Beth, his mother, had little opportunity to lay away any considerable sum of money against the day when her boy would come to his in-between age.

The awkward age came. Ben had some small picture assignments, but nothing that could be counted on to meet his needs.

You may not know it, but there is something pretty terrifying in having once been a needed person, one whose services were clamored for, to find yourself suddenly no longer needed. Ben's friends who loved him, suffered for him.

Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie at the "Little Princess" preview. Insiders insist this is no studio romance, but the real thing—love!

Then, one day, something happened to Ben. He wanted to do things and it seemed nobody wanted to let him do things. "All right," he seemed to say to himself, "I'll find *something* to do. I won't just sit here like a lump on a log!"

Quietly he went about it. Soon his friends learned that Ben was helping in the supervision of basketball, football, swimming, on the playgrounds among the boys in his community. He was always disappearing early from parties . . . he was "taking some youngsters up to the mountains to camp" . . . or something. "Well, it's something to do," he would say.

One day we all had a call from Ben asking us to listen in to a certain radio broadcast. One of the boys on the camping trip had a friend in radio and had introduced Ben to his friend. Ben was to be on a sustaining hour. "Oh, there isn't any money in it . . . but it's something to do . . . and you never can tell. . . ."

Ben was on that program week after week for months, maybe a year. Nothing came of it . . . yet he never relaxed. He gave to the best of his ability every broadcast.

Then, oh joyful news! Our Ben had found a sponsor! Ben was to be master of ceremonies. Ben was to get a good salary. Everybody who knew him rejoiced!

Then Ben Alexander did a very Ben Alexanderish thing! He set up his goal posts . . . but right now! He entered a famous university where today he is a student, and commutes twelve hundred miles a week by air between the school and his broadcasts.

And, then, the story of Ben took a wonderful twist: RKO pictures announced that, because of Ben's new popularity, they had signed him to play an important rôle in "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off." Since then, he has also made "Convict's Code" for Monogram.

Insisting upon being of service, something to do, some place to begin (simply taking boys on a camping trip) . . . do you think Ben Alexander had any idea where it would carry him? Do you think the doubting, ineffectual, confused Ben could have been changed into the confident, sought-after, definite somebody who is Ben today were it not for his demand for activity?

INSIST upon activity, even though you must manufacture it . . . make it out of nothing. You cannot become somebody sitting still!

If you have an activity, especially if it is one for which you are being compensated with salary, be sure you are paying the services you owe. Strange, but it isn't so important to the one to whom we owe the service that we pay it. It is important to *us* that we pay it!

For instance: Lucille Ball came on our lot as a model in the picture "Roberta." Along with several other girls from that picture she was put under contract as a beginner and sent to my classes.

She was a gay, witty, laughing girl who many people instantly judge as being wonderfully amusing but none too serious about it all. Lucille was having a wonderful time!

During the first few class sessions, I watched her closely. She had "the flair," all right! I called her into my

ffice for the first of many, many heart-
-heart talks.

Our conference began on a high note, lled with humor, but somehow I sensed ne deep yearning to be somebody cov-red cleverly by all that gaiety and nose gags. I dove for it!

"Lucille," I said, "what would you ive to be a star in two years?"

The laughter died out of her clear, lue eyes.

She nearly gasped aloud. Then saw her mentally gauge the work nd struggle that stood between er and such an achievement. (After wo sessions with me, my students nderstand that a career on the screen n't pulled out of a hat.)

Lucille looked squarely into my eyes. h, here was the Lucille Ball I wanted meet!

"I'd give half my life, Lelee," she nswered.

"Odd, but that isn't what it takes, ny dear," I said. "However, I know hat you mean . . . but why?"

Again the answer did not come at nce. She looked away for a moment, nen back at me, seemingly dreading put her thoughts into words lest I hink them too sentimental. But she as courage, that Lucille! "Because I vant to be somebody in this business nd"—the rest was harder to admit, so knew it was nearer her heart—"be-ause—well—the bosses had faith enough n me to give me this chance, and I vant to—well—make good for them, I uess."

"You fulfill that line about the bosses, ucille," I answered, "and the other ne will take care of itself."

CAST her in a play to be done by ne students in the little theater. Lucille vas not to play the leading rôle, but n important part. It meant long hours, or she was doing bit work in pictures uring the day and rehearsing with me t night.

It was during the last week of our ehearsals that Lucille experienced her rst discouragement. She was called or a bit in "Top Hat," the current Astaire-Rogers picture. She was to vork with Mr. Franklin Pangborn in he flower-shop scene.

On her first day of work I had a rantic call from Mark Sandrich, the irector, to come to the set at once. I've worked two hours to get this scene ut of Lucille," he explained, "and I an't waste any more time . . . it's cost-ng too much money. She's not ready o do important things . . . and this cene is important."

(Yes, acting looks easy. The players eem to just stand there registering ome emotion, looking beautiful or andsome, as the case may be. But cting isn't easy!)

There stood Lucille, helpless, almost n tears. Mark's heart was touched. A udden inspiration. "I know what I'll lo," he said, "I'll give the important ines to Mr. Pangborn . . . it will work ust as well . . . and I won't have to urt her by taking her out."

But, it didn't fool Lucille. She knew he had failed. She wept bitter tears over it later, but it couldn't dull her determination. Rather, I think, it pointed out to her how very much she had to learn before she could hope to stand beside seasoned performers and hold her own.

A WEEK later she was the hit of our play. I cast her in another. Now she was to have the leading rôle. We talked it over very seriously. It was an ambitious undertaking. However, it turned out it would be seen by all the heads of the studio . . . the producers, the directors. (If Lucille is in this business of acting for fifty years she will never have a longer or tougher assignment.)

Her sincerity was tested severely, but she never cried quits or asked for quarter. More often she begged, "May we go over it just once more, Lelee, or are *you* too tired?" She wore the rest of the cast down to nubbins, to say nothing of me.

This was a courtroom drama in which Lucille, playing the part of an actress accused of the murder of her husband, was acting as her own attorney and defending her own case. She had forty cues of "I object!" To keep in mind her own speech to follow, she had to learn the entire play . . . everybody's part.

After the play had rehearsed for six weeks and had been open to the public for several weeks, Lucille was still coming into the theater at six o'clock every night and studying her part until curtain time . . . eight-thirty. Her performance certainly showed it. She was magnificent!

Lucille gave up friends, saw almost nothing of her family, gave up parties and outings and spent every waking hour in that dingy little theater when the California sun and the beaches were calling. We even rehearsed Sundays! This began in the winter of 1935.

In the winter of 1937 Lucille got her first major rôle in "Stage Door" with Katharine Hepburn and my Ginger. You will remember her as the girl who left the theatrical boardinghouse to marry the Seattle lumberman . . . the funny girl who was always taking Ginger on blind dates.

In the spring of 1938, the studio announced they were starring Lucille Ball!

That first star billing read: Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball in "The Affairs of Annabel."

Right here, let us pause and do some addition:

A girl
Honesty
Sincerity
Purposefulness
Ambition
Sacrifice
Hope

Result: SUCCESS! SOMEBODY!
What a triumph!

THERE were those in my classes who would come to the theater in evening clothes, all ready to go to a party or dancing at the Trocadero as soon as I would dismiss them.

Their "dates" would come for them and sit in the back of the theatre impatiently waiting. To these, class was a duty they owed the studio in return for their salaries. They had the cart before the horse.

But, there were also the two guest students, not on contract at the studio, not being paid while they learned, whom I permitted to take the work along with the others because I believed in them and their sincerity.

Both of these are now in pictures with nice contracts: Russell Hayden and Phyllis Kennedy.

With your very next thought . . . no this thought . . . begin to put into practice the consecration of every thought to some worthy achievement. Insist upon serving, with honesty of purpose, with self-examination, without self-indulgence. If you seem to have no place to begin, make one. Start at something. Right activity will lead you to your proper place.

If you have something to do now, remember . . . it is inevitable that when we pay to the fullest a service we owe, ours is the richer reward.

*Sturdi-flex—ideal figure fabric

says Hollywood Designer

Millions of women wear and love Kleinert's Sturdi-flex because:

- its *controlled stretch* rubber smooths away bulges,
- its *new needlepoint perforations* permit evaporation of healthy perspiration,
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- its *slide-fastened back* opening makes it easy to put on,
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Just go to the Notion Counter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for YOU. A wide variety of step-ins from $1.25 and all-in-ones from $2 up.

Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

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*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TORONTO . . . NEW YORK . . . LONDON

How Irene Dunne Succeeded Without Glamour

(Continued from page 24)

most worth-while women I have ever met and I'd like you to know her as I do.

When I was in Hollywood, a few weeks ago, I was taken by my brother out to the Santa Anita race track. On a Saturday you will find a great many Hollywood celebrities watching the horses run in that incredibly beautiful setting among the Sierras and the eucalyptus trees and the blazing flower gardens.

Sitting peacefully at a table with Virginia Bruce and a group—just above us were Mary Pickford, the Grand Duchess Marie and Jimmy Roosevelt—I was suddenly startled by such a wild rocket of cheering as I had never heard even over a Notre Dame touchdown. Sixty thousand people were standing up whooping as the horses came out on the track.

"What in the world—" I said.

"Wait," they told me. "Wait and watch. See that horse there—the last one—well, that's Malicious."

"Who," I said, "is Malicious?"

"Malicious has never lost a two-mile race on this track in four years," they said. "He's wonderful. Just watch."

Well, Malicious did no cutting up at the barrier. Other horses rocketed and pawed and broke, but Malicious stood—a little bored, I thought—and got away to a fair start. Now, a two-mile race is a very long race, indeed. But when the field came by the grandstand at the end of the first mile I was bewildered and disappointed. Malicious was running easily and quietly and very unconcerned—fifteen lengths behind the rear horse in the pack.

"You're all crazy," I said. "Why, I wouldn't give you a nickel for his chances."

"No?" they said.

The field went into the far turn and suddenly the loud-speaker boomed down at us. The announcer's voice was shaking with glee and excitement, "Here comes Malicious!" And again sixty thousand people began to yell.

Just how it was done I'll never know. Still running with the supreme ease of the thoroughbred, here came Malicious. At the mile and three quarters he was even—coming into the stretch he began to make his bid. And sailed under the wire with incredible aplomb—seven lengths ahead of the place horse.

When he came back to the grandstand for his jockey to weigh in, he turned his head and looked up at the crowd and I swear he winked—well, maybe not, but his expression conveyed the impression that he wished to wink.

When the parade of champions takes place at Santa Anita each year, the stars and great ones of Hollywood stand and salute—not the great Seabiscuit, not the Handicap winner, Stagehand—but their favorite, Malicious. It is the same with the entire crowd. They salute and cheer some quality in Malicious that they do not find in the more spectacular winners.

KNOWING Irene Dunne's divine sense of humor, I am quite sure she will not mind being compared to that great thoroughbred, Malicious.

There is something in her that isn't glamour, that isn't sex appeal, that isn't genius or temperament or beauty. It's the thoroughbred quality that never lets you down, no matter how long the distance, how tough the opposition, how far behind in the early race.

It hasn't been as much advertised as glamour and it's quite as indefinable. But it's written all over Irene Dunne's thoroughbred face. The real qualities of screen favorites, I believe, come through to us by some soul-searching ray in the camera. We knew, for instance, that Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow matched each other, great soul for great soul, big heart for big heart, though no two women ever looked so differently.

When you see Irene Dunne on the screen your heart warms because there, say you, is a good girl in a pinch, a girl who will stay the course, who will always be trying and giving you her best. There used to be a song about "She was bred in old Kentucky . . ." and that's where Irene Dunne was born and bred and she belongs to its best traditions.

One of my first experiences with her was on the radio. The radio hadn't discovered Hollywood in those days, or Hollywood hadn't discovered the radio. Anyhow, it was one of the first radio interviews with screen stars—and I had the remarkable combination of Jean Harlow and Irene Dunne, I've forgotten why.

Around the lot Miss Dunne had the reputation of being pretty high-hat, very poised and very, very much a lady. While Jean, who had just come through deep waters of tragedy and scandal, was known as a package of dynamite. And when we went down to the radio studio I was in some trepidation as to whether I'd be blown through the mike by Jean or frozen stiff in front of it by Miss Dunne.

In my long experience I've never seen such a case of mike fright as the poised and stage-experienced Irene Dunne got for herself. There is nothing worse, let me tell you, in human experience than mike fright. Two seconds before I popped the first question at her, she was rigid, there was sweat on her pretty forehead and her eyes were glassy. I made ready to take over with Jean, who was bubbling with adventure, as usual.

But Irene Dunne never let anybody down. Her responses were not only charming, they were clever, warm and spontaneous. If her hands and knees shook her voice darn well didn't.

And I shall always remember that going home—Jean and her mother had left—she said, "That's the first time I'd met Miss Harlow. I didn't know she was such a fine woman—and such a lady."

Since a great many people didn't know that about Jean, the thought came to me that it took one lady to recognize another.

IRENE DUNNE resisted a good many temptations in her early career—oh, believe me. They wanted her to put on an early burst of speed. They wanted her to make headlines. They wanted her to acquire glamour.

But the girl from the Kentucky bluegrass knew it was a long race. She knew she had enough to stick in there with for the first mile—and she wanted to have enough left for the finish.

I've always had a very strong hunch that Miss Dunne has a deeper understanding of the American way, the American heart, than a great many other actresses have had. A great many of our biggest stars, as we all know, have been born across the Canadian border, or across the seas. Irene was born in Kentucky and her father built and owned and captained Ohio River steamboats. There isn't anything closer to the heart of America than those arteries that have meant so much in our history of war and peace and pioneering and development.

From the very beginning, Irene Dunne had quite consciously an idea of remaining herself. I know that because she told me so. She admired extravagantly the glamour girl. Admired the spectacular—for actresses. People, she said, wanted excitement and drama around the colorful figures shining on the heights of Hollywood.

"But it's not for me," she said. "That's one side of it. There's another. It's smart to be conservative—if you're born conservative. I was. I'll play along that way—being myself."

Therefore, today Irene Dunne is in many ways closer to the real American woman than any other screen star. In magazines we have a phrase known as "R I," which means reader identification. The thing which makes the reader identify himself with the character or story or background—either by means of hope or familiarity or application to himself in some way.

Irene Dunne has more audience identification than anyone else because, while we may admire and envy the glamour girl, we do it from a distance. When we see Irene Dunne we know we're like that—or almost like that—and we might have those things that happen to her happen to us.

THERE isn't much historical data on Irene Dunne. In 1926 she graduated from the Chicago College of Music. For one season she was under contract to the Metropolitan Opera Company. She sang light opera—prima donna rôles—and while appearing in "Irene" made a screen test. Once in Hollywood, she decided to make pictures her goal.

She has been married for almost eleven years—since July 16, 1928—to Dr. Francis Griffin, a New York dentist, who has now moved his practice to Hollywood. They have one adopted daughter, Mary Frances Griffin, now four years old.

Irene's house in Holmby Hills—between Hollywood and the sea—is a bright, charming, delightful place which is not pointed out by the sight-seeing busses because it looks exactly like most of the other charming, conservative houses around it. Very few people in the Movie Capital know Mrs. Griffin, not because she does a Garbo, but because she doesn't care for society in a big way. When you dine with her, you might be dining with any other well-bred American woman.

Now, as a rule, I do not care for my actresses to be just like everybody else. It bores me. I like 'em to be temperamental and get into trouble and have love affairs and live a life that is exciting. The "cooking is my hobby" and "I'd rather be alone with a good book" school has never intrigued me.

The point is that Irene Dunne means it, is it—and has quietly, conservatively and smartly made it pay enormous dividends. It's real and it reaches out to your heart and mine.

As a matter of fact, she doesn't like cooking and she prefers music to books. Her collection of phonograph records is priceless and her radio brings her the New York world of music from which she is separated most of the time.

IT isn't the outward mask of Irene Dunne that is like the ideal American woman. It's her heart.

When you think of anyone you like and admire a great deal, some one char-

acteristic always stands out. In Irene Dunne it is indubitably her sense of humor. I don't in the least mean that she goes roaring around the place laughing at nothing or that she puts electric batteries under her guests' chairs or that she is always getting off some quotable wisecrack. Looking back over the story conferences upon which we have happened to be present together I can't remember anything she ever said that was particularly witty. Only little quiet, very sane comments, put in a shrewd, twinkling little way.

"It's very nice of people to call me a lady," she said once. "But I do hope they'll remember it's important to be a woman first."

Her sense of humor is particularly American. It serves her twenty-four hours a day, but it never bobs up at the wrong time. I mean, she hasn't that dreadful habit of suddenly starting to talk about night clubs like someone out of a bad novel just when you actually want to be serious.

Only, it's there. It's the kind of a sense of humor you'd like to think St. Peter will possess when you arrive at the pearly gates. It's the sort that Abraham Lincoln possessed—it comes out strongest when things are most difficult. It eases situations. It is tied up with a sort of divine tolerance and it can be turned upon herself.

You can't work on the same lot with a woman for a year without knowing her real character. Irene Dunne would be the most amusing, most balanced, most adorable "best friend" in the world.

THERE is another thing about which she has thoroughly understood us and, following that understanding, has given us something refreshingly dear to our hearts.

We are not, actually, a hectic nation. We go along humorously amused by life as long as anybody will let us. We like a bit of excitement, to be sure, but all this wild merry-go-round business really isn't for us. We grow very weary.

Let me see—well, again I must depend on Irene's sense of humor.

My favorite sport is six-day bicycle races. During the six days that they go on in Madison Square Garden I am completely demoralized. I get no work done. My family, as far as I know, eats off the pantry shelves. I spend my time watching the bike races.

When my startled friends want to know why I adore this form of sport far more than anything else, I am bewildered—or was. I have finally solved it. I like it because of the in-between-times. Of course, I am as good a fan as any and during the hour sprints and the wild jam sessions, when forty bicycles are leaping about at fifty miles an hour and crashing like comets, I stand and yell without ceasing.

But then it's over for a while. Everybody sits down and relaxes. The riders coast around with a gentle rhythm. Everybody eats peanuts and drinks lemonade and drifts around talking to friends or gets into long conversations about this and other races with perfect strangers. Sometimes you even doze a bit, if it's very early in the morning or very late at night. Hot dogs taste delicious. A cigarette can be enjoyed to the last puff. You get up and walk all the way around the Garden and discuss the scores and the points and sometimes you get a chance to visit with your best friend or you find yourself in an argument about labor or Roosevelt or anything at all.

Then, suddenly, there's a yip, a mad scramble—they're off again and you're tense for another twenty minutes—or two hours.

That is the way I like life, sports—and people.

IRENE DUNNE has that quality. Sometimes she can be hectic, exciting, thrilling and appealing. But she doesn't do it to you all the time, either in her performance or her personality. She doesn't wear you down. Or out. Part of her charm is that sometimes you can relax and wait for the next bit of excitement. Men don't want to make love to women every minute—they like to sit and talk. Women don't want their best friend always to be in the midst of some tragedy or drama—sometimes they just like to sit and talk.

That's the American way, at least.

In those things lies the secret of Irene Dunne's phenomenal success—without glamour. The girl nobody thought would survive has, in the long race, come in ahead of so many who seemed far away from her—because in her own wise and witty way she's a real American gal and she understands us.

Sometimes she rises to fine heights of acting. Sometimes she's a magnificent comedienne. Sometimes she's beautiful—romantic melody at its best. It's all real. And between times, you can sort of be right friendly with her, and sit down and share a hot dog and a bag of peanuts.

Why American Men Don't Want to Marry Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 31)

dark, tall or thin, rich or poor, but I can tell you this about her now: she's going to be a nonentity."

So the obscurity-hounds—the haters of publicity—the men who don't enjoy the spotlight—are another group delivered from that queue suing for the moving-picture star's favor and handed back to the rest of the feminine population to battle over.

They form a surprisingly large and vehement group, too. They shudder in sympathy with the husband of Claudette Colbert, whom Claudette so zealously tries to protect by wistfully begging the cameramen to, "Take all the pictures you like of me, but let my husband alone."

Cameramen do not let Miss Colbert's husband completely alone. No husband of a moving-picture star can enjoy complete obscurity. And the marriageable men of 1939 are well aware of it.

Our Wall Street Irishman blamed publicity for the Hollywood mortality in marriages. But many of the other single gentlemen found a more fundamental reason for the plentiful divorces in the screen colony.

THE next stop on our bachelor parade turned out to be a man with a snug oil-refinery business and high ideals of what a marriage ought to be. He based his reluctance to marry a star on "their record."

"The girls in Hollywood," he said, "don't stick.

"That goes for minor actresses, as well as stars. They live in an abnormal atmosphere, where the standards of what is important in life are turned topsy-turvy by their interest in getting

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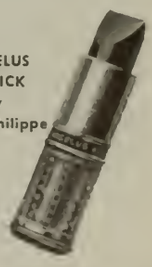

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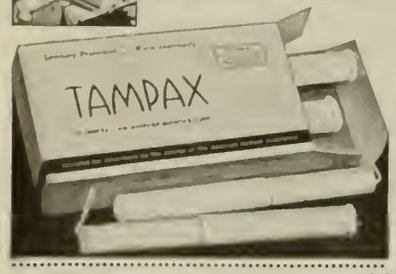

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on with their careers. The 'better or worse' clause might just as well be dropped out of the Hollywood marriage ceremony.

"I wouldn't mind having a wife who worked, so long as she kept a sense of proportion about it and considered her marriage the one enduring fact of our existence. But nobody in Hollywood seems to feel that way about it. The important thing there, to which every other interest must be sacrificed, is a moving-picture career.

"Give me a wife from Boston or New York or Kankakee, Illinois, or Paris, France. But don't try to talk me into paying court to any girl from Hollywood, California. They're poison in the home."

Well, this young man spoke for himself and for a large percentage of the bachelors polled. Idealists—perhaps the best husband-material that there is—do not trust girls who have grown up in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the studios. They would much rather find a wife who has never blinked under a klieg light. And that, fortunately for us, takes in most of the marriageable women in America.

So men don't want to marry Hollywood actresses. Their reasons for shying away from them are sometimes ingenious in their variety. Take, for example, the objection voiced by a fine, athletic husband-to-be from the Senior class of one of the Big Three colleges.

"Marry a star—dear heavens, no!" he said. "It's bad enough to have one person in a household worrying about money and contacts and office politics. But to have two of them doing it—no, thank you, that's fatal. Earning a living is a pretty hardening experience. It breaks down your faith in human nature, at some stage of the game, and it calls for a certain brutality when the competition becomes keen.

"A man may be able to survive the process and remain a human being, say two times out of five. A career-woman can, just conceivably, turn the trick: I'd say her chances were one out of ten. But put two people on the make into the same home and your percentages are low. At least one of you is going to become brittle, hard-boiled and unlovable.

"I'd rather take my chances on a girl who wouldn't be worth five dollars a week to any employer in the world. She'd be feminine, and she might keep me from turning into a sour old misanthrope."

THEN there is Mr. X, whose blond good looks recall the Vikings. He has a nice medical practice in a small-sized town. His abhorrence of the idea of marrying a movie star—in which he yields to no one—is based on the fact that few actresses wish to have children of their own.

"I know about Margaret Sullavan and Joan Blondell," he said, "and I suppose there are a few others like them, who are willing to risk their figures and to miss their salary checks while they take time out for motherhood. But that point of view is scarcely typical of Hollywood. Most of the stars who have children at all get them from a fancy orphanage in Chicago.

"This is deeply indicative of the whole Hollywood state of mind. These woman are money-mad and celebrity-mad and they will sacrifice their desire for children to their manias.

"Well, motherhood is perhaps the strongest instinct that a woman has. If she'll toss *that* overboard for her career, what chance for surviving has her love for her husband?

"No Hollywood wife for me!"

Then there was the engaging young man who earns his living as—of all things—an actor, on Broadway.

"I know," he said, "what a tough job it is to keep your emotions honest in the theater. After you've acted a Great Lover rôle anything you say to your girl, in private life, has a phony, theatrical ring. I can't tell any woman, 'I love you,' because the words have come to mean the climax of a heavy rôle to me and that is all.

"Well, with hard work and by watching myself, I can manage to forget I'm an actor most of the time in private life. I hope, some day, to be able to feel a perfectly sincere emotion for a girl and to express it without thinking about turning my profile toward the spotlight. But if *she* were an actress, too, heaven help us both! We'd never get beyond the technicalities of love-making behind the footlights and we'd be continually scrapping for the center of the stage.

"I want to marry a girl who has never had a part even in a high-school play. Perhaps, then, her emotions would be natural and unspoiled."

Did all the men interviewed shy away, with repugnance, from the idea of marrying a star? No, not quite all. Two of the bachelors said that they would have no objection to placing a wedding ring on the finger of the most glamorous, famous, $5,000 a week actress in the industry. But—and here's the catch!—both of them said they would insist that their wives should immediately abandon their careers.

Why?

"Because I don't believe a marriage can be happy when the wife's success overshadows the husband's," said one.

"Because I don't want my wife to be seen in emotional undress by any Tom, Dick or Harry with half a dollar to spend. I want her charms reserved for me alone," said the other.

These men, and the school they represent, might conceivably woo one of the glamour girls of the screen. But—cheer up—it's unlikely that the conditions they lay down would be accepted. For all practical purposes, they are still in circulation so far as the rest of us are concerned.

SO perhaps we aren't missing so much, after all, when we sit in the gloom of the darkened theater with our six-dollar permanent waves and our thirteen-dollar frock and think, "If I had *her* money and her fame, I'd bring Harry to his feet, all right."

If Harry is at all like the majority of eligible American men, a Hollywood income and a Hollywood career would make him run like a frightened rabbit.

Moving-picture stardom has a lot of things to recommend it—but it doesn't include the ability to marry the nicest bachelors in America today.

What these marriageable young men want in a wife is obscurity and not too much beauty; an income smaller than their salaries and a willingness to let them battle the world for two; a desire to have babies and a point of view which puts marriage first. By this measuring stick, a girl may go to work in an office or a hospital, a factory or a department store, and attract the men in droves. But she can't take up a Hollywood career!

The Great Autograph Conspiracy

(Continued from page 29)

I got Pops' boy to serve it on her just as she was leaving school. Had consultation with Pops. He refuses to handle my case on acc't of it's out of his particular field of law.

LIFE is full of Fate. Last Thursday on my way home I stopped to gaze intently in the window of the Gotham Book Mart because there was a mirror there. Suddenly I became conscious of a Stranger gazing in also, but he was looking at the books. When I looked it wasn't a stranger at all but Basil Rathbone! My first thought was of Barbara. I wanted to phone her but of course wouldn't risk losing him. I watched him through the mirror and something caught his eye, but it wasn't me, it was a book, and he went inside. I followed.

The shop was full of books and he browsed, so I pretended to browse, kicking myself for not having my album with me. The girl in the shop seemed to know him and they talked about a certain book. It was rather deep and I understood everything but the meaning, but I tried to remember every word for poor Barb who would give ten years of her life to be in my sandals.

He was rather attractive and not at all villainish, but I wouldn't allow myself to have any feelings for him other than platonic on acc't of him being my best friend's ex-pash.

He bought some books and while the girl was wrapping them up I seized opportunity by the forelegs and said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Rathbone, but I feel as if I knew you intimately."

"That's very nice of you," he said. "I know I've seen your face somewhere." His voice was sort of deep and historical, or rather histrionic.

"You have," I said, "out at Belmont Park, at the World's Fair, outside of the Warwick and the Algonquin, theaters, National Broadcasting Company. In fact my chum and I have been following you around for a week."

"Your devotion is touching," he said. "I'm embarrassed."

"I'm not devoted," I told him, because I didn't want him to get any false ideas. "It's my chum Barbara Drew. She has a weakness for villains. I've tried to cure her but it's no use."

The girl came with the books.

"I suppose you want my signature," he said.

"I have it three times," I admitted, "but I can always use another. But if you don't mind, could I introduce Barbara to you? It might dissillusion her and then she would be cured. Even if it doesn't, it will make her so happy as you are one of her ex-grand pashes."

"It's awfully nice of her to still take a kindly interest in me," he said, rather sadly, I thought.

"Some fans are fickle. When they are through with a star they cast him aside like a worn-out glove. But not me and Barb."

"I'm leaving for Boston. You'll have to make it soon."

"Immediately, if I can get her," I suggested.

"No. Let's say Monday for tea at my hotel at 4:30. Is that all right?"

"It's wonderful," I said, "and thank you so much."

He left and I took a taxi up to Barb's

for which I made her pay half because I knew she'd consider it worth it to hear every word before I forgot it. We discussed the whole situation and I reminded her that his wife, Ouida Bergère, would probably be there, so not to get too het up about him, because at best he was a married man.

When I got home, which was late for dinner, there was a document in a blue cover waiting for me. As follows:

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } SS

NUTS Vera T Bailey L. S.

Which goes to show what type she is.

Barb and I had a conference about means and ways. Hit on a plan. Gave ourselves names. I'm First Conspirator and she's Second Conspirator. Going to get Basil for Third Conspirator. It's from Shakespeare.

Bought black suede album, had Vera's own signature in gold put on cover. Got signature by stealing one of her exam papers. Were her answers dumb!

Got three new ten dollar bills from bank.

Invited V. to come to Basil's for tea. Told her 5:30 so I'll have a chance to explain to him. She was surprised in view of our pending litigation.

CAME Monday. Barb. cut Latin, Hist. and gym for a shampoo, set and manicure. Fair exchange. We had to take taxi as her heels were unwalkable in. We sailed into the Warwick and the tall doorman tried to stop us as usual, but I told him with hauteur and an English accent that Mr. Rathbone was expecting us for tea. He looked at me in doubt, but phoned up. Then he came out and held the door open and it was the most triumphant moment of my life. Some day I hope to be able to do the same to the doorman at the Algonquin.

Barb was nearly passing out partly on acc't she had on her girdle, but I rang the bell boldly. A maid dressed like in a first act opened the door and ushered us in to a *salon* and there he was. Also his wife and Ellen Drew and a man who turned out to be a Mr. Smith, but was somebody nevertheless.

I introduced him to Barb who was so flustered she went back to her first childhood and courteseyed. Then he introduced us around and the maid passed chocolate and the most marvelous pastry which poor Barb was afraid to eat on acc't her girdle was so tight she was afraid of getting hiccoughs. They talked dialogue and we listened to every word and it was wonderful sitting there instead of standing down at the door. Soon Ellen Drew and Mr. Smith left and I breathed a sigh of relief (Barb. couldn't) as it was after five and I would have to explain a lot before Vera arrived. So I began without more ado. In fact without any:

"Mr. Rathbone," I said in my lowest register, "we have both proven to you our devotion and loyalty. We have followed you to the races, to the World's Fair grounds, to the broadcasting studio. We have stood for hours in the rain outside of hotels and theaters. The time has come when you can show your appreciation."

"Shall I leave you two alone?" asked the Mrs.

"It won't be necessary," I said. "It's nothing sexy so you might as well hear."

"Wait till I light a cigarette," said Basil.

So I told them the story of how I had needed $25 desperately and had sold my album full of autographs which I had worked like a Trojan horse to collect. I explained that Vera was not a true fan but a diletante who never got her feet wet or missed a meal for a signature.

"Besides," Barb added, "she's promiscuous."

Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone looked at each other.

"What do you mean?" asked Basil. Imagine a man of his education not knowing what the word meant!

"I mean she's not particular whose autograph she takes. Jane and I are more exclusive. Everybody can't get into our albums."

Then I showed him the papers in the case which he read and passed on to Ouida.

"What rôle do I play?" he asked.

"You are the Third Conspirator," I told him. "When she asks you to sign her album you take all our books into the other room and get them mixed up which is perfectly natural because the one she has, has my name on several pages, and this new one has her name on the cover."

"That wouldn't be strictly honorable," he protested.

"A man who has played Pontius Pilate, to say nothing of Louis XI shouldn't stick at a minor villainy."

Then Ouida spoke. "I think you might manage, Basil. . . ."

"Darling, how can you suggest such a thing? Impossible."

At that moment the maid announced "Miss Bailey" and in came Vera, book in hand. I introduced her and she was all flustered, not being accustomed to being on a social equality with the great. She gave him the album and he started looking through it. Ouida excused herself. In a few minutes she was back.

"Darling," she said, "a photographer from the *World Telegram* is here and wants to take your picture. He'd like a couple of fans in it."

"All right, show him in."

"He's gone up to the roof, the light is better. I told him you'd be up. Take a couple of the girls with you. Jane, perhaps you'd stay and help me with these dishes."

Naturally I couldn't refuse though it burned me up that Vera should get into the picture and not me.

They left and I started putting the cups together.

"Perhaps you hadn't better bother about that, Jane. The maid'll do it. You'll be late for that appointment. Stupid of me to have kept you so long."

"What appointment?"

Was I dumb!

She looked at me and then at Vera's album which was on the table. "Didn't you say you had an appointment? I could have sworn it was you."

Suddenly I woke up like a firecracker. I picked up Vera's book.

"I'll make your excuses," she said. She was fixing some flowers at the window and not looking.

"You're an angel," I said. "I hope he won't be angry at you. . . ."

"He'll get over it."

"Before I go, would you sign my album?" I asked.

"I am honored," she said, and she meant it. She wrote something quickly and I started for the door.

"Lucky that photographer happened to come," I said.

"Photographer? What photographer?" she asked. "Are you here yet?"

I grabbed my book and exited.

I said I'd get that book back by hook or crook and no one can say I didn't try hook.

I didn't look at what she wrote until I was on the bus. It said: To Jane:

Ouida Bergère
(Third Conspirator)

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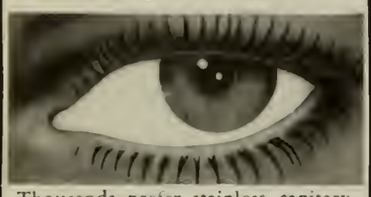

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BE *SURE* OF YOUR "LOOKS"

USE

EYE-GENE

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

Farrell MacDonald of the Canadian Mounted and getting all mixed up in Indian fights.

It's the Indian angle that has Shirley intrigued. One of the reasons is that the studio sent up to a Blackfoot Indian tribe in Glacier National Park and spirited thirteen-year-old Martin Goodrider down to teach her how to smoke a pipe and play his squaw.

Shirley is a little old-fashioned dream in gingham with black cotton stockings, high-button shoes and an enormous feather sticking out of her curls as she trots through a scene with MacDonald.

In the scene, MacDonald hands her a little red leather jacket he is supposed to have had made for her and Shirley takes it and runs off. They do the scene twice. Each time Shirley frowns.

"Excuse me," she says at last to Director Walter Lang. "I don't think this is a polite scene."

"Why not, Shirley?" inquires Lang.

"Well," says Shirley, "if anybody gives you anything, you say 'Thank you.' But Mr. MacDonald gives me a nice leather coat and I don't say anything. It's not polite."

And a little child is getting them told as we leave. The script girl is writing new dialogue in the script—dialogue that Darryl Zanuck will probably never have a chance to okay, and by a scenarist he probably doesn't know he has on the payroll—Shirley Temple. The new line is, "Thank you, very much."

WE find small fry mixing up with the picture business a little less constructively on the next set we visit. It's at Universal where Bing Crosby, playing hooky from Paramount, is boo-boo-booing through "East Side of Heaven," along with Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey and other hired help.

In this one, taxi driver Bing takes care of an infant left in his cab, aided and abetted by Joan Blondell. The combine serves to soften up the hard heart of an old man and bring a young couple in love together, as Bing sings and nicks fenders all over Manhattan.

"I know I am a chump to work with a baby," Bing grins to us—"but ain't 'he' cute?" Yes, he is—in this case, he happens to be Sandy Henville, an eleven-month-old girl who is playing a baby boy.

From Universal to Warners where sinister goings-on hold the center of the stage.

What's it all about, we want to know at once. "Sh-h-h-h-h" is our only answer. However, we persist and finally one fearless soul tells us that "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," the dynamite picture, is making everyone on the lot jump at small noises.

Of course, we want to know how come, but all we can tell you is that for the first time in our ken, a studio is actually making a picture under wraps. No one can go on the set—not even executives. No one can read a script. Only ten instead of the usual 150 were printed. They even tried to keep the cast — Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Paul Lukas and Lya Lys—a secret, but it leaked out.

Why? Well, it seems that there have been certain protests and reprisals. No punches will be pulled in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"—and though nobody is named, Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and all the rest are plainly portrayed. Already there has been sabotage on the set. Warners actually fear for the safety of certain actors' families and others connected with the picture. That's one of the reasons; the other is that the exposé is sensational and they want to cash in on the sensation.

"Each Dawn I Die" is the current Warner Brothers morbid-movie in the make. The star — Cagney, of course. Only this time, Jimmy gets a little ace co-operation from George Raft, doing his first picture away from home since he and Paramount called it quits.

WE stick around to watch Jimmy do a couple of locksteps but—well, maybe *you* like prison pictures—*we* don't! No sir! It seems good to get out in the sunshine and over to the feather-headed Gracie Allen at Paramount. Even Gracie's mixed up in a crime wave, though—in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

We're a little surprised to find George Burns on the set when we arrive. George isn't in the picture. For the first time in their long and lucrative career, Gracie is going this one alone—not exactly alone—Warren William, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew and a few others are in the picture too, but George is definitely on the sidelines. Can it be the start of a professional split? We don't think so.

They shoot murder mysteries fast at Paramount. Before we have been on the set ten minutes a couple of scenes are in "the can." Gracie never misses—and when she does, you might know the mistake would be funny.

She has a line, "I guess I must be just a butterfly." But she says, "I guess I must be just a butter-*flea*."

When everybody laughs at her, Gracie joins in. She's not proud.

A minute later, her tongue gets going too fast and the sound man cuts in. "An overlap," he reports. An overlap is when two actors talk at once and you can't hear either of them on the sound track.

"Gracie," says the sound man, "jumped in too quick."

"Of course," says Gracie. "Last one in's a niggerbaby! Ha-ha."

"Gracie!" protests George.

"Are there visitors on the set?" Gracie wants to know airily. George sputters.

LEE TRACY is back making pictures after too long an absence, so we hurry over to RKO to catch Lee in "What's a Fixer For?" Well—what *is* a fixer for? We'll bite. Our guide tells us a fixer is a circus fellow who fast talks the local yokels. In that case, we'd say Lee Tracy was a cinch for the part.

The set we visit is rank and smelly. Straw and the raw odor of caged lions pervades it. Lee, looking trim and chipper as usual, and Peggy Shannon, in a gold-braided lion tamer's costume that almost matches her flaming hair, greet us, but we haven't even time to say "hello" before an animal trainer cups his hands and yells—"Okay, shall I let 'em loose?" Let *what* loose, we ask. "The lions," says the trainer. "They're gonna run around loose in this scene. They won't hurt you. They're nice and gentle like kittens. Stick around. . . ."

We don't even hear the rest. We have already made tracks out of there. Lions are lions to us—not kittens. No indeed! We tell Lee we'll see him later and head for M-G-M where they keep their lions on film only.

M-G-M is smack in the middle of its busiest season, with "Maiden Voyage," "Lucky Night" and "Penthouse" on the brand new list.

Annabella makes "Maiden Voyage" a stop. It's her first picture since "Suez" and since she took that South American junket and fell for Tyrone Power. All we can say is that she doesn't look a bit different—only a little scared. Annabella explains, in her rapidly improving English, that she has to sing a song in this one and heaven knows what will happen when she tries it. Bunches of roses in her dressing room from Ty Power, we notice, are helping her conquer her fears.

"Penthouse" is frankly a remake of the picture that first made Myrna Loy a star. Myrna and Warner Baxter did the original. Except for modernized dialogue, the same script now serves Virginia Bruce and Walter Pidgeon. We pass it up to get a good look at "Lucky Night" before the company's sent home for supper.

Robert Taylor gets a new crack at fame in "Lucky Night." It's comedy, and the very first he's tried. We hear an underground whisper around M-G-M that Bob will no longer have to flex his muscles and bare his chest to prove he's a he-man, which is something of a relief, we'd say. Lucky Bob is, too, that in "Lucky Night" he has as experienced and helpful a co-star as Myrna Loy.

CROSSING from the movie studios to Radio City this month is like dodging through No-Man's Land. The battle is on for all the big star talent of Hollywood and the man who fired the first shot is Darryl F. Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox, the man, oddly enough, who first married movies and radio.

Are the movie stars to remain on the air, or will the studios ban them from now on, saving them for pictures only? That's the burning question along Radio Row right now. It looks as though they'll fight it out if it takes all summer.

Our inside Radio operatives tell us at once that it's a great deal to do about a whole lot of nothing. Zanuck pulled Tyrone Power off the Woodbury Playhouse—but, a rumor persists that Ty, himself, had already quit.

At any rate, it is true that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer draws its big army of star talent out of "Good News" the last of June—and for keeps. That means Frank Morgan, Bob Young, Bob Taylor, and all the big guest stars, Tracy, Crawford, Gable, Shearer and the rest. All but Fannie Brice. What a break for Fannie that M-G-M didn't take up her option a few months ago! Her "Baby Snooks" over the air is a far better break than the movies ever gave her.

We talked to Bob Young about the whole situation and he sang the blues, long and loud. He likes radio. So do practically all of the Hollywood stars who have anything to do with air shows. Many of them started in radio—Bing Crosby, for instance, and Don Ameche, and Dorothy Lamour. If Darryl Zanuck takes Don Ameche off the Chase and Sanborn hour, as he wants to, what will he say to Don one day when his picture days are over, and his radio career lost?

The real trouble began because of the movie-star Sunday program set-up, with its elaborate "The Circle" and "The Screen Actors' Guild" programs. Why go to a movie on Sunday—the biggest day in a theater-owner's week?

So—the movies and radio lock horns and the battle rages. Our hunch is that the picture studios will lose. Screen stars like radio and radio likes them—and that's that.

Portrait of a Man Who Has What He Wants

(Continued from page 32)

control," he says. He hates red nail polish.

He is slow to criticize others.

He likes six-day bicycle races.

He does not think happiness and success are synonymous, and his favorite among biographies is "The Life of Magellan."

He owns eight acres in San Fernando Valley where he has dogs, goats, chickens, turkeys, ducks and two Shetland ponies for his children. He is utterly lacking in ostentation.

He smiles easily and it covers his broad face.

His mother is of American Colonial stock, and his hair is dark brown and unruly. He has a lively sense of humor.

His favorite meals consist of steaks or lamb chops.

HE was named after his mother's dearest friend, Daisy Spencer, and he has no aversion to caged birds in homes.

He wears no jewelry.

He owns six Irish setters.

He likes attending concerts.

He abhorred school so much that he barely achieved passing marks. He is naturally blunt and outspoken but he curbs these tendencies by an overcautiousness.

He is five feet, ten inches tall, and when he was seven years old he ran away from home and was found with two youngsters named Mousie and Rattie, both sons of a saloonkeeper.

He is addicted to cold showers.

He rises every morning at six-thirty.

Spencer Tracy is not sure that he would have made good in anything but acting.

He gets no fun out of indoor games, and his favorite breakfast consists of coffee, toast, scrambled eggs and bacon.

He dislikes giving parties or having a lot of people around him. His wife owns two race horses, and he often experienced stage fright in his theater days.

The subject of history interested him the most at school.

He likes Hawaiian music, and has no preference among restaurants of various nationalities.

He has considerable doubt regarding the cultural contribution of the radio.

He likes playing polo with his wife, who plays even better than he does.

He does not like picnicking.

He has no hope that the world will ever, at some remote date, become wholly democratic.

He is especially fond of chocolate ice cream.

He thinks Hollywood's policy of avoiding controversial subjects a good one. He never goes in for winter sports.

He likes artichokes and candy, and never whistles.

He is constantly postponing writing letters.

He dislikes intensely wearing dress clothes.

THE star of "Boys Town" is not impulsive, he has never had a nickname, and he shaves with a safety razor. He and his wife never discuss politics.

He devoured fairy tales as a boy, and he considers his earliest screen appearances as his worst.

He was in the third year at high school when he tried to enlist in the marines during the World War. His lie about his age—seventeen—found him out and eventually he found himself in the navy.

He does not like kidney pie, and he had no outstanding athletic accomplishments at school.

He has been cited for more awards and honors than any other male actor on the screen. He does not like cats.

His favorite American author is Mark Twain.

He does not mind dining alone.

He values most the debating experience he got in college which gave him his confidence and ease in front of an audience.

He is very punctual.

He does not indulge in any kind of alcoholic drink, whether mild or strong. He likes potted flowers around his home.

He is easily depressed.

He is fond of Swiss cheese.

THE man who stole "San Francisco" right from under the eyes of Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald has no aversion to eating at drugstore counters. He never wears a boutonniere.

He likes everything about his work and about Hollywood.

He seldom catches cold and is never bothered by dizzy heights. His wife was an actress from the legitimate stage. He is not gregarious.

His first professional job was at fifteen dollars a week in "R.U.R.," a Theater Guild production.

He gets genuine pleasure out of the opera, though he attends it infrequently. He has a good knowledge of the works of Jack London.

He enjoys driving with the radio on.

He is not difficult to borrow money from.

He never goes to baseball games, wrestling matches or prize fights. He is not particularly fond of listening to any one singer.

He takes advice easily, and has never read anything written by Karl Marx. He is a good conversationalist.

He has always wanted to be an actor, and he does not like an open fireplace in his bedroom. He likes air travel.

He has been most impressed of recent years by the book, "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

He does not like to dance.

He does not like playing cards with women. He has never been in Europe.

He welcomes advice, and is not especially impressed by any contemporary figure. He never bets on games.

He attended various grammar schools and finally won a diploma from St. Rosa's, a parochial institution.

He is fond of clams and lobster, and he gets no kick out of autograph hounds. He rarely eats before retiring.

He has no plans for anything of major interest when he eventually retires. He does not like hunting.

He has never seen a World's Series game.

He'd rather play polo than do most anything, and he stays away from his own previews.

He is not easily deceived by people, and he has grave doubts whether happiness can be achieved without money.

He is not given much to political or philosophical argumentation. He would rather travel in South and Central America, if he could not play polo.

He never gets headaches, takes good care of his personal effects, and is one of few screen stars who has gone bathing in midwinter in California.

His wife will never stop being annoyed by his six-thirty rising every morning.

He makes no pretensions, and wants nothing so much as to be let alone.

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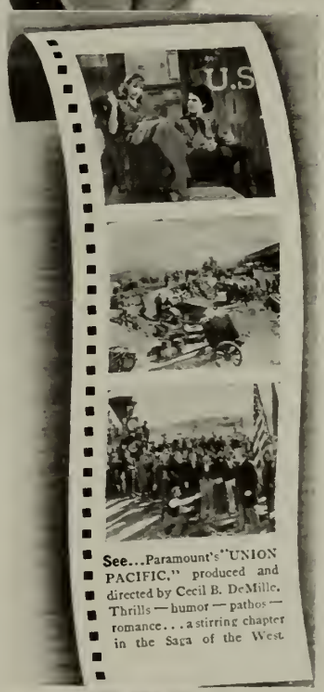

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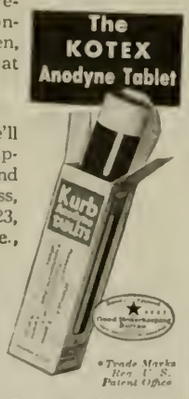

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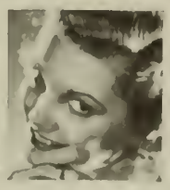

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Lady Clown

(Continued from page 25)

asked. "Yes, get me that hat," Joan said.

"Hat? You mean my friend's hat?"

"Yes, her hat. I've simply got to own that little cherry-trimmed number and I don't care how you get it for me."

When I left, the two of them were planning to threaten the unsuspecting acquaintance with deliberately contributing to Joan's sudden demise if she didn't give up her hat.

I saw Joan again a week or two later, at her home. Very slowly she was being assisted from her cot in the garden to her crutches for her long painful trek into the house. With back bent over and legs wobbly, she crept along, in nightgown and dressing gown, but if you think the coveted cherry-covered hat wasn't sitting right on top of her head while she tottered, you're plain nutty.

Now for a secret! The fact that so far pictures have failed to catch the piquant comedy that is Joan's is not half the blow to Joan as is the fact that the camera has failed utterly to catch her fair good looks. That is the thing that really has her down.

"I don't get it," she sighs. "Unless my mirror lies to me, I'm not bad looking. But let me get one look at that face on the screen and I'm sick for a week."

Her good looks (that so please her vanity, bless her heart!) are mainly a matter of coloring. The life in her auburn hair and blue eyes, the radiating animation of her whole being are dimmed and lost on the screen. It's the one and only thorn in the heart of the funniest woman on the screen.

MEN like Joan Davis; in fact, I've yet to meet the man who doesn't think she's the swellest dame alive. When many another star in the studio commissary may be dining alone, Joan is literally surrounded with directors, actors, writers, producers and they never leave off howling, from the tomato juice cocktail to the cheesecake dessert.

I prowled around among her male friends to find out why they prefer Joan D. to Tootsie Beautiful at the next table and I found out several things. First, she has a way of making the most trivial episode a howling event; and secondly, she has a gift for topping any story with a finishing line that can cause masculine guffaws to be let loose from the depths of abdomens with a blast the like of which you've never heard.

Men like to laugh. They remember a good laugh long after they've forgotten a kiss. And there are so few women to make them laugh in Hollywood, so many to kiss.

Contrary to the general belief that professional comics are moody souls in search of mildewed doldrums in which to wallow up to the breastbone, Joan is not serious minded. She is a woman who gets a great kick out of life and, by sheerest accident, has a funny way of saying and doing things that sets her apart. Oddly enough, although her entire life from small childhood on has been spent in the theater, she is the least theatrical person in Hollywood. The same simple things that amuse and please women from Bangor to Portland, please and amuse Joan Davis.

Her lemon pies are simply terrific. Only her close family, however, know of the lemon-pie side of heel-sliding Joan. It's just that she doesn't think it an accomplishment. According to Joan, most every woman is a good cook and Joan Davis is most every woman.

Shortly after she married Si Wills, her vaudeville partner, he decided they should go out for an Italian dinner.

"Stay home, dear, and I'll cook you an Italian dinner," she suggested.

He merely gave her a look ripe with what he thought of her as an Italian dinner cook, or any kind of a cook. Nevertheless, Joan went ahead with her dinner and finally Si laid aside his paper and said, "Come on. We'll go down to Tony's."

"But look," Joan insisted, "it's on the table."

"I'm sorry," Si insisted, "but I like my Italian dinners Italian. I—" he paused as a meat ball whiff went sailing by his nose. "I—" he began again and paused. Odors of rare sauces nonchalantly sailed by, rendering him speechless. Joan paid no heed but went on bringing in the spaghetti and the raviolis. Si edged over to the table and took one look before sinking into his chair with a sigh of utter satisfaction.

From that day on, he never questioned his wife's culinary ability.

JOAN lives in a powder-blue mosque on Beverly Hills Avenue, far up in the canyon. The rounded dome, the kind that usually rears itself into Syrian skylines, is beginning to peel. Who cares? Certainly not the Si Wills family. Haven't they got a swell empty Campbell's soup can stuck on a tree stump on the hillside behind the house for a target? And haven't they got an orange tree, lemon tree, lime tree, and one of every other kind of fruit tree? And haven't they a badminton court and an unbelievable sofa cushion, knitted by Joan's own hands? And, for that matter, haven't they got a little girl that—well, now, speaking of little girls, I ask you.

Beverly is six, and, if possible, twice as comical as her mother. Her rendition of the story, "The Pig that Wouldn't Jump Over the Sty" must be heard to be believed.

At a wedding recently, Beverly, her two ears protruding between her thin curls, was flower girl. Something about her, as she tossed the rose leaves in handfuls everywhere but in the aisles, caught and tickled the fancy of the audience.

I'm telling you by the time the bride reached the altar the audience was leaning on each other, crying for mercy. The child is just that funny.

She'll say, without a breath in between:

"I'm Beverly Wills.
of Beverly Hills
I live on Beverly Drive
My mama's name is Joan
And my papa's name is Si."

At a recent church entertainment, Beverly spoke her piece from the platform and then, pausing on her way to her seat, turned to the audience and demanded:

"Did everyone here clap?"

Need I say she is now, after the wedding episode, behind a movie camera.

THERE is a side (yes, still another) to this Joan Davis that, again, only her close friends know. It's the "human deer" side as they call it. She earned that "human deer" tag when at school in St. Paul because she could outrun any kid in school. She can outplay (or she doesn't play at all) her friends at any game they take up. She can outbadminton, outtennis, outswim, outcook the best of them.

"She's the only woman whose money I can cheerfully take after a card game," a director told me. "She plays a man's game, that one."

"Happy Hooligan" her friends call her as she goes about, singing her favorite, "I'm Confessing That I Love you."

"Man, there's a song," she'll say, and then she's off again on the "I'm Confessing" business.

SEVERAL stars were discussing Joan, trying to remember if they had even once seen her in any one of Hollywood's many night spots.

They never had. But if they could see her, just once, inside the Davis mosque, they'd pay big money to get in.

It's there that Joan puts on her best show. All her old vaudeville stunts—the stuttering song, the heel sliding, the blinking eyes—are brought out for Si and Beverly and friends of vaudeville days to laugh over. And then Si, who is a great aid to Joan in her screen comedy, will do his turn and finally Beverly will do her imitation of mama and dad.

Oh, yes, nights in this Bagdad shack in Beverly Canyon are really something.

The sun will be shining of a morning and Joan will emerge from the side door to the lemon tree in the front yard.

"Move over, caterpillar," she'll caution an insect in the grass, "we're going to have lemon pie tonight." Plucking off a lemon, she'll disappear back into the house and soon there will be a beating and a stirring in the kitchen; result, lemon pie for dinner.

"Let's go to California for our baby's birth," Si suggested and in no time at all they were on the boat through the canal.

"Yes, and Joan won all the high diving contests on the boat while I sat back and felt maybe it was I having the baby, after all," Si says, casting accusing yet loving looks in Joan's direction.

Of course, the hour of the baby's arrival came when no one was near. Nothing daunted, Joan backed out the old car, gathered herself and her pain inside and was off for the hospital, bumping along for dear life.

"Here," yelled one indignant driver who got in her way, "I have the right of way."

"Yeah," Joan called back to the road hog, "but you can't have what I'm going to have."

Joan's never satisfied with her work. Can't bear to go to previews for fear audiences won't laugh at her. And is, of course, heartbroken over the way her face comes out.

She's a sleepyhead when not working and can easily sleep fourteen hours a stretch.

Unless it's Sunday. On Sunday she's up bright and early and, dressed in her best (usually the classy hat with the cherries), she's off to church. With her goes Si and little Beverly. And the little Wills family will bow their heads in worship and it's then, with the sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows, that the brilliance of her hair and eyes shine in the reflected light.

Yes, it's then, at worship, Joan Davis is really grand to see.

Blonde Beauty Grows Up

(Continued from page 34)

blocks away) . . . with hardly a thought of California.

The trip, first planned as just a regular vacation jaunt, turned into an extended stay. Two years, three, then . . . (during the War) a few public appearances passing out programs at Red Cross social functions midst Beverly Hills' palm trees.

First thoughts of a new name cropped up then in this new, exciting atmosphere. A numerologist did the final trick and Jane Alice Peters passed out of the picture.

The next years, during the grooming grind, Carole went through the standard process of building up that new moniker. Drilling the final "e" into her public and doing many strange stunts to attract attention as a high-powered sex exponent. Suddenly, the screwball era fell into her lap . . . and Carole just as suddenly found this release, as the ripe moment actually to be herself. And after all these years, too.

She'll trade you those slacks for her new Banton concoction. Really, she's always been a corking good sport!

"Long Shot" MacMurray

(Continued from page 21)

name I cannot spell, and they live on a couple of acres with a swimming pool and tennis court and shooting gallery and a neat, white house with Early American furniture. He loved this girl before he knew where he was headed and the minute he had a few bucks in the bank, he married her. She was stricken with appendicitis shortly after and when they got through fooling around with her, you could have bought her chances for a nickel.

But now she's well and that part of Fred's life is at ease. For the rest, he likes a few good friends and hunting and fishing. He has hunted little more than a year, but he is an excellent shot.

I took him on his first hunting trip, in Northern California. This was for the opening of the dove season and I had him on edge many days before the trip. But the day we started north he was thoughtful and had none of the true hunter's enthusiasm.

"What's the matter?" I asked, after I had driven twenty miles listening to myself talk.

"Lillian's doctor was over when I left," he said.

"She's all right, isn't she?"

"Oh, sure."

"Then what?"

"He's a vegetarian," said Fred.

This annoyed me. "All right, he's a vegetarian," I said. "So we can come back and eat our doves while he nibbles at his carrots."

"That's not all," said Fred. "He's not only a vegetarian—he raises doves as pets. And I told him I was going dove hunting."

That was bad. "What did he say?" I asked.

"I'd rather not tell you," said Fred. "I don't want to spoil your shoot."

"You can't spoil my shoot," I said.

"Not even when I tell you the part about when you kill one dove—and its mate finally dies of sadness?"

I gulped. Fred rubbed his eyes. "The doctor said they're the most beautiful and gentle birds in the world. They borrow just enough grain from the farmer to fill their little craws and they wouldn't harm a living thing."

"Don't let him kid you," I said, after a moment. "Don't ever listen to a vegetarian. Doves are mean. They eat the farmer's grain and he has to mortgage the farm and then he loses it. They pick out children's eyes. I wouldn't trust a dove any farther than I could throw Mount Whitney."

Fred thought a while and then he got himself into the spirit. "That's right," he said. "And they fly into windshields of automobiles and the glass breaks and gets into people's eyes."

"Now you're talking," I said.

THE next day we hunted and Fred picked up his first dove. He stroked its feathers.

"It's sure pretty," he said slowly. "It wouldn't harm a living thing." "Remember that grain," I said quickly. "Remember those kids' eyes and those windshields."

"That's right," said Fred, getting himself back into the mood.

Fred took his doves home, half proud and half ashamed. His wife looked at the doves and then at him. She wouldn't eat them, but Fred secretly nibbled at one. Quickly he ate two more. Then his wife nibbled.

They have a new doctor now. He is not a vegetarian. Honestly! He is a young man who earned his way through medical school trapping animals.

Fred's income has increased in startling leaps. Wisely, he has entrusted his business life to a competent manager and so he does not see the money he earns. Each week he receives a check for forty dollars for personal expenditures. I have been with him when as many as ten of these checks have nestled in his wallet.

The last time this happened I looked at the checks and scratched my head.

"Can't you even spend forty dollars a week on yourself?" I asked.

"Of course I can," said Fred, "but who's going to buy my wife's Christmas present?"

What can you say to a guy like that?

From Des Moines, Iowa, by way of the stage, Joy Hodges reached Universal where she is playing in "The Family Next Door"

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Maybelline Mascara is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. It goes on beautifully — darkens your lashes to long sweeping beauty that looks *natural*. It never gums or stiffens the lashes but keeps them soft and lustrous.

The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed and just soft enough to form graceful, tapering contours. The ingredients are so pure, it is even used by surgeons for marking the skin. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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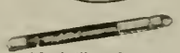

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, (Blue for eyelid liner).

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BARBO combed into the hair imparts a soft, lustrous, natural-looking color to gray, faded, streaked hair. It is easy to use; does not wash out or rub off; will not color the scalp or affect permanents or waves; is not sticky or greasy. Used with satisfaction for over 25 years by blonds and brunettes. Try the economical BARBO recipe today.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

THE new W. C. Fields-Bergen and McCarthy feature is pretty funny, although what it gives in comedy is balanced by weakness in story and production. There seems to be no end to the gags the team can evolve from any situation; wherefore to those who are interested in laughter and don't care a hang why they laugh, this is a Must. Fields plays the boss of a down-at-the-heels circus and carries the piece along with his typical humor. Edgar Bergen has added the Mortimer Snerd dummy to Charlie but, although the stuff is good, you may find you expected more in the way of ventriloquism.

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER needed a good picture and he has it in this—a blend of comedy, burlesque, music and a certain amount of drama. In James Cain's story, Baxter is a contractor who has married socialite Loretta Young. She and her mother, Helen Westley, both have a yen to be singers, which causes domestic friction. Warner meets a famous opera star, played by Binnie Barnes. Binnie tells him it is he who has a great voice and asks him to go on a tour with her. His business is shot and so he goes, for the money. Meanwhile, Loretta flops miserably in her own try at a career. You can imagine the climax, when she finds out what her husband has been doing. Baxter digs out every bit of his famous charm; Miss Young is quite beautiful; and the rest of the cast deliver well. Gregory Ratoff directed.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN—M-G-M

IT'S a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood, "Huckleberry Finn," should have received such unhappy treatment from Hollywood. Especially since Mickey Rooney is starred; he is given almost no chance to display his superlative talent and none of the spirit of the story is caught for the celluloid. What liberties have been taken with the original yarn are excusable but nothing else about the picture is. If you loved *Huckleberry*, and if you are a Rooney fan, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around.

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

THE Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost in this rôle. He plays a newspaper reporter who helps out a pal when murder is done. The story is well-knit, there is comedy and action and suspense; but these things can be said of many inexpensive little pictures. It is somehow a sad thing to watch Dix dashing around in such a piece—particularly if you are getting sick and tired of the newspaper-reporter-versus-the-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs.

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

YOU still can't expect too much histrionic talent from Tony Martin—he's a singer anyway—but he isn't bad in this. Cast as a fighter whose name has been built up in fixed battles, he carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves because Henry is treasurer for the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on him. Armetta lifts the little film to better than average levels and you will find it adequate as something to sit through while awaiting the other feature. Gloria Stuart is romantic interest.

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

REALLY, the publicity convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately!—it's still a moot point whether messages about social reform constitute entertainment people will pay to see. Especially when the presentation is dull. This one will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're obviously bored with what they are asked to do.

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

"THE THIN MAN" started a vogue in murder mysteries which will probably go on for years. Here's another fashionable little number, with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell playing the Powell-Loy rôles. The sudden-death this time happens in the huge home of a millionaire who collects rare books; Bob and Rosalind are among the suspects but work like beavers to show up the guilty party. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you can select whodunit, even at the beginning.

LET US LIVE—Columbia

WHEN you read the story of a murder trial you invariably think: "This could never happen to me." But it might, even if you are innocent of any crime. For the vicarious experience, see this emotionally exhausting film in which Henry Fonda, innocent bystander, is picked up by the police, identified by hysterical witnesses, and convicted. It is an indictment of one phase of social justice. Maureen O'Sullivan plays the girl who sees Fonda through his trouble; he does a splendid job of portraying an ordinary mortal who gradually goes to pieces under the strain of a seemingly malignant fate.

THE LADY AND THE MOB—Columbia

WHILE it seems a little strange that Columbia has given Academy Winner Fay Bainter this rôle in a semihumorous story in which the plot often passes the bounds of credulity, still, as the Academy voters knew, Miss Bainter is equal to anything. She manages to play *Mrs. Leonard*, a rich eccentric who owns the town bank, with a light yet dignified touch and really makes you believe in her brand of Americanism which is that a fearless citizen prefers death to bondage.

Finding, for one thing, that her cleaning bills are mounting, she discovers that big-time racketeers have moved in and, with customary highhandedness, she determines to clean them out when the mayor refuses responsibility. She hires a band of mugs and supervises their activities, even to the extent of practically manning their machine guns! She finds herself in some pretty tough situations, but accomplishes her aims with surprising results.

Lee Bowman, who plays Fay's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a mild romantic interest.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 70)

many dresses and, strangely enough, will frequently be teamed with net in the late afternoon.

Jewelry is heavy and has a somewhat Oriental feeling. It belongs at the top of the silhouette this year—that is, at neck and ears. Those short haircuts won't hold many heavy ornaments. Bette Davis will doubtless put some jewelry ideas across in her costume picture, "Juarez." Portraying the Empress Carlotta of Mexico, she wears such gorgeous pieces as a brooch bearing the hand-painted miniature of her screen husband, epaulets and aiguillettes made of dull gold chains and an earring and necklace set composed of various shades of topaz and gold.

Only girls under twenty have a right to get excited about schoolgirl and "baby" clothes, according to Orry-Kelly. These are most unbecoming to mature women. He still winces when he recalls the little hair bows that too often graced silvered bobs a few seasons ago and prefers to see the John Held, Jr. girls on paper rather than in public.

Frilly sports clothes also leave the Warner Brothers designer cold. He looks upon them as impractical for active sports wear, believing comfort should come before chic in this case. The only women who should wear them are those who simply must have a ruffle in their lives. At least, it is better to put the frill on an informal sports costume than an ensemble which should at all times be endowed with dignity, says he.

FOR Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," Orry-Kelly has done both active and spectator sports clothes which reflect his love of the simple. One tailored frock of pin-striped aqua sheer wool is without trim except for front buttons. It is teamed with a dusty pink cashmere sweater and a matching suède beanie. Another outfit combines a featherweight suède lumber jacket of soft beige, styled with zipper front closing and quilted pocket, with a matching flannel skirt.

Lightweight suèdes are set for a greater vogue than ever since a successful means of cleaning them has been worked out.

Sheer wools will carry on through the summer. They are so loosely woven they are actually as cool as cotton or silk and are more practical because many are almost wrinkleproof. With everyone making plans for a World's Fair trip, sheer wool is a travel thought. High shades, neutrals and chalky tones will be of equal value from a style viewpoint.

The important silks in the sports picture will be the tubable ones. Here is where prints, stripes and checks will thrive. Checks especially—from the scarcely discernible pin types to the bold kitchen tablecloth squares, will be seen wherever outdoorsy people gather.

Cotton will appear in numerous guises and will be popular enough to make all the South rejoice. Fine-waled piqués go into hats, gloves and jackets. Gypsy-printed percales make clever blouses. Muslins and ginghams are good for shorts, shirts and dresses. Checked and plaid ginghams have been out of fashion long enough to intrigue the younger generation this summer.

When it comes to the sports silhouette, there is nothing like a razzle-dazzle or a pleated skirt. "Razzle-dazzle" is Hollywood's term for the exaggerated circular which is actually adapted from the skating-skirt silhouette. It is flattering and youthful without being girlish. Priscilla Lane introduces the style done up in pink muslin for "Family Reunion" and is already featuring it in other materials for her personal wardrobe.

Pleats are not exciting news, but they are a good old casual stand-by. Unpressed and box pleats evidence the most promise in skirts, but the knife variety, stitched down in yoke and waistline sections, rate in the all-over pleated dresses. Vertical tucks continue in their simulation of pleats.

Startling color combinations, such as lime and violet, chartreuse and plum, yellow and stratosphere blue, are due to show up in play clothes, but Orry-Kelly feels there is nothing so striking against a coppery tan as pure, crisp white. Of course, girls who manage to preserve a pink and white skin throughout the summer will enjoy accenting it with the high shades.

As far as the styling of play clothes is concerned, there can be little change because those preferred by Southern Californians have already reached what must be the tops in comfort and chic.

Our best fashion advice from Hollywood is to keep an eye on that Orry-Kelly-Bette Davis combination. It's out to make fashion history.

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 22)

Empress Eugenie, Gilbert Roland as Maximilian's aide-de-camp, Donald Crisp as Commander of the French armies in Mexico and Joseph Calleia as Uradi, vice-president under Juarez."

Hal Wallis delegates each picture to two men—an associate producer and a director. The associate producer has complete charge of all details of the production, from story to preview. He also keeps a careful check on the budget. The director comes in when the story is written. From that time on he shapes the production as he visualizes it. Producer Henry Blanke and Director William Dieterle, the two men chosen to watch over "Juarez," were an ideal combination. Together they have made such outstanding films as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and "The Life of Emile Zola."

"In order to get an even closer perspective on the story," Hal Wallis continued, "Paul Muni, William Dieterle, Henry Blanke and I drove down into Mexico and met the Government officials. We discussed the story with them and they seemed to be quite pleased with it. We visited many of the historical places where our characters had been. We spent days in museums and libraries. We talked to the living descendants of Juarez and we took hundreds of photographs which were used in designing the sets."

The next office to be visited was that of Producer Henry Blanke. It was filled with books and classical sculpture, for Blanke is a man of culture and contagious enthusiasm. He is very enthusiastic about "Juarez."

ROCHELLE HUDSON, *Star of the Republic Picture, "Pride of the Navy"*

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"We have the same director, the same cameraman, the same art director and the same crew as in 'Pasteur' and 'Zola,'" he said. "And, since picture making is a matter of co-operation and the four of us were used to working together, it was a happy combination.

"In 'Juarez,' we had an interesting story to tell—two stories, really—the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian and the dramatic story of Juarez' struggle to free the Mexican people. Juarez and Lincoln had many similarities. Both were poor and self-educated. Both were lawyers. Both fought to free the people.

"It's interesting that Maximilian and Juarez never met in history, nor do they in our story. Maximilian wanted very much to meet Juarez, he even offered him the office of prime minister, but it was part of the character of Juarez to refuse to meet Maximilian. He knew that one word would always stand between them—democracy.

"The story 'Juarez' tells is very close to what's happening in Europe today. Napoleon the third, with his ninety-nine percent plebiscite and exploitation of a struggling people, is typical of any present-day dictator.

"In choosing script writers," Henry Blanke continued, "you consider who's best for the story and who's available. We had an unusual group of writers: Aeneas McKenzie and the sons of two famous men—Wolfgang Reinhardt, son of Max Reinhardt, and John Huston, son of Walter Huston. Later, Abem Finkel, who has written many scripts for Paul Muni, came into work on the Juarez part of the script.

"After the writers and the major casting were set, we had one of those idealistic budget meetings—idealistic because you always have to sacrifice certain things. You think you're going to get three million dollars for the picture and they tell you you're going to get a million and a half. But, as a matter of fact, I don't think the quality of this picture suffered from the budget cut. If anything, it gained."

MY next port of call was the Writers' Building and a chat with Scottish Aeneas McKenzie. His office was decorated with pictures of Scotch cavalry in brilliant red uniforms. McKenzie himself is commander of a Scotch cavalry unit in the British army.

"'Juarez' was different from other types of movie stories," he told me. "When you write an original, you yourself create your characters and they behave as you want them to. But here, we had to stick to the facts. I don't believe historical pictures are interesting if you don't stick to the facts. We took only permissible liberties.

"After a year of reading about the background in French, German and Spanish, we—Reinhardt and myself—wrote what is called a 'treatment.' It was two hundred and forty pages, outlining the story and some of the dialogue. Of course, it was too long. Then Johnny Huston came in. He's wonderful at doing dialogue."

It seemed amazing to me that these three people of such completely different temperaments—McKenzie, a Scotch monarchist, Reinhardt, a scientific Austrian, and Huston, an American Republican—could get along together.

"But we did," McKenzie assured me vehemently, "and we all agreed very clearly on what we wanted to say. There were many stories we could have written out of the material, but we were agreed on finding a viewpoint which would have a bearing on the lives and experiences of audiences today.

"We practically lived at each other's houses. We used to argue until five o'clock in the morning. We discussed every word and every sentence.

"Johnny, being an actor, would walk up and down, improvising dialogue with gestures. Many times we were stuck. We couldn't seem to get a scene right. Then Reinhardt would take out a little portable chess set and work out a difficult problem. After that, we could often find a solution. Henry Blanke worked with us all the way through. He'd come in as a fresh mind and he was a great help. Often he'd get so excited that tears would come to his eyes."

Five months later, the temporary script was finished and it was then that William Dieterle, the director, came in on the conferences; and Abem Finkel came to work on the script.

"Paul Muni sometimes listened in," said Finkel. "He could tell what was wrong with a scene and by acting it out he would stimulate us to get it right. He felt that the character of Juarez should be warmer and more human. You see, Juarez was a man who spoke very little. It was difficult to dramatize him in long scenes. Muni felt that Juarez should have someone to talk to—so that the audience could see the way his mind worked. He suggested bringing in the character of Juan, his coachman-servant and confidant. Juan became the symbol of the simple Mexican peon."

THE scene of my next visit was a small room packed with books from ceiling to floor. There sat Dr. Herman Lissauer, head of the studio research department. In front of his desk lay five fat black portfolios.

"These are our research bibles on 'Juarez,'" he explained. "It took us a year to collect the material for them. We photostated documents and letters of the time; we gathered pictures of places and people. There are people living in Los Angeles today who remember Maximilian and Juarez. Eighty percent of our characters have been photographed. We have to be accurate. There isn't a mistake made in a picture that somebody doesn't catch. It was the task of this department to re-create the period in every detail—in France, in Austria and in Mexico.

"It's the first Mexican picture we've ever done. We had to steep ourselves in a new mentality and we've gained a healthy respect for the Mexican people. We rented a library of over three hundred books from a man who had specialized in Mexican history. We borrowed the library of the former president of Mexico.

"Ginny" Bruce and her spouse, J. Walter Ruben, were among the droves who turned out for the special preview of "The Little Princess"

"Besides, we had to discover the peculiarities of all our characters. We found that Maximilian nearly always had a big black cigar in his mouth, that he only slept in an army cot, that he never permitted his signature to be blotted. We found that Carlotta was proud of her hair and liked to wear it down, that Napoleon the Third always smoked tubular cigarettes, that Juarez always wore a black frock coat and celluloid collar and that he kept a copy of every letter he ever wrote. We had to find Mexican songs for the music department, pictures of medical instruments, Indian papooses and buzzards in flight for the property department. We had to do everything in advance so as not to hold up production. It was the biggest research job we've ever done!"

SO, with a temporary script and Dr. Lissauer's research bibles, Anton Grot, the art director, set to work. There were hundreds of charcoal sketches stacked against the wall of his office. They were worthy of an exhibition.

"I used the photographs from research as a basis for my own compositions," Anton Grot said. "Here is a photograph of the castle of Chapultepec where Maximilian and Carlotta lived in Mexico. It was mid-Victorian in the worst possible taste. It looks just like a European railroad station. That's why I have to use my own judgment about the sets."

There was a little fiberboard model of Chapultepec beside the sketches. Attached to it was a small black object, hollow at both ends.

"That," he explained, "is the camera finder. You see, after the director and producer have okayed the sketches, we build these little models to scale so that they, director and producer, can visualize the action. They look through the finder to see what the camera will see. In designing a set, you don't build more than the camera can actually use. It's important for your budget, too."

Upstairs, the entire floor of the drafting room was covered with little models. One took up almost the entire room. It was thirty feet square.

"That set is a model of the thirty-six units of Mexican streets, huts, prisons, palaces and cathedrals which were built on location at Calabasas, thirty miles from the studio."

It was an amazing piece of work. There were little branches for trees, real glass in the windows and even little cardboard actors. And there were models for fifty sets!

"Whether we're building the throne room of Napoleon's palace in the Tuileries or the simplest Mexican adobe hut, everything must be drawn to scale. From these little models twenty draftsmen make blueprints for the construction department. Even painted backings of houses or panoramas seen through windows must be drawn to scale for the scenic department.

"To make our sets even more authentic, stone masons and plasterers 'lifted the faces' of old California missions. They made plaster casts of the surfaces of the old walls. They used these casts on the set walls and the scenic department aged them with shellac and water color. This process is known as 'texturing'."

WHILE the script was being written and the sets planned, Steve Trilling, casting director, was busy filling the imposing list of speaking parts.

"Casting isn't a one-man job," he told

me. "The producer and director and myself got together and discussed the parts. A casting director has to know an actor's capabilities, what he's done last and whether or not he will be available. It's a question of sorting out all ideas until you get something concrete.

"Casting 'Juarez' was a difficult job. We spent more time on this than on any other picture. We had to find actors of acting caliber equal to that of Bette Davis and Paul Muni and actors who would look like the characters. We had luck with some of the parts—Claude Rains looked so much like Napoleon the Third we didn't have to test him. Brian Aherne looked very much like Maximilian. Funny thing, at a party some time ago, Aherne told Blanke that he would like to play Maximilian on stage or screen. He had just come from Mexico and, on a visit to a museum, had noticed his uncanny resemblance to Maximilian. That was before we ever thought of making 'Juarez.' Aherne had his wish.

"Averaging two to three tests for each character, we made tests in the wardrobe, make-up and lines of particular parts. Director Dieterle directed the tests. In that way he could tell if an actor would respond to his direction. For the extra and atmospheric parts, we used seventy-five percent of the known Spanish actors in the Hollywood 'call book' and interviewed or used all the Mexicans in Los Angeles."

BUSY at work on a costume sketch for Bette Davis, Orry-Kelly, Warners' head costume designer and the next person on my list to be interviewed, talked between deft pencil strokes.

"Carlotta had exceptional taste for her time," he said. "She dressed as simply as well-dressed women do today.

"All of the fourteen dresses that Bette Davis wears in 'Juarez' are simple and very regal. We used beautiful materials brought over from French looms — heavy moirés and taffetas. They don't make those materials here because people don't buy them. Only one dress—that used for the coronation scene—was fussy. It was white satin, beaded with tiny pearls.

"Jewels, so important to the costumes of the times, were brought from Europe and from Mexico City. We used a different set for each costume—earrings, bracelets and necklace to match. One was made of gold and blue enamel with little seed pearls and rubies; another, a lovely flexible rhinestone tiara made of hundreds of flowers. Already, jewelers have begun to copy them.

"We discussed the costume sketches with Bette, Dieterle and Blanke. Bette was thrilled with them. Dieterle suggested that, for the scenes in which she goes mad, her costumes range in color from a cobwebby grey chiffon through darker greys to black. It will be interesting to see how many people will notice the effect on the screen.

"After the sketches are discussed, the costumes are made on padded muslin models made to the exact measurements of the stars. This procedure saves many fittings. Usually, on an important picture, we make camera tests of the costumes. But everyone was so satisfied with these that we only tested about half of them.

"The intelligence of Bette Davis was a great help to me in designing her costumes, for her first thought is always to be realistic. She doesn't start out to cheat the period by adding a soft touch here and there. Most actresses won't make sacrifices for their parts. In one scene, Bette wore a white lace mantilla which was so heavy it almost broke her neck. Half a dozen stars wouldn't have worn it.

"Bette reminds me very much of Ethel Barrymore, for whom I have also designed clothes. I remember when everyone was wearing long trailing skirts which dragged in the mud. Ethel Barrymore insisted on having hers cut off, ankle-length. There's a great similarity between the two actresses. They're both sensible. That's what makes them great."

"SOMEBODY has to keep track of the business end of this picture business, too," said Al Alleborn, unit production or business manager, when we poked our curious nose in at his office on our final visit for the month. "As soon as we get a temporary script, the assistant director and I break it down. That means we go through it, group all the exteriors and interiors together and make a brief résumé of the action in each group. We figure out how many pages of script take place on each set and then divide this by the number of shooting days allowed us. Ordinarily, a shooting schedule takes twenty-eight days, but, in a big production like this one, we were allowed ten weeks.

"You know, of course, that we never shoot a script in continuity because it would be too expensive to keep all the sets standing and all the players on salary throughout the picture. With an expensive cast like this one, we tried to finish with our players quickly.

"We had to plan all the Maximilian scenes for the beginning of the schedule because Brian Aherne was scheduled to go into another picture several weeks later. After we made out the wardrobe plot, listing all costume changes for the characters and the properties, our breakdown was complete and we sat down with the director and went over the entire picture with him. The next step was the budget meeting, of which Mr. Blanke has spoken. This is when all the departments gather in a large room and give their estimates.

"Let me give you an idea of the estimates of various departments. Of the total budget on 'Juarez' of a million and a half to a million and three-quarter dollars, sets will probably cost 12½%; extras and cast 14%; wardrobe and wigs 2½% (Brian Aherne's beard and the bleaching of his hair alone cost $300); the orchestra and musical scoring 2½% and props and set-dressing 1½%! Of course, the total estimated budget will include such items as the cost of film and its developing and printing, transportation of cast and crew to location, and studio overhead."

With the budget settled, all the departments get busy and make their requisitions. The production manager acts like a policeman on his beat—he has to keep reporting to the production office to let that office know what is required. Now sets are built and painted, costumes made and fitted, properties assembled. The actors prepare for their rôles with make-up tests, the script is finished and everything prepared for the final day when the director gives the word "Go!" and the cameras start to turn.

The next article will tell you how Bette Davis, Paul Muni and the other actors prepared for their rôles and will describe their intricate make-up. It will also discuss how Director William Dieterle and Toni Gaudio, the cameraman, work and will describe a day on location with hundreds of extras. Watch for this article in June PHOTOPLAY.

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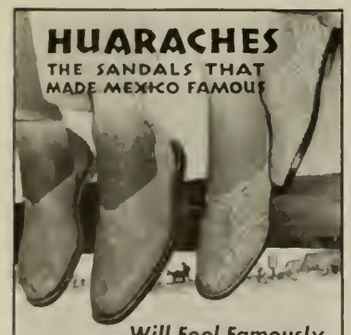

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The OLD MEXICO SHOP

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

him questions. We listened attentively to what he had to say. We invited him to sing a couple of songs and applauded them roundly.

During all of this, Daisy stood by quietly and unobtrusively, but when Larry's performance was over, she took matters into her own paws, so to speak. Was Larry to steal all the limelight? Not while Daisy possessed a good bag of tricks!

Tripping composedly to the center of the room, she paused an instant to make sure we noticed her. Then she began a performance of her own. First she sat up and "spoke." Then she walked, upright, over to a chair where she said her prayers. Next she rolled over and played dead. Next, as if deliberately arranging a climax, she stood on her hind legs and danced. And then, dropping to all fours, she looked at us challengingly, and barked.

"Woof! How did you like it?"

We assured her we liked it fine and left wishing that we, and not Rennie Renfro, Hollywood dog-trainer and owner of the already famous *Asta*, had bought her in a pet shop for $4.

Predicament

CHARLIE FARRELL, who is staging such a fine comeback in pictures, is in one of those don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-drop-dead predicaments. It seems while in Europe a year or two ago, Farrell met Rob Barton, a young English chap who longed with all his soul for Hollywood and an acting career.

"Well, why don't you try it?" Farrell suggested.

"Can't. Too stony broke," was the answer.

When Farrell offered to advance the money on a chance of the lad's winning a place in pictures, the Englishman refused.

"No thanks, old chap, awfully, but I'll have to go it on my own," he told Charlie, who moved on to other ports and promptly forgot his brief acquaintance with Barton.

Last week Charlie received a letter.

"I'm coming to Hollywood at last, old chap," the letter read. "I've just come into my money and title, *Lord George* Campbell Grant." The letter was signed Rob Barton.

The top 1938 Academy "Oscars" went to Spencer Tracy for "Boys Town" and to Bette Davis for "Jezebel." Both are two time winners! Tracy sent his to Father Flanagan

Manpower

WE had a visit with Mervyn LeRoy, M-G-M's new producer, the other day and learned some things about picture-making and some things about himself. He has a nice, attractive but unpretentious office, with pictures of horses on the walls, a couple of lamp shades decorated with drawings of horses and a set of horse-head book ends on the desk. He loves horses, Mervyn does!

That "Mervyn" just kind of slipped out. We don't usually call Big Producers by their first names, but he seems to be that kind of a chap . . . friendly and not at all high-hat and a swell host who makes you think he really means it when he says, "Now drop around any time." Although you know he is as busy as all get out.

Mervyn has some positive ideas about how to make pictures "click" at the box office. One of them is that there should be no such thing as a double bill. Give him a good short and an up-to-the-minute newsreel and a *good* feature picture and let him go home, he says.

As for what makes a good feature picture . . . well, he insists that a good picture is any one that will make an audience sit on the edge of its seat! Acting, direction, story — the whole gamut of film ingredients count only insofar as they fulfill that requirement, he insists. "A good picture always has either novelty or dynamite," he told us. He always tries for both.

As for Mervyn himself . . . we found out he is thirty-eight and wishes he were older so he wouldn't be called "boy" any more. First it was "the boy director" and now it is "the boy producer." He was born in San Francisco and when he was a kid used to sell papers at the stage door of various theaters. That was where he got his first yen for the theater business. When he was about ten, Theodore Roberts gave him his first theatrical "break." This was in "Barbara Frietchie" and Mervyn was supposed to sit up in a tree and yell, "The Yanks are coming!" for $3 a week. The first night he fell out of the tree and made such a hit that his pay was boosted to $5.

When the motion-picture industry began to center in Hollywood, Mervyn

Ginger Rogers and Producer Jesse Lasky were among the 1,265 guests at the banquet in the Biltmore Bowl. It was the 11th Academy dinner to be held in Hollywood

A special Award was presented to Disney for "Snow White." He was so overcome by Shirley's congratulations, he forgot to say "thank you"

went to work in the wardrobe department of the Famous Players-Lasky studio, where, surveying the business with a calculating eye, he decided he wanted to be, not an actor, although he had enjoyed real success as a vaudevillian by that time, but a director. "Seemed to me you made more money and lasted longer," he told us.

So he worked hard until he got to be a director for Lasky. Then he went to First National and, when Warner Brothers took over that studio, they inherited him with it. But he didn't like that too well on account of he was married to Doris Warner and everyone said he had it soft because he was a son-in-law. So when M-G-M offered him a producership, he snapped it up.

Samples of his wares as a Metro producer are "Dramatic School" and "Stand Up and Fight." Also, his biggest undertaking, "The Wizard of Oz," done in Technicolor, will be ready for preview one of these days. Mervyn says it will be a honey.

Fonda Coup

THE work of Henry Fonda in "Jesse James" so pleased the bosses of Twentieth Century-Fox they immediately thought of the actor for the rôle of Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture of Bell's life.

"The only thing is," one of the producers said to Fonda in a conference, "I'm afraid you don't look much like a technically minded fellow. Guess you don't know much about mechanics or telephones, do you?"

Henry said nothing, but, going over to one of the telephones on the desk, he calmly turned it over, took it apart and just as quietly put it together again.

"W-what?" began the producer. Fonda grinned.

"I was trouble shooter for two years for our telephone company back home," Henry smiled, "and I even wrote a thesis on communicative systems when I was in college."

Needless to say, Henry is Alexander Graham Bell's assistant in the picture. Don Ameche, who knows nothing about telephones except to answer them, is Bell.

Small-Town Big Time

"CARVEL," U.S.A., may not be on the map, but it is becoming an increasingly real place to that group at M-G-M who, headed by Kay Van Riper (pronounced to rhyme with "ripe"), create and guide the destiny of the screen's *Hardy Family*.

"Carvel," the *Hardys'* home town, is, Miss Van Riper tells us, a sort of composite of the respective small towns in which she and her collaborators, Carey Wilson, story editor for the *Hardy* series, Lou Ostrow, the producer, and George Seitz, the director, lived in their younger days. When they first worked out this permanent setting for the family, they drew a map of the town, naming streets and locating homes and public buildings for all time. They even had models made for the various neighborhoods they wanted for background, but, of course, as the series progressed sets were built. These are now used over and over.

Interesting, too, is the fact that the *Hardys* have a "family tree," carefully compiled so that future stories may bring in this and that relative with no fear of contradicting a previous picture.

Miss Van Riper, a quiet-spoken, exceedingly pleasant young woman who, you may remember, used to be identified with radio, told us that each *Hardy* family story is first decided upon at a story conference attended by Wilson, Ostrow, Seitz and herself. Incidentally, each subscribes to his home-town newspaper so that fresh and authentic information on small-town doings is always at hand. Then, with the general theme settled, Miss Van Riper shuts herself up in her Metro office and works out the screen play in minute detail, even mentioning that the lilacs are in bloom and that they are very fragrant, if she thinks this touch will help the director create the atmosphere she has in mind. It takes her about eight weeks to do each story.

The day we talked to her, she was putting the finishing touches on "The Hardys Ride High," which is all about how they get a lot of money—or think they do. "The Hardys Get Spring Fever" is another in the offing and additional themes also have been selected . . . which makes it look as though the *Hardys* will be going on for some time.

Not that we are sorry!

So That's What Ails Us Department:

WE of Hollywood are neither odd nor screwy. We are not even unusual. According to Dr. Leo C. Rosten, who heads the Motion Picture Research Project (gathering data for a strictly modern scientific book on Hollywood), Hollywood and its inhabitants are apace with the Gay Nineties in spending, living, thinking.

Dr. Rosten, young and pleasant, a Phi Beta Kappa, Ph.D., University of Chicago man, draws an apt parallel between the quick fortunes made and spent in banking circles during those frightfully Gay Nineties and the fantastic goings-on here.

We of Hollywood haven't gotten beyond that Gay Nineties era, thinks the young writer.

Well, old Cal isn't so sure. To begin with, we never heard of Lillian Russell's going on a diet, Chauncey Olcott's trekking out to his farm after every performance, Diamond Jim Brady's placing himself in the hands of stony-hearted business agents, or Anna Held's taking a bath in plain sunshine.

And, as far as that goes, our Floradora Sextettes, or Chorines to you, are too busy racing home nights to husbands and babies to be bothered with Stage Door Johnnies.

So where's your alibi now, Doctor?

Hollywood Sophisticated?

WE'RE laughing up our sleeve (cut in the newest spring style, of course) and here's why. On one little jaunt about this town, known all over the globe as the home of glamour, we discovered three reasons why Hollywood is probably the smallest small town at heart of any place we know, Podunkville included.

1: A neon sign, glowing and gleaming from a small shop window on the corner of Fountain and Highland Avenues (the very core of Hollywood), reads: I Ain't Mad at Nobody.

2: The much publicized Brown Derby (the Wilshire branch) with its stiffly skirted waitresses revealing shapely legs still resorts to an outside cistern, exactly

A big-drawing Power himself, Tyrone presented an "Oscar" to Fay Bainter as "the best supporting actress of 1938"—the rôle designated was in "Jezebel"

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like grandma's on the farm, for its drinking water—the old pump handle going clickety split when customers crowd the place.

3: Hollywood Boulevard—the street of dreams. In season, four acres of wheat ripen and are harvested along the boulevard front. Two orange groves drip their golden fruit over the celebrated driveway and a field of poinsettias are grown for sale.

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AT last, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, Mr. Cesar ("Butch" to you) Romero is in love. The lady is none other than Ann Sheridan herself. The two positively radiate happiness—so any day now you can look for the big red letters on the box that spell R-I-N-G—the wedding kind.

* * *

They say (you know the "they sayers") romance is cooling rapidly between Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. "They" could be wrong, of course, but Phyllis is looking unusually downcast these days.

May We Introduce Miss Temple's First Leading Man?

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, for the first time in her career, has a leading man and a right handsome lad he is, too.

But blasé? My word.

"How do you like playing with Shirley in pictures?" we asked him on a recent visit to the "Susannah of the Mounties" set.

He turned and eyed us calmly. "Swell," he shrugged and went back to his book.

Martin Goodrider, thirteen years old, is a Blackfoot Indian from Montana. Swarthy, dark-eyed, black-haired, Martin radiates intelligence, a quiet sense of balance and a delicious sense of humor.

For instance, after a scene one day, Martin waved a hand back and forth before Shirley's face.

"What are you doing?" Shirley asked.

"I'm putting the Indian sign on you," Martin said.

"Don't do that," Shirley cried. "Take it off."

Martin threw back his head and laughed. "Don't you know that's only ignorant superstition. There is no such thing as an Indian sign. But, look, you can have a lot of fun if you want to. I'll show you how to do it."

Shirley now goes about solemnly putting the Indian sign on the cast.

Martin was spotted by a casting scout while on a visit to New York with Father Cullens, a teacher in the Jesuit mission school which he attends.

He was asked about his ability.

"Well," he said unenthusiastically, "I can sing 'Paddy O'Reilly'," and, with an Irish brogue an inch thick, the full-blooded Indian lad sang the song through. Needless to say, he won the rôle in Shirley's film.

Quick as a flash, he catches the meaning of every line and gesture before a camera, feeding Shirley her lines like a trouper.

He's never appeared before a camera before or ever experienced the slightest desire to act.

Right now he wants only one thing—to finish the picture and go home to his father's three thousand acre ranch.

After each scene he'll wave a hand to Shirley with a typical boyish salute and go off to his lessons, while Shirley goes off to hers.

Patiently he'll stand by while they pin long Indian braids to his short cropped hair.

"Well, Martin," an eager publicist said one day, "we'll have to get some stories written about you."

"No, please, no," he said. "They may read those things about me back home and laugh. Please, no."

"But" shrugged the writers, "we think publicity is important."

The lad shook his head and said, quietly, "Well, Indians know better."

And that settled that.

What? Another Dummy?

LITTLE does the world dream that there is still another dummy in Edgar Bergen's life, surpassing in wit even that upstartish young McCarthy and the bucktoothed Mortimer Snerd.

Yes, Bergen's third dummy is a very special one reserved only for his closest friends in Hollywood. Her name yes, it's a female) is none other than Aunt Ophelia and the charming old baggage (a nice way to speak to a maiden lady, tch! tch!) is even closer to Bergen than Charley or Mortimer.

You see, she's Bergen's right thumb. At parties, when Edgar feels at home, his thumb takes on all the prim and proper (?) attitudes of this remarkable maiden lady.

"Now, my man," she'll begin when Bergen, his face a study in perplexity, will interrupt, "But I thought you were an old maid?"

"Oh, well," Aunt Ophelia will flounce, "I'm not a fussy old maid."

Yes, you really should live in Hollywood, for I'm afraid you'll never meet amazing Aunt Ophelia elsewhere. And what a pity.

She has more "umph" than a carload of cuties—and what a Scarlett O'Hara that one would have made. Wheewie!!!

Eavesdropping Loot

WE were knocking about the grounds of the Gene Raymonds' establishment last week, waiting for Jeanette to finish a music lesson. Eventually we ended up in the little music house. This one-room affair, which is a short distance from the house proper, has a fireplace, two white pianos, a microphone and the most involved recording device you ever saw.

Two records lay on the two turntables, with the mechanism set for playback. It was too much to resist. Looking furtively around, we put out a hand and turned a switch—

Quite suddenly, Gene's voice sounded from the loud-speaker. Slowly, sonorously, he was reading the Gettysburg Address. There was a pause, then came the notes of a piano and he began singing "Night and Day"—but with control and resonance unlike the crooning he has done in pictures. Once, after a flat note, he stopped, said "Damn" and started over.

After the next interlude of silence a cascade of clear, lovely melody poured forth—a new melody, unfamiliar. Rising hurriedly, we shut the machine off: there are limits, even for a columnist. You see, this would be Gene's new operetta, on which he has been working for months in secret.

Shhhh: It's a Secret We're Telling You

MIDWAY in "Gone with the Wind" shooting, there came a minor gust that popped Hollywood eyebrows higher than kites—overnight Director George Cukor was replaced by Victor Fleming.

Aware of the fine friendship between producer David Selznick and Director Cukor, the town simply could not understand the situation. But old Cal, who has a way of getting to the core of things (we listen down chimneys, too) has the inside story behind that sudden change of directors.

To begin with, "Gone with the Wind" is a woman's story, Scarlett holding the spotlight from start to finish. Mr. Cukor, one of Hollywood's finest directors and the man who has directed Hepburn and Garbo in some of their best, is known as a woman's director.

All of a sudden, Mr. Gable became aware of these two facts and grew suddenly unhappy, not without reason, one must admit.

Now, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer isn't going to permit one of their greatest box-office bets to be unhappy if they know it. So, since the releasing reins of the picture are in their hands, they demanded the picture be placed under the direction of one of their own directors. And Mr. Fleming, who did so well by Mr. Gable in "Test Pilot," was chosen.

So there's the story and the results, by all reasons of logic, should find Mr. Rhett Butler taking a back seat for no one—not even that fascinating wench, Scarlett O'Hara.

For Men Only

THAT handsome young writer, Charles Martin, who is so in love with Joan Crawford, is rapidly winning the admiration of all Hollywood.

A poll among the feminine guests at a recent Hollywood party revealed these individual reasons why the town favors Charlie.

1. His hair, unlike an actor's, is curly (not wavy) and unslicked.
2. His clothes are *not* like an actor's. He always wears extra loose collars and white shirts.
3. His mouth is wide and boyish and so is his grin.
4. He is honestly and genuinely grateful for praise and will eagerly talk about how he began humbly as a writer and where he hopes to go as a writer.
5. He will catch Joan's arm boyishly to attract her attention when anything nice is said to him. He wants her to be proud of him, too.
6. He is neither blasé, bored, nor stand-offish.
7. He's a real guy.

Big Wind

DURING Hollywood's coziest wind storm in many a day, a traveler far out in the valley spotted two men struggling with some object on a near-by estate. Fearing his fellow men were in trouble, the traveler braved the nasty tempered blast to go to their aid.

"Need help?" he called.

"Yea, thanks," came back the answer, "we're trying to wire down these trees. Don't want them to be blown away."

Valiantly the men struggled with wire and stakes until the last tree was safe. It was only then the traveler turned for a good look at his hard-working companions.

One of them was Clark Gable!

"Say," said the helper, smiling, "this is a bigger wind than that one you're working in at Selznick's, isn't it?"

Clark agreed.

Facing Facts With Una Merkel

WE met Una Merkel in the Hollywood Derby recently and she was kind of blue. She had a bad cold and confided that several things had gone wrong 'lately. "I guess I am jinxed," she complained.

We protested. "To admit that is bad psychology! Grin and pretend to yourself everything is lovely. Don't be a pessimist."

Her retort was typical of her. "I'd rather be a pessimist than an ostrich!"

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (*Feb.*)

★ HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (*April*)

★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (*April*)

★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (*March*)

★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horsey families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (*March*)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (*April*)

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnappings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (*March*)

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (*April*)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the *Lone Wolf*) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (*April*)

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (*April*)

★ MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (*April*)

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnapped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting roles. (*March*)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (*April*)

★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (*April*)

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The *Hardys* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woolier than they thought it would be. The *Judge*, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (*Feb.*)

PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on the bitter end through a cholera plague on shipboard; Victor, as chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture is over and you go home. (*March*)

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a to-do making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (*March*)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnapings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morrison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (*April*)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (*April*)

★ PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (*Feb.*)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (*Feb.*)

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (*Feb.*)

SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Midwesterner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullavan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (*Feb.*)

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (*March*)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (*April*)

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructious background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (*March*)

★ STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (*April*)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anticlimaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (*April*)

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (*March*)

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (*Feb.*)

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (April)

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. (*Feb.*)

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (*Feb.*)

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (*Feb.*)

★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of oumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (*March*)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of *Tom* and *Huck Finn* on *Uncle Silas'* farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (*March*)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissatisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (*March*)

★ TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (*Feb.*)

★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (*March*)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescourt and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescourt can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (*April*)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

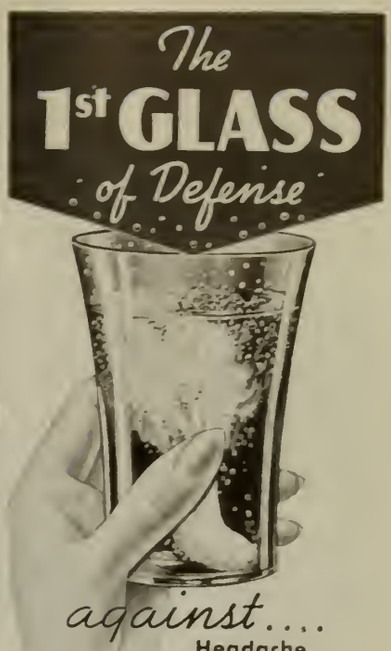
Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the daughter who reacts too completely to her liberal mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (*April*)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What will Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (*April*)

★ ZAZA—Paramount

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this melodrammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the spendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, makes it important. (*March*)



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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Hugo Butler. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Huckleberry Finn*, Mickey Rooney; *The "King,"* Walter Connolly; *The "Duke,"* William Frawley; *Jim*, Rex Ingram; *Mary Jane*, Lynne Carver; *Susan*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Captain Brandy*, Minor Watson; *Widow Douglas*, Elizabeth Risdon; *"Pap" Finn*, Victor Kilian; *Mrs. Watson*, Clara Blandick.

"BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Owned and copyrighted by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton, *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Dathers*, Jonathan Hale; *Thim*, Danny Mummert; *Dot*, Dorothy Moore; *Freddie*, Joe Cuffin; *Ollie*, Stanley Brown; *Marvin*, Don Beddoe; *Fran one*, Linda Winters; *Kirk*, Dick Durrell; *Hilton*, Jay Eaton; *Sanders*, David Newell; *Mary*, Mary Jane Carey; *Daisy*, Himself; Skinnay Ennis and his Band.

"DARK VICTORY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson, from the play by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Bloch. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The Cast: *Judith Traherne*, Bette Davis; *Dr. Frederick Steele*, George Brent; *Ann King*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Michael O'Leary*, Humphrey Bogart; *Alec Hamm*, Ronald Reagan; *Doctor Parsons*, Henry Travers; *Miss Wainwright*, Dorothy Peterson; *Carrie*, Cora Witherspoon; *Martha*, Virginia Brissac; *Colonel Mantle*, Chas. Richmond; *Lucy*, Lottie Williams; *Dr. Carter*, Herbert Rawlins; *Dr. Driscoll*, Leonard Mudie; *Miss Dodd*, Fay Helm; *Secretary*, Ila Rhodes; *Judith's Guests*, Maris Wrixon, Richard Bond, Wilda Bennett, Mary Currier, Leland Hodgson, David Newell, Frank Mayo, Marian Alden, Paulette Evans.

"FAST AND LOOSE"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Harry Kurnitz. Based on the characters created by him. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Joel Sloane*, Robert Montgomery; *Garda Sloane*, Rosalind Russell; *Vincent Charlton*, Reginald Owen; *Nicholas Torrent*, Ralph Morgan; *Christopher Oates*, Etienne Girardot; *Dave Hilliard*, Alan Dinehart; *Christina Torrent*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Bobby Neville*, Joan Marsh; *Phil Sergeant*, Anthony Allan; *Gerald Torrent*, Tom Collins; *"Lucky" Nolan*, Sidney Blackmer; *Mrs. Torrent*, Mary Forbes; *Forbes*, Donald Douglas; *Craddock*, Leonard Carey.

"FLYING IRISHMAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the true life story of Douglas Corrigan. Screen play by Ernest Pagano and Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Leigh Jason. The Cast: *Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan*, Himself; *Butch*, Paul Kelly; *Joe Allen*, Robert Armstrong; *Harry Corrigan*, Eddie Quillan; *Roy Thompson*, Donald MacBride; *Sally*, Joyce Compton; *Maybelle*, Dorothy Appleby; *Evelyn*, Peggy Ryan; *Mrs. Thompson*, Cora Witherspoon; *Messenger*, Derry Noisom; *Workman*, George Magrill; *Doctor*, Roy Gordon; *Clyde (9 yrs.)*, Gene Reynolds; *Mr. Corrigan*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Harry (8 yrs.)*, Scotty Beckett; *Smedley*, Spencer Charters; *Flower Woman*, Tiny Jones; *Salesman*, Grady Sutton; *Credit Manager*, Charles Lane; *Plane Owner*, Jack Rice; *Mechanics*, Lee Phelps and Phillip Morris; *Bill*, Ed Gargan; *Mrs. Corrigan*, Dorothy Peterson.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leonard Praskins, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. From the story by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. The Cast: *Mary McKay*, Joan Crawford; *Larry Hall*, James Stewart; *Eddie Burgess*, Lew Ayres; *Douglas Tolliver, Jr.*, Lewis Stone; *Kitty Sherman*, Bess Ehrhardt; *Mort Hodges*, Lionel Stander; *Barney*, Charles D. Brown; and "The International Ice Follies" with Bess Ehrhardt, Roy Shipstad, Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson.

"I WAS A CONVICT"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Ben Markson and Robert D. Andrews. Original story by Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The Cast: *Ace King*, Barton MacLane; *Judy*, Beverly Roberts; *J. B. Harrison*, Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. Harrison*, Janet Beecher; *Missouri Smith*, Horace MacMahon; *Rocks*, Ben Welden; *Jackson*, Leon Ames; *Aunt Sarah*, Clara Blandick; *District Attorney*, Russell Hicks; *Matty*, John Harmon; *Evans*, Chester Clute; *Dr. Garson*, Crauford Kent; *Dr. Craile*, Edwin Stanley; *Martin Harrison*, Harry Holman.

"LADY AND THE MOB, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Original story by George Bradshaw and Price Day. Screen play by Richard Maibaum and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: *Mrs. Leonard*, Fay Bainter; *Lila*, Ida Lupino; *Fred*, Lee Bowman; *O'Fallon*, Warren Hymer; *Zambrogio*, Henry Armetta; *Bert the Beetle*, Joe Caits; *Canary*, Tommy Mack; *Big Tim*, Jim Toney; *Blinky Mack*, Joe Sawyer; *Brains Logan*, Tommy Dugan; *District Attorney*, Forbes Murray; *Brewster*, Olaf Hytten; *Harry the Lug*, Harold Huber; *Mrs. Zambrogio*, Inez Palange; *Higgins*, Otto Hoffman.

"LET US LIVE"—COLUMBIA.—Original story by Joseph F. Dineen. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Alan Rivkin. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *Brick*, Henry Fonda; *Mary*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *H. Everett*, Ralph Bellamy; *Joe Linden*, Alan Baxter; *Police Chief*, Henry Kolker; *District Attorney*, Stanley Ridges; *Burke*, Philip Trent; *Walsh*, George Douglas; *Taylor*, Peter Lynn; *Jimmy Dugan*, Martin Spellman.

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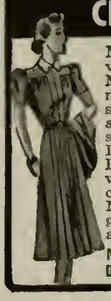

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"LITTLE PRINCESS, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: *Sara Crewe*, Shirley Temple; *Geoffrey Hamilton*, Richard Greene; *Rose*, Anita Louise; *Captain Crewe*, Ian Hunter; *Ram Dass*, Cesar Romero; *Bertie Minchin*, Arthur Treacher; *Amanda Minchin*, Mary Nash; *Becky*, Sybil Jason; *Lord Dickham*, Miles Mander; *Larinia*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Queen*, Beryl Mercer; *Jessie*, Deidre Gale; *Ermengarde*, Ira Stevens; *Mr. Barrows*, E. E. Clive; *Cook*, Ely Malyon; *Attendant*, Clyde Cook; *Bobbie*, Keith Kenneth; *Grooms*, Will Stanton, Harry Allen; *Doctors*, Holmes Herbert, Evan Thomas, Guy Bellis; *General*, Kenneth Hunter; *Colonel*, Lionel Braham.

"MIDNIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on a story by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: *Eve Peabody*, Claudette Colbert; *Tibor Czerny*, Don Ameche; *Jacques Picot*, Francis Lederer; *Georges Flammarion*, John Barrymore; *Helene Flammarion*, Mary Astor; *Mme. Simone*, Elaine Barrie; *Stephanie*, Hedda Hopper.

"MY WIFE'S RELATIVES"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Dorrell and Stuart MacGowan. Screen play by Jack Townley. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Joe Higgins*, James Gleason; *Lil Higgins*, Lucille Gleason; *Sid Higgins*, Russell Gleason; *Grandpa Higgins*, Harry Davenport; *Jean Higgins*, Mary Hart; *Mr. Ellis*, Purnell Pratt; *Widow Jones*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Ellis*, Marjorie Gateson; *Tommy Higgins*, Tommy Ryan; *Bill Ellis*, Henry Arthur; *Lizzie*, Sally Payne; *Jarvis*, Edward Keane.

"NEVER SAY DIE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Don Hartman, Frank Butler and Preston Sturges. Based on a play by Wm. H. Post. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: *Mickey Hawkins*, Martha Raye; *John Kidley*, Bob Hope; *Jeep*, Ernest Cossart; *Jasper Hawkins*, Paul Harvey; *Poppa*, Siegfried Rumann; *Henry Munch*, Andy Devine; *Prince Smirnov*, Alan Mowbray; *Juno*, Gale Sondergaard.

"SERGEANT MADDEN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Wells Root. Based on the story, "A Gun In His Hand," by William A. Ulman, Jr. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The Cast: *Shaun Madden*, Wallace Beery; *Al Boylan, Jr.*, Tom Brown; *Dennis Madden*, Alan Curtis; *Eileen Daly*, Laraine Johnson; *Mary Madden*, Fay Holden; *"Piggy" Ceders*, Marc Lawrence; *Charlotte*, Marion Martin; *"Punchy,"* David Gorcey; *Milton*, Donald Haines; *Stemmy*, Ben Welden; *Dove*, Etta McDaniel.

"SPIRIT OF CULVER"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Whitney Bolton and Nathaniel West. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: *Tom Allen*, Jackie Cooper; *Bob Randolph III*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Tubby*, Andy Devine; *Doc Allen*, Henry Hull; *Wilson*, Tim Holt; *Carruthers*, Gene Reynolds; *Perkins*, Jackie Moran; *June Macy*, Kathryn Kane; *Captain Wharton*, Pierre Watkin.

"TWELVE CROWDED HOURS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: *Nick Green*, Richard Dix; *Paula Sanders*, Lucille Ball; *Dave*, Allan Lane; *Joe Keller*, Donald MacBride; *Lew Costain*, Cyrus W. Kendall; *James McEveen*, Granville Bates; *"Red,"* John Arledge; *Tom Miller*, Bradley Page; *Thelma*, Dorothy Lee; *Berquist*, Addison Richards; *Allen*, Murray Alper; *Jimmy*, John Gallaudet; *Rovitch*, Joseph de Stefani.

"WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a novel by James M. Cain. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: *Doris Borland*, Loretta Young; *Leonard Borland*, Warner Baxter; *Cecil Carver*, Binnie Barnes; *Hugo*, Cesar Romero; *Major Blair*, George Barbier; *Rossi*, J. Edward Bromberg; *Mike Craig*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Blair*, Helen Westley; *Secretary*, Ruth Terry; *Sally Bostwick*, Alice Armand; *Miss Carver's Secretary*, Iva Stewart; *Mrs. Price*, Dorothy Dearing; *Mrs. Spaulding*, Helen Ericson; *Nancy Sprague*, Kay Griffith; *Wilkins*, Harry Rosenthal; *Butler*, Edward Cooper; *Mrs. Craig*, Rene Riano; *Hertz*, Lawrence Grant; *Jaffe*, Charles Williams; *Concert Manager*, Howard Hickman; *Doctor*, George Irving; *Hotel Manager*, Harry Hayden.

"WINNER TAKE ALL"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. From an original story by Jerry Cady. Directed by Otto Brower. The Cast: *Steve Bishop*, Tony Martin; *Julie Harrison*, Gloria Stuart; *Papa Gambini*, Henry Armetta; *Muldoon*, Slim Summerville; *Paulie Mitchell*, Kane Richmond; *Tom Walker*, Robert Allen; *Mama Gambini*, Inez Palange; *Tony Gambini*, Johnnie Pirrone, Jr.; *Pantrelli*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Maria Gambini*, Betty Greco; *Rosa Gambini*, Eleanor Virzie.

"YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Charles Bogle. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: *Larson E. Whipsnade*, W. C. Fields; *Edgar Bergen*, Himself; *"Charlie McCarthy,"* Himself; *Princess Baba*, Herself; *Vicky Whipsnade*, Constance Moore; *Mrs. Bel-Goodie*, Mary Forbes; *Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Mr Bel-Goodie*, Thurston Hall; *Phineas Whipsnade*, John Arledge; *Roger Bel-Goodie*, James Bush; *Deputy Sheriff*, Ferris Taylor; *Society Girl*, Dorothy Arnold; *Porter*, Eddie Anderson; *"Mortimer Snerd,"* Himself.

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Control Your Figure by Your Diet • Food and Skin Coloring • Beauty-Builders for Your Food List

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HANCE YOUR FACIAL BEAUTY
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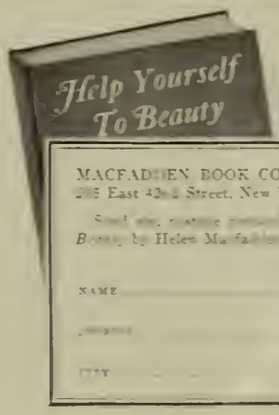

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I Confess!

I Confess One Size Napkin won't do for me — I found that out!

Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.

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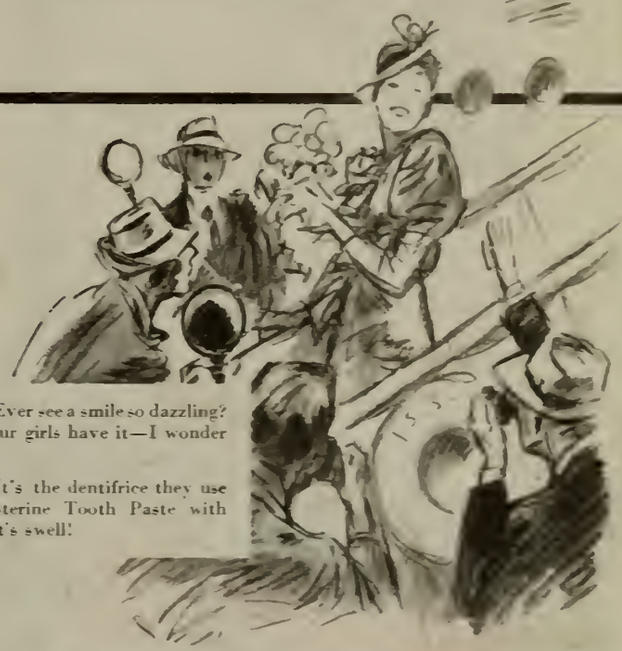
BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?



1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

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OAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

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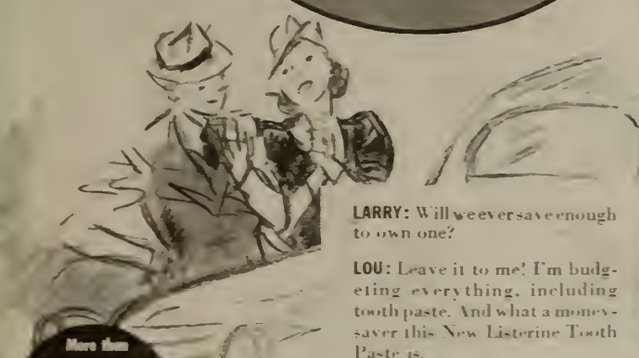

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

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Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

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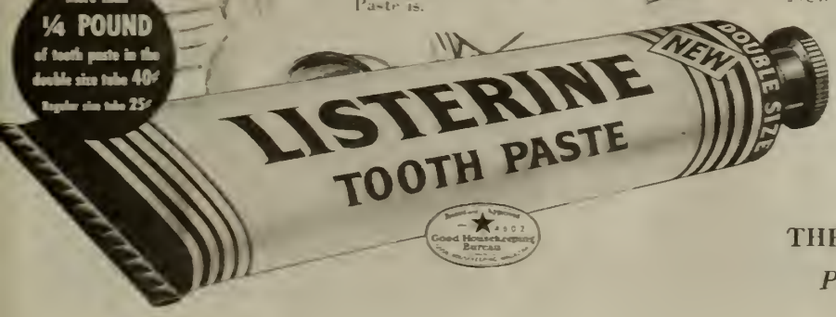

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Fay Holden

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Cecilia Parker

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On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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VOL. LIII., No. 6, JUNE, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, $3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

When an American playboy, allergic to marriage, meets up with a Swiss Miss, who likes to flirt, anything can happen —and it does—in M-G-M's "Bridal Suite," with Robert Young and Annabella

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (*May*)

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their deviltry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (*April*)

★ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Mayflower-Paramount

Somerset Maugham's tale of the regeneration of an English wastrel in the isles of the Pacific by a fanatical female missionary has lost none of its brilliance and laughter in the screening, nor has Charles Laughton lost any of his luster. Add to this fine production Elsa Lanchester's acting and you have a movie masterpiece. (*March*)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (*April*)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteads* return for the second time. When *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) is fired, *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) takes his place leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinnay Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (*May*)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (*April*)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and *Mama Fitch* (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (*April*)

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

First of another new series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as the country boy who likes to race cars, and uses the midget-motor racing field as locale. Cecilia Parker is the car manufacturer's daughter. Love shines, there is conflict with a crooked race track doctor, and Life goes on. (*March*)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (*April*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox

The witty Oriental detective's newest adventures deserve special mention as there is a new *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler. He does not copy the late Warner Oland, but the result is startlingly good. There are some pretty tough passengers on his Honolulu boat, so you'd better bring your smelling salts. (*March*)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, A—M-G-M

Beautifully produced in the sentimental spirit in which it was written by Dickens. Reginald Owen plays *Scrooge*, the miser who thinks Xmas is a humbug until three ghosts come to show him his mistake. Terry Kilburn is delightful as *Tiny Tim*, the cripple, and the Lockharts (Gene and Kathleen) are *Mr. and Mrs. Cratchit*. (*March*)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (*April*)

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she only has a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (*May*)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (*May*)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (*April*)

(*Continued on page 90*)

Announcing

THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT!

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

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in

"JUAREZ"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

BOOS AND Bouquets

She's a newcomer and she'll go places—this redheaded Susan Hayward, who simply walked into Paramount Studios and asked for the feminine lead opposite Gary Cooper and Ray Milland in "Beau Geste." P.S. She got it

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES *that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

IT'S A BOY . . ER!

"LOVE AFFAIR," Charles Boyer's latest picture, had the critics unanimously putting on rose-colored glasses, and no wonder. That guy is dynamite! He has no fan following of giggly seventeen-year-olds pestering him for pictures, but just mention his name to any woman, say thirtyish, over a dinner table, and she forgets her gloves, fumbles her lipstick and generally acts like a person in a dream. Looking over a recent list of movies playing in New York, I was interested to see that five Boyer pictures were playing at one time. Of course, one was a French picture, one his new picture, the rest revivals. But, just the same, there were five. To steal a line from Justice Hughes, "The American people generally get what they want" and they want Boyer—obviously. Since he came to America eight years ago, he has never had a big studio build-up, or stupid sensational romances to get his name on the front page. He doesn't need that sort of thing. He is dynamic, interesting, without being so-called "glamorous," and above all, he is a superb actor.

DENISE ANSELMA,
San Antonio, Texas.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

WE went to see "Made for Each Other" at a time when my husband and I were telling each other that "It's always darkest before dawn," etc. We came away from the theater more firmly convinced than ever that our life together is still the Great Adventure.

Like the couple in the picture, we have a son, who also started out in life with a spanking—and like them, we have suffered agonies of anxiety through his illnesses. Bewildered, frightened, sometimes despairing, we have gone through our years together—sometimes steering clear of pitfalls, sometimes falling into them. But we have gone along together—not always, of course, in harmony—too often in misunderstanding and anger—but still together!

Sorrows and joys *shared* marry people far more thoroughly than any ceremony, just as the storms and dangers of an ocean voyage are remembered long after the calm and uneventful days of the trip are forgotten.

MRS. ANN B. BOLIN,
Columbus, Ohio.

BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!

A BIG Boo to the male public. I was always under the impression that a jealous woman could do a lot of harm but, in comparison to you men, we're perfectly harmless. Look at what a bunch of silly jealous men did or tried to do to Robert Taylor. They resented his good looks, they branded him as a sissy and I, for one, am glad he has hair on his chest and has proven himself a he-man. Yet someone had the nerve to say you men stood together.

Don't think for one minute we women didn't resent Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She set a new high in glamour. But did we try to wreck her career? We did not—we accepted her and are now trying our darnedest to reach that new high.

And now you're after Richard Greene. You say he's too good-looking and you might succeed in ruining this young man's career, because he's not as well-established as Robert Taylor was.

All I can say is you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! He's new and not such a good actor as yet, but give him a break!

JANE A. MALCHOW,
Oshkosh, Wis.

G. WITH THE W.

MORE than any one factor, I'll bet that Vincentini drawing in PHOTOPLAY of Gable as *Rhett Butler* was responsible for David Selznick's long wait for M-G-M to loan Gable for "Gone with the Wind." That suited everyone because Gable filled every one of the physical requirements for the part. Yet, you'd think from the squawks that are rising all over America that Vivien Leigh was in no way suited for the rôle of *Scarlett.*

Why in the name of all that's holy is it any worse for Vivien Leigh to portray a Southern belle than it was for Gable to play the English *Fletcher Christian* or Power to be the French *De Lesseps?* If foreign countries protested like we do when an American portrays one of their countrymen, in all likelihood there would be no foreign market for American films.

Remember Ed Sullivan's* story about Robert Taylor "Give the Kid a Break." Photoplay started the campaign to lay off unfair cracks about that young man. How's it for a story along those lines about the beautiful young lady who's behind the biggest eight-ball in Hollywood, *Scarlett O'Hara?*

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allan, Miss.

* (The story was called "Give Robert Taylor a Break," written by Ed Doherty for the November, 1937, issue.)

HORRORS!

THE shake and shiver boys, "Frank" and "Drac," nee Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, were lauded as tops at portraying "bogey men" and monsters. That was several years ago. Then last summer the same pictures swept the nation and again broke box-office records. Once more audiences' spines tingled; their eyes rounded; their breaths came in expectant gasps as they watched the twin horror bill.

"Dracula" and "Frankenstein" were the two most successful oldies revived. Yet the "theys," who make or break careers, gave the credit to

(Continued on page 84)

SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE...*THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!*

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

AVALON

MY MAN

WILD ABOUT HARRY

THE VAMP

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

JA-DA

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

MAMMY

APRIL SHOWERS

I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

TYRONE POWER · ALICE FAYE · AL JOLSON

in

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with

William Frawley · Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson

Directed by Gregory Ratoff

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush . . . No Matter How it Tricked Her!

"Listen!...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? *So all right, he's tricky!* He's hurt me? *So what?...I love him!* He's my man!"

And in the swing of today... Gordon & Revel's latest hit, "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak"!

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK PROP.

SUMMER SYMMETRY—It's unusual, even in Hollywood, and between scenes on a motion-picture set, to see an attractive girl in a bathing suit doing the frog walk across the floor while everyone else on the set calmly walks around her if she gets in their way.

But that's exactly what happened on the set of the new "Blondie" picture at Columbia. After finishing her unusual walk, Penny Singleton straightened up and then relaxed into a chair.

"What goes on here?" I asked her. "Anything for a laugh? Or is there a deep hidden purpose behind all this?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed. "I got up too late this morning to do my usual exercises, so I'm catching up on them now between scenes. I like the frog walk especially, because it keeps you limber and supple and is fine for the legs and thighs."

"Look," I said, thinking of Photoplay's Beauty Shop right away, and knowing you'd be interested, "how about posing for some pictures illustrating some of your favorite exercises, so we can see exactly how they're done?"

Penny agreed to this; and you can see the results on this page.

This is a particularly apt time of the year to get ourselves all interested in exercises, because I've a pretty good suspicion that most of us have been rather neglecting ourselves for the last few months. You've probably been too busy taking care of your faces and experimenting with new spring make-up, and wondering whether or not to get your hair cut short—after all, it takes so long for it to grow out again if you don't like it short and babyish—really to keep up with your daily exercises.

But if you want to keep yourselves graceful and slender, with a perfectly proportioned figure, exercises are vitally important to you. Excess weight or too heavy thighs often do not seem quite important enough in the wintertime, when you're so busy running around, to do very much about your figure, but summer somehow makes you more acutely conscious of it. So Penny and I worked out these exercises that are practically guaranteed to give you a streamlined figure, if you follow them faithfully for a few weeks.

The frog walk (Exercise A) is one of the most difficult to do, but it's one of the most beneficial for you. The idea is to support yourself on your hands as you walk across the floor.

You know that the ideal feminine figure is changing. Waists should be smaller now and hips a trifle more rounded to be absolutely ideal; and since dresses are getting shorter by the minute, the legs should have a softly rounded,

(Continued on page 81)

For that streamlined figure—Penny Singleton, star of Columbia's "Blondie" series, shows you how it's done. The frog walk (above, lower picture) is Exercise A in her Daily Dozen. An old stand-by, Exercise B, is illustrated by upright position (right) and squatting position (above, top). Penny's no sissy — just look at Exercises C and D (adjacent)

"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub and she'll stay that way with Mum

Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

YOUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be *your* night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you trust your bath, and your bath alone, for *lasting* charm.

It's true. No matter how fresh you feel when you *start* on your date, no bath can *keep* you sweet. For even the most perfect bath can't prevent odor—underarms *always* need Mum's special care!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances. They know a bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. To be sure they're sweet, they give underarms necessary daily care—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so pleasant, so easy to use, so utterly dependable. You know odor is *impossible* when you use Mum every day.

MUM IS SAFE! It's wonderful to be able to use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. And you can use Mum even after underarm shaving. Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM IS QUICK! Late for your date? No matter! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, keeps you fresh for hours! Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Make sure you can't offend! Remember, if you neglect your Mum just *once*, you are likely to be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a *habit* of Mum.

MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO! Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!

Popular girls never neglect the one quick step between bath and date that makes them sure of charm. They know Mum makes underarm odor impossible all evening long.

MUM *TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION*

Your silverware dealer presents

THE DOWER SERVICE FOR 8 IN WEAR-PROOFED★ TUDOR PLATE

You save $10 on this exquisite service! Designed for the lovely bride whose cherished dream is complete silverware for eight! The $29.75 "Dower" set includes eight knives, forks, oval soup spoons, salad forks, and individual butter knives . . . sixteen teaspoons two serving spoons, sugar spoon, butter knife, cold meat fork. In a solid wood tarnish-proof chest, approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Convenient terms available.

★ **Wear-proofed guarantee** shows how "area of wear" is protected by special overlay of solid silver . . . for years of extra service.

$1.50 Deluxe server for 25¢ to introduce new Fortune design. This delicately pierced useful Fortune server is the ideal prize or gift.

Authentic popular patterns styled by Oneida Community Silversmiths, Tudor Plate* patterns satisfy every taste in table settings for every occasion. *Shown above:* Fortune,* Royal York,* Elaine,* June.*

TUDOR PLATE

by

ONEIDA COMMUNITY SILVERSMITHS

*TRADE-MARKS COPR. 1939 ONEIDA LTD.

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"SWEETHEARTS"

THE choice was yours! But now we announce with pleasure that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's delightful musical "Sweethearts," which teams Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, is the final selection of our readers for PHOTOPLAY's Annual Gold Medal for "The Best Picture of 1938."

Votes from all over the United States and many from abroad testified to the high regard which the public had for such excellent pictures as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Four Daughters," "Robin Hood," "If I Were King," "You Can't Take It With You" and others of equal merit, but "Sweethearts" won, hands down.

Although this is the fifth time this famous screen pair have collaborated, it is their first picture in modern dress. Never have they been photographed to better advantage, never have they sung so beautifully, never has the production and surrounding cast been so lavish. Technicolor, of course, was an added enhancement and red-haired Miss MacDonald was breath-taking.

Victor Herbert's lovely melodies have been popular for a quarter of a century, which is another reason for the success of "Sweethearts" at the box office. Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell used the lavender and old lace libretto as a skeleton and built around it a sprightly modern love story—a back-stage yarn of two married lovers appearing in the operetta. This allows you to hear the familiar "Sweethearts," "On Parade," "Pretty As a Picture" and "Badinage," among others, all thrillingly sung by the principals.

Although the picture belongs chiefly to Mr. Eddy and Miss MacDonald, the supporting cast included Florence Rice as the secretary, Frank Morgan as the conniving manager, Reginald Gardiner as the smoothie talent scout from Hollywood, Mischa Auer as the amusingly temperamental librettist. W. S. Van Dyke, who has directed some of the team's other musicals such as "Rose Marie" and "Naughty Marietta," was responsible for "Sweethearts." Mention must also be made of Herbert Stothart's superb musical direction, Albertina Rasche's dance arrangements, Ray Bolger's dancing (remember the clever wooden shoe number which he danced with Jeanette?) and the photography in general. Minor rôles offered Lucile Watson, Terry Kilburn, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Betty Jaynes and many others. Altogether it was one of the most impressive productions pictorially and musically that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have ever screened.

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal, as you know, has been awarded for the past eighteen years as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. It is the only prize in the motion picture business that is given really by you—the public. As such, it is considered a great honor by the studio, by the director, by the actors involved. PHOTOPLAY's record has been consistently high; we have reason to be proud of our honor pictures as you can see from the above list. It is gratifying indeed to extend to M-G-M studio our congratulations and to add to our Gold Medal Honor list "Sweethearts"—our readers' choice as "The Best Picture of 1938."

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
1936 SAN FRANCISCO
1937 CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
1938 SWEETHEARTS

Our readers' choice for the best picture of 1938—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"

Things to cheer about—those breaks that are coming to Don Ameche and Richard Greene . . . "but on the other hand," says Miss Waterbury, "look what's happening to others"

CLOSE UPS AND

LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THINGS an Editor Thinks About between reading stories, looking at photographs, catching previews, eating publicity luncheons, trying to think up story ideas, and wishing she had a new mink coat: funny that even illnesses have cycles in Hollywood . . . a couple of years ago it was fashionable to have trouble with your sacroiliac . . . at first you didn't dare ask what a sacroiliac was, for fear it was something you couldn't mention in the parlor . . . but finally it got so common that everybody knew . . . now the vogue is to have stomach ulcers . . . go to dinner anywhere and along with the spinach you get talk of digestive disturbances . . . but no wonder . . . when you consider the dependence of stars on the rôles they get . . . you wonder how they even stay well, let alone live for years and years. . . .

Take Charles Boyer . . . and something very pleasant to take he is, too . . . if he'd gone on playing Napoleons as in "Conquest" probably he would have become another Muni . . . that is most artistic . . . but not pulse-pounding . . . but what with "Algiers" and now with "Love Affair" he becomes a very logical contender for the adult sex-appeal spot so long held, quite unchallenged, by Mr. Gable. . . .

Still, George Brent may now enter that winning cycle with his being signed to play *Ransome* in "The Rains Came" . . . a honey of a rôle, that one . . . and all the result of his playing the doctor—and how warmly he played that doctor—in "Dark Victory" . . . typically Hollywood everybody going around muttering that Brent can act since he did "Dark Victory" . . . he could act long before that, too, but he never got a chance to show it in those spineless characters Warners have given him up till now . . . for our money, "The Rains Came" is getting almost as interesting to look forward to as "Gone with the Wind" . . . wouldn't be surprised if it was to be Mr. Zanuck's challenge to Mr. Selznick . . . on account of any picture that has in it Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent, Marie Ouspenskaya, plus a magnificent love story of passion and regeneration, the whole laid in India with floods and earthquakes . . . and directed by Clarence Brown . . . that just has to be something. . . .

Nice seeing Don Ameche's stock hitting a new high because in "Midnight" and in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" they let him get the girl . . . dopey anyhow not giving Ameche screen sex appeal since off-screen he could get any girl he might desire with that infectious charm of his . . . I like seeing Alan Curtis in there again in "Sergeant Madden" . . . he's one of the boys that they go around studios muttering about . . . saying he's a personality but can he act . . . phooey on that stuff . . . dominant enough personalities can always be taught to act . . . look at Gary Cooper . . . look, too, at that very handsome Richard Greene . . . there's a lad who is coming right along and being very nicely developed in varied characterizations ranging all the way from "Kentucky" through being Shirley Temple's leading man to the high-born young man in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" . . . But on the other hand look what's happening to others . . . look what they did to Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn" and to Joan Crawford in "Ice Follies" . . . .

That Rooney kid lavished the most beautiful performance on "Huckleberry Finn" . . . but who wants to see this gorgeous, typical 1939 boy as a corny hick of half a century ago . . . and as for Miss Crawford in "Ice Follies" . . . what is the idea of making her a combined Sonja Henie and Hedy Lamarr? . . . honestly those ice ballets in "Ice Follies" simply made you know how wonderful Sonja was . . . made you know by contrast . . . the flashing of that beauty's silver skates against the cold crispness of ice . . . the very sound of them is thrilling . . . so what happens in "Ice Follies"? . . . well, skaters, whom you never get acquainted with, skate through some form of liquid goo, so that the effect is just a sort of water ballet done with mirrors. . . .

As for Joan's being put into a black wig and a Lamarr make-up . . . well, that kills us . . . that Lamarr double act on Joan Bennett's part was a cute stunt particularly considering that Joan did look so much like Hedy when she got herself up that way . . . enough, as lots of people have pointed out, to make Gene Markey, Joan's ex, begin dating this newest glamour girl which just led straight to the altar . . . but all this trick did for Joan Crawford was to hide her own dominant personality . . . and that reminds me of what Humphrey Bogart calls Joan's "The Bride Wore Red" . . . he calls it "The Bride Wore Out" . . . here's hoping that Joan's playing *Crystal* in "The Women" puts her stock back where it belongs . . . it isn't such a big part that one, but Joan will play her

(Continued on page 70)

GANTNER

Floating Bra

for uplift glamour!

Ellen Drew, *co-starred with George Raft in "The Lady's From Kentucky", a Paramount picture*

FLOATING BRA

robs your waist of wrinkles..slims inches off your hips, to give beautiful high accent to your bust! A real inner uplift . . a perfected control!

Top, glamorizing velvet Lastex knit, $5.95. *Left*, a gorgeous classic in two-tone, Lastex stripes, $5.95

Gantner Floating Bra suits, $3.95 and up . . . at smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book!

Don't be a Suzy-Droopy

Right, ultra-smart strapless Terry mess with cords to tie in front . . . $6.95

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. PH
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.
Monarch Knitting Co., Ltd., Dunnville, Ont., Canada

Double Flattery

in a new scarf arrangement of twin FEDERAL Foxes

Gleaming twin beauties... proud heads looped high on your shoulders... silver loveliness caught in front... held smartly together in back by two slender paws. Indisputable, new flattery! A shining example of the enormous chic of luxurious FEDERAL Fox. Smart stores everywhere show this stunning fur; you'll know it by the FEDERAL name stamped on the leather side of each pelt, your guide-post to lasting loveliness.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

Best Wishes

CAROLE LOMBARD GABLE!

BY DIXIE WILLSON

I

That little guy who spills the moonlight
Over every garden trail,
Who plugs our hearts with silver darts,
And weaves of dreams a bridal veil;
That little guy who writes the rules
For Love's sweet and exotic fable,
Can scribble, with a flourish, now,
"Finis: Miss Lombard . . . Mr. Gable."

II

Your Hollywood which manufactures
Reels of Romance by the day,
Which gives us love in plain and fancy
Styles from Nome to Mandalay,
Which serves us thrills in double features,
Now, it seems, has turned the tables;
One slice of Paradise released,
Not for the world . . . but for the Gables!

III

A grin . . . a pair of ears . . . and then
A dinner . . . orchids . . . tender sighs . . .
A girl who found new ecstasy
With looking into someone's eyes . . .
A ring . . . a promise . . . *can she cook!!!*
But never mind, if Love be able
To capture all the joy we wish
For Mr. Gable and Mrs. Gable.

The Clark Gables back in Hollywood following their marriage

Hyman Fink

"For better, for worse, until death do us part—I, Carole, take thee, Clark, for my lawful wedded husband." And with those words one of Hollywood's most glamorous women became the wife of one of its most romantic men. To Clark Gable, Photoplay extends its heartiest congratulations!

Harrell

INTRODUCING—

THE Unconventional SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

BY

ELSA MAXWELL

Bart Marshall, with two of Elsa's favorites—Countess di Frasso and Edmund Goulding

The author and Katharine Aldridge, both appearing in Elsa Maxwell's "Hotel for Women," another Darryl Zanuck brainstorm for 20th Century-Fox

To this famous author and eccentric, renowned for her unconventional parties, wit and avoirdupois, Hollywood has become the "city of annuities and trust funds" But fortunately she still finds a few rare creatures whose behavior and cleverness save the town from the curse of normalcy

IT has often been said about Venice that one should never go there unless one is in love. It has never been said about Hollywood, but it ought to be, that one should never go there unless one feels like crying at jokes and laughing at troubles.

I stayed away from Hollywood for six long years. When I was there last, in the spring of 1933, I was sufficiently foolish to worry about trouble and to try to laugh at what struck me as comedy. A newcomer, I took it upon myself to tell the producers that they should use some English actors and English furniture in pictures dealing with England. A greenhorn, I imagined that if there were but twenty-six characters in a picture dealing with France there should be not more than twenty-six, preferably twenty-five, ways of pronouncing "Monsieur" and "Madame." Looking back at my experiences in the Hollywood of 1933, I can see how silly I was. What I failed to realize then was that Hollywood was still a growing child and was acting like that six-year-old boy who tore out all the rose bushes in the garden of his neighbor and then, when threatened with being chastized, cried, "Don't say anything, don't say anything, I'm just a child, I'm just a child. I don't know any better."

Well, Hollywood is not a child any more. It has come of age. It has become almost a bit too grown-up and too sane to please a visitor who hopes to be entertained. True enough, there is still Garbo—I suppose Garbo will always be with us—and to be sure there is still that local philosopher whose approach to marriage, reported to us by Walter Wanger, the producer, is as original as anything ever conceived on the United Artists lot. Said he, while answering Wanger's question as to why he still remains a bachelor, "Marry? Not me. Not on your life. I know what all these Hollywood girls are waiting for—some sucker who will come along and marry them and then they can dash right off to their dentists and have their teeth straightened and charge the whole thing to the sappy bridegroom. . . ."

Hollywood, as I see it today, is suffering from the sins of omission more than it is from the sins of commission. So thoroughly pure are the stars, the directors, the producers and even the agents now that, aside from an occasional cheating at solitaire or a bit of foul play on the polo field, there is not much choice between a Sunday school and West Los Angeles. So much so that very often I feel a bit of nostalgia for the wild, wild place that Hollywood used to be, for the days when stars were yet to discover the annuities and the irrevocable trust funds.

But this is supposed to be an article dealing with the unconventional side of Hollywood, so I had better stop talking about annuities and irrevocable trust funds and concentrate on the people who still manage to create the impression in the mind of a neutral observer that there is still some difference between Wall Street and Hollywood.

When I came to Hollywood six years ago, I was a free lance, so free of any contracts that nobody noticed when I left. This time I am

Miss Maxwell calls him Hollywood's most colorful person—Gregory Ratoff goes into verbal action with the Charles Boyers

definitely a starlet. In fact, looking at my test the other day on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, I said to Gregory Ratoff, who is supposed to direct me in my forthcoming picture, "Gregory, I'm a bigger star right now than Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer combined."

"How is that?" asked Ratoff.

"Well," I said, "it's very simple. Look at my avoirdupois. I'm the only actress in Hollywood whom producers and directors don't beg to lose here, there and elsewhere. I'm the only one whom you are all begging—please stay fat and ugly. The fatter and the uglier you are, the better we like it. . . ."

Fortunately for me, next to Countess di Frasso (the woman who taught Gary Cooper that a watch chain should be worn across the vest and should not be hanging from the lapel of one's coat) fortunately for me, I say, next to Dorothy di Frasso, Gregory Ratoff is about the most colorful person in Hollywood. Before meeting him, I used to think that I was pretty noisy and that I possessed a sufficient amount of vitality. I have changed my opinion since meeting him. Watching him in action, I feel as if I were the most phlegmatic person on earth. Vesuvius is supposed to be a volcano but Vesuvius is just an innocuous spittoon when compared to Ratoff.

HERE is a sample of Ratoff in action. While directing Alice Faye in a scene in "Rose of Washington Square," Ratoff shouted in a voice that could be heard and probably was heard as far as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, "Alice, you are terrific. You are colossal. You are magnificent. You are ninety-five per cent good. I wish I knew how in hell I could get the other five per cent out of you."

Discussing the selfsame "Rose of Washington Square" with Al Jolson, Ratoff expressed his amazement at the wonderful performance of Tyrone Power and said that before he began shooting he didn't believe that Tyrone could play the part assigned to him, the part which is, of course, based on the life of Nicky Arnstein, the gambler. "How could Power play the part of Nicky Arnstein?" Ratoff wanted to know.

Jolson looked at him with pity and said, "Why you blankety-blank Russian . . . A man who could make love to Marie Antoinette . . . A man who helped Lloyds of London build the merchant marine of the British Empire . . . A man who built the Suez Canal almost single-handed . . . And you *(Continued on page 73)*

Joan Bennett who Miss Maxwell says, is still the prettiest wife Gene Markey ever had

FROM Ranch TO RICHES

Sex has reared its pretty head again—Hollywood has found Ann Sheridan, redheaded tornado!

BY RUTH RANKIN

"HEY, Annie," called a pal from across the Green Room, "when do you get out of uniform?"

"After Dodge City' maybe," Annie called back in perfect good humor.

Ann Sheridan didn't even bother to glance down at the astonishing brevity of the evening gown in which she was nonchalantly having lunch; there were miles and miles of pleated chiffon skirt, but from there up it was sort of—well—postponed.

There is a law or something over at Warners' making it imperative for Annie practically to live in these abridged little numbers and she's used to it. A law of Nature, no doubt, on account of Annie is about the most gorgeous eyeful Nature ever created. Annie gave away the shirt off her back quite awhile ago and the male population certainly hopes she never gets another one . . .

Five minutes after an introduction—make it two—everybody calls her Annie. She hails from a ranch near Dallas, Texas, landed in Hollywood five years ago through a beauty contest, is twenty-four years old, has had one (1) marriage and one (1) divorce. She played the lead opposite Cagney in "Angels With Dirty Faces," has remade history in "Dodge City" with Errol Flynn and will shortly grace Dick Powell's "Naughty But Nice." All of which, the veriest skeptic will freely admit, is a very good start toward a career. In fact, dammit all, Jeeves, it is a career!

Twenty-four is not exactly a ripe old age. Not at all. Twenty-four is one of the most serious ages a girl can possibly have. If she isn't serious then, she never will be—and the very good chance is she will never be quite that serious again. . . So you had better look pretty impressed when Annie solemnly announces she "is now living her second life."

A LOT of things have happened to our Annie during five years in Hollywood. She arrived via the beauty contest route, with thirty other winners recruited by Paramount from all over the world. So far as anyone knows, Ann is the only one still in Hollywood. Certainly she is the only one who made good.

She was as lost and bewildered as any of them. A woman at Paramount who knew her then says, "Oh, what a homesick baby that one was! Every day she would drop in my office and exclaim, 'I'm going back. Can't stand it. Nothing happens here. Hollywood is the dullest place on earth. Home is a lot more exciting!'" (How do you like that, Hollywood?)

Right then, Annie was going through the trying introductory period of dramatic coaching, streamlining and tests. She did not make friends right away—never took the initiative. She was used to a big family of three sisters and a brother, mother and father, scads of school friends and an active outdoor life. Fearless, athletic, vitality enough for four girls, radiantly red-haired Annie went into a decline while she got herself acclimated and reorganized.

Her home school having been Texas State Teachers' College, one naturally inquires, "Did you intend to be a teacher?"

"Heavens, no," Annie explodes, frankly amazed at such a thought. "My parents merely had to send me to some school and that one was handy!" She was the blues singer with the college orchestra and an active member of the dramatic society. Studying? . . . She could take it or leave it alone. Any girl who looks like Annie, and has as much fun as she has just being herself, wouldn't get much chance to do her homework in a coeducational institution.

Until Hollywood, Annie always figured she would probably marry and settle down on a Texas ranch. That was what the other girls she knew did, or looked forward to. After Hollywood, she still figured one married and settled down. At any rate, you fell in love, married and stayed that way. Fun was fun, but marriage was something you did in earnest. She didn't know what the hazards were, then.

ABOUT that time she met a young actor named Eddie Norris.

Annie and another girl lived in the Canterbury Apartments; so, it happened, did Eddie. One evening someone in the lobby introduced him, just in passing. The next evening he called and asked Annie out. It was the first time in her life she ever made a date after such a casual acquaintance. They kept on going out for a year and then married.

Eddie is a splendid young actor ("They Won't Forget," "Boys Town," etc.) and he was under contract to M-G-M. For some obscure reason—it is sometimes difficult to understand the mysterious workings of this picture business—there were no parts for Eddie to play during one entire year. Annie was busy almost every minute. So, naturally, Eddie sat home and brooded and got moody and was not a very cheerful companion when Annie arrived after her day's work.

And there she was—easygoing, fun-loving, all keyed up after an exciting day and rarin' to go. By that time she had found out what you did with your excess vitality in Hollywood—you went out and did the night spots.

All the kids go through this interval. The more mature actresses—while they are engaged in making a picture, anyway—have dinner in bed and study their script until ten o'clock. They have found out you can't tear around all night and work the next day. . . But *they* had to find it out, too.

Eddie and Annie couldn't get anywhere with their finances until they hired a business manager and they waited too long to hire him. Neither of them had much sense about money and there was that difficulty added to all the others. It totaled "incompatibility."

No blame is attached to either one, by either one. Simply, it is an old story in Hollywood—a tradition, you might say—but the only way people ever learn it is to go through it.

"If two people can't agree, the best thing to do is get out of it," is the way Annie analyzes the situation.

So Ann Sheridan's first life was lived.

SHE is now going through the interval of readjustment, but not exactly the way you might think. The accepted way is to go a little haywire after a divorce, but Annie has upset the applecart and is not behaving strictly according to standard. She has gone serious.

"Once your original plan is disrupted," she says, "you have to work it all out again—and differently. It seems life *can* change, things *can* be different—although once you thought they never could be. A new set of ideas has to be worked out. Before it was two people planning a future—now it is one."

They had planned far enough to have a house nearly built. Eddie is now living in it. Ann has taken a house in North Hollywood and a school friend, Gwen Woodford, has come up from Texas to live with her.

"The way things were before," says Annie, "I took my work as it came. Played through it. You know—it wasn't terrifically important because there was always Eddie's career, too. Now I regard it with more seriousness—it's my future. If anybody takes me out now and keeps me up until two A.M. when he knows I have to get up at six, I resent it. That happened last night—next time I'll take mad-money! . . . Before—well, if they wanted to go home earlier than two A.M., I resented *that*. Bitterly!"

Underneath Annie's flippant exterior—a defensive flippancy which was one of the first things she discovered had to be cultivated in Hollywood to mask any real feelings she might have—Annie has a well-balanced mind and draws sensible conclusions. At least, in conversation with women she does.

She is so dazzlingly beautiful, with a compelling poster-like beauty reminiscent of the late Jean Harlow, that one can imagine men almost resent it if she is too sensible. In appearance, she seems one of the rare exotic creations designed to go through life having everybody else be sensible for her. Annie is good-natured enough to let them think so, anyway.

That sultry, repressed, impassioned quality of hers, together with a figure that makes all the girls want to go home and have a good cry, has

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Annie (she's called that two minutes after an introduction) is something the angels dreamed up for the benefit of downtrodden cameramen—but it took Hollywood five years to claim her its "Miss Oomph of 1939"

Why not admit it—we are all lonely, too often—and the stars are no exception. But they have found an answer

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Wealth and acclaim came to Lionel Barrymore late in life—then tragedy struck. Today, he's one of Hollywood's most beloved, but he will go lonely for the rest of his days

THE Stars ARE LONELY

LONELINESS is not a prerogative of genius, the great or the near great. It is something that every one of us experiences at some time or another, in varying degrees. The happy extrovert is rarely aware of this condition, but there are times when, because of personal grief or tragic loss, or in a moment of unusual depression, he too faces the fact that being born mortal, being human, he must sometimes be lonely, alone in his heart and in his spirit. How many of us have known that sense of isolation, suddenly and without warning, in the gayest of crowds, or even in the treasurable company of someone whom we dearly love?

There is loneliness in Hollywood, the gayest of towns, the most glamorous, loneliness, in fact, to a piercing degree. Work, excitement, fame, adulation . . . these are not magic amulets which guard one against being lonely. Sometimes they may serve as barriers, erected between the stars and their inner loneliness, but at almost any time, and without premonition, the barriers may crumble.

If Hollywood could teach us how to ward off loneliness even a little, I would say that it has taught us a blessed lesson.

It is only fair to say that there are, among the stars, plenty of extroverts who love the rush and glitter and excitement; who pridefully prance from party to party and publicity to publicity, and live for the most part on the surface. Yet I believe that even these have their lonely moments . . . perhaps not until they feel themselves slipping, when their popularity wanes, and they begin to wonder if they are on their way out. Then the loneliness takes the form of missing the merry-go-round and the people and the attention.

But the introverts know that other kind of loneliness which has nothing to do with bands playing and cameras grinding and people applauding. A loneliness of the spirit.

Such people walk alone always, no matter how well attended. They are less lonely when by themselves, a paradoxical statement.

No. Fame and youth, success and loveliness, beauty and glamour are never insurance against being lonely.

It has been said, and often, that marriage is the only insurance against loneliness, yet it doesn't quite cover all the risks after all! It may be that many Hollywood marriages are contracted in order to assure two people that they will never be lonely again. Yet they will be, no matter how much their marriage means to them, or how much they love one another. For it is utterly impossible for any human being to fathom completely the depths of the human heart—even his own.

Many Hollywood marriages fail . . . many Hollywood stars marry again, and again, seeking perhaps for an insurance which, this time, will prove perfect. And when the ideally happy

For Joan Crawford, there was a "joker" in the game of success. It's written in her very eyes

Foreign stars, like Simone Simon (when she was here) and Annabella, seek comfort and understanding in one another's company

How true is Garbo's famous "I want to be alone"? Is this her nature—or has it been the force of publicity?

TOO!

marriage comes, there is always that fear, as in any happy marriage, that one will be taken and another left. One of the most tragic figures in Hollywood is that of Lionel Barrymore, whose marriage to Irene Fenwick was his life . . . now that life has ended and he will go lonely for the rest of his days.

It seems to me that certain little groups in Hollywood have found loneliness their portion. The foreign stars, for instance. They come over here, usually heralded with a great fanfare of publicity, and find themselves in a new and bewildering world. They are regarded with suspicion, with reservation, often with resentment. They do not know the language, they find it very difficult to adjust themselves to new conditions, and they make blunders without knowing why . . . not many of them survive, after all.

Some arrive fully panoplied as it were, sprung from the Jove-like imagination of a discovering

(Continued on page 74)

They're your next-door neighbors, these Hardys—Marian, Andy, the Judge, Mrs. Hardy and Aunt Milly

One of the screen's finest and .

LEWIS STONE

It's less a great characterization than a revealing self-portrait, beloved Lewis Stone's interpretation of the beloved Judge Hardy

BY GLADYS HALL

OF course you know without being told that *Judge Hardy* and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same person. The qualities of tolerance, kindliness, forthrightness and salty wisdom which are the dominant factors in the character of *Judge Hardy* are also the dominant factors in the character of Lewis Stone.

When Lewis Stone steps onto the set of a *Judge Hardy* picture, no transmutation of character takes place. There is no addition of make-up. The mannerisms, the wise, slightly quizzical, wholly compassionate smile remain the same. And when *Judge Hardy* steps off the set in the evening he sheds no mummer's cloak. In other words, when you meet Lewis Stone you meet *Judge Hardy* and when you meet *Judge Hardy* you meet Lewis Stone. It is as simple as that.

I say all this even though Mr. Stone deprecates the idea that an actor and the part he plays are ever one. But this is largely because Mr. Stone, like the Judge, is incapable of exhibitionism of any sort.

He did admit, though, that the Judge is not "acting." He said, "I try to keep the acting out and the warmth in. I know how our friends would resent it if they thought that we, the *Hardy* family, were just playing parts. We are *not* just playing parts. We are feeling them, and warmly. We all lunch together in the studio when we are working, usually in *Mrs. Hardy's* dressing room, where she, very much in character, cooks for us. I daresay an onlooker would be hard put to it to determine whether Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney and the others were really Miss Holden, Miss Parker, Stone and Rooney or *Mrs. Hardy, Marian, Judge Hardy* and *Andy.* We even," laughed Mr. Stone, "have the amusing experience, occasionally, of discussing our own personal problems and affairs only to find out that we have confused the issue and are discussing the problems and affairs of the *Hardys!*"

The realness of the Judge in the minds of the public is again testified to by the voluminous mail, addressed to Judge Hardy, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California. These letters run into the thousands weekly. Many of them are from women, complacent letters telling the Judge that the writers' husbands are ". . . just like you, dear Judge Hardy . . ." There are letters from the kids, too, from boys *Andy's* age and girls of *Marian's* age. "And these letters," says Lewis Stone gravely, "could form the basis of a completely comprehensive survey of American parenthood: in what respects it is successful, and why; in what respects it fails, and why."

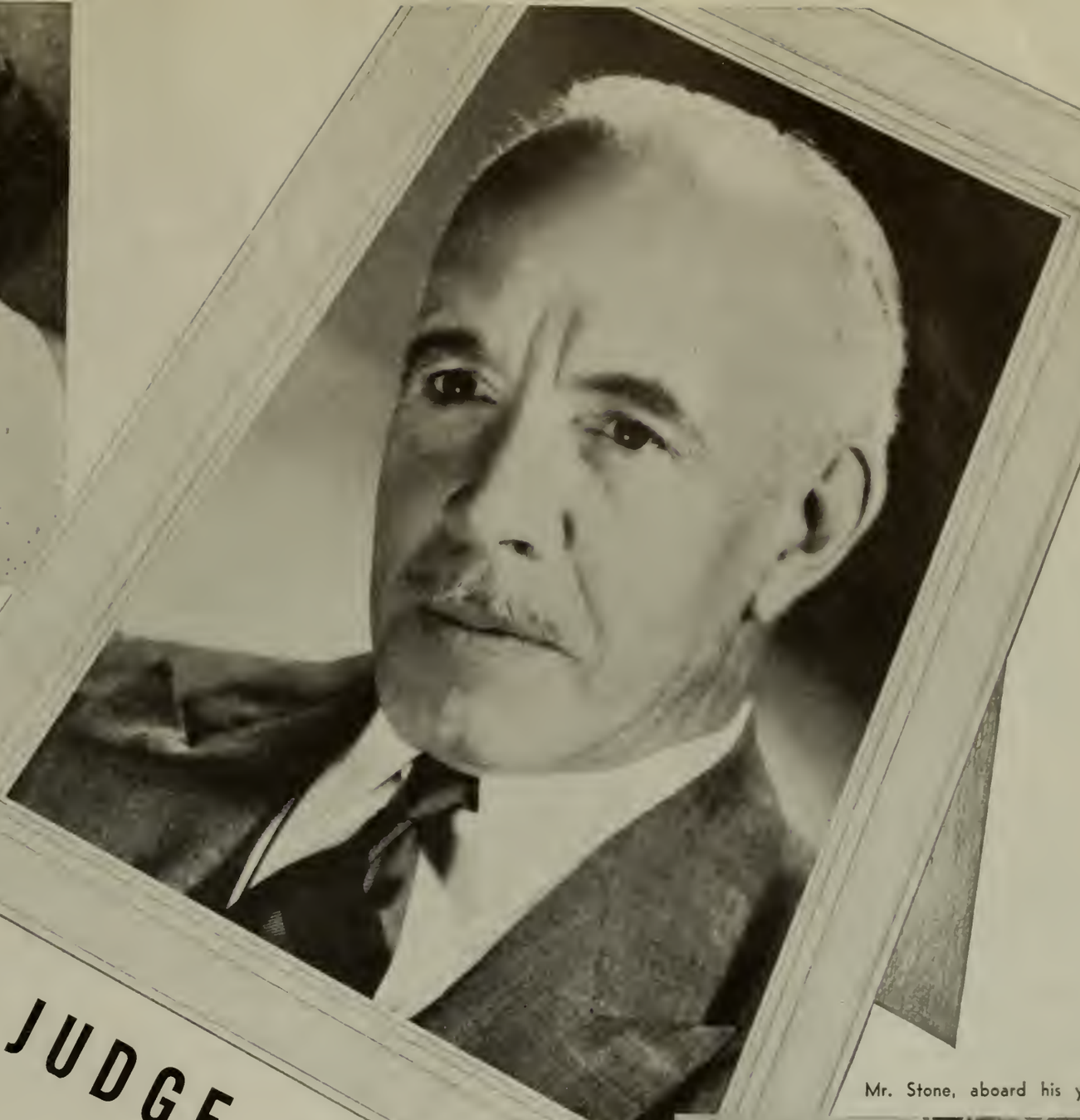
College professors write to the Judge; fathers write to him saying, "Tell me how you do it . . .;" priests write; schoolteachers—and one and all they tell the Judge that after a *Judge Hardy* picture is shown in their neighborhood the girls and boys behave better, adjust better and are more tractable for weeks afterwards.

FOR these reasons it is important to emphasize, for those of you who aren't aware of it, that the Judge and Lewis Stone are, in all essentials, one and the same man. It's nice to know, isn't it, that when the Judge steps off the sound stage he doesn't become a different, more second-rate, less sound and substantial citizen, husband and father. The Judge is real because Lewis Stone is real, and in the same fine ways. And even as *Judge Hardy* stands as friend and arbiter to his unseen friends, so does Lewis Stone stand in a similar relation to the young people who come into personal contact with him. Let me tell you that on the M-G-M lot where Mr. Stone makes pictures, there is a pathway beaten to his dressing-room door. It is a pathway worn by the feet of young people, studio stock players, bit players, beginners, even stars of both sexes, who go to the veteran actor for help with their problems. And this path was worn long before the first *Judge Hardy* picture was thought of.

"We have to be very careful with the Judge," Mr. Stone told me, a smile in his eyes. "The Judge has to be a *very* good boy. It looks as though I may never play any other character again. For example, when I played the part of the drunken judge in 'The Bad Man of Brimstone' the repercussions were terrific. The Judge's fans, who are his friends, didn't like it. They didn't like it one bit. They very definitely and emphatically and articulately said that they didn't like it. When I played the part of the drunken doctor in 'The Chaser' the same reaction set in. Even more so, if possible. Hundreds of letters came in, letters of really passionate protest, crying out 'The Judge has turned actor on us!' It was," said Mr. Stone, "the 'jury' pronouncing sentence on the Judge!

"The odd part about the situation *Judge Hardy* has created about me is that I left the stage and went into pictures simply and solely because I could not endure the hideous monotony of playing one character for days, weeks, some-

fe, Mrs. Lewis Stone



eally JUDGE HARDY

Mr. Stone, aboard his yacht

times months. I chose to go into pictures because in pictures I could play rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief . . . and now it looks as though I will be *Judge Hardy* and *Judge Hardy* alone, till the end of my screen days. *Judge Hardy,* of course, does get around. He doesn't say the same lines, make the same gestures, give and take the same cues every night of his life. He goes out West, he falls heir to a million dollars, he lives a life of considerable variety. He is as versatile as any one man could well be. But even so—yes, I must admit it—I would like to play other characters occasionally. Whether it will be wise for me to do so or even possible for me to do so, remains to be seen. And if I must make an ultimate choice I will, of course, sacrifice other characters to the good Judge. And without too many regrets, actually; for if the *Hardy* pictures do as much good as the letters we receive seem to prove they do, then they *do* good, don't they? If the sight and sound of the *Hardys* on the screen, living out the pattern of their normal, everyday lives, help to adjust the maladjusted, then that's as good a reason for living as any I have found after quite a bit of living. . . .

"Yes, I believe I can say that I shrug into the Judge's slightly worn coat easily. The Judge is a straight-line character. No quirks in it. Possibly nothing of extraordinary interest in it, either. He has no mannerisms, no tricks of personality, no complexities, no neuroses. Well, neither have I. The Judge has been a long time on the bench. So have I. His judgment is tempered; his is 'the quality of mercy.' I dare to hope that time has given me something of the same mellowness. I would estimate that the Judge has been some thirty odd years on the bench. I have been thirty-eight years on *my* bench, the stage and screen. I should suppose

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He fell in love with a redheaded colleen

"It's time, lad," the old man said.

Brent and Bette Davis in "Dark Victory"

Beginning BRIGHT

THE ENTHRALLING LIFE HISTORY OF A FIGHTING IRISHMAN

GEORGE BRENT

BY HOWARD SHARPE

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

MARCH, in 1904, came into Ireland like a lion and departed considerably spent, having left behind (in John Nolan's thatch-roofed farmhouse near the river Shannon) a howling bit of potential dynamite some time to be known as George Brent. The banshees stopped wailing over the peat bogs because, informed as they are as to the future, it was understood among them that this was a time for gleeful celebration.

In an upper room of the house an old man, on hearing the cries of his newborn grandson, reared his lean six feet four body erect, dropped the history of Ireland he had been reading to the floor, took his shillalah and went striding out on the moors. Old John McInnis had within him a fury and a hope, a clear vision born of his venerable years which pictured this Gaelic Island free at last; and the reckoning should come in the day of his grandson, and—if John McInnis had anything to do with it—by the help of that grandson.

Impatiently, while the first years went by, he watched the boy grow, saw the small legs walk sturdily, saw the fine head take shape and the eyes, curiously intelligent, brighten with vitality. And on a summer afternoon, when George was six, old John came stalking around the corner of a barn to discover the vessel ready for any intoxicant he meant to distill there. . . .

Another little boy, from a neighboring farm, stood shakily on the piled boxes and pointed his rifle, carved in loose imitation from wood, at George on the ground. "Spang!" said the child, "you're dead!"

George responded. He lifted his right arm, pointed his stubby forefinger at his slayer, tightened his fist, and shouted, "Boom!"

After a moment he added, "You have to fall."

"But I killed you first!"

George grinned. "No you didn't. You just hit me in the leg. And, anyway, it's me that'll be givin' the orders now, for awhile."

The other boy descended hastily. "You are not. I said I was general before and I'm going to stay that way."

George said nothing. Here, clearly, was a circumstance demanding action, not words; and he acted. Shortly afterward he arose, casually wiping blood from his mouth. "I'm thinking I'm the *general!*" he panted.

Old John, at his barn corner, turned and happily banged his stick against the weather-beaten side of the building. His eyes held triumph.

Shannonbridge is an old town, so old it looks as if it had grown with the trees and the rocks there in the center of Eire where the Shannon, slow-running, meets the faster river Suck. John and Mary Nolan had their farm from the Nolans before them, and these were a substantial line of Black Irishmen, believing in the hardy destiny of the Celts and in freedom and in the inviolability of home and family. They had fought magnificently for the first two of these idealisms and the third was protected belligerently by the four-feet thick stone walls of their remote house, with its encircling meadows.

Little George, his pliable and imaginative mind bursting with his grandfather's blood-

"It's proud I am, sir," he said

"I will, too," George told his image

VICTORY

His life reads like fiction—for rebellion was George Brent's heritage

thirsty stories, believed the house had once been a fort.

He had time to listen to the old man only in the evenings, when a peat fire blazed in the enormous fireplace and the McInnis patriarch sat there in his inglenook, stroking his Galways, puffing at a venerable clay pipe and coloring the air with his tales of stirring past. During the day George worked, herding sheep with the twelve dogs, planting potatoes, standing naked to the waist and barefooted in the bogs, cutting and spreading and ricking fuel in anticipation of the long winter.

This was hard work, toughening his muscles early, so that when it came time to go to the National School in Shannonbridge he was ready for competition in races, in football, in field hockey with other small gossoons of the town. But Grandpa, intent with purpose, caught the boy often enough; and always his stories of William of Orange and conquest and bright banners flying pointed a radical moral. It was shrewd propaganda, wherefore within a few years George's heart surged with hate against oppression, against the British; and with a strange, wild pride of homeland, of race and that race's spirit. The origin of his future, well-planted, flourished and grew. . . .

George's father, John Nolan, had died quietly in his great bed at the house when George was seven, and the work had been harder and the years less glorious—because Mary had become, quite suddenly, a tired and silent woman, listless and a little weary of living. John had been her life and without him it was unimportant. Then, in 1915, when half the world was at war and around her the people of her race muttered with renewed courage of rebellion, she took to her bed, her tired mouth smiling a welcome to death.

GEORGE woke abruptly in the dim light. His grandfather bent over him, his whiskers white patches against a face lined and sunken, belying the eyes which still held life.

"It's time, lad," the old man said.

George slid out of bed. While he struggled into his trousers he saw that on the other side of the windows fog drifted like sulphur gas, yellow and thick. Liverpool was silent.

Without words old John opened the door and, with George following, walked out on the landing. George's sister, three years older than he and pretty, except for her eyes red from weeping, stood waiting in a circle of bags and portmanteaus. "We've an hour," said the old man.

They drove to the dock through the gloom, still silent. George was eleven, close to tragedy, and his heritage was one of moods—of high exaltation or of exquisite melancholy. This morning, this last morning in England, the melancholy had settled close around him. Intuition told him that he would never see his grandfather again.

The *SS Philadelphia*, eerie with camouflage (two of her sister ships had been torpedoed within the week) loomed like a monster through the mist. George followed old John and his sister up the gangplank and out onto the aft deck.

"'Twill be an uncomfortable crossing, lad," the McInnis told him. "The Atlantic is rough

in this season, and rougher yet with steel fish prowling under its surface. If anything happens take care of your sister."

"I will that, sir," George said.

"And George—you'll not be forgetting the things I have told you about? The cause of our people?"

His grandson faced him, lower lip out, eyes glistening. "I'll be back some day, Grandfather. And I'll not forget."

The old man smiled then, contentedly. "The saints be with both of you," he said, and kissed the children and walked away, his heels making brisk sharp sounds on the deck.

It had been decided, after Mary's death, to send her children to an aunt who lived in New York, and this lady promptly clapped George and his sister into schools. It seemed the most likely way of solving the sudden double problem which had been visited upon her.

The little girl was sweet enough, gentle and saddened over her mother's death. But in the boy's face his aunt detected temper; and he was so silent, so chary of word or smile. The Dwight Preparatory School, she discovered upon inquiry, was a good one, and accessible. She enrolled him there and went home, feeling her duty well done.

As she walked in the door of her house the phone rang. It was the schoolmaster, and a schoolmaster in a bitter frame of mind. Her nephew, it seemed, within half an hour of his enrollment had fought with another pupil, and furthermore, had knocked two of the pupil's teeth down his throat, and furthermore, had defied the master who had attempted to punish him (George) for such infraction of institutional rules; and furthermore and furthermore and furthermore. . . .

George's aunt interrupted. "He is your problem, now," she said and hung up. For a moment she regarded the telephone, thoughtfully. Then she began to laugh, and she laughed until her face was the color of an Irish beet.

SULKING moodily in his room at the school, George considered the day. It had been a good fight. He got up and, leaning his elbows on the top of a chest of drawers, inspected his face minutely in the mirror. He saw there the formation, soft and unfinished but basic, of a strong face: the wide forehead, with dark hair crisp and alive above it; the straight nose; the wide-apart eyes, one purposeful, the other swollen and black; the clear-limned pugnacious chin. A clean-cut face. The face of a thinker; a thinker, what was more, who would fight for what he thought.

Quite suddenly he remembered the moment on deck at Liverpool, when he had promised the old man he would come to Ireland again.

"I will, too," George told the image in the mirror. And he knew he would, most surely.

Somehow, his heart felt lighter after that.

The years, then, until he kept that promise were in preparation for climax. There were six of them, spent in schools and working at hard physical work such as he had learned to do at home, and those years are a story of adjustment to the American way, of development, of growth to manhood. Things happened to him, as they must always happen to George, since he is the person he is; but they were small landings on the flight to a greater thing.

At fourteen he was five feet ten inches tall, an extraordinary height for a boy of that age. It gave him an advantage, in several ways.

The first was when, shortly after his return to school, he fell somewhat in love with a girl considerably older than he was. She was a red-headed little colleen from the Isle, green-eyed and lovely and named Margaret.

When, after a few months, Margaret found long walks with this taciturn, if handsome, beau were beginning to tell on her gay spirit—when simultaneously another of his contemporaries offered her what George did not, and a chance to ride in a red roadster as well, she proved fickle. George spent no sleepless nights in vain unhappiness as a result. It was, he felt, as well. One black mood, lasting for an afternoon and productive of one smashed water glass and a torn-to-shreds volume of Byron's Love Poems, sufficed him.

It was June, in any case, and he had plans which would not have left room for Margaret. Introspective and alone as he was, George had a friend, a boy named Jimmy Owens, who went to the same school. Jimmy, on occasion, could borrow his father's car—and one hot Saturday, George heard the ah-ooo-gah horn of the car sound out in front.

He grabbed his bathing suit and ran.

An hour and a half later Jimmy pulled the emergency in a remote, brush-wooded section of Long Island; they could hear surf pounding within walking distance. They swam for a while. Then, lying full-length in the hot sun, they began the lazy talk that is the fashion of boys, about the future in terms of their personal destinies, about girls, about recent discoveries (in that French book Hancock kept bound in a cover labeled innocently "Hero Tales of American Life"), about their own prowess at games, about what they would do this summer.

And George said, "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to clear out. I'm going to get a job and maybe I'll never come back."

He began to picture the summer as it would be, drawing heavily on his imagination for Jimmy's benefit, talking with studied casualness but with a definite purpose behind his words. Because he wanted Jimmy to come along with him.

"I'd *see* things," George finished. "I'd find out what it's like in other states. And if I wanted to come back I'd have money from working—I could buy my own car, if I wanted to."

From his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, from his friends on the sophisticated college campus of Princeton and from the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Hollywood, PHOTOPLAY has gathered a remarkable and exclusive life story of the one movie actor who has made a success of simplicity.

A nostalgic saga of Main Street, as American as chewing gum and marbles and Sunday-school picnics, is the opening chapter of this searching portrait of James Stewart which, with a bow to Booth Tarkington who might have created him, could be called "Penrod from Princeton."

Watch for it in PHOTOPLAY.

He waited, his face impassive but his heart beating hard, for Jimmy's reaction. He need not have worried. Jimmy's eyes were shining, his snub nose wrinkled with excitement.

"George," he said eagerly. "Now listen. D'you s'pose—could *I* come with you?"

The smallest of smiles caught George's mouth at the corners. After a moment he answered, "Well—I don't know. If you thought you could take it—"

They started in the dead of night a week later, leaving behind notes propped on dressers, carrying with them some prepared bags of provisions and boyhood conceptions of what constituted an adequate change of clothes.

For days the two boys tramped through New York and Connecticut, down the winding state roads between the streams and woods and past the farms: sleeping comfortably out of doors in the convenient summer heat, working off and on for meals. They had had fifty cents between them at the outset, and they still had it.

Then one afternoon they rounded a bend in the road and saw grouped by the edge of a river the buildings of a lumber camp. Without pausing for discussion the two boys straightened their shoulders and made briskly for the largest building. Fifteen minutes later they emerged from the foreman's office, grinning; they had jobs—and, to justify all of George's predictions, they were to get a man's wages: five dollars a day.

THE summer passed too quickly, but it had its destined effect on the boy. George's childhood was gone. His new possession, his for life now and a thing on which he might build his future, was independence; the knowledge that he could sustain himself by himself, asking odds of no one.

It was the first really great triumph.

He was ready, then, even before his eighteenth birthday. His intervening summers, he had spent respectively helping to wreck a camp left over from the World War and picking fruit for a family of Italians upstate. During the last winter he had found the particular stimulant his turbulent spirit needed—a group of people who, like himself, remained closely akin to the homeland across the Atlantic and followed the build-up there to emphatic change with restless interest.

They had formed an organization called the Pearson Club and when George joined it the lecturer was Frank Harris, a rabid radical. And whether or not it was for the best, George, whose vitality overflowed the narrow scope of his existence, absorbed Harris' philosophy like blotting paper. Besides, he made a close friend of a man who personalized the message.

This was a young priest, whom we may call Father Dan, a brilliant Irishman with the cause of Eire as the main purpose of his life. George sat next to him one night at the club, and they had walked together through the New York streets afterwards, talking of Ireland's plight. The walks became a habit and Father Dan, trained in the arts of persuasion, did his work so well that by spring of that year George, beneath his calm exterior, was almost hysterical.

The inevitable result came in June, when one evening the shrewd cleric knocked his pipe empty against his heel and said—in carefully casual tones—"I'm going back to Ireland soon, my boy. I wish you could go with me. But of course that's impossible. . . . "

The young man beside him had no recollective flash. He did not remember the certain afternoon on a Long Island beach spent with a boy named Jimmy. There was nothing reminiscent about his own words, now: "*Why* is it impossible? I've saved money enough for passage, from last summer. And I've a cousin in London who would put me up—as long as it would be necessary."

Nor did he note any special quality in the small smile which caught at the corners of Father Dan's mouth.

They sailed together in October, on the *Carmania*. Cousin Arthur was hospitable while the priest went on to Dublin to accept a chair at the University there. And finally, after several impatient months, the letter came—the unexpected letter—suggesting that George come on to the University and take some courses there.

"—service and assistance to the cause which we both cherish so deeply. . . . " was left on one of the pieces of torn note paper the boy threw into the fireplace that night. The next day he went to Dublin.

(Continued on page 77)

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

Beauty THROUGH SURGERY

BY GRETTA PALMER

Is Hollywood facing a new fad?—Not stars but young hopefuls are learning about the strange new ways of artificial beautification—Here are the clinical facts

EDITORS' NOTE: *Beauty is Hollywood's greatest commodity and, therefore, new developments in the science of beautification are of interest to all those who are interested in motion pictures. It is true that the surgical methods described in this article have not been used appreciably by well-known personalities in the picture industry, because so much emphasis must be placed upon natural beauty, heightened by natural methods of beautification.*

Next month PHOTOPLAY *gives you an opportunity to learn these ways to natural beauty which Hollywood does employ—the ways of the high-powered, highly paid beauty, style and charm experts: the* MIRACLE MEN AT WORK *on movie stars and movie aspirants.*

THANKS to Hollywood standards, the demand for beauty perfection is tremendous. Mostly, this perfection is sought through health routines and cosmetic devices within the safe and comforting reach of every purse.

But now another kind of beauty is being bought, today, by any woman who has the price. It may be artificial beauty, with less character and charm than the moderate good looks with which nature has endowed a girl. But it is being bought, piecemeal and, as a whole, by well-to-do women.

A famous publisher's wife admits, openly, that her handsome nose is new and synthetic. A dozen society women in New York and Paris tell intimates that they have had their breasts lifted by surgery. Such famous international characters as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have had "face shelling" operations, which, over a period of ten days, peel the top layers off the skin.

When sub-glamour girls in New York first had the facial surgeon enlarge their eyes, young women with hopes of storming the West Coast studios were not long behind. The vogue for this brand of loveliness is reported to have tempted some established actresses to tamper with their native beauty, but obviously it would be foolhardy for the great stars of today to change the appearance which has made their fortunes.

Sensational stories of artificiality as the basis of moving-picture careers should not, therefore, be credited, but many little unknowns are saving their pennies to buy synthetic loveliness, by surgery in the hope of landing on the screen. It is they who could turn surgery for beauty into a Hollywood fad.

In the little town of Hollywood (studio population 100,000) there are eleven surgeons who make known their willingness to change the shape of your face. There are many in New York.

Drastic transformations in one's appearance can, surely, be made by these surgeons in a few hours, or less. In disclosing the details of modern cosmetic medicine, Photoplay aims neither to endorse nor to condemn, but only to present the facts. . . .

FIRST of all, since the doctors who undertake to remake a woman's face *are* doctors, we might consider how the medical world regards their work. Immediately, we discover that most of the Academies of Medicine and Medical Societies of the country look askance at any surgical operation performed on a normal, healthy body.

For there is always in any operation, a slight danger of infection and unforeseen complications; beauty doctors are not, therefore, invited

(Continued on page 85)

JUAREZ

Director William Dieterle peers through the finder while Cameraman Tony Gaudio looks on

Make-up artist Perc Westmore works from plaster cast

Paul Muni, as Juarez

Spectacular crane shot—note painted tapestries, props in foreground, electrical equipment on cat walk above set

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MOVIE

Here is your pass into the magic land of movie-making where you can witness Step Two in the growth of a superfilm in all its exciting detail

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

WHEN you see a movie and you've read that two years went into its making, you may think that the studio has been boondoggling. But when you go there and see for yourself how such a movie is made, you'll change your mind.

Last month we took you to the Warner Brothers studio to watch the preparation of "Juarez," with Bette Davis, Paul Muni and Brian Aherne. You talked to the producer and the writers, who told you they spent a year and a half gathering facts of the tragic love story of Carlotta and Maximilian, the Hapsburg prince who was duped by Louis Napoleon of France into becoming Emperor of Mexico. How his lovely Empress Carlotta sought vainly to get aid for him and finally went insane. And how Juarez, the great Indian statesman, the Lincoln of the Mexican people, fought to give them a democratic form of government.

The head of the research department told you how they made the story authentic; the casting director, how they tested hundreds of actors for the fifty-four speaking parts; the art director, how they executed the throne rooms of Europe; and the costume designer, the elaborate period dresses.

Come out to the studio again and watch the shooting of "Juarez." You can ask questions. You can talk to all the people who are making it.

WITH everything in readiness, the script finished, the actors cast, the costumes made and the sets built, the actual production begins. William Dieterle, the director, is the one man from now on by whose guidance "Juarez" will either stand or fall. He must co-ordinate all the forces of the production. He must create a world he has visualized.

Dieterle prefers actors on the "hammy" side. He knows how much they can give. Then he tones them down. He is a meticulous worker. He confers with the writers, he casts the smallest part himself, he directs all the dialogue tests which his assistant would normally do. When he comes on the set in the morning, he knows exactly what he wants. Tireless, he rarely sits down. There's a tension on his set, even between scenes. Only the actors relax.

A staunch believer in astrology, he shot the first scene of "Juarez" three weeks ahead of schedule, two hours before the usual call. He waited for a phone call from his astrologer to tell him the exact moment to begin.

"Shooting 'Juarez' is like shooting two separate stories with two completely different casts," Jack Sullivan, ace assistant director, tells you. "We planned our schedule so that we could shoot the Maximilian-Carlotta (Brian Aherne-Bette Davis) story first and the Juarez (Paul Muni) story after that was finished. We were able to do this because the three principal characters never meet.

"We make a shooting schedule for each week and every day at two o'clock all the department heads get together and read off their schedules for the other pictures in production so we can plot the stage space. If we don't have that meeting, we'd find two companies on the same stage.

"With a two months' shooting schedule because of the size of the production, I called the actors for Monday morning, gave them their scene numbers and told them to be made up and ready on the set at nine o'clock."

COME to the make-up department and talk to head make-up artist, Perc Westmore. Let's ask him how he makes up the stars of "Juarez."

"A Paul Muni picture is always interesting to me," he tells us. "When you make up an actor you create an illusion. But if you don't have an actor who can complete the illusion, all the make-up in the world won't help. Paul Muni is a thorough artist. He knows everything about his character and he knows more about make-up than any other character on the screen. It's never too much for him to come in here every evening or whenever we want him.

Heart-rending scene—Bette Davis and Walter Kingsford

Eerie make-up test—Brian Aherne, as Maximilian's corpse

"We started with Muni by taking photographs of him, then painting the likeness of the Indian Juarez over them. We took plaster casts of his face. Then we knew what we had to do: accentuate his bone structure, make his jaws appear wider, square his forehead and give him an Indian nose. He had to be darker than anyone else in the picture. We created the illusion of the Indian by giving Muni a dark reddish-brown make-up, high lighted with yellow. We wrote down every step in the process so we could repeat it.

"It took months of experimenting. Make-up tests usually go in cycles of threes, with the third test the best. But when it

(Continued on page 82)

The Dilemma of LAMARR

Women envy her, men dream about her—but, today, glamorous Hedy is Hollywood's biggest question mark

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Big plans continue to be made for Hedy, but Hedy, in the meantime, has been occupying herself with a romance which culminated in her marriage to Gene Markey (left) — the most envied man in America

"I Take This Woman," starring Tracy and Hedy (right), was shelved. Why? And, again, why do those who admire her most disagree about her chances for continued screen success?

IN 1938 Hedy Lamarr was the screen's sensation.

In 1939 she is Hollywood's dilemma.

On March fourth, when Hedy was married to Gene Markey in the Governor's Palace at Mexicali, Lower California, by a Mexican magistrate, she told reporters:

"We decided to get married, Mr. Markey and I, while we were having dinner last night. Mr. Markey has to start work on a picture at the studio where he is a producer. I go into a picture Monday. We thought we had better get married right away, for if we waited it might be weeks before we again had time."

Immediately, I was reminded of a certain Hollywood star who cannot determine whether to be appalled at Hedy, or amazed at her. This star, who built and who now sustains her career with brilliant surety, asks:

"How on earth does Miss Lamarr hope to manage a new marriage and a new career at the same time? Either one consumes all the time, energy and thought any woman has to give!"

Right now, unquestionably, Hedy's career needs all her attention. Hedy, at the moment, is something of a pain to Leo, the M-G-M lion, who truly can sing, "She's mine, all mine!" For it was Metro who put Hedy under contract, brought her to this country and spent two years and a fortune grooming her for the American screen.

"Algiers" turned Hedy's name into a household word. It set men and women alike to dreaming about her, but for different reasons. It made her one of the most valuable human properties in Hollywood. Nevertheless, the studio executives at Culver City may well wish they'd never seen her midnight-colored hair and never heard the soft syllables of her name.

"WHAT a break 'Algiers' was for Hedy," those stars who can look backward with more pleasure than they can look forward were sighing not long ago. But having just returned from Hollywood where the Lamarr name, like a litany, is on everyone's lips, I wonder. I wonder if there's anyone in that movie town, where competition and pressure always exist in extreme measure, who is more to be pitied than Hedy—professionally speaking, of course. I wonder if "Algiers" really was a break for her, or the worst thing that could have happened.

Why?

"Algiers" put Hedy on a spot. And a spot is notably a bad place from which to work. This, in a measure, may explain why "I Take This Woman," the picture Hedy made following her skyrocketing fame, fell so far below expectations that you and I may never see it.

Metro did what they could to salvage that pic-

(Continued on page 88)

Proudly he carries on a name that yesterday spelled genius to Broadway; today, phenomenal success to Hollywood. Illustrious son of an illustrious father—Tyrone Power, in "Rose of Washington Square"

G. Kornman

HOLLYWOOD

BY

CANDID LIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK
AT CAFÉ MARCEL

Frank Morgan and the so-attractive wife of Director W. S. Van Dyke

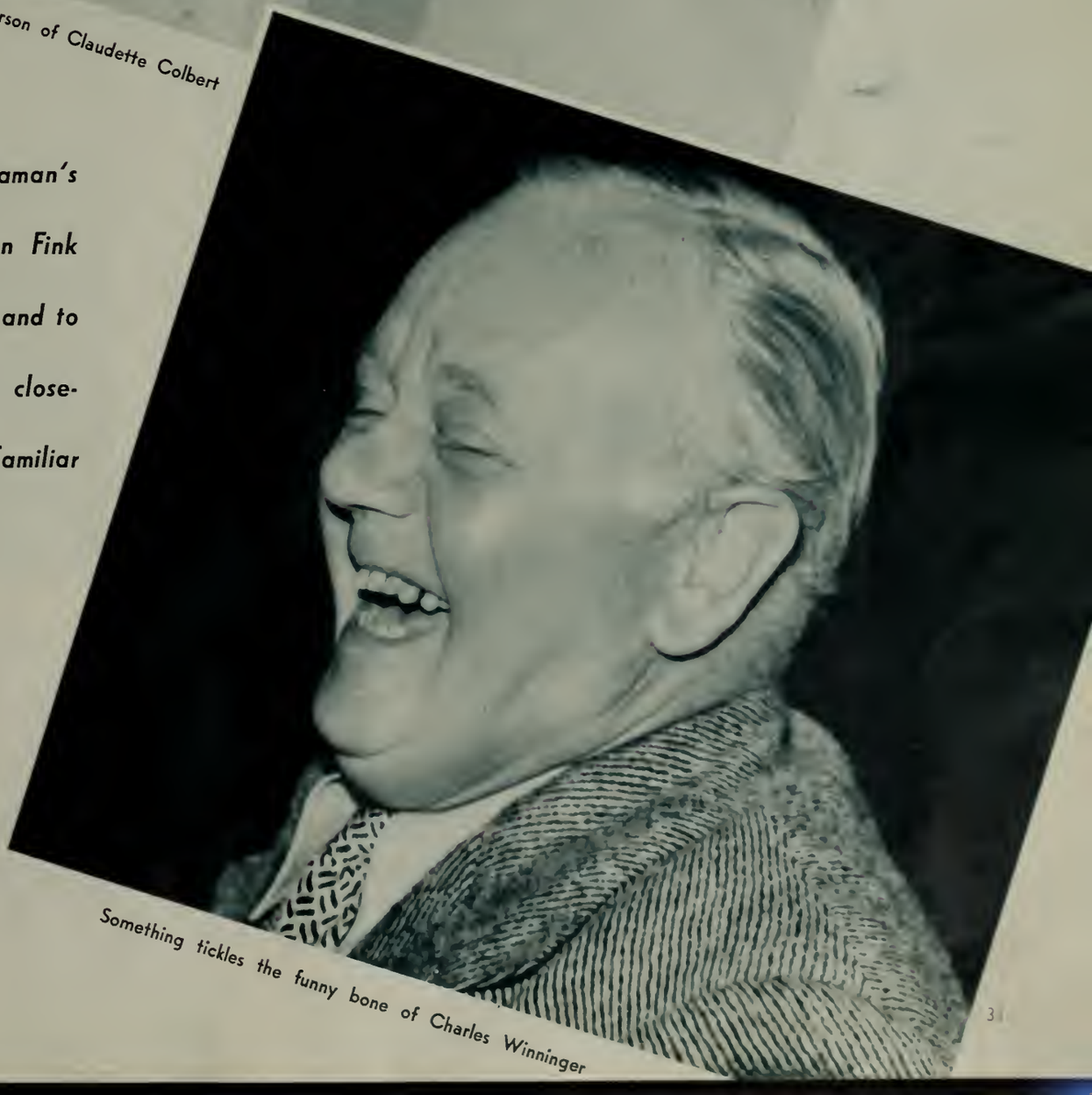
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell leave the kiddies at home for a café society evening

Actor Spencer Tracy, Hollywood's man of the hour

Not what you'd call exactly photogenic but a darn nice guy! Number one bachelor of filmtown, Jimmy Stewart

Charm by the bushel in the person of Claudette Colbert

Clear-cut cases of a cameraman's skill: photographer Hyman Fink takes his new camera in hand to produce some remarkable close-ups of faces, famous and familiar



Something tickles the funny bone of Charles Winninger

1

A HOUSE TO LIVE IN!

Presenting the Andy Devine homestead. Not a Hollywood palace, but a dream place that makes you say "Me, too!"

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

3

THE homes of Hollywood are known as "show places." Even when a star tells you, with a breezy wave of the hand, that "it's just a little place," you prepare yourself for marble halls. That's because Hollywood homes usually are designed with the same degree of attention to flattering detail as a studio set. Stars' homes are backgrounds for their glamorous personalities; they must, so most of Hollywood believes, live up to what you and I expect of our favorite heroine's or hero's background—something extravagantly exotic.

Yet, in spite of this, there are homes in Hollywood which are designed for everyday living, the houses which fix themselves in your memory as places where folks might settle down and relax, even as you and I.

Such a house is that pictured on this page, the home of Andy Devine, gravel-voiced comedian whose lumbering antics have endeared him to millions of movie-goers. It is at Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, surrounded by miles of open country reminiscent of Andy's native Arizona. A show place? Yes, of a different sort, a show place of comfort and convenience, of informality and possibilities for gaiety, a gathering place for a family, an

(Continued on page 71)

1 Exterior of the San Fernando Valley home. Perfect for country living is its ranch-house style

2 The gay card room (upper right), with its convertible divan, serves also as the Devines' guest room

3 The living room (right) presents an informal air with its pine-paneled walls and stone fireplace

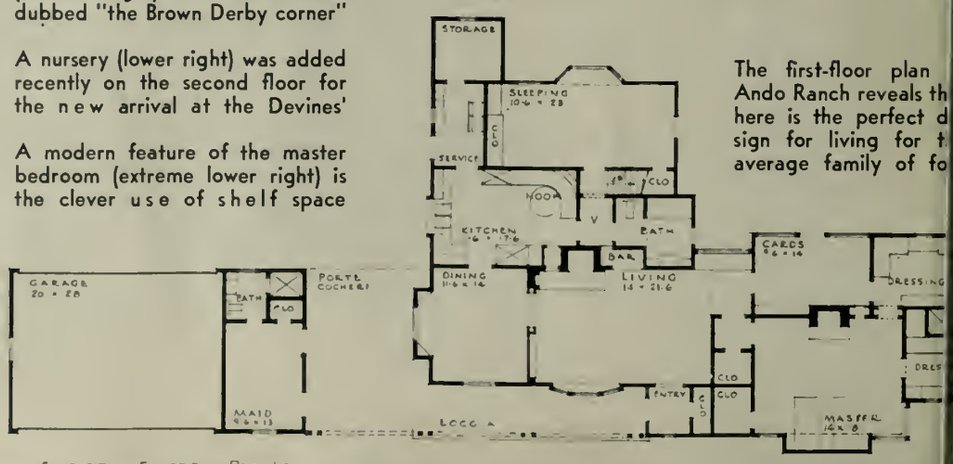
4 A unique and cozy kitchen nook (extreme right) which the Devines dubbed "the Brown Derby corner"

5 A nursery (lower right) was added recently on the second floor for the new arrival at the Devines'

6 A modern feature of the master bedroom (extreme lower right) is the clever use of shelf space

ARCHITECT L. G. SCHERER

The first-floor plan Ando Ranch reveals th here is the perfect d sign for living for t average family of fo



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Lords of all they survey: the Mayor of Van Nuys, Andy Devine, and sturdy young Tad

2

4

5 6

With an eye to her future, Sam Goldwyn ruled Antoinette Lees too long for marquee lights, so it's Andrea Leeds to Tom, Dick and Harry. An only child, with more than one asset: beauty, brains, breeding; a single girl, with a host of beaux and several ambitions: to write, to make a fortune early, then marry and have at least six children! She entered by "Stage Door" the exclusive realm of stardom and, now, as Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Real Glory," proves that big brown eyes and a college education spell success

Rare as that day in June is Deanna Durbin of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Amazing adolescent, she trills like a lark and acts like a seasoned trouper; she's consistently won the praise of critics with five four-star hits and the undying gratitude of Universal, whose stock has risen along with their starlet's star. Smart but not smart-alecky, she's retained, through three years of limelight, the wholesome charm of a Canadian youngster named Edna Mae, who, at thirteen, never dreamed her dreams would all come true

Coburn

Ray Jones

Lady of leisure at work on a script: Rosalind Russell

One Sunday afternoon: Fredric March and Henry Fonda try badminton

HERE'S SWOPE *Again!*

JOHN SWOPE'S CAMERA EYES THE INFINITE VARIETY OF HOLLYWOOD AND ONCE MORE PHOTOPLAY PROUDLY PRESENTS THE RESULTS

Time and tide wait for Ilona
sey as she strikes a streamlined
on the sunny shore of the P

"Extra" curricula on the sound stage—aptly tagged by Mr. Swope, "Two of the girls broadening their minds." Top: picture of a director directing—Wesley Ruggles. Left: "Sincerely yours, James Stewart"—titled by the photographer, "Conclusive evidence of success—demand for an autograph." (These studies are from Mr. Swope's "Camera Over Hollywood," Random House publication)

10 AND THE SAME GIRL

1. Billing herself as the John Held, Jr., girl, Ginger's road to fame led through vaudeville, musical comedies and — the radio

2. The hit of "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy" was spotted by talent scouts, and movie-goers first saw Ginger in 1930

3. A slenderizing campaign brought Ginger down to the proportions best suited to the camera—she's never lost them

The metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers who started out in life as a Charleston contest winner and lived to prove that "Variety is the spice of life"

4. A success on Broadway, a number of pictures to her credit at Paramount's Long Island studios, this is how Ginger looked when Hollywood beckoned her

5. There has always been a redhead in pictures, but the Ginger of "Suicide Fleet" little dreamed that she would become one of movieland's most famous

6. The process of growing up—experimenting with new make-up, taking on a more sophisticated manner—that was the Ginger of 1934, when she married Lew Ayres

7. A new partnership—one that was to last longer than her marriage—was born when Ginger and Fred Astaire burst upon the public in RKO's "Flying Down to Rio"

8. Other studios fought for the privilege of flying the Rogers' banner over their pictures. College students all over the country voted her their "favorite"

9. A series of dancing pictures—"Gay Divorcee," "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," "Swing Time," "Shall We Dance," put Ginger and Astaire among the ten best at the box office, but finally—

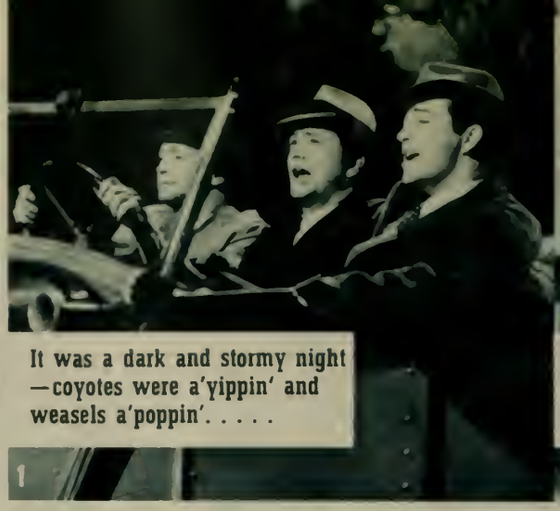
10. Ginger rebelled. She demanded a dramatic rôle for every dancing picture she made—"Stage Door" proved she was right. And there lies the secret of why you hear, "I never get tired of Ginger"

The Cowboy and the LADY

Start here

An encore to Photoplay's popular "picture story" quiz—an old-fashioned, rip-snortin' melodrammer about the Cowboy and the Lady. The game is easy to play—just fill in the missing links of the story with film titles. Whenever a break (indicated by dotted lines) in our story has occurred, we have inserted a scene from a motion picture. Fill in the title of each picture, following the numerals for sequence and, when you are through, you will have a complete story. We'll start you off: It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'. "Three Comrades"—Now you go on from there. The hair-raising tale is complete on page 84

From the film, "The Cowboy and the Lady," comes the title of our picture story



It was a dark and stormy night—coyotes were a'yippin' and weasels a'poppin'. . . . .

1

were a'settin' around a campfire, a'talkin' about gold. They were . . . . .

2

Said the first: "How about robbin' a bank?" Said the second: . . . . .

6

But the third just muttered darkly to himself, ...

7

and, a'plunkin' herself down on his knee, added, "My name's . . . . .

11

Our hero thought she was . . . . .

my . . . . .

16

Came morn—his . . . . .

17

For your convenience in guessing picture titles, use the spaces below:

1	. . . . .	11	. . . . .
2	. . . . .	12	. . . . .
3	. . . . .	13	. . . . .
4	. . . . .	14	. . . . .
5	. . . . .	15	. . . . .
6	. . . . .	16	. . . . .
7	. . . . .	17	. . . . .
8	. . . . .	18	. . . . .
9	. . . . .	19	. . . . .
10	. . . . .	20	. . . . .

the . . . . .

3

and the . . . . .

4

It was hard to coin dough out thar in the . . . . .

5

and slunk off toward the . . . . .

8

To Hell, "the town saloon which was . . . . .

9

He was a'settin' thar a'thinkin' a'thinkin' hard, when a gal hove into sight. Sez she: "Hi-yah . . . . .

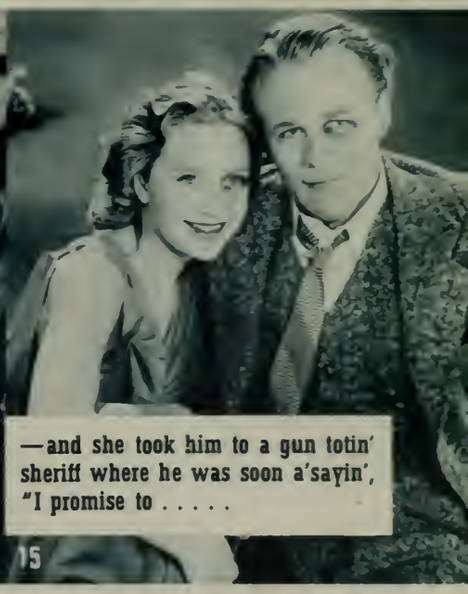
10

Cuz, befuddled as he was by . . . . .

13

he mistook the peroxide in her hair for the gold he was a'seekin'. His heart took a . . . . .

14



—and she took him to a gun totin' sheriff where he was soon a'sayin', "I promise to . . . . .

15

had turned to brass. He was stuck with a . . . . .

18

who turned out to be . . . . .

19

plumb crazy and fit only for to be an . . . . .

20

NEWS *from* NEP

"Fair and warmer!" says Mr. Weatherman, so Photoplay covers the water front. The result —this brief preview of brief fashions for summer bathing beauties. Be you blonde, brunette or redhead, you simply can't resist 'em

Rita Hayworth (left) of Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings," shows a Victorian trend with her Kleinert ensemble. Her white crinkled rubber suit with its rubber lace edging boasts a floral trim of varicolored rubber poppies. The drape of her cap is also caught with a poppy cluster. Wedged-heeled bathing shoes complete her quaint costume. From Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, Calif., and Lord and Taylor, New York. Jo Ann Sayers (lower, left), seen in M-G-M's "Within the Law," selects for beach wear a white satin lastex one-piece, front-skirt suit, with leaves printed in blue, yellow and green. Suit, designed by Mabs of Hollywood, from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. Frills on bathing suits are the last word in 1939 swim styles! Virginia Grey (lower, right), now in M-G-M's "The Hardys Ride High," plays on the beach in Shepherd Knitwear's two-piece model of navy blue taffeta printed with pink polka dots and ruffle-edged with white piqué. From Coulter's, Los Angeles

TUNE

Streamlined Jean Parker (right), of Hal Roach's "Zenobia," wears "Strapless Wonder," B.V.D.'s daring black satin lastex swim suit. Sans skirt, the high waistline is attached to a softly draped zipper-closed bra. Jean's attractive new Toby Clark beach chair is covered with bright orange canvas. The May Co., Los Angeles and Gimbel Bros., New York, feature the suit. Dorothy Arnold (lower, right), recently seen in Universal's "The Family Next Door," wears "Mexicala"—a colorful name for a colorful suit! The simulated two-piece model of cotton matletex (West Coast Manchester) is gayly printed with white stripes and polka dots of white and blue on a background of red. The trunks are of solid matletex shirring; the plain bra fashioned on a matletex band. Desmond's, Los Angeles

Shirley Ross (left), of Paramount's "Some Like It Hot," models Bradley's strapless suit of silky Formalur fabric (knitted of rayon and superelastic Darleen yarns). Even high divers can wear it, for its fitted bodice is boned, back and front, and has an adjustable drawstring. The skirt's flare is taken from winter's skating garb. Cramer, Palmer House, Chicago

OVER

MORE NEWS FROM

NEPTUNE

Starlet Jane Wyman (above), whose newest Warner film is "The Kid from Kokomo," suns herself in a novel Catalina swim suit called "Puckerette." It is fashioned of tangerine matelassé oilskin and stylized by gathered side panels and a finely shirred front-waist inset. Suit from Bullock's, Los Angeles

Arleen Whelan (center), appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy Friend," models the "Halfskirt Zip-In," Jantzen's Velva-Lure action suit. This delightful rayon fabric has a velvety sheen that gives a glamorous appearance. A Talon fastener is a unique style feature which makes it easier to slip into the suit. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Anne Shirley (lower, left), of RKO's "Sorority House," wears Gantner's two-piece swim suit of polka dot shirred satin lastex. The halter bra ties on to the shorts in front with a casual bow. The suit features Gantner's famous "floating bra." Palais Royal, Washington, D. C., features the suit

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Evening coats for summer are long and colorful. Irene Dunne, appearing in Paramount's "Invitation to Happiness," wears a Bernard Newman model of soft Rodier woolen styled in early American manner, with fitted bodice, a dropped waistline and a gathered skirt—jeweled buttons accent the bodice and a chiffon scarf finishes the neckline. Irene's gown beneath is of pale grey chiffon

FAIR LADI

Superstition does not haunt the steps of Rosalind Russell, M-G-M star. Thirteen giant hooks and eyes close the chartreuse jacket of this dressmaker suit, created for her personal wardrobe by Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. The red, chartreuse, blue and black printed Ducharne crepe scarf is novel variation for the so-popular wimple — it is the hood collar of the short-sleeved blouse that tucks into the straight black skirt which, like the jacket, is of London Shetland. Rosalind's rough straw rolled-brim hat with forward-tilted crown was created by John-Frederics

London Shetland Fabric from John B. Ellison

ES

Dress Up for the Fairs

All-important accessories (left) give verve to Claudette Colbert's dressmaker suit of black Rodier cashmere that features a straight skirt and a softly tailored jacket. Tiny white crystal beads, looped across the front of the white crepe blouse, give a shimmering high light to the black suit. A kerchief edged with fine lace, a rhinestone and enamel breastpin in lily motif, white antelope gloves, a white faille turban with black veiling, a summer muff of silver fox and a ruby and diamond bracelet give distinction to this classic suit Claudette wears in Paramount's "Midnight"

Colorful high lights on dead black make Claudette's dinner dress of Ducharne crepe Roma (above) a fashion triumph. Also designed by Irene, it is styled with slender, clinging lines and short sleeves—the bodice, open to the high waistline in front, has appliqué of gold and vermillion poppies at shoulders and waistline. M-G-M has borrowed Claudette from Paramount to star in "It's a Wonderful World"

Photography-Richee

Color and contrast fabrics individualize this dressmaker suit from the personal wardrobe of Bette Davis, star of Warner Brothers' "Dark Victory." Moss green, black and white plaid the sheer woolen fabric that fashions the circular skirt and outlines the black sheer woolen bolero; the blouse repeats the moss-green coloring in its jersey fabric. A wide black suède belt girdles the waistline. White gloves, an over-the-shoulder bag of black patent, and a wee chapeau of straw with black chiffon streamers complete Bette's costume which was selected from I. Magnin, L. A. Notice Bette's new "baby" coiffure

In a polka-dot season, Bette chooses a navy culotte-skirted gown, boldly spotted with white coin dots. A red leather belt joins the tailored crepe blouse (with hood attached) to the crepe culotte skirt. Bette also selected this casual gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. The collection of gold and black "Juarez" costume jewelry (above), set with simulated pearls and garnets, was inspired by the beautiful jewels worn by Bette in "Juarez," which is her newest starring film for Warners. This and other patterns of "Juarez" costume jewelry, designed by Ricarde of Hollywood, may be found in the smart shops everywhere—the pieces of this pattern, "Maximilian," courtesy of The Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood

Photography—Welbourne

Week-end Wardrobe

Pack up your old kit bag and leave your troubles behind. It's summertime—playtime. Pack "this" and "that"—but not too much. Lana Turner, appearing opposite Lew Ayres in M-G-M's "Calling Dr. Kildare," poses on these two pages in a colorful week-end wardrobe that may help you with your planning. For spectator's sports—a two-piece contrast frock (above, left). The jacket blouse is of white Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin—the pleated skirt, belt and ascot of maroon and white printed pure dye silk. A wide maroon grosgrain band circles the peaked crown of the large natural straw hat. For dress-up—a two-piece frock (below, left), of grey Paga cloth accented by maroon buttons and gloves, and a natural straw hat and bag set—the bag is worked with raffia in gay hues. For play—a little suit of Celanese rayon crepe (below, right), zebra-striped in brilliant greens, blues and white. The separate gathered skirt ties on over the blouse and shorts. All three of the costumes on this page were designed by Kornhandler, Los Angeles, and were selected from Roos Brothers, Hollywood

Photography—Carpenter

For casual mood—a peasant slack suit of white and salmon pink (top). The full-sleeved blouse is of white crepe, the flowing slacks of salmon pink Celanese rayon Celbrook sharkskin. A garland of salmon pink flowers hides the diminutive crown of the "inverted saucer" natural straw hat. For the beach—a robe of heavy Celanese rayon crepe (right), zebra-striped on a white background. The pleated skirt attaches to a fitted bodice that closes with two self-covered buttons. For swimming—a one-piece silk lastex swim suit in basket-weave design (above, center), with white and blue posies sprinkled on a blue background. The brassière top is held by a halter strap. Created by Mabs of Hollywood. The slack suit and beach robe were designed by Kornhandler, Los Angeles

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAZARNICK

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION LOOK FOR IT

Photoplay Fashions YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

"Peasant Thoughts" is our name for Vicki Lester's attractive cotton and Dupont rayon shirtwaist dress (left). Delightfully informal—the gay printed skirt, topped with gleaming white, will inspire you to tie the matching print bandana on your curls. Print in rose, blue or grey with white top. Sizes 9 to 17 and 12 to 18. "Cotton Dot" (above, left) for a young and charming frock adorned with yards of ric rac braid. Vicki wears it without the lined bolero for dancing, wears it with it for dining. Make a grand entrance—the wide sweeping skirt will do it. Red or blue on a white ground. Taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16. For that "Scarlett O'Hara" feeling, Vicki selects this exquisite picture frock of embroidered cotton (above, right). The pleated ruffle on the skirt is edged with ric rac braid and the shoulder ruffle to match is separate. Red or navy on white—white taffeta slip. Sizes 9 to 15 or 12 to 20. "The Eyes have it"—we mean that envious glint that tells you your gown is a triumph—if it's this bow-bosom cotton evening gown worn by Vicki (opposite page, top)—brilliant with floral stripes, dramatic in its unbelievably wide skirt. Blue or red background. Sizes 9 to 15 and 12 to 16

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown here are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

PASTELS

Lucille Ball, star of RKO's "Panama Lady," wears a cool white summer frock of embroidered Dupont Spun Rayon that launders like a kerchief. The frock is styled so that the self-color embroidery of the fabric is placed as edging trim for the deep V-neckline, the short sleeves and high pockets of the blouse; and forms a striking detail motif on the front and back of the four gore skirt. The long self-fabric belt winds around several times to define the slim waistline. Lucille selected this Eisenberg Original at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Halle Brothers, Cleveland; H. Liebes, San Francisco, also carry this classic frock which is available in pink, light blue and maize with self-color embroidery, as well as in white

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

Fashionable FOOTSTEPS

2

3

4

5

Foremost on the shoe horizon is the basic shoe that complements summer costumes. Joan Blondell, appearing in Universal's "East Side of Heaven," wears a classic Tango pump of white buck and tan calf (note its beautiful detail in photo No. 4), with her white jacket frock of Coudurier imported linen, printed with hats and sea horses of red, yellow, green, blue and chartreuse. The halter blouse is of chartreuse crepe. Joan wears these pumps, not only with this Irene Original from Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles, but also with several other summer frocks. Looming just as brightly on the shoe horizon are countless numbers of novelty shoes that transform inexpensive casuals into costumes of distinction and individuality. Pictured are some of these whimsies. (1) A bright blue coarse linen-weave fabric, with wedge heel and floral instep motif. (2) A red kidskin model, with "double" platform sole of contrast blue, quilting on the vamp and grooves on the heel. (3) A perforated oxford of chartreuse felt with raised sole and "tea cup" heel. (4) Joan's Tango pump. (5) A red felt play shoe, with cane straw covering on the platform sole. This group of shoes, which are in a variety of colors, were photographed through the courtesy of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. All are Delman models except the Tango pump, which is manufactured by Brauer, St. Louis, and was selected from J. W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles. This Tango pump may also be obtained at Marshall Field Company, Chicago and Macy's, New York

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Father Time is at work! Miss Durbin spends a gala evening of dancing at Victor Hugo's with assistant director, Vaughn Paul—

—but, confidentially speaking, our choice is this eager-eyed unsophisticate at the "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" preview: teenster Deanna with Mrs. Durbin

Our peeking Cal has been at it again to bring you the inside stuff on those fascinating folk of fabulous filmtown

Bette's "Victory over the Dark"

PEDESTRIANS in the valley town of Van Nuys stopped in sympathy as the hand of a beautiful young blonde gripped the leather strap of a "Seeing Eye" dog. At the town's busiest intersection, the dog paused for the traffic to clear before leading his charge, her eyes covered with black glasses, across the street.

A motion picture actor, glimpsing the little drama from his car, almost started from his seat as if to hail the girl. The cry died in his throat and he drove on, remarking to his companion,

"There was something so familiar about the girl it gripped me by the throat for a minute. I—almost—oh well, skip it."

Sometime later that same actor sat in a theater watching "Dark Victory." As blindness crept over Bette Davis, causing her to walk valiantly but stiffly across the garden, the actor let out a small hoarse sound that was lost in the emotional storm in everyone's heart.

At home, he frantically called Bette on the phone.

Yes, she had been the girl with the dog. She had completely obliterated her sight with glasses, placing her life within the dog's care.

It developed, as Bette explained, she is establishing in California a home for the raising and training of "Seeing Eye" dogs.

"I wanted to know how blind people feel when under the complete care of their dogs. I wanted to share their experience so that I could better understand their problems and the dogs."

Another "Victory over the Dark," for Bette Davis.

Isn't It Ducky?

AMONG other things on the Mickey Rooney five-acre ranch, is a swimming pool and two ducks. The ducks, like all good barnyard fowls, have their own pen on the back lot, but every day that Mickey is working he tucks one under each arm and carries them up for a dip in his private pool and he doesn't even blush when someone wisecracks about "teaching ducks to swim."

Coeducational?

IN AN effort to find the one and only baby to appear with Ginger Rogers in her new picture, "Little Mother," RKO-Radio sent out a call to Central Casting and soon the lawn was filled with tiny, laughing, squalling mites marshalled by eager mamas. One of the little mothers was in an unusually excited rush to have her baby tested for the part. She kept shoving the young hopeful up in the front of the camera, only to be told she'd have to wait her turn.

The turn finally came, she snatched up the baby and scurried away in great haste. Ten minutes later, she was discovered a few sets down the line, without the baby, of course, acting as one of the little coeds on the scene of Anne Shirley's picture, "Sorority House." P. S. Now there are two in the family working in the movies.

Jockey Jack Westrope is Nan Grey's steadiest "steady." Rumor has them Mr. and Mrs.

Comedians Benny and Burns take the Tropics seriously

Lana Turner and her best beau, Greg Bautzer, at the West Side Tennis Club's "showboat" jamboree

M-G-M's dancing lady: Eleanor Powell and her mother

Indian Invasion

HOLLYWOOD, so long used to being spectacular, has been outdone at its own game and within its own gates by a dozen American Indians! The red men were brought to Filmdom by 20th Century-Fox to appear in Shirley Temple's new picture, "Susannah of the Mounties." The studio sent a business executive, a technical director and a publicity man clear up to the Blackfoot reservation in Montana for them. Of the twelve they brought back, only one had ever been off the reservation before.

They arrived in all their tribal regalia—leather suits beaded and fringed, feathered headdresses, long hair and paint—chosen in the main, not by the studio representatives with an eye toward pictorial possibilities, but by the reservation superintendent as a reward for being "good Indians."

The studio publicity man had been sent on the expedition not so much to get publicity as to keep the press from making wisecracks about "heap big Injuns in Hollywood," since 20th Century had put up a bond of $50,000 to insure, besides the red men's safe return, their protection against ridicule. But they needn't have worried. Everywhere the befringed and befeathered twelve went such was their quiet dignity and magnificent authenticity that no one thought of writing a funny story.

There was Mad Plume, appointed leader of the expedition because he is considered the best Indian on the reservation. Mad Plume owns broad acres of wheat and many head of cattle and sheep. He is an honest, God-fearing, self-respecting Indian who, although eligible for an old-age pension, has refused it. "I and my family do not wish charity," he told the government men. "We provide for ourselves."

There was Chief Coward, too, scion of another illustrious Blackfoot family and a man of importance in his tribe. His name, like the names of the others, is born of tradition. An ancestor chief had a son who, believed by the tribe to be cowardly, was known as "Little Chief Coward." But, in an emergency fraught with danger, the son acquitted himself with unexpected bravery, which made the name "Coward" one of glory, honored by Little Chief Coward's descendants to this day.

There were also Yellow Kidney, Night Shoots, Many Guns, Old Person, Bull Plume, Turtle, Spotted Eagle, Iron Breast, Big Beaver and Little Blaze.

MOST of them own land and stock on the reservation. All of them know the menace to the red man secreted in a bottle of "fire water" and haven't tasted liquor for from twenty to forty years, if ever. All of them spoke pretty good English, although it was typical of Indian reticence that when the expedition left Montana only two had made known their command of the language. The others had indicated they neither spoke nor understood it and it took the exciting days on the train and others still more exciting at the studio to loosen their tongues.

The visitors were housed on the 20th Century lot in an especially built "hotel." At first, the place was heated by gas, but so impressed was the studio manager by their dignity and appearance that he ordered fancy electrical equipment installed. They were valeted by a special man who did nothing but look after their wants. They were taken on sight-seeing tours of the city and beach resorts. They were escorted to the première of "The Little Princess," creating almost as much hullabaloo when they arrived as did Shirley Temple herself. They were given $5 each and taken to a five-and-ten-cent store where they spent every cent on gimcracks to take home . . . all of this, of course, in addition to appearing in "Susannah of the Mounties."

For their services, the twelve received $50 a week each, a lot of money to an Indian. All expenses were paid. Orders were that the best was none too good for them. When they found this out, they demanded steak to eat three times a day until their hosts, fearing that such a concentrated diet might prove injurious to their health, suggested they cut down their rations a bit . . . which proved to be the only fly in the pleasant ointment of their Hollywood visit. Their feelings were hurt at such a display of inhospitality. As Mad Plume explained, sorrowfully, "When Blackfoot have visitor at home, visitor has all food he desires. White man is bad-mannered."

The unpleasantness finally passed over, however, and before they left the studio the Indians had, with appropriate ceremony, initiated the young publicity man who escorted them to Hollywood into the tribe, no small mark of affection. They named him "Running Eagle" and, yes, he accepted their invitation to be a blood brother in the truly solemn spirit in which it was offered. As we say in Hollywood, he "played it straight" . . . as indeed it was.

A Woman In Love

THE elopement of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey is still bringing an aftermath of stories concerning the event.

Cal, for instance, was driving through Glendale the day the news broke and paused at a stop signal where a newsboy was shouting the news. "Extra, extra," he called, "Hedy Lamarr elopes and breaks a million hearts."

Catching our eye he poked his head through the car window and sighed, "And I do mean mine, *see?*"

We saw. We sympathized. We drove on.

Powell's Decision

IT'S SAD news for the legion of Bill Powell fans who had hoped soon to see the actor on the screen again. But only recently Bill made a momentous decision that must have cost him many hours of lonely meditation. Once his mind was made up, however, he didn't hesitate, but drove, for the first time in many months, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where he had spent so many glorious years as a star.

(Continued on page 64)

Flash from Cupid's Bureau: an elopement on March 29th to Kingman, Ariz., changed Carole Lombard's name to Mrs. Clark Gable; her address, from Bel-Air to San Fernando Valley. Our best wishes to the newlyweds!

The house of two Gables—the former Raoul Walsh ranch which Clark did over from attic to cellar for his bride

Another view of the beautiful white farmhouse which carries out an Early American style both outside and in. Filled with antiques, colorful wallpapers, it has an air of charming informality and comfort which makes the Gables' home one of the most attractive in the Valley

Eucalyptus and pepper trees surround the house and (above) the stables and barn

A rustic well completes a country picture of a "non-Hollywood" estate

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

THE KID FROM TEXAS—M-G-M

A WEAK, trite little story keeps this picture from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent and many of the situations are laughable. It's about a cowhand from Texas who wants to play polo, so he stows away with a shipment of polo ponies to Long Island where he falls in love with Florence Rice, who's engaged to Robert Wilcox. He gets his chance to play, ruins the game and ends up in a rodeo. Climax of the picture is the polo match between his rodeo cowboys and the socialites. Dennis O'Keefe is the cowhand, and he deserves a much better assignment. Jessie Ralph turns in her usual splendid characterization as Florence's aunt; and Virginia Dale is the rodeo girl who loses O'Keefe. Buddy Ebsen gets most of the laughs.

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

THIS is the first of the comedies in which Harry Langdon replaces Stan Laurel. He is adequate. The main laugh gag is the elephant, *Zenobia*, who trundles through the film. The setting is a Southern mansion and Hardy's rôle is that of a doctor who has given up healing ailing neighbors with pink pills. His main worry is his daughter, played by Jean Parker. She's in love with James Ellison, but James' mother, Alice Brady, is a prig and insists he marry June Lang. Just here Harry Langdon arrives with *Zenobia* from a carnival and *Zenobia* doesn't feel very well and Hardy gives her pink pills. This makes *Zenobia* quite grateful, and if you can make any sense from the rest of the story you are a smarter audience than this reviewer.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

THE Brontës were never noted for gay writing, and the studio here has made a point of adding no touch of humor to the tale of "Wuthering Heights." It's a study of a group of neurotics—and no wonder, when you take a look at those moors where they live. The piece introduces Laurence Olivier as *Heathcliff*, the strange orphan lad befriended by the family who live in the Heights; as a child he has a gypsy quality which intrigues young *Cathy*, but her brother resents and hates him. Thus, as the children grow up, love grows between the outcast and the girl, even though the brother, a sot, forces *Heathcliff* to live in the stable and act as a servant. *Cathy*, played as an adult by Merle Oberon, finds herself torn between her sheer physical love for *Heathcliff*, and her desire for jewels and pretty dresses, as offered by upright, rich David Niven. At last *Heathcliff* goes away, gets a fortune, returns to find *Cathy* married to David; and just to make everybody unhappy, the discarded lover marries David's sister, whom he loathes. Thus hate rules everywhere, and there is keening over the moors, and the film settles right down to a good cry. Of course it is given magnificent production and because of the really fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, to say nothing of Niven's restraint, there is a haunting quality about the picture which will stay with you. Olivier has a tendency to be Shakespearean, but has vitality. Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the sister, is very good, and Flora Robson does her job with finesse.

★ THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE—RKO-RADIO

ALTHOUGH this is a sweet picture and will have enormous appeal, there is one thing distinctly wrong with it; and we may as well discuss that before launching into praise of its good qualities. The trouble is in the story, and that can't be blamed on Hollywood because it is a true story, that of Vernon and Irene Castle, who danced. Gosh, they did dance! But that's about all they did. You see Vernon, a poor straight man for comedian Lew Fields, met Irene when she was an amateur and they fell in love, and got married. They stayed in love until Vernon cracked up his plane, and himself in it, during the war. So far as career is concerned, they were discovered in Paris and made a terrific success. And that is simply that. There is no conflict whatever, but it's got everything else. It's got so much nostalgia, courtesy of Nostalgia King Richard Sherman, you will drown in the flood of your memories if you're thirty or over. And it's got the inimitable Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire team, playing the Castles, recreating for you the dances Vernon and Irene originated, plus others. Edna May Oliver plays the crusty old woman who discovers the pair, and Walter Brennan noses into practically every scene there is, as Miss Rogers' faithful old servant-crony. He gives a fine performance. Astaire is unusually adept in dramatic scenes and adept, as usual, on his feet; Ginger is stunning, and surpasses herself while dancing.

You will not want to miss this. It sparkles like a polished, crystal glass.

★ THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—20th Century-Fox

IT'S no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment out of the story of a technician's life. Mr. Zanuck tried it, with such edifying success he took over San Francisco's Fair just for the preview.

Don Ameche plays Bell, and after the long series of comedy rôles in which he has been featured it is nice to see he has kept his propensity for meaty dramatic portrayal. It was not necessary to emphasize to any point of boredom the details of Bell's inventing the telephone; his story is also concerned with early work in the teaching of deaf-mutes to hear and talk. Even his wife, played with sympathy and patience by lovely Loretta Young, was unable to hear—and, of course, it was largely through his love for her that Bell turned to listening devices which eventually resulted in that black instrument you pick up so many times daily. The love story, in any case, has warm emotion and touching pathos, as well as lighter moments. Just to make the piece sure-fire, the money interest (so close to the heart of all audiences) emerges when Bell at last finds success only to discover a big corporation will try to take his rights away from him. His friends, believing in him, mortgage their belongings in order to give him assistance.

You could not ask for more superlative production; Irving Cummings has directed with a sure touch, and the principal stars are given perfect support by such troupers as Elizabeth Patterson, Henry Fonda (as Bell's assistant) and Charles Coburn.

★ **BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M**

JEANETTE MacDONALD does have the best luck in her pictures. This story could have been so easily ruined since basically it is somewhat dated. Yet here again the MacDonald has a hit, largely due it is true, to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of a pianist, Lew Ayres. He is given a scholarship abroad. They need money for expenses, so Jeanette accepts a job in a musical whereupon she is a sensation and Lew doesn't match her success. The pair get a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but as the script writers would have it, Lew is asked to score Jeanette's new show. Best music is when Jeanette sings the *Madame Butterfly* melodies. Ayres continues to prove his recent comeback was a good idea.

★ **THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY—Paramount**

GEORGE RAFT, Paramount's problem child, has made another picture. Hollywood, ever since the success of "Kentucky," has hurriedly rounded up its stock of horses, its prop bluegrass and its Southern accents for the cycle that picture started. In this, you do get some swell races and plenty of action set in the beginning on its hurry-up way by the meeting of Raft and Ellen Drew. He's a gambler from the North, she's a Southern gal—and they can't agree about thoroughbred horses. But Raft has that virile quality that makes short work of a little Kentucky daughter's prejudices. Miss Drew is an attractive and talented young woman, Raft swaggers convincingly, Hugh Herbert and the too-long-absent ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy.

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

REMAKES are always questionable as to quality. This one was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter. Now Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce in the same story, and at least you are sure of some finessed romantic interludes. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo from a murder charge. Lee Bowman comes in here somewhere, and has to be saved by Pidgeon's astute arguments as well. Of course, when real love comes to Walter, Virginia brings it—and very prettily, too. Eduardo Ciannelli has one of his heaviest rôles to date and handles it with obvious delight. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Broadway Serenade — **Dodge City**
East Side of Heaven — **Love Affair**
The Story of Alexander Graham Bell
The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle
The Lady's from Kentucky
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Wuthering Heights

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"
Bing Crosby in "East Side of Heaven"
Sandy Henville in "East Side of Heaven"
Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"
Charles Boyer in "Love Affair"
Loretta Young in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell"
Don Ameche in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell"
Fred Astaire in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Ginger Rogers in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Walter Brennan in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle"
Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Charles Winninger in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Robert Cummings in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"
Merle Oberon in "Wuthering Heights"
Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights"

★ **EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal**

IT'S to be hoped that Sandy will not be through like Baby Leroy at eight months. He's probably past that dangerous age anyway. Sandy is the star of this picture—stealing it, as cute moppets have a way of doing, right from under the noses of the principals, Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell.

You may expect, as from all Crosby films, plenty of sweet melody sung by that voice of his. The songs are hummable, but not up to the usual standard. Perhaps we have come to expect too much of the Bing, because, no matter its faults, the piece is entertaining. Mischa Auer does his regulation melancholy Russian act and there's a thoroughly unpleasant radio announcer, played by Jerome Cowan who has only to tip his hat to a lady and hisses are elicitated from any audience.

Well, now for the story. It begins with Bing who sings messages for a telegraph company. Joan Blondell works at a hotel switchboard and the two of them are eternally on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's Sandy, grandson of a millionaire (C. Aubrey Smith). His mother, Irene Hervey, is an old friend of Crosby's; is married to a drunk (Bob Kent); has left the drunk and is trying to keep her child away from a court order. Complications get everybody into trouble and Bing sings his way out of it. Production details are handled deftly, most of the laughs go to Auer, Joan looks piquant and very pretty. A first-rate picture, wholesome and entertaining.

(Continued on page 89)

WE COVER The Studios

BY JACK WADE

Cameraman George Diskant and RKO's between Ginger Rogers and David Nive

There's something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue in this month's film news

"SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, something blue"—that classic chant of all brides is exactly what we need to sum up the Hollywood studios this month, where "something old" is that never-to-be-forgotten "Beau Geste," now being remade with Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Ray Milland; where "something new" is Hollywood's wonder director, Garson ("A Man to Remember") Kanin, at work on "Little Mother"; and Claudette Colbert becomes the "something borrowed," for she's at work in M-G-M's "It's a Wonderful World"; while Bette Davis provides the "something blue" in that tear-jerker, "The Old Maid."

We look in on one of our theme pictures, "It's a Wonderful World," at M-G-M. We find Claudette Colbert, James Stewart and Ernest Truex mixed up in a noble experiment with Director W. S. Van Dyke. They're shooting the whole picture from a newfangled camera boom. And in two successive scenes we watch them do the very first scene in the picture and the very last'

Bette Davis, the screen's number one Duse, Director Edmund Goulding and Miriam Hopkins are responsible for this month's tear-jerker — "The Old Maid"

That famous old classic, "Beau Geste," comes to life with Bob Preston, Gary Cooper and Ray Milland. But a mouse steals the show from them

not. And in a minute that's just what they do. Only this time Jimmy isn't despondent any more. He's got Claudette in his arms. That's the last scene of the picture. For the rest, see your neighborhood theater.

The minute the acting stops Jimmy Stewart grabs a big malted milk his valet has brought him and starts working on it.

"Tell No Tales" is our next stop on the M-G-M set line-up. A rumor that a hundred dollar bill figures prominently in this picture is enough to attract us. There's always the chance somebody might leave it lying around. But when we arrive Melvyn Douglas, calm and collected as usual, is tucking the century note in his vest pocket while he loads up on movie whiskey—cold tea—at a bar.

Nevertheless, we stick around to watch Melvyn, Louise Platt and Gene Lockhart perform for Leslie Fenton, another ex-actor turned director.

Melvyn plays an ace newspaper reporter in this mystery thriller. He receives a $100 ransom pay-off note at this very bar and starts tracking down some kidnapers. Every step he takes uncovers another story. He wades through five desperate, daring chapters before it all comes to the unraveling stage.

We brave the smoke pots which energetic "grips" are swinging around in the air to make a realistic tobacco fog in the saloon, and watch the scene. In it Gene Lockhart plays a tune on the piano. He pounds out his own composition "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

"Gene," protests Melvyn, "would you mind playing something else? It brings back sad memories. When I was flat busted in a furnished room once in New York, some guy next door played that thing all day and all night."

"Where was that room and when did you live in it?" Gene asks, and Melvyn tells him.

"Then I'm sorry I disturbed you," Lockhart grins. "I was that guy next door. That was just where and when I wrote it!"

Our favorite Metro series, "Tarzan," is in Florida shooting Johnny Weissmuller under water at Silver Springs. So we take in "Calling Dr. Kildare," which has all the earmarks of another series starting up.

Lew Ayres, of course, is the young interne in a big hospital where Lionel Barrymore, director of the hospital, teaches him that science isn't the only side of medicine; there's the human side, too. Lana Turner seconds the motion, but in a different way. She's a pretty young thing who brews Doctor Lew a peck of trouble.

Lew is aseptic and sterile in white when we arrive, but they're squirting prop blood and perspiration on his handsome face. The set's a big hospital with prim rows of cots and nurses gliding about on the scrubbed floors.

Lew and Lionel go through their lines while a real doctor stands on the side lines and

(Continued on page 72)

Now she's a poetess—Claudette Colbert who goes to town with Jimmy Stewart in M-G-M's screwball comedy, "It's a Wonderful World"

SECOND CHANCE

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Concluding the delightful story of a grand old trouper, whose nature could not change but whose luck did

The story thus far:

WHEN Marie La Tour, star of silent pictures, discovered that she was almost penniless, she hit on the idea of launching Betty, her orphaned granddaughter, on a Hollywood career. This career hit its first snag when Marie discovered that Benny Rossman, an enemy of long standing, was in charge of Goldmont Studio, the home of her past successes. Betty, however, on her own, met Christie Beall, a young director at Goldmont, who cast her for a minor rôle in "Bringing Up Mother."

On the first day of shooting, Chris asked Marie to be on the set to give Betty confidence. Since Rossman was out of town, she agreed to do so. Chris asked Marie to run through Betty's scenes for her. He shot them "just for a gag" —or so he told Marie.

At the studio preview, the audience reaction was lukewarm to Betty's performance, but when Beall's second version, with Marie in Betty's part, was run off, her performance rolled 'em in the aisles.

Betty accused her grandmother of double-crossing her and ran away from home.

At about this time, old Jelliff, ex-hoofer and a close friend of Marie's, arrived in California from New York. Marie told him about Betty and also about her dire financial state. Even the success of Marie's part in "Bringing Up Mother" amounted to nothing when Rossman saw it. He not only refused to release this version, but also fired Chris, telling him he could take the cans of film. He never wanted to see him—or them—again.

Meanwhile, Marie discovered that Betty was staying at Lydia Watts' home and went there to beg Betty to return. It was on that same day that Jelliff, job hunting, was run down by an automobile. When the news reached Marie at Lydia's, Betty, in swift sympathy for her grandmother, returned home with her.

Jelliff would be laid up for weeks. With bills piling up, Marie appealed to Chris to help her find work. He arranged for Mr. Reis, producer at Liberty, to come for cocktails. He advised Marie to pull the society act, be "hard to get."

The setting was perfect, Betty had gone off for the afternoon with adagio-dancer Alec Lorm. Reis was all that Chris had pictured him and was taken in completely by Marie's *grande dame* act. Just as Marie had "reluctantly" agreed to make a picture for him, somebody came across the hall. It was Mrs. Phoopher, the owner of the house. She was outraged that her "caretaker" was entertaining in her living room and ordered Marie and her guests out. Marie knew that her goose was cooked as far as a contract with Reis was concerned—but it was good to see Betty, who had crossed the lawn on hearing upraised voices, come toward her with outstretched arms.

Now continue this story:

FEW people have got moral courage enough to admit they'd rather have a banana split than Russian caviar. But I know what I like and have never been scared to admit it, so I must say the sugary little house Chris found for us was just what I preferred. If nothing else, it was a whole lot cozier than the big Beverly Hills mansion from which we had just been kicked out. But then any place you have been kicked out of loses its flavor.

Our new half-portion home was in a bungalow-court, and Gawd knows you could of caught anything the neighbors had on account the buildings were so close together. Radio City would of been a good name for it, because radios to the left of us, radios to the right of us volleyed and thundered, to quote the author of the Electric Light Brigade. Everything in the place turned out to be something else the minute you examined it, which is what thoroughly modern means in Hollywood. The desk had washtubs underneath, the near-oil painting on the living-room wall dropped down and turned into an ironing board, and every door had a surprise behind it, ranging from iceboxes to beds. But there was Bougainvillaea and sunshine over all and a very low overhead. From his in-a-door bed Jelliff admired the whole thing contentedly.

"Seems more like the old days when we was all young and struggling together," he says. "It's the first time I've been uncomfortable enough to feel perfectly at home in years."

Betty was looking at my old theatrical trunks in disgust on account they were occupying pretty nearly all the floor space.

"And these wretched things," she says. "They lend the finishing touch of atmosphere. Gram, I don't see why on earth you insist on keeping them."

"Those trunks have owned me for the past thirty years," I says, "and I don't know if I could persuade them to give me up. Some day I and they will have it out. But in the meanwhile we'll just line 'em up like a sofa and throw a portiere over them. They will make a good place for unwelcome company to sit."

NOT, however, that any company came for the next several days. Alex Lorm hadn't been around since the night of the Big Blow and while Betty refused to talk about him, I gathered she had decided against Swing Adagio as a way of tossing herself into fame. Or maybe Alex had come to the conclusion she wasn't worth tossing. Anyways, Betty went around with an air of being off all men for life. She had avoided speaking to Chris when he helped us move Jelliff and when a little later Chris finally blew in one day to see if we were getting along all right, Betty saw him first and sneaked out of the back door. I hadn't the heart to let him know this, because he looked so worried and tired.

"We are all feeling fine," I lied to him. "Betty's out looking for work and something is bound to turn up soon."

"I am getting the Hollywood handshake, myself," he told me, trying to laugh. "You know, shaking hands and being pushed away at the same time! If a fellow's out of work for two weeks he's trying to make a comeback according to this lousy town. And I'm only one day under the dead line."

I wished him luck and pretty soon he left, both of us wearing phony smiles. And after that we didn't see him for quite some time.

Chris had tried to lend me money but I wasn't taking any. We were eating my gold vanity case at the moment, but there was still a couple of bracelets and a watch or two left in the larder, which was sufficient to give an old trouper, such as myself, courage to face quite a lot. But eventually, as time trickled on and no jobs marched in, even my back-flips didn't seem to help my nerves much. One cheerful thing however was the way Jelliff got well. The day he sat up in a chair and asked for a copy of *Variety* I knew he was practically cured.

WHEN this happened I went out and bought two copies of the same issue so's we wouldn't fight over who was to read it first. Then we took them out onto the porch where we could sit in the sun and I was up to my ears in news of old friends, thoroughly enjoying myself on account that *Variety* is the only foreign-language publication I can read fluently. Then all of a sudden Jelliff gave a shout.

"Turn to page sixty-eight," he yells. "See, where it says 'Inventory Dig-up Tops New Pix Grosses.' "

Well I turned to the right page but for once I could not translate immediately.

"Well?" says he in a triumphant tone. "I didn't want to say anything the other evening but. . . ."

"But what?" I says, bewildered.

"Can't you read?" he shouts, getting even more excited. "It's about that reissue of 'Lillie of the Valley'—don't you remember it?"

"I'll never forget it," I says with a shudder. "Why remind me?"

"Because it's topped all grosses for the month, that's why," says Jelliff, "including the A pictures from the major studios. That means your name is a household word all over the country today. You mean something again, Marie. Not but. . . ."

"It's just a fad," I says feebly. "It can't mean anything, really."

"The hell it can't," says Jelliff. "Don't you

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THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

ILLUSTRATION BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

"Gram," Betty called, "I've got them." With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and commenced rolling

(Continued from page 57)

Pat O'Brien was one of the many film folk Miss Murray met while in Hollywood

Macfaddens' visiting star enjoys a tête-à-tête with another star—Joan Blondell

Left: a personally conducted tour of the Warner lot by actor John Payne. Above: Errol Flynn with Miss Murray

PATRICIA MURRAY *Meets the Stars*

Macfadden Publications has a star of its own—pretty Patricia Murray who is appearing in "I'll Tell the World," Macfaddens' four-reeler, filmed in Hollywood for the New York World's Fair

"I'm not going into 'The Thin Man Returns'," he said. "I've thought it all over and if anything should happen to my health while we are in production, it would mean a complete loss of time and money to you. I do not believe I should shoulder that risk."

And with never a hint of the grief that decision must have cost him, he drove out the front gate with a smile and a wave of the hand to the many friends he left behind.

Recently at a preview of a Bob Hope radio show, Bill stepped from the wings for his rôle to the thunder of applause that lasted for four full minutes.

He stood there and waited, a smile on his face and a mist in his eyes.

So good luck and best wishes to one of the best—Bill Powell.

Idealist

WE had a tête-à-tête with young Jo Ann Sayers on the Metro lot the other day. We think we have never seen a prettier, nicer, more charming youngster than she is . . . nor one who is carrying higher the torch of idealism. She has been in Hollywood almost a year, but to date no disillusionment has marred her enthusiasm for a career, her confidence in herself, her belief in others, her youthful joy at merely being alive.

You remember her . . . her screen debut was in "Young Dr. Kildare," as the young society girl who became a "mental case." You remember her in "Huckleberry Finn," "Honolulu" and "Fast and Loose." Yes, and she's good, you say. Well, we think so too.

Yet it is something else about her that attracts us most—the kind of girl she is. Her real name is Miriam Lilygren and she has lived in Seattle most of her life. She is a former student of the University of Washington and a "Tri Delt." She has a mother and father and two sisters, one older, one younger than herself. She is crazy about them all. She thinks her parents the handsomest couple she knows and the best company. In 1937, her mother, an aunt, an uncle, her elder sister and herself were all enrolled at the University and having the time of their lives.

She got her screen contract "as easily as falling off a log." A talent scout saw her in a college play and in due time she was asked to sign on the dotted line. The Lilygrens held a family conclave about this. They decided it would be "fun" for "Mimi" to be in the movies. The money didn't count. Her father is well off. But it would be interesting, they thought.

So, with her mother and younger sister, she moved to Hollywood and became Jo Ann Sayers. Since then, life for her has been "just about perfect," she says. Her career seems all set. There has been no unpleasantness, no disappointment, no heartbreak. Success has come like magic—easy, lovely magic.

Well, we hope it will keep on that way. We hope nothing will happen to change the happy, sincere, lovable youngster that Jo Ann is now. But we aren't so sure as she is about that. We've been around Hollywood for a long time and have seen things happen to kids like her—sudden, unexpected, bitter things. She is different from most of the picture girls we know right now . . . more, as we said, idealistic; more certain the world is a beautiful place to live in.

But we have jotted down in our "little black book" a reminder to interview her again one year from now. We wonder if she will be the same girl. We sincerely hope so—but our fingers are crossed.

(Continued on page 66)

THIS lovely Hollywood star tells you a secret that is helping girls everywhere to win popularity—romance. When you make Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're *sure* of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*. You'll love it.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use

The smart "modern minimum"!

Kleinert's

*SANI-SCANT WITH *NOBELT WAISTBAND

$1.00

You can depend on Sani-Scant. It's made of fine quality non-run striped rayon, its skilfully-cut protective panel is adequate, and pad tabs, properly placed, make a separate belt unnecessary. No annoying ridge or wrinkle to show through your skirt—the garment is fitted as snugly as a dancer's panty.

The patented NOBELT feature assures you a comfortable waistband whose elasticity will outlast the garment. Sani-Scant is a "must" for college and career women—the smart "modern minimum" in efficient sanitary protection.

*SIMPLOX

—a convenient new pad fastener available in Sani-Scants and separate sanitary belts—exclusive with Kleinert's. The "crimps" in SIMPLOX grip the ends of the pad securely and it has a safety lock to make assurance *doubly sure*. Simplox can be had on belts from 25¢ up.

Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

Kleinert's

*T M Reg U S Pat Off.

TORONTO · NEW YORK · LONDON

(Continued from page 64)

Wire From Kay Francis

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

CHANIN BLDG.
122 EAST 42ND ST.
NYC

DEAR SIR PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS NOT A COMPLAINT BUT I FEEL THAT THE FOLLOWING ITEM IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE SHOULD BE CORRECTED QUOTE WE SHANT FORGET THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN SHE SAW HOW THINGS WERE. SURPRISE HURT DISMAY WERE WRITTEN THERE FOR A TRAGIC REVEALING INSTANT UNQUOTE SINCE I DID NOT ATTEND THE GUNGA DIN PREMIERE HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN NOT BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PANTAGES THEATER THAT NIGHT. I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT OF ALL THE FAN MAGAZINES YOURS WAS THE MOST ACCURATE SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SURPRISE AT READING THE ABOVE SINCERELY

KAY FRANCIS

Something to Shout Over

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is pretty elated over Nancy Kelly these days and not entirely on account of the good work she has done in "Jesse James," "Tailspin," et al. No, it seems that the studio's photographic department has discovered that Nancy "has legs," which is a cameraman's way of saying she has good legs and is therefore a fine subject for "leg art."

They found it out one day when she was posing for "stills" in connection with "Stanley and Livingstone." Straightway, studio fashion experts descended upon her with bales of bathing suits, shorts and other abbreviated apparel. She has been spending something like a day a week posing for pictures in same, ever since.

Dorothy Lamour Versus Sarong

A PIECE of cloth, wrapped as a sarong, has grown into a nightmare of grief for Dorothy Lamour. Little dreaming the garment she wore in several early movies would become her trademark throughout the movie world, the star now wishes she had never seen or heard of the South Seas costume. Out of it has grown humiliation and, as Miss Lamour claims, hindrance to her career.

Climaxing a series of unhappy publicity stunts the false rumor spread that Dorothy had consented to appear at the New York World's Fair minus her clothes.

Naturally this report was instantly denied but the hurt in Dorothy Lamour's eyes still remains.

"And all," as she weeps, "because of one piece of cloth."

Let's put on a campaign of "No More Sarongs for Lamour," and help a grand gal along.

Ding Dong, Wedding Bells?

AS soon as Tyrone Power purchased Grace Moore's beautiful Beverly Hills mansion, the reports of his early marriage to Annabella, French actress, flew thick and fast.

When Tyrone refused to comment, a writer approached Annabella, but the only reply was, "Look, I can chew gum just like American girls."

So here comes the bride, chewing gum n'everything, maybe.

In Passing

WE WERE looking through Ann Sheridan's confidential biography the other day. You know, those questionnaires gotten up by the studio and filled in by the stars, which "outsiders" like ourselves aren't supposed to see, but do, sometimes. Ann's didn't contain any dark secrets, though. Even the contention of Warners' publicity department that she is only twenty-four years old, was corroborated here. We noticed one funny little thing, however, which, we thought, is just like Texas Annie, who wouldn't take herself seriously on a bet.

In answer to the question, "What is your chief ambition?" she had written, "To be an actress, ha, ha!"

Good Clean Fun?

THERE is a certain man-about-Hollywood by the name of Albert Morin who, besides being an actor, has worked himself up into the unique status of Filmtown's No. 1 Professional Ribber. His performance is smooth. He is usually introduced to you as a man who knows a good deal about whatever business or profession you happen to be in. Then he proceeds to insult you in a subtle but wholly obnoxious manner. If you are a writer, he insinuates your stuff smells and mentions authorities to prove his point. If you are an actor, ditto. And all the while, those "in the know" are having an elegant time watching you burn.

It was on a set at 20th Century-Fox that they fixed up a Morin rib on Jack Haley. First, a publicity man introduced Ribber Morin to Jack as an important Canadian drama critic. "Be decent to him, Jack. He can make or break you in the Dominion," the publicity man begged.

Right away Morin started out to insult Jack. He remarked he had never heard of him. After each scene he offered suggestions as to how Jack could "get away from hamming." Later, he frankly announced he thought the picture would be awful, but said he supposed it would suit the "stupid American public," well enough.

Jack, of course, was furious and at last he started to tell his tormentor where he could go and what he could do. Whereupon the publicity man, feigning consternation, hurried him aside. "For Pete's sake, Jack," he pleaded. "That guy is dynamite! Don't make him mad. He can ruin you and also this picture in Canada! You've got to apologize."

Jack expostulated, but finally agreed. "Okay, if I've got to. But he's a blankety-blank—"

Still he made an effort. "Say," he began to Ribber Morin who, knowing what to expect, was waiting for it with an extrainsolent leer upon his face. "I want to apologize—"

But that was as far as he got. His outrage was too great. "No!" he yelled, suddenly. "I'll be damned if I apologize! You're a blankety-blank-blank, and I don't give a blankety-blank-blank if you ruin me in the whole blankety-blank-blank British Empire! I still think you're a So-and-So!"

Whereupon everyone laughed; Morin's real identity was explained to Haley and that was that.

Speaking of "ribs". . . They ribbed Sidney Toler on a piece of script for "Charlie Chan in Reno" the other day, too . . . Fixed up a couple of pages with so many large and difficult-to-pronounce words in it that no one could have said 'em. Finally, when Sidney came to the tongue-twister phrase, "admirable perspicacity" he caught on, but he didn't tip off actor Morgan Conway who had also been given lines in the fake script. Conway had a terrible time, made no easier by Toler's critical prodding . . . In fact, he sweated and stewed so hard that at last, jittery beyond control, he lit a cigaret, the first he'd had since he'd sworn off smoking *five years before* . . . Which was more than Sidney had bargained for and he's been apologizing to Conway ever since.

Help Yourself to Beauty

—that's the title of a book by Helen Macfadden, daughter of PHOTOPLAY's publisher. A former Ziegfeld girl and a beauty in her own right, she brings you the most expert and up-to-the-minute beauty advice—direct from the glamour girls of the stage and screen. In her early teens, Helen learned that the building of health led to the building of beauty; that a sound and intelligent physical life is the power behind allure. Her "dos" and "don'ts" in the care of the skin, of bathing, of posture; her "whys" and "wherefores" of proper diet and excercise; of the hair, the eyes, the teeth; of make-up and colors complimentary to blondes, brunettes and redheads—give a superb working knowledge of how to develop and care for your good looks, whether you are schoolgirl or grandmother or—like the author herself—the charming young mother.

"Loos" Woman

MADELEINE CARROLL tells this one on herself. It seems that her first screen rôle of any importance was in a British-made picture called "The Guns of Loos." Upon its release, the film was hailed joyously by a small paper published in a suburb of Birmingham, England, her home town, with a piece obviously meant to be headlined as follows: LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD LOOS HEROINE!

Which, Madeleine points out, would have been startling enough, without the "E" which the printer accidentally added to LOOS.

Chef Chuckle

THEY have a chef at the RKO commissary who is something of a creative artist. He is always making up special dishes and naming them after RKO celebrities. Examples: "Ginger Rogers salad"; "Cary Grant souffle"; Anne Shirley *potage*" and so on. Usually these dishes, with their titles, become a permanent part of the commissary menu.

His last inspiration, however, was quickly relegated to oblivion by studio officials. It was named after a certain contract player not too noted for his histrionic ability . . . and its chief ingredient was ham.

Hymie Is a Policeman—

PHOTOPLAY'S picture man, Hymie Fink, is bursting with pride these days, for he's been appointed a member of the Shirley Temple police force. It is really something to boast about, for Shirley does not invite every Tom, Dick and Harry to join.

The police force has quite a history. In her younger days (two years ago), Miss Temple, inspired by the game of "Cops and Robbers," organized the cast and crew of her current picture into a police force, using paper clips for badges. Then, tiny "G" men badges, which Shirley's mother donated to the cause, replaced the paper clips, until Shirley's director, Allan Dwan, had two hundred badges specially made. These he pre-

(Continued on page 68)

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE

Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Premier Earl of England. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*

Often Sings at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."

Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"

In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"

In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the **new** skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Bette Davis as she appears in "Juarez," produced in regal splendor by Warner Bros.

WITH heirloom jewelry definitely in, what more thrilling costume accessories imaginable than these divine adaptations from the Empress' priceless court jewels in Warner Bros.' two-million-dollar production "Juarez."

Each ring, each clip, each earring, each stunning bracelet and lovely necklace enshrines in stone and metal the devoted tenderness of the Empress for her beloved, tragically fated Maximilian. See this jewelry

NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP!

Each piece bears the celebrated imprint of Ricarde of Hollywood, who designed these authorized, authentic adaptations.

There are five complete "Juarez" ensembles. Choose not just one, but several. Or select individual pieces... priced unexpectedly low, from 1.95 to 7.50.

"Creations by Ricarde of Hollywood"

For the name of your nearest dealer, write to.
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6636 Hollywood Boulevard • Hollywood, California
© 1939

THE PHANTOM CROWN. Motif in simulated pearls on black plastic background. Antique gold finish.

(Continued from page 66)

sented to Shirley as a big surprise, and now the members sport badges made in the form of a small shield with an eagle mounted on top and the words "Shirley Temple Police" engraved on the shield.

There are no politics in this police force, and only Shirley herself says who shall or shall not belong. In the roster of members are such people as J. Edgar Hoover, the President's grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie, and Noel Coward, not to mention Shirley's favorite electricians, prop men and photographers. You do not have to be a famous movie star to be appointed—in fact there are very few movie people in the force.

Shirley keeps a keen eye peeled for any infractions of the Force's rules, and woe to the member caught without his badge or not keeping it shined! Her fines for disobedience are plenty strict, and there is absolutely no higher court of appeal. At the end of each year, the fine money is donated to some worthy cause.

—And He Gets a Summons

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, JR. (Manny, to you) turned six the other day, and Hollywood's small fry society turned out in full force to help him celebrate. No Eton suits and pink frilly dresses for this affair—no siree! It was a rip-roaring Western jamboree, with all two hundred of the young guests dressed for the occasion in full cowboy and cowgirl regalia.

Invitations to the party were the real McCoy in court subpoenas, issued by "Chief" Manny, who summoned his guests to appear on the appointed date at the "Higginsville Jail." Manny's special deputies, equipped with police badges and double-barreled cap pistols, met at the home of Captain Vallence of the Beverly Hills Police Force, and were transported from there in a genuine, honest-to-goodness "Black Maria" a mile up the canyon to "Chief Manny's Higginsville Ranch." There the kiddies found ponies to ride, lassoes to swirl, a hoosegow with real bars to get locked up in, and literally hundreds of hot dogs to consume.

Hymie, who pinch-hit for Cal York at the affair, had to run his legs off to keep up with such exuberant young celebrities as Norman Powell (Joan Blondell's son), Gary Crosby, June and Stuart Erwin, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., Ricky Arlen, Peter Douglas (Melvyn's youngster), Sandra and Ronnie Burns and Miriam Hopkins' boy, Michael. Need we add, a wow of a time was had by all?

We Prophesy

KAY GRIFFITH will change John Howard's mind about remaining a bachelor, and soon . . . Cesar Romero may change Ann Sheridan's mind about remarrying again and also soon. . . .

Wallace Beery will re-woo his divorced wife Rita, with a determination to be a better husband next time, if he wins her. Not that Wally wasn't always a kind one. . . .

Tyrone Power placed that sparkler on Annabella's finger to forestall false publicity concerning him and Sonja Henie when they began to work together on their new picture, "Second Fiddle."

Portrait of an Actress Viewing Stills

AT Irene Dunne's for tea, recently, we learned quite enjoyably that Irene's sense of humor is not confined to the screen alone.

A publicity man from RKO Studios brought out a packet of still pictures for her to pass on prior to their release to the press and, begging our pardon for thus intruding business upon social amenities, Irene seated herself behind her desk and began to skim through them, keeping up a running fire of comment as she did so.

"I look as though I had a toothache in that one . . . Ah, Topsy herself! See the way my hair stands on end . . . Better title that one, 'Hearts and Flowers with a Stomachache . . .' Ye gods, 'The Dying Swan!' I don't see why I *must* appear so vacuous when I try to look ethereal . . . I look like a convict in that one . . . And a wrestler in that one . . . And Whistler's 'Mother' in that . . . Heavens, my double chin! I had been trying to keep it a secret. . . ."

And so on. She okayed them all, though.

"You know," she confided, "I don't seem to care as much as I used to how I look in print. I was getting so tired of seeing myself in 'Glamorous Poses Numbers One to Ten' that I figured the public might be, too."

Boulevard Vignette

IT was a big preview night on the Boulevard. The kliegs were racing, flooding the sky; the fans were blocking traffic. An autograph-hound stopped Ann Rutherford.

"Won't you sign my book, please?"

"Certainly." Ann suited action to word, but was not rewarded with thanks. Instead—

"Oh, but you didn't write 'Polly Benedict'" (Ann's rôle in the Hardy series in case you haven't been following them).

"No, my name is Ann Rutherford. . . ."

"But you *are* 'Polly Benedict,' aren't you?" the fan insisted.

"Yes, but—that is—"

"Well, then," imperiously—and fans know how to be imperious at times, take it from us—"write it down!"

So, obediently, Ann did as she was told, wondering just what sort of fame it is, anyway, that robs you of your own identity!

"Papa" Spank

THAT young English actress, Virginia Field, was working in three pictures at once and trying to get them all done so as to reach London in time to be presented at the March court.

One day, she came driving lickety-split up to Metro, late for a fitting, only to discover there was no space to park her car. No place, that is, except the executive parking lot. This is the size of a golf course and there were only three motors standing in it.

Miss Field drove right in. She had trotted through the studio gate and was half a block down the studio street when the gateman called her back. "You'll have to move your car," he told her. "Papa doesn't like it."

"Who said anything about my car?" The girl was getting livid.

The gateman pointed to the figure of a gray-suited man disappearing into a building. "Papa."

"And who," asked Virginia tensely, "does 'Papa' think *he* is?"

The gateman grinned. "Louis B. Mayer," he said.

Miss Field moved her car.

The Rescue of Charlie McCarthy

EDGAR BERGEN happened to sit next to us at the studio preview of "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and while we were waiting for the "curtain to rise" told us an anecdote from his past that (being a rabid McCarthy fan) practically made our hair stand on end.

It seems that when Edgar and Charlie were touring with a Chautauqua unit one summer, Edgar went out to lunch in the little town where the Chautauqua was playing, leaving Charlie in his usual suitcase in their dressing room.

Suddenly a fire siren sounded. "The Chautauqua tent is on fire!" people screamed.

Edgar said he is sure he set a new world's record in his sprint to the flaming tent. But he would have been too late and Charlie would have been no more had not an opportune rain come up and put out the fire.

The Private Exploits of Tarzan

TARZAN WEISSMULLER has been running about a good deal with Beryl Scott, a San Francisco deb. When someone asked him the other day if he would marry her, he said, "I think so."

That would be when his divorce from Lupe Velez is final next August, of course. But don't rely too much on the idea. This department, upon such information, likes to remember last summer at the Catalina Isthmus village. Johnny had his boat over there and averaged about three dates each day with three different girls.

We asked the bartender at the Isthmus one night, "D'you think he'll marry any of them?"

He laughed. "All in time, all in time," which sounded to us like a crypticism.

In any case, Tarzan won't do anything very active for a while. He has a cracked elbow. The great swimmer slipped and came a cropper in his own bathtub.

Cal's Thought of the Month

A critic has panned Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture, "Huckleberry Finn," starring Mickey Rooney on the assumption that the proceedings were more Mickey than *Huckleberry*.

If this be true it's the first time Cal has ever seen a Mickey Finn in pants.

Photo from Three Lions

A dictionary proves a godsend to a Paris gendarme and Luise Rainer, who has deserted Hollywood for the French capital

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IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"LUCKY NIGHT"
See it at your favorite theatre.

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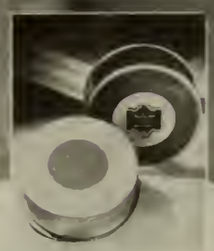

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray, check tips above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Schiaparelli's

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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

main scene from a bathtub and the less clothes the better box office is always true of her works. . . .

APROPOS of Lamarr it is very funny the way the other girls are going around and whispering that the reason Metro couldn't complete "I Take This Woman" is that Hedy can't read lines . . . well, the public read Hedy's lines in "Algiers" and was more than satisfied . . . so just leave the acting up to Bette Davis and give us some more of the same Hedy that "Algiers" showed and we'll be quite content. . . .

That, in turn, makes us wonder what they will give Bette Davis as the reward for her work in "Dark Victory" . . . since they've given her two Oscars for her work so far I guess they'll have to give her the whole darned Academy this time . . . she is that magnificent. . . .

I wonder if anybody but me, when reading of Jackie Coogan and his troubles, begins to feel sorry for Freddie Bartholomew, too . . . not but that Freddie's money, such as there is of it left since all his legal difficulties, is very safe . . . but where is the boy heading? . . . M-G-M now has Rooney as a first-league boy star and the way they are developing that youngster Terry Kilburn is something to watch, too . . . also isn't it typically Hollywood to be staging a comeback at the age of eight, as Sybil Jason is as the result of "The Little Princess" . . . still I suppose all actors of any age or sex relax a little when they observe a man like Lewis Stone getting the lead in "It Can't Happen Here" which ought to be a terrific hit . . . Lewis Stone has simply worked steadily for the past forty years . . . he's saved his money, too, so that he is a very rich man . . . besides there are actors like John Halliday, though not many of them . . . Mr. Halliday after a most successful career on the speaking stage and a less important career in movies . . . for reasons I'll tell you in just a moment . . . has enough money to live just as he wants to live . . . the way he wants to live is in Hawaii on a lazy, sunny plantation where he can loaf and read . . . so he does just that . . . and when he feels his money is getting just a little low . . . he takes a picture job . . . they are always being offered him . . . he can pick and choose . . . he comes back every year or so . . . as he did for "That Certain Age," you remember . . . picks up ten or fifteen thousand dollars which is Hollywood chicken feed . . . and then retires to Hawaii until such time as that sum is used up . . . that's why he hasn't pushed his picture career more . . . if he did, he'd get into the higher salary brackets and have less leisure . . . and leisure is what he wants most . . . pleasant, isn't it . . . and proves not all actors are temperamental spendthrifts. . . .

WHILE you are still in there in the running, however, it must scare the daylights out of you, if you are a star, to have another performer with a similar type of appeal start climbing up into the big spotlight . . . because, going back to Gary Cooper again, if I were Gary I'd worry about Henry Fonda . . . particularly with "Young Mr. Lincoln" coming along . . . Gary would have been marvelous in such a part . . . but it's my hunch that Henry Fonda will likewise be a marvelous young Lincoln . . . and it is getting to be much too long since Gary has had a picture that was worthy of him. . . .

The first time I ever met Henry Fonda I started right off liking him and for this reason: he was under contract to Walter Wanger then and Jimmy Stewart, still pretty unknown, was, as he still is, under contract to M-G-M . . . it was the morning after "Next Time We Love" had been previewed, however, and the whole town was talking about Stewart . . . so Henry Fonda barged into Wanger's office, where I was, and said to the producer, "You see? If you had been smart you could have had Stewart instead of me under contract" . . . that's really the way Hank feels about Jimmy, too . . . thinks he's the greatest actor in the world and ten times better than Fonda . . . but I don't agree . . . Jimmy Stewart is a great one-performance actor . . . as a frustrated lad à la his "Made for Each Other" he does remarkably . . . but he's always too much that one part . . . Hank Fonda isn't . . . to me he is real star stuff of the young Will Rogers type. . . .

All of which adds to up to the fact that movies and movie-making are a nerve-racking, exciting, satisfactory and terrible business and that the longer you study it the less you know about it . . . and that the world can't become a really bad place as long as there is a new Deanna Durbin picture to look forward to . . . and where that most romantic of all Hollywood couples, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, are at last able to get married. . . .

Time hung heavy on Reginald Gardiner's hands when Hedy Lamarr became Mrs. Gene Markey—but not for long! Here he is with Constance Worth at Café Marcel

A House to Live In!

(Continued from page 32)

honest-to-goodness home, built to be used for rest and play, dining and reading, entertaining on a small scale, outdoor life on a large scale. A remodeled country house, built about 1916, of which when you see it you don't say: "Imagine being *able* to have that house!" You say: "Me, too—some day." It is our pick of the "Me, too" houses of Hollywood.

It is of the familiar ranch-house style, designed for living all on one floor, but the second-story addition was completed recently to make room for the second son, Denny, born to the Devines last January. Mrs. Devine, who was born on a ranch, like Andy, says they will keep on adding rooms on top of their house for every child they have. That's the kind of house it is. As a matter of fact, a second dormer to the right of the first will serve only to improve the "balance" of the architecture, if the Devines have a third child some day. L. G. Scherer, Hollywood architect in charge of the remodeling, has arranged these dormers protruding from the sloping roof so the addition takes little or nothing away from the low-to-the-ground appearance of the house, which is one of the chief assets of this type of architecture.

Actually, this style house can find a harmonious background on any level lot, provided the lot is wide enough to allow for the sweep of the front walls, which measure 120 feet wide. The house is fifty-four feet deep. Such a house should be placed on a lot measuring at least 130 by 100 feet. The family's living quarters are all to the right of the porte-cochere, useful in rainy weather, (yes, even in California!) and the maid's room and the garage are to the left.

The outside of the house is unsurfaced redwood siding, placed vertically on the front and back façades and horizontally on the sides, for interesting variation. The house is dead white and the roof is of cedar shingles, painted rust red.

It is the interior plan which impresses you most with its livability, however. You enter by walking up the brick-surfaced loggia, past the large bay window of the living room, into a small entry, with a guest closet to the right. The living room itself is of pretty good size —fourteen by twenty-one feet and six inches—but the impression of space is created by the way in which this room opens into the dining room at the left and the card room at the right. This effect has been intensified by the same vertical knotty pine paneling in all three rooms, with a special hand-woven rag rug made to run through dining room, living room and card room. The thin coat of white paint used on the paneling, so the knots in the pine show through, the rough-textured stone fireplace, a few well-chosen sporting prints and water colors on the walls, all help keep up the informal atmosphere.

The card room, so-called because it is a convenient place for a game of bridge, is actually the only guest room in the Devine house, unless you count the trailer, which is parked behind the garage and in which Tad, the older son, takes his afternoon naps. There is a pull-out double day bed in the card room which folds neatly back to make a divan when there are no guests. Note the farmhouse-y effect of the small-patterned wallpaper on the ceiling, a nice way to introduce pattern into a room with all wood walls.

The master bedroom, at the extreme right end of the house, is a beautiful combination of rusticity and modern convenience. Partly paneled in white-painted knotty pine, partly in wallpaper with a blue background, it has a series of built-on shelves at either side of the windows and at the head of the bed. There is nothing complicated or costly about these shelves, though the carpentry work has been done to make them perfect matches for the wood trim of the room. That shelf-cabinet-bookcase arrangement at the head of the bed makes it possible to turn lights on and off, answer telephones, regulate the air-conditioning system and listen to the radio, without stirring from bed. Notice the strips of wood which run horizontally under the windows to carry out the pattern of the shelves above. A tiny detail, but it adds much to the charm of the room.

Behind the dining room and part of the living room lies the kitchen, one of the most interesting rooms in the house, because it too has felt the touch of livability. The Devines live a great deal in their kitchen. They discovered that, whenever they had guests, which is often, the girls had a tendency to congregate in the kitchen to talk while they got "snacks" from the icebox, hence, the round table and built-in semicircular padded seat in one corner. The Devines call this "the Brown Derby corner." It is handy to the icebox, right across from the stove, and just a step through the door to the utility side of the "bar," which is shown in the living-room picture as a pine-doored cabinet to the right of the fireplace. Through this bar opening, refreshments can be served into the living room without the cook or the butler leaving the kitchen. The bar is a modern innovation, made to look right in this setting.

Back of the kitchen, at the foot of the stairs leading up to the second-floor nursery, is Tad's bedroom, large enough for sleeping and playing and to accommodate his nurse's cot. The bay window looking out over the acres of Ando Ranch—which is really a ranch, with horses, cows, chickens, even a tobacco patch—lets in a great amount of light. By reason of the staircase placed at the back of the house, the two children's rooms are entirely apart from the rest of the house, so that the nurse can go from one room to the other without disturbing the family and their guests.

The nursery, although the newest part of the house, is in keeping with the rest, with white-painted pine paneling and wallpapered ceiling, done in white, yellow and blue and having cross ventilation, ample closet room (for storing children's bulky equipment) and its own private bath.

The whole house could be built, new, today for $15,500, exclusive of the cost of land, according to Mr. Scherer. This includes a twelve by twenty foot basement to house a gas-fired, forced-air heating unit and water heater, with adequate storage space besides; insulation of double layers of metal foil in the roof, and the five bathrooms which, in most families, could be cut down to three, without much loss of convenience and at a saving of about $600. The price also includes the garage, but not the stables, groom's quarters, tack room, poultry equipment and other "extras" which Andy has and which would not be part of the average family's scheme of living, anyway.

In fact, it is just the kind of house you and I might copy, despite its eminence as a "show place" of Hollywood.

THE GRAND DUKE SAID I WAS GRAND

I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beeman's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered—and bowed as if I were royalty!

"This refreshing Beeman's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting tang! A thousand thanks for this so luscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one *grand* friend!"

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 61)

straightens them out on a few technical points. "This," chuckles the doctor, "is the softest case I ever had." But he's a little early. Because in a minute Doctor Lew Ayres cuts his hand on a surgical knife, of all things, and the real doctor has to step in and patch him up! But you won't see that in the finished film—no indeed!

M-G-M's pride and joy and two time Oscar winner, Spencer Tracy, greets us from a strange sound stage this month—at 20th Century-Fox where Spence is on loan making "Stanley and Livingstone," which was front page news for weeks and weeks when grandpa was young.

TC-F really started shooting this picture a year and a half ago when an expedition, headed by pretty Osa Johnson, followed Stanley's exact route through darkest Africa and shot 100,000 feet of film, against which most of the Hollywood end of the picture is being filmed.

Hollywood has doctored up the Stanley-Livingstone saga slightly. But outside of a romance between Nancy Kelly, a British consul's daughter, and Richard Greene, a reporter, the spectacular rescue expedition for missionary Dr. Livingstone by newspaperman Stanley forms the meat of the script.

Spencer Tracy is a strange apparition with a full gray beard and white hair. He wears heavy jungle boots, a pith helmet and duck trousers that once were white. Cedric Hardwicke, playing Livingstone, is even more dirty and mussed up. It's the scene where they meet—one of the most famous scenes of the Nineteenth Century. "Roll 'em! Camera! Action!"—and Hollywood recreates it:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—

NEXT door we find Warner Baxter in the midst of a return bout with the colorful character that made him a big star. "The Return of the Cisco Kid," ten years after "In Old Arizona," is the biggest tribute his studio can pay Warner for hanging on to his youth.

O. Henry might whirl in his grave at what they've done to the story plot of his Cisco Kid, but it sounds sure-fire to us. A boy loves a girl. So does the Kid. He plots the boy's death in a frame-up, then his big heart softens and he rides recklessly over desert and cactus to save him. We can see that chase now—on the screen, that is. This set is the patio of a Mexican inn. Cesar Romero, a killer-diller, in the most hideously greasy make-up we've ever seen, long black hair and a huge wart by his nose, is whooping it up with Warner. Mescal fizzes or possibly tequila slings do the trick aided by an energetic guitar ensemble.

The script calls for all this debauchery to be broken up by a pistol shot.

"Now, boys," says Director Herbert Leeds, "we won't use the shot. We'll dub it in later. Camera!"

Cesar and Warner go into their roistering and in the middle—"Ba-*looom!*"—right behind their table a gun goes off like the crack of doom. Warner and Cesar almost reach the ceiling.

"Sorry to double-cross you, boys," the director apologizes. "But the only way to get a good fright reaction on anybody's face is really to scare 'em!" Yeah—but *we* aren't acting in this picture!

Back from the suburbs we crash RKO-Radio in the heart of Hollywood and find Ginger Rogers doing a solo in "Little Mother," with David Niven in Fred Astaire's usual corner, without, of course, the taps.

We have to admire Ginger. She's one actress who has licked the type-casting bugbear. She can sing and dance for our money until the cows sneak in at eventide. She can also act.

"Little Mother" is the songless and danceless brand, a straight comedy-romance. Ginger plays a shopgirl who finds a baby on her doorstep one day. The store thinks she's a bad girl and fires her. Then the store owner's son tumbles for Ginger and his papa gets the idea the infant is really his bar sinister grandson.

Ginger and David Niven are on the set when we approach. David's in mufti for a change. Garson Kanin, the twenty-six-year-old new Hollywood wonder boy, directs them.

We watch until the scene—Ginger's first date with David—finally gets the director's okay, then we take a quick trip out to Selznick-International to check up on what goes on with "Gone with the Wind."

We catch a scene in the Wilkes mansion, where *Scarlett* meets *Rhett* for the first time and *Ashley* breaks the sad news that his true love is *Melanie*. Remember?

Leslie Howard, in a fawn-colored coat and stock, is courtly, Olivia de Havilland in a poke bonnet is demure and Vivien Leigh in a green sprigged muslin hoop dress and wide green-trimmed hat is simply devastating.

To describe the exquisite costumes Selznick has supplied for even the "Wind" extras is impossible. The color of this one scene and the perfection of its detail is a work of wardrobe art. Every Technicolor camera-take is a screen painting and every one is shot as carefully as an artist wields his brush. Maybe "Gone with the Wind" won't be ready for release until next Christmas, as the rumors say, but when it is—there'll be something to see.

BACK at Paramount we find the "Beau Geste" company returned to the lot after eight weeks of trials and tribulations on the bleak sand dunes of Yuma, Arizona. "Beau Geste," a little two-million-dollar quickie Paramount is turning out, is of course a remake. Reason—the old version netted a fortune in its day. It was a swell picture besides, if you'll remember.

"Beau Geste," 1939 edition, launched the greatest location trip in modern Hollywood history. Paramount set up a tent city on the windy dunes, nineteen miles from Yuma. Eight hundred men, a thousand horses and thirty-five camels milled around among the rattlesnakes, scorpions and centipedes and the howling sandstorms for two whole months, minus modern conveniences.

When we find Gary Cooper, Bob Preston and Susan Hayward (a cute little redhead who figures to go places in this one), they're all safely back on a sandless sound stage, dressed up in evening clothes. But all of them are still coughing their heads off from Yuma acquired "sand colds." Breathing sand does it.

This set gives us some of the oddest news we've had in months. We had noticed on the call sheet outside the stage door this unusual legend, "One mouse," and below, "One mouse's stand-in." Believe it or not, the cheese-eater has a mechanical stand-in running around the floor, while the flesh and blood mousie is being held in tow by a horsehair harness. You can't see that on the screen and it keeps the Mickey from ducking into a convenient hole from false modesty.

We head next for "The Magnificent Fraud." This picture is about a French actor, Akim Tamiroff, who plays the part of a Latin-American dictator when said ruler shuffles off unexpectedly to upset the plans of Lloyd Nolan, who is about to put over a ten-million-dollar loan.

A great many other characters are involved. Ralph Forbes, Mary Boland and Patricia Morison are among the most important.

A word here about this Morison girl: she's due for a star build-up at Paramount because of her neat acting in "Persons in Hiding." She's smallish, with long black hair and blue eyes. She got off to a good acting start as Helen Hayes' understudy in "Victoria Regina." Paramount has just bought Phyllis Bottome's "Danger Signal" especially for Pat—so don't forget the name.

NEITHER Samuel Goldwyn nor Hal Roach has anything on the fire this month. Walter Wanger is still frozen solid on the story for his "Winter Carnival." So our next stop is out in the San Fernando Valley at Warners' where Bette Davis is just starting "The Old Maid."

Here we see movie-making at its highest peak, with its greatest actress, Bette Davis, embarking on another almost certain dramatic triumph.

"The Old Maid" is tried and true dramatic material—and that, we'd say, is absolutely all Bette Davis needs. Zoe Akins wrote the play from Edith Wharton's story. Helen Menken and Judith Anderson made it a hit on Broadway.

Briefly, it's the story of a woman forced by the circumstances of her life and loves to watch her own daughter grow up without ever letting her know she's her mother. The end is tragic.

Jane Bryan is the daughter. Miriam Hopkins plays Bette's cousin, whose life is woven closely about hers. George Brent is a wastrel lover.

Both Bette and Miriam, two of the palest bona fide blondes in Hollywood, are decked out in flouncing hoop skirts, poke bonnets, ribbons and laces, for the period is 1861, the setting, Philadelphia.

The scene we watch is inside an old-fashioned lingerie shop set; they're buying Miriam's trousseau. Edmund Goulding, Bette's favorite director, perches behind the camera on a stool, cool and dignified.

He directs quietly, reasons and cajoles with Bette. We think we have discovered at least part of the secret of Bette Davis' greatness. To wit, Mr. Goulding.

The sun is just beginning to set when we drop by Universal to call on "The Sun Never Sets." The whole company, Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Barbara O'Neil and buxom Virginia Field are busy at that world-wide British afternoon rite—tea.

"The Sun Never Sets" is British flag-waving, pure and simple. A long line of British consular career men meets rebellion in younger son Doug. He will have none of the white-tie-chin-up-carry-on stuff. That is, he won't at first. But after being exposed to the pomp and circumstance of India, South Africa, and scattered outposts of Empire, Doug comes through for dear old England.

It's already on the tag end of Hollywood's working day and we're ready to call quits for another month.

(Continued from page 15)

are wondering whether or not that man can play Nicky Arnstein?"

There is another director in Hollywood, also a great favorite of mine, who happens to represent the unconventional side of the city of annuities and irrevocable trust funds. It goes without saying that I mean Edmund Goulding, who is now being praised from coast to coast for the truly magnificent job he has done directing "Dark Victory." Not only did he bring out the very, very best in Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Humphrey Bogart but he succeeded in remaining the selfsame Eddie Goulding, a dreamy Irishman and a man with a thousand talents, whom I have known for over a quarter of a century.

A gentleman of the ensemble, a song writer, an actor, a playwright, an associate producer and a director, Eddie Goulding knows everything there is to be known about the stage and screen. Sometime I wonder why he bothers to hire any actors and actresses at all when he can play all the parts himself. He doesn't talk as loud as Ratoff but he can hold his own in any company. After all these years, he is still an eccentric showman and not a calculating banker. He rides around in a car that would never make me imagine that a Vanderbilt is visiting Hollywood, as I thought when I first beheld Cedric Gibbons, the husband of Dolores Del Rio, drive past me in a breath-taking, maroon limousine. Eddie goes to the studio wearing what looks to me like a pair of lounging pajamas and a dressing gown and, the greatest miracle of all, he is not overawed by his own success.

Not any more than his favorite star, Bette Davis. During the filming of "Dark Victory," she saw only a few rushes. All the Warner Brothers' horses and Warner Brothers' men could not drag her to attend the preview and even the cajoling genius of Eddie Goulding failed to persuade her to walk into a projection room where "Dark Victory" was being run for a few guests. She does not think that "Dark Victory" is great only because of herself—and that fact ought to endear her to another unconventional friend of mine, Samuel Goldwyn, who recently made an almost historical speech before the members of the cast of "Wuthering Heights."

"You must realize," said Sam, "that this is a very special picture. No one in particular can claim full credit for it. It's not a Merle Oberon picture, it's not a Laurence Olivier picture, it's not anyone else's picture—it's just a Samuel Goldwyn picture."

THE mention of Laurence Olivier's name brings to my mind the name of that, by now, famous compatriot of his, Vivien Leigh, who, believe it or not, did no more to get the part of *Scarlett* than a woman in the moon. Much as it may enrage the Hollywood wiseacres, she actually came to Hollywood on a vacation. Like everyone else, she was sure that it was in the bag for Paulette Goddard, but she counted without George Cukor who, while no longer directing "Gone with the Wind," is entirely responsible for the present glory of Vivien Leigh. George is a fine director, one of the finest there is, but George's idea of acting is not that of Charlie Chaplin. And he could not help but feel, while rehearsing Goddard in several of the scenes, the fine hand of Charlie. His parting words to Paulette Goddard were: "Thanks so much and, oh yes, will you tell Charlie that he did quite a clever bit of directing in that last scene?"

But to return to my unconventional people. There is Nunnally Johnson, the associate producer, on the Twentieth Century lot, a most efficient and brilliant man, according to all who know him in Hollywood, but a Great American Legend, according to his friends back East. It was he who said to a lady when asked whether or not all the inhabitants of his home town (he comes from Georgia) resemble the characters in "Tobacco Road":

"Oh, no, Madam, the Tobacco Road people are considered the country club set where I come from. . . ."

It was likewise he who, while describing a writer whom Johnson considers to be the "world's worst" exclaimed:

"That fellow is so bad that he oughtn't be permitted to use the language at all. . . ."

"Suppose he gets hungry, Nunnally, what then?"

"Oh, let the blankety-blank stand still and wave flags."

The newest Nunnallyjohnsonism — they collect Nunnallyjohnsonisms in Hollywood and keep them under lock and key—has to do with his recent vacation. Mr. Johnson claims that one night, while returning to his hotel from a gay party, he overheard the manager of the hotel pray. The prayer went as follows:

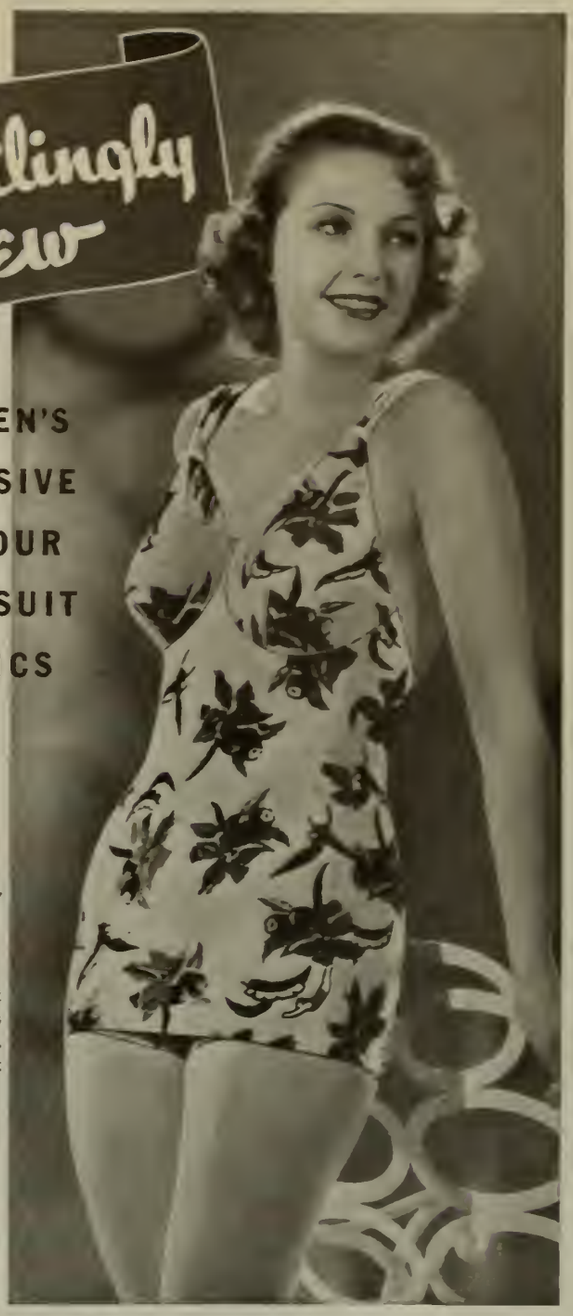
"God, please take Nunnally Johnson and send back the American Legion. . . ."

I HESITATE to describe Charlie Chaplin, a stickler on etiquette and a perfect host, as an "unconventional person" and yet . . . What would you call him if you had heard him—as I did—describe the story of his forthcoming "The Dictator," a picture in which he plays two parts: that of a Jewish barber and that of Der Fuehrer. Said Charlie, as if anticipating an argument:

"Why shouldn't I impersonate Hitler? After all, don't forget, that the son-of-a-gun stole my mustache . . . Look at his photographs taken during the war when he was still a mere corporal. He was wearing then a typical German mustache . . . That was in 1918 when I was already making dozens of pictures . . . So who is impersonating whom?"

A genius is always unconventional. That is why I cannot finish this article without mentioning Darryl Zanuck's name. God knows, there is nothing mad or eccentric about making money, hand over fist, for one's stockholders and turning out one hit after another but, if conventionality is just a pen name of mediocrity, then Zanuck is the most unconventional man of all. In the weeks and months to come you will hear plenty about him. Wait till you see "Rose of Washington Square" and "Stanley and Livingstone."

Re-reading what I have written so far I discover that I have not mentioned Hedy Lamarr yet. This surprises me as much as it will surprise the readers of this magazine. Just imagine anyone writing about the Hollywood of today without mentioning Hedy's name at least once. What is the matter with me, I wonder? Could it be that I think of her nowadays as Mrs. Gene Markey and that hearing everyone say, "Markey married the prettiest girl in Hollywood," I naturally conclude that they are talking about Joan Bennett? For to me, Joan was, is and will always be "the prettiest girl in Hollywood."



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ALVIN WATCHES

The Stars Are Lonely, Too!

(Continued from page 19)

producer. Others arrive more quietly and are forced into seclusion until they are ready to burst upon the American screen. They seek one another's company for understanding and comfort. Some fail, eventually, and return home—Simone Simon, for example, the girl with the double-barrelled name and the distracting pout, and Anna Sten, who tried to make a comeback. Others succeed . . . Hedy Lamarr, whose name is now synonymous with glamour. Until Miss Lamarr made "Algiers" and found herself acclaimed, she must have often been lonely. But Hedy has taken out insurance. She has fallen in love and has married.

THE starlets have their lonely moments. The kids who have come up from the ranks, or who have won beauty contests and have reached their mecca of Hollywood and a screen test. Some keep on and grow more promising with each picture. Some appear briefly and one never hears of them again. How many have failed and unwilling to go home, to face that let down feeling, to brave the curiosity of the home town and their friends, have stayed on, getting some sort—any sort—of work that will keep them in Hollywood.

Then there are the long-distance marriages, the marriages which were undertaken in the glow of youth and hope and which could be happy given the chance; which are perhaps happy still but which must struggle to survive the disintegrating effect of mileage and of diverse careers. Rumor attacks these poor people if they go to a party with escorts other than their husbands . . . or with women other than their wives . . . But if they stay at home, they probably are bored with themselves and their surroundings—they are used, after all, to attention and excitement.

Garbo's famous "I want to be alone" has become almost an American classic, a gag. How true is it, I wonder?

She came here a healthy, talented, bewildered girl, because the great director Stiller wouldn't come without her. She made a hit and, at first she was far from alone. She posed for all the usual stills, the publicity shots, and willingly. It is said that she vowed that if a success she would never do it again. That may be conversation. It is possible that she is a real introvert and that she shrinks from crowds and a great many trivial people. It is also possible that she has acquired this, that she was not born that way at all, but that Hollywood and her early years there have conditioned her. I am not guessing, I wouldn't know the answer. But although Garbo has friends, close friends, if not many of them, there must be times when she does *not* want to be alone. But either she has become so conditioned to her particular fate that she believes in it or else she does not know how to break through the barriers which she herself, and the studio, have built around her. Perhaps having become a legend, she believes in that, too . . . But there must be moments when she is bored beyond words, when she would like to be young and gay and perhaps the center of a circle of interesting and interested people. As I said before, I wouldn't know. But she's lonely, I think.

Scandal, rumor—false or true—has caused much unhappiness in Hollywood, much withdrawing into self, much loneliness concealed or revealed. Loss of love by death or misunderstanding has caused loneliness. For these people, stripped of their glamour and names, glow and publicity are, after all, just people. Like anyone else, they are mortal, fallible, prone to unrest and error, to unhappiness and uncertainty. Even the heartiest extroverts can't be on top of the wave all the time.

Then there are those in Hollywood who, by their very natures, are unable to join in the general crazy rush after excitement and time killers. I have always thought of Ronald Colman as a lonely man, despite his close and loyal friends. But I imagine since his marriage the picture has changed.

Joan Crawford . . . a less lonely figure you couldn't imagine. Or could you? . . . spectacular marriages, never enduring, the incessant struggle to climb still higher the ladder to success, and now rumor busy linking her name with someone else. Yet lonely she has been, I fancy, all her life. For that is the "joker" in the game of success.

If you must have fame, if you must reveal your special gift to the world, if you want what the world can give you by way of reward, then you have to pay for it. The screen stars pay in the continual publicity. Without this they would soon cease to exist. When it pursues them into their private lives and pries at their private emotions they turn on it, with anger and anguish. But they can do very little about it.

There is a good deal for the run-of-the-mill person to learn from these people whose lives are one tremendous struggle . . . a tug of war you might say . . . a struggle on one hand for success and its attendant discontents, and on the other for personal privacy . . . a struggle against boredom, against growing sated and stale, against loneliness. Yet a few of the stars in Hollywood have come near a solution—which is, I think, to take what comes, to make the best of it, with a sense of gratitude, a sense of and a complete realization of values and, on the other hand, to live as fully and naturally as possible within the limitations placed upon them.

THERE is no cure for loneliness. There is no certain preventative. But the lucky, the sane, the visionary among the stars have learned that faith, fundamental belief in themselves, in human nature, in the panacea of hard work, in the loyalty of a few, can serve to alleviate the common lot of human beings. These have learned how fickle is the public which makes and, if it wishes, breaks them, how futile in the last analysis the hurry and ceaseless striving . . . these have somehow managed to insure themselves against boredom by lasting interests and against heartbreak by a belief in enduring love. It may fail them, but they will have courage to go on.

These are the lucky ones whose insurance against loneliness continues to give them protection. One star I know has a passionate interest in modern art and there is no place now in his life for loneliness. An increasing number of others are insuring themselves by bearing children, or adopting them. Every year the demand for orphans increases and the Cradle, that famous foundling home in Illinois, fills more and more Hollywood orders. Still others have moved out of Hollywood and have created real homes in the country, ranches where the closeness to nature fills the void in their lives.

Loneliness touches every man but those who have faith go on.

From Ranch to Riches

(Continued from page 16)

promoted Annie to first place in the photographer's esteem. She is something an angel dreamed up for them—the glamour girl epitomized: immense eyes of deep photogenic hazel, mobs of red-gold hair that simply can't be authentic but is, fabulous fingernails and eyelashes out to there, incredible legs and skin . . . No wonder they go mad every time she appears in the gallery for a sitting.

The corridor through the Warners publicity department is always lined with new pictures of their various players. As a rule, the press boys walk straight through, eyes forward. Looking at pictures is too much like what they get paid for. But the other day, a sitting of Annie went up—and now you have to blast your way through that corridor. The old hard-boiled press, sold to a bunch of "leg art"—after all these years. But *what* leg art!

On the other hand, Annie has a lot more than the high visibility with which Nature so lavishly endowed her. As proof, the other day I asked Bette Davis: "Who, in your opinion, is the most talented and promising young personality on your lot?" Without a pause, Bette answered: "Ann Sheridan!" And Bette isn't handing out ill-considered opinions. Annie nearly swooned with joy when she heard that. Bette is the bright shining idol in her life.

ANNIE has just finished "Dodge City," with Errol Flynn, a story of the good old pioneering days of 1872. Our Annie is a good ole pioneer woman—can't you just see her in a sunbonnet and a tight bodice up to her chin? Well, you never will—not this trip, anyway. She went for a costume fitting, and we found that out. Annie does her pioneering in a dance hall, wearing those costumes that always look as if the gal had started to undress from the top down and just then the telephone rang. The astute Brothers Warner, having uncovered the facts concerning Annie's shoulders and—uh—extremities, are not going to begin concealing their assets now. The fact that she can act the house down doesn't bother them any, too. Big plans are on the way.

With Joan Blondell, Kay Francis and Anita Louise all departed from the studio, it looks as if Annie will have a busy year.

Annie says anyway she has worked up to the "slapping stage" of her career, and hopes it is over. "In 'Angels,' I slapped Cagney. In 'Naughty But Nice,' Dick Powell and I trade slaps. I nearly break Powell's jaw when we get going! There isn't any slapping, so far as I know, in the next one; entering a more dignified phase, you see . . Just so I don't have to play misunderstood wives next, that's all I ask," Annie says.

She is much more intense about her work than she used to be, but she still manages to keep the intensity well under cover from the average observer. She would rather kid about it. But when she goes into a scene, she is surprisingly workmanlike and conscientious.

A girl can't have her mind on her work *all* the time—it wouldn't be normal—not when she loves to dance as much as Annie does.

AS for men—"Men are wonderful things—I like men very much. In numbers. Not concentrating on any particular one right now. Playing the field." (The field is thrilled, judging by the telephone calls that came in all the afternoon. Annie was indifferent, but—well, you know. Not *too* indifferent.)

"Marriage? . . . My goodness, I just got out of one. Why get in another? . . . But I'm not off marriage. Not a bit. It's a grand old custom—one that's here to stay, I'll bet. I hope to marry again some day, some time, and have fourteen children. Uh huh, fourteen. A nice round number, don't you think? . . . Right now, you see I'm concentrating on my career. Excuse me a minute. . . ."

The telephone was ringing again. Annie said yes, she would love to go dancing at La Conga tomorrow night . . . But I know very well she was concentrating on her career all the time, because she plainly said she would have to be home before midnight!

And for Annie, the one who used to close up all the night clubs and wear out three pairs of dancing partners a week, this is revolutionary. It is almost exactly the same thing as not going out at all.

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Lewis Stone Is Really Judge Hardy

(Continued from page 21)

that we are about of an age, the Judge and I. And I am fifty-nine, going on sixty. I think that neither of us pays much attention to the dreary business called 'growing old.' I know that I don't.

"I feel as I felt a quarter of a century ago. I eat anything and everything as I have always done. I shave myself every morning. I still," laughed Mr. Stone, "take a certain military pride in my clothes, my carriage, trimness and smartness. It still matters to me what tie I wear. The Judge, likewise, is not unmindful of his appearance."

IT occurred to me, as I listened to Mr. Stone, that not only does Mr. Stone's own background explain Mr. Stone but also that *Judge Hardy*, too, might easily have stemmed from the line of sturdy, straight-spined Scotch Presbyterians which is Lewis Stone's ancestry.

Mr. Stone was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 15th, fifty-nine years ago. His father, Bertrand Stone, was in business with *his* father, Timothy Stone: Timothy Stone & Sons, makers of boots and shoes.

Lewis Stone's paternal grandmother had four children: Mary Stone, Agnes Stone, William MacDonald and Bertrand. Bertrand alone remained at home. Mary, Agnes and William MacDonald, sent abroad to make the Grand Tour, to study painting and music in Paris, suddenly, wildly, incomprehensibly "went on the stage." Grandmother Stone's heart turned to stone indeed when the fantastic news was broken to her. Forthwith she closed the door of her house and heart to these "changelings." She removed their tintypes from the family album. She forbade their names to be mentioned in her hearing.

Then, one day, after the passing of years, one blizzardy day when Grandmother Stone, now eighty-five, was walking the five miles to church as was her invariable custom (because in the Stone household, on the Holy Sabbath, not a carriage wheel turned, not a horse moved in the paddock), Grandmother Stone fell and broke her hip. She lay in bed for two years and more. No one ever knew what thoughts passed through her mind, but when Grandmother Stone rose from her bed at last the door of the homestead was opened wide and Mary and Agnes and William MacDonald came home.

"Those years of pain and idleness," Mr. Stone said, "gave her, I am sure, the one and only virtue she had not formerly possessed — tolerance. The greatest of all lessons, tolerance. The greatest of all virtues. . . .

"It was my first lesson in tolerance, too, hearing that story told. I never forgot it. I needed to remember it, too. For my mother was of the same fiber as my grandmother. My mother did not actually refuse me admittance to her home when I announced my intention of going on the stage. But she did give every evidence of tight-lipped disapproval of such a gypsy choice. She refused to discuss the matter with me. And when, on one occasion, I positively nagged her into coming to see me as *Bill Sikes* in 'Oliver Twist' (one of my earlier ventures) she sat there in the audience watching me as though she were seeing a Gorgon's head. When, later, I asked her what she thought of me she shut her mouth grimly and looked at the ceiling. What she thought of me was, apparently, a bit of information she was not going to impart."

SURELY from just such a background may the beloved *Judge Hardy* have sprung, strong-armed with the sterner virtues, sweetened by tolerance. . . .

The Judge, too, I think, knew gaieties in his younger days as, in his younger days on Broadway, Lewis Stone knew the life of a young man-about-town . . . and again, as Lewis Stone knew tragedy in his early life when his young wife, mother of his two small daughters, so suddenly died, so the Judge must have had his heart bruised, his sensibilities shocked, since only from such bruising can the juices of human kindliness run with so fine and healing a flavor as our Judge presents on the screen.

"Yes, I guess in many respects the Judge and I are alike. Like myself, the Judge is not one to retire and take his ease. He has worked hard all of his life as I have worked hard all of my life. And neither of us could be happy away from his chosen profession. I feel that the Judge loves his work as I love mine. I am so glad, so *glad* I am an actor.

"Nor would the Judge be half the man he is without his family. Nor would I. Nor any man. I have two daughters, as you know, both girls in their twenties now, both married. Their own mother died when they were very small (Mr. Stone remarried a few years ago) and, as a result, they have always been with me through all of the various ages and stages. Yes, we are good friends, my daughters and I. And so the Judge's 'family feeling' is something I need not feign or assume.

"The Judge, too, I feel, is the type of man who does his work conscientiously, to the best of his ability. And then lays down his gavel and goes home. And, similarly, I lay down my script and go home. And it is *home*. We have a five acre farm in the San Fernando Valley here in California. I have my chickens and ducks and horses and truck garden. I keep chickens and ducks because I like the noises they make. Farmyard noises. I don't know what kind of farmer the Judge would make," smiled Mr. Stone. "I do know the kind of farmer *I* make. I get fine spurts of farming frenzy and potter about the land. And then the gardeners, patient after the manner of their kind, go about undoing the damage I have done. I have a workshop on the premises and spend hours in there, whittling and whistling away, ruining good lumber, turning out something perfectly inconsequential.

"We live a very normal, very quiet, very happy life. We play an occasional game of bridge. Now, I don't know about the Judge's game. But for myself I can say only that I am one of the best 'contributors' to be found anywhere. They even match for me! We go to a neighborhood movie now and then, Mrs. Stone and I. We have a circle of friends, most of them nonprofessionals. The girls come home for holidays and visits.

"If to be healthy, happy, busy, without skeletons in the closet or frenzied ambitions, is to be unexciting, then I am afraid that we are very unexciting people. But we have our fun," smiled Mr. Stone, "we have our jobs, we have Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow . . . the Judge and I. . . ."

It would make an amusing tag line for me to say that when I left Mr. Stone I said, "Good-by, Judge Hardy." The really amusing part of it is that I really did!

Bright Victory

(Continued from page 24)

He was expelled from the University after six months, because of a shindig on the campus which become a hullabaloo and then a free-for-all; it seemed to the authorities a significant thing that George was the only one of thirty students who emerged from the fracas comparatively unmarred. Father Dan, casting about for something to occupy his protégé until the time for his use should come, took him over to the famous Abbey Players theater and got him a job lugging props.

The stage suddenly became a living entity to George. With his face and brawn it was easy enough to persuade the director he could handle a walk-on in a scene or two; and, with growing poise, he wangled a bit and then a part and finally a lead. He did these things, until the night when Father Dan came backstage to say, quietly, "Come with me tonight, lad, if you would help your country."

An hour later George ducked his head to follow the priest through a low-roofed passage into the cellar of an outskirts shop. Behind a table sat a man whose mouth was a grim line, whose eyes observed George minutely from beneath lowered lids.

"This is Michael Collins," Father Dan told George, and the young man's eyes shone. He stepped forward and saluted.

"It's proud I am at this moment, sir," he said. "In my way of thinking you are a great patriot and a great leader."

Collins stood up and held out his hand. "Thank you. We need good lads. You're one I see."

It was the highest praise he could offer.

COLLINS assigned him as his dispatch carrier. Then, for months, life was an exhilarating brew, holding the mystery and the secret-society quality dear to any youth's heart. New hiding places must be devised for papers, about his body and on the motorbike; new stories and explanations must be prepared for the British soldiers, who were getting a little suspicious of him at last.

They were stopping him more often, now, searching him with greater diligence. It may have been because of that night when he hopped a truck, prearranged to be driving that road at that hour, for Belfast—

There was fog this night, and even the towns were dark. George, walking slowly along the edge of the road, heard the truck coming and as it slowed beside him he began to whistle "Where the River Shannon Flows."

"All right, George," the driver said, and he climbed up on the front seat.

Suddenly a shout came from a hedgerow, which they could see dimly to the right, and after a moment something hard struck the metal roof above them, clattered across it and fell into the road. At that moment George saw the dark uniform and the face of a British captain he had met in Dublin, peering over the brush. Then the figure, the face, were gone.

That object lying behind them in the road had been a hand grenade which had not exploded.

"Close one," the driver said laconically.

"Right, sir," George said. But, gun in hand, he leaned out and looked back again into the fog. If he had been able to recognize—or think he had recognized—that officer . . . Well, it could work the other way, couldn't it?

The time was growing short, in any case. Collins' preparations for the final push were almost complete; and then would come climax, the pitched fight which would mean victory and all the things the brave little band had worked for; or defeat—and almost certain death.

Then, one afternoon, George sat at a table in a Dublin restaurant, eating mutton and reading a newspaper whose headlines told of raids by the British, of forays in the early morning hours, of clashes at remote villages. The waiter came up with coffee and George moved his arm to make room for the cup.

He felt that the waiter was looking at him curiously. He glanced up.

"Here you are, sir," the waiter told him, setting down the coffee. He added, softly, "Have you packed for your trip, yet?"

George stared after the man as he walked away. What the hell!

Something cold knotted in the pit of his stomach at that instant. The waiter had not been babbling. This was a signal, of some sort. Leaving the coffee untouched, he tossed coins on the table and, keeping himself from running with difficulty, went to his room.

He took a case of papers from his Gladstone, sorted them, burned some on the grate and slid the rest between the material and the lining of a window curtain.

He was lying on the bed, smoking and reading, when the squad of British soldiers knocked on his door. . . .

They departed disgruntled an hour later, leaving the room in a shambles but with the curtain untouched. "Don't go out of Dublin until you are given official release," the officer instructed him.

For a few minutes George stood motionless, staring at nothing, trying to make sense from what had happened. No logical answer presented itself. Slowly he turned and began gathering his clothes to stuff them haphazardly into the Gladstone. When that was done he put on his hat and topcoat, took the bag, and went without hurry down the back stairs of the building.

Father Dan was waiting for him, in the growing dark, at their regular meeting place beneath a road bridge leading out of Dublin.

"The Holy Mother be praised!" the priest muttered, taking George's arm. "You're out of it, then. George, they've got Collins. They caught him in ambush and . . . But that makes him a martyr. When they've finished with the others they'll be after you. You'll have to make a break for it."

"I'll stay," said George, "and see the thing through."

"It's hopeless." Father Dan's hand was urgent on George's arm. "We'll try again, later—and then . . . But you've no time. I heard them talking. By morning, after they've found what they're hunting for, you'll have a price on your head of a hundred pounds."

For a moment the two stood in silence.

"God be with you," the priest said at last.

A moment later George stood alone, the world and his future in ruins.

Escape from Ireland and the British brought George Brent penniless and alone to America once more. There the fighting Irishman faced reality at last and there came to him love, marriage, divorce and the greatest honors Hollywood has to offer. Don't miss—July PHOTOPLAY.

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Second Chance

(Continued from page 62)

remember something special about the time you made that picture?"

"Only that it was made in the old shack of a studio Goldmont used to have off Vine Street," I says, trying to push away the years.

"The reissue is still a Goldmont release," says Jelliff. "Wasn't there something funny about your contract with them? Judas-horned-betailment, I know there was!"

"Well," I says, "Goldmont was a kind of half-baked outfit at the time and didn't have much dough. It seems to me. . . ."

"It seems to me I drew up that contract," Jelliff interrupts me. "And that you've got certain rights . . . say, I suppose we could force Benny Rossman to show us a copy of it, but. . . ."

"Maybe it won't be necessary," I finished for him. "Jelliff, my trunks! Do you suppose by any chance I saved my copy?"

THE idea was enough to set us frantic. I helped Jelliff inside and began to sling that veteran baggage around like a redcap and then we dug in.

There were programs and clippings, but there was nothing even resembling a document. Then, just as I was about to give up, my eye caught an old menu. It was full of something else which dropped at my touch. Jelliff grabbed the folded paper with a yell like a jitterbug and set his spectacles on his nose.

"Here we are," he gulped. "Let's see, let's see, I pretty well remember it, but. . . ."

Jelliff had done a job on that contract which would of made a modern Hollywood flesh-peddler jealous. He had drawn up a document by which instead of pay, I and Jim had taken part cash and a third interest in the picture. What was even more surprising, Jelliff had put in about reissues and dramatic or other speaking rights, as well as any published version. There was no question in the world but that I still owned a piece of the month's top box-office release!

"My Gawd," says Jelliff tremulously, "didn't I tell you you needed a man's protection?"

WELL, there is an old saw which says "An umbrella today keeps the rain away," and it certainly looked like we had found a parachute. We were going to be able to bail out, but not, we figured, without opposition. Benny was hardly likely to ring for the cashier the moment we mentioned "Lillie of the Valley." And then, speaking of theatrical Angels, just as I and Jelliff were in the middle of talking about this the telephone rang and I answered.

"Miss La Tour?" says one of those buttermilk female voices peculiar to private secretaries, "Mr. Rossman of Goldmont calling." I put my hand over the receiver and told Jelliff.

"I'll bet he's got me another janitor job," I whispers and then Benny was on the phone.

"Hello, Marie," he says pleasantly. "I haven't seen you in a long time. How's things?"

"What do you want me to do for you, Benny?" I says.

"Now, now," says Benny, "don't go flying to any conclusions. I've merely been thinking over what you said about our old quarrel and I'm man enough to admit you're right. Can't we bury the hatchet long enough for a little talk?"

"If it's buried where I can reach it easily," I says with caution.

"How about three o'clock at my office?"

"Okay," I says and hung up. Jelliff stared at me like an eager hound while I told him what had been said.

"I'm going with you, if it kills me," says Jelliff grimly. "You may think you can do without a man's protection, but. . . ."

BY the time I and Jelliff and his crutches reached the Goldmont lot that afternoon, we had decided to play dumb bunny and let Benny do all the talking. The Big Front looked quite surprised when I introduced Jelliff.

"Agent, eh?" he says. "So even you have one in your pocket!"

"Witness for the defense," I corrected him. Benny, plainly excited, handed around cigars, even offering one to me.

"Look here, Marie," he finally began, "you did a little work on a picture called 'Bringing Up Mother' while I was in the East, remember?" I nodded.

"So I have been having some trouble with that picture," says Benny. "We've been getting howls of protest from the exhibitors and we've withdrawn the picture for a remake. Here is a chance for us to do each other some good. We can still remain enemies if you like. But I've been talking with the people who saw your footage and they are all agreed it ought to go back in."

"Miss La Tour," says Jelliff, "only did that work as a favor. She was a stand-in, so to speak, without standing, salary or contract."

"I knew you were an agent," says Benny sadly. "Go on from there."

"She'll want a lump sum for the time she's already worked," says Jelliff, "and five hundred a week during the remake in case you need her."

"It's a holdup," says Benny, "so I'm not going to bargain. We've got half a million dollars in that film and in order not to throw it out the window, I have already got six of our best writers enlarging Marie's part." In spite of myself I couldn't help but feel pretty excited by that.

"That's interesting," I says, "but why am I so good all of a sudden?"

"Two reasons," says he. "First, anybody who can get belly laughs out of a projection unit, holds something. And the second reason is that reissue of 'Lillie of the Valley.'"

Then he shoved some papers towards Jelliff. "A memo agreement I had prepared," says Benny. "You might look it over." Then he picked up a couple of telephones while I and Jelliff went into a huddle at the other end of the room.

THE contract Benny offered was so near to what we wanted that there was no argument necessary, except it called for options, which Jelliff made me cross out.

"Just the one picture," he insisted in a whisper.

"You might be good, you know. And how about that old contract? Shall I jump him on it now?" I thought quick and shook my head.

"I may be a sentimental old fool," I whispered back, "but I'd rather set myself in right here on the strength of what I can do, than by means of any threat. We'll let 'Lillie' come up some time later. Right now I'd rather give an accounting than ask for one."

Well, by that time Benny had finished putting his phones through their limbering up and we were ready for the dotted line. Benny added his signature and then buzzed his secretary.

"Miss La Tour and I want to look at

her sequences right away," he says to the black box on his desk. "Let me know the minute projection is ready and tell them to move fast!" Then he sat back and relaxed.

"That's fine," he says. "I always did think you had the real thing, Marie. And I believe we're going places now."

"Do we get the same director?" I says, trying to seem casual. "I liked him a lot."

"Well, maybe," says Benny, doubtfully. "But I think if we could get a fresh angle. . . ." Then the black box buzzed.

"Sorry, Mr. Rossman," says the buttermilk voice, "but projection says you released that footage to Christie Beall, several weeks ago."

There was an instant of stunned silence while Benny stared at the black box like he was going to bite it.

"Get Chris on the phone," he shouted. "The thief. I want him quick."

It was a long nervous wait before Chris could be got on the phone and Benny explained what he wanted.

"Get those cans and yourself over here," says Benny. "I suppose now you've got to do the remake, damn it. Hurry, Sweetheart." I could hear Chris' gleeful shout over the phone.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes," he says gaily.

Then Benny ordered a projection room to be got ready and we sat down to wait again talking lightheartedly about this and that and then at last the door opened and there was Chris. One look at his gray face and a chill went down my spine.

"Well?" says Benny.

"The films," says Chris through white lips, "they're gone! They've been stolen!"

WHEN I and Jelliff got home late that afternoon we were just about as cheerful as two old pieces of pressed seaweed.

Betty's face went white when I told her what had happened and, as I continued the story, she got to her feet and threw away her kitchen apron. Her eyes were dark and so terribly serious that I broke off talking for she had me scared.

"Gram," she says, "I've done you enough harm. I've been a fool. *I've* been the jinx of this outfit, not you, and it's time I took myself off your hands once and for all.

"I've got something to attend to," she says grimly. "I only hope it can be done." Then she made for the door.

"Wait, you screwball," I shouted after her, but she acted like she didn't hear me. Jelliff put a hand on my arm.

"She knows something," he says. "She's been acting funny lately. Best let her get whatever it is out of her system. I believe in discipline, but. . . ."

WELL, my mind did an old-fashioned flash-back to that talk Betty had with Alex Lorm in the hall. But, I didn't mention it right then.

And so when Chris showed up, I got all set to spill a carload of troubles. But he was a jump ahead of me before I could open my mouth.

"Behold the great Deliverer," he says, "who can't deliver! Just to make everything perfect, Reis called me after I saw you. He'd been reading *Variety*."

"What?" says I and Jelliff both together.

"Yes," says Chris. "He forgives your social deficiencies in view of your box-office possibilities. The hook comes with the fact that some dummy told him that the stuff I had of yours was a discard from 'Bringing Up Mother,' and he wanted to see it right away."

"So do we," I agreed.

Then he caught sight of the empty cans on the table. "The sauce of my life is out, I see," he remarks.

"Yes," I says, "your little fillette-of-sole-mate is out and I'm worried about where." And then I told him very carefully everything I knew about Betty and Alex. How Alex thought she had money of her own, and how he'd wanted her to form that fool Swing Adagio team with him, and last and worst, how it had seemed like he had some sort of hold on her. Chris listened attentively, his face growing blacker all the time.

"Damn it, I wish I'd known this before," he says. "She may have gone to him now!"

"Have you seen Lorm lately?" I asked, scared by his earnestness.

"Not since that day he came to my house trying to sell me the idea of spotting his dance in some picture," says Chris. And then suddenly I could see a thought cross his mind.

"That was the day I locked up your footage," he says excitedly. "He knew what was in those cans!"

"Chris," I says sharply. "Do you suppose by any chance. . . . ?"

"I'm going to find out," he says furiously. "And no later than now. You'd better come along in case Betty's there."

"I'll watch the house," says Jelliff. "Wish I could go with you but. . . ."

RIDING along in Chris' car through the star-filled night. I felt like it was all a part of an old movie and that the Mack Sennett cops would catch up with us any minute. But they didn't and when Chris passed his own house and drew up in front of the neighboring one where Alex Lorm lived, I came back to reality with a crash.

There was only one dim light in the bungalow ahead of us, and as we walked up the path Chris began to mutter something about nobody being home. But, after we rang the bell, someone commenced shuffling around inside and pretty soon a woman—one with landlady written all over her—opened the door a crack. She sniffed suspiciously at us before answering the inquiry Chris made.

"Lorm?" she says. "Why no, he don't live here any more. He moved out last week and didn't leave no address." Then she shut the door abruptly. I and Chris stared at each other like a pair of McCarthys.

"Well," says Chris at last, "he seems to have made the usual Hollywood bow-away. And the question is, where next?"

"He has a rich childhood friend," I says, "second childhood on her part. The name is Lydia Watt.

"I know the place," I says. "Come on, let's get going!"

THE enormous Spanish-tripe mansion which Lydia Watt had exchanged something or other for, was lighted up when we got there and the butler opened the door with an air of just having made a quick change into his coat.

"Is that—is Mrs. Watt at home?" I says.

"No Madame, Madame is out of town," says he.

"Oh, she is, is she," I says, as cross as if I had the right to control her. "Then I don't suppose Mr. Lorm is here. either?" The butler gave the sort of trick cough they always give when embarrassed.

"Mr. Lorm was here a short while ago," he admitted. "He left when Miss Betty came!"

"When Miss Betty came," I says after him. "How long ago was that?"

"Around six, I believe," says the butler. I looked at my watch. It was now after eight.

"What happened after she got here?" Chris put in. "Come on man—this is very important."

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"Well, it was like this, sir," says the white coat. "Miss Betty and Mr. Lorm were in the living room talking for quite a while. They talked pretty loud once or twice and they both seemed excited over something. Then Mr. Lorm ran upstairs and pretty soon he came down with a couple of suitcases, and put them in his car."

"Oh, my Gawd," I says. "Go on!" The butler looked more embarrassed than ever.

"I'm not supposed to mention it," he says, "but I feel I should, to you, Miss La Tour. For you see Mr. Lorm gave me the address of a hotel in New York and told me to send the rest of his things there."

Then I asked the butler. "Miss Betty went with him, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss La Tour."

"They've done it," I says bitterly. "They've eloped! The poor crazy child really meant what she said about getting herself off my hands and I didn't believe it."

"Hold on," says Chris, "maybe it's not too late to stop them. Didn't they say where they were headed? To Yuma? To the airport?"

"Well, sir," says the butler, now really upset, "I did hear a mention of San Pedro. There is a steamer sailing for New York tonight." Chris was fumbling with his bank roll before the man had finished speaking.

"We're going to catch that steamer," he says, hurriedly giving the man ten bucks. Then he turned to me.

"Hop along," he says, "if I step on it we can just about make the grade."

WELL, I will never forget that night drive so long as I live. The road to San Pedro was deep in fog that billowed in from the ocean along the low lying stretches, blotting out the stars and throwing our own lights back in our faces. It was a long lonely road through the foothills, anyways you look at it, and Chris spoke only once the whole way.

"Steamers are always late sailing," he says in a hoarse voice and I tried to take comfort in the idea.

Then, at last, the lights of San Pedro came into view. We dashed up over the bridge listening with all our might for the blast of a ship's warning signal. But there was no sound of it as we rattled in over the broken paving and railroad tracks of back streets, Chris taking every short cut he knew. And then, at last, there was the pier, all brightly lighted and busy, but with no sign of a ship. Suddenly I gave a cry and pointed to a ghostly form well out in the bay.

"Look, it's her," I says, "she's sailed. Oh, Chris, we're too late!"

Chris drew his brakes on so hard they screamed and dragged me out of the car.

"We'll get a boat," he hollered crazily. "We'll radio and if they're on board we'll manage. Keep your chin up."

Then, at last, we were out on the dock, which was filled with that letdown slackness which follows when a big ship has just gone. Chris was grabbing everybody he could, asking questions, and I was looking around through the nervous tears which wouldn't keep out of my eyes. Then some instinct caused me to walk out on to the open part of the dock and there on a luggage truck sat Betty all alone, crying as if her heart would break.

Chris heard as soon as I called her name and came running. By then I was running towards her, too. And first thing we knew Betty had heard us and looked up.

"Gram," she called, "I've got them. Oh, Gram, Gram, look!"

With which she stood up and the cans of film on her lap dropped off and commenced rolling in all directions.

"Stop 'em," I yelled. "Chris, let Betty alone. Catch those cans."

And then we were all after them, chasing the darned things which traveled as if they were alive. One rolled right to my feet. Betty threw herself in the path of another just before it leaped into the water. The last one went spinning down to the end of the pier, but Chris got it in time, and we all come together breathless with relief and excitement. I held out my arms to Betty but for once Betty didn't see them. Her head was already buried in Chris' coat, and his arms, I could see, had taken on my job.

"Oh, darling," Betty was saying. "I've been such a fool. That's the proper thing to say, isn't it? Well, I mean it. And I love you, too, what I mean." About that time I decided to walk back to the car and put those reels where they couldn't run away.

"Moving pictures," I heard myself muttering, "and I never before knew how fast they could move."

WELL, I would really prefer not to have this following part of the story published, on account it is really none of the public's business. But what with all the present light of publicity beating upon me, I expect the fan mags will make up something worse, so I might as well beat them to it and tell the truth.

Alex Lorm *had* stolen those films. He'd done it, as we thought, to get in right with Betty. And Betty knew he'd taken them and while she was sore at me, she hadn't done anything about it.

"At first he'd just hidden them," she told us. "And then when he heard the talk about your revival picture and Reis being interested, Alex couldn't decide whether to try and make some use of them or whether they were too hot to keep."

"But, why didn't he destroy them?" Chris asked curiously.

"He was too much of a coward to do anything definite, I guess," says Betty. "So in the end he simply gave them to Mrs. Watt and told her a fool story about their being indiscreet foreign films a friend wanted to get rid of. She promised to throw them overboard at sea.

"When I went there tonight and found that Alex didn't want to ask her to give them back I threatened to have him arrested for stealing them. We got them off the boat just in time."

"And Lorm has gone down to the sea in that old barge," I says. "Never mind, that's one kind of jail that's really hard to get out of!"

THE rest of the story is too well known to repeat. Everyone has seen my hand and footprints where I did a backflip in the wet concrete at Grauman's. Everyone knows about what "Bringing Up Mother" did when it was finally released. And Heavens knows, there was enough in the papers about it when Betty and Chris were married and it is perfectly true that she baked that wonderful wedding cake herself.

However, one thing I do want contradicted. Mr. Jelliff is not penniless as has been implied. Not since he collected his commission on that old contract, as my agent.

And as for what the columnists say about I and Jelliff being *altar bound* just because of our being seen together in the Brown Derby so much, well I wish to state that all we were discussing was the bids Benny and Mr. Reis are making against each other for my services. As Mr. Jelliff often says, we are too old to be thinking of such nonsense as marriage, BUT . . . .

THE END

(Continued from page 8)

sculptured line. The frog-walk exercise satisfies all these demands, because it pulls in your tummy, takes inches off your waist and firms your legs, especially the calves to a smoother line.

Penny illustrates for you (Exercise B) that old stand-by to firm your tummy and practically melt flesh off your thighs. You were probably taught how to do it in grammar school and, if you've been doing it faithfully ever since, you can skip the following instructions. To do it correctly, as Penny shows you, you stand up very straight and tall with your arms lifted, fingers touching at the back of your head. Then you take a deep breath and sink slowly, keeping your back straight. Raise yourself to standing position again, without wavering, and exhale. This will help your balance, reduce the thighs and hips and also mold your legs in a nice streamlined way.

Not for Penny, merely touching the floor with her finger tips. She can lay both her hands flat on the floor (Exercise C) without any difficulty at all. And does, every morning without fail. You probably won't be able to do it the first few times you practice, but if you keep at it you soon will be able to. The main thing, of course, is to keep your legs straight while reaching down. You'll feel the pull at the back of your legs and have the comforting feeling that this exercise, too, is firming your legs, slimming your thighs and keeping your tummy from sagging.

Penny and I decided that Exercise D, which she is doing on page 8 should certainly be included in our list of exercises on how to mold your figure and then keep it perfect. You stretch yourself out on the floor, then lift yourself by your hands, with your elbows pointing out to the sides, remembering to raise your whole body, as Penny does.

This a particularly valuable one since a high, firm breast is an integral part of the modern silhouette. This exercise pulls on all your shoulder and chest muscles, takes off superfluous flesh on your shoulders and firms and lifts your breast to give you that young fashionable appearance. It's definitely one exercise you should not skip.

There are several other exercises that are just as beneficial and valuable but we decided that these shown here are representative of the lot and will cure almost any figure fault. So if you'll get right to work on them and keep at it faithfully, I'm sure you'll be more than pleased with the results. And a lovely, beautifully molded figure is more than worth all the work and effort that's necessary to achieve it.

THE COLOR PROBLEM—after you've gotten this lovely figure for yourself, naturally you want to display it. After all, what's the use of being positively streamlined, if there's no one to appreciate it. So, your first idea is to dash right down to the beach and loll gracefully around for all to see. That's all very well and good, but you'd better make up your mind first whether you want to stay lily-white or go in for a nice sun tan. There are several things to consider. In the first place, the smart new shades for spring and summer make-up are very delicate. They're not quite as purplish or cyclamen as they have been this winter, but there's still a definite trace of blue in the pink.

The pastel tones in make-up are definitely set for the spring and summer—delicate pink lipstick and rouge and pale powder. Even eye shadows are not so dark or so bright. The light blue eye shadow is the smartest and most popular and, of course, your nails should be pink, too, to match your cosmetics instead of the deep red or purplish tones we've been wearing all winter. A blonde looks as fragile as a Victorian lady in this make-up and almost any man wants to shelter and protect the helpless little creature.

There's a new shade in make-up out, too, for the brunette who can't wear the pastel shades so becoming to blondes. It's a bright, new, vivid red, a true scarlet that comes in both lipstick and rouge and also in nail polish. It accents a black or white or navy costume in a very charming manner.

It's always a matter of individual taste as to whether or not you want to acquire a glowing sun tan. But before you do, take your make-up into consideration.

If you're blonde and wearing pastel cosmetics, then you can't tan at all or you'll ruin the entire effect of your make-up. What you can do, though, is toast yourself to a nice brown and wear this vivid red lipstick discussed above, because it accents your tan and is very smart. Brunettes can wear it whether they tan or not, so they don't have the blondes' problem.

Before you go out in the sun, remember what a time you had last year trying to get your skin into shape again after a long, hard summer spent outdoors. The sun drys and coarsens your skin, if you're exposed to it too much, and it's a long hard siege trying to bleach it out and soften it so that you don't look like a weather-beaten fisherman. Be moderate in your sun tanning and keep your skin well lubricated.

A good idea is to get all the sun tan you want on the rest of your body but protect your face. It's healthy to stay out in the sun, but it doesn't do your face very much good because the drying-out effect is too difficult to combat. You needn't worry about your pale face in contrast to your tanned arms and legs, because you can easily remedy this by simply using a dark powder on your face. It will save you loads of grief later on when the summer is over and you wish you hadn't been the athletic type and wonder why you didn't just stay under an umbrella on the beach. You can get special lotions and bases, too, that you can use both as a sun repeller and a foundation cream, so you won't have to worry about protecting your complexion.

Be careful of your hair when you go in salt water because it makes hair sticky and raises havoc with your wave. Set your hair with brilliantine to keep it in place and get plenty of oil shampoos to keep it glossy. Elaborate hairdos are too difficult to manage during the summer, if you're going to be running around outdoors, and a simple, charming hair style that doesn't take much time or trouble to arrange is more attractive anyway for an informal summer.

Cutting your hair short in the new baby manner is really the ideal solution for a carefree life for it's terribly smart and practically no trouble to take care of. You can even wash and set it yourself with a minimum of bother. If you have the kind of face that can get away with it, it takes years off your age and adds a piquant charm to your features. Norma Shearer and Bette Davis are two of the Hollywood stars who have had their hair cut this way and it's enormously becoming to both of them.

Precious gypsy jewels from Cartier . . . Hat from Nicole de Paris

Vivian Gordon Linke, of Washington, D. C., finds photographic modeling under the John Powers banner a fascinating career. Social registerite, Junior League member. Miss Linke was educated at the University of Brussels. In private life, she is the wife of a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy. She says: "Now that I am modeling, I depend on Revlon more than ever for perfect nails."

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Revlon's NEW spring nail enamel shade

Spring is a gypsy . . . and TRINGAR is a Romany queen! Gypsy rose-red . . . rich, *wonderful* with navy, black, grey, beige and all the flower pastels so important fashionably this season. Like Juelton, TRINGAR comes in *three* graduated tones—each styled to individual taste. And so you may choose TRINGAR-1, *light* gypsy rose-red; or TRINGAR-2, *medium* gypsy rose-red; or TRINGAR-3, *dark* gypsy rose-red, with the certainty that—light, medium or dark—it is the loveliest, most fashionable shade you can wear! Smart women the world over say that Revlon is best for looks, best for wear, best for nails. You—and *your nails*—will prefer Revlon Cream Nail Enamel. Its soft, creamy texture keeps nails on their best behavior! Ask for TRINGAR, 1, 2, or 3. Featured in leading department stores and in quality beauty salons.

"Nail Tips" Revlon contains no acetone or similar ingredients which tend to dry the nails. It is kind to nails because of its soft, creamy texture . . . forms a durable film which insures long wear, yet is soft and elastic, allowing nails to grow naturally.

Revlon CREAM nail enamel

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"You need a true perspiration check that your bath can't render ineffective, that won't fail you after tennis, a walk, dancing." Dorothy Dix

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS will go on longing—*in vain*—to have "sweet nothings" whispered in their ears, until they learn the simple rule of *long-lasting* personal daintiness.

Every girl needs a *long-lasting* deodorant . . . one that cannot be neutralized by a shower, or become ineffective after an afternoon of shopping or an evening of dancing.

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Perspiration odor may not only kill your glamour on *that* occasion. Its stale odor, intensified by the heat of your body, will hover around you every time you wear that dress—and people will turn away disillusioned, revolted.

Play Safe!

If you think this couldn't possibly apply to you, smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may explain the disinterested attitude of men you have known.

No wonder so many refined and cultured women consider the use of Liquid Odorono so important to their charm and poise. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. It instantly diverts perspiration from that one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, it scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

Only Twice a Week!

Most women need only two applications of Liquid Odorono a week. You can forget about odor or dampness—or the dreadful *fear* of embarrassment from them—for as much as three days! Think how easily that solves the problem of everyday daintiness.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 27)

came to our third test of Paul Muni, one person said: 'Make him darker,' another: 'Change the high lights.' We started all over again but we got off on the wrong track. Finally we came back to the third test, which was by far the best.

"Bette Davis didn't need many make-up tests," Pere Westmore continued. "I wanted her to look as fragile as Dresden china. Ordinarily we'd give her a much darker make-up. But we threw aside all rules. With a very light make-up and dark lip rouge, framed by her black wig, her face looked definitely chiseled. Carlotta's mouth had a Cupid's bow and a perpetual smile. We painted Bette Davis' mouth with slightly upturned corners. She liked it so much that now she paints it upturned all the time.

"We cut her hair down to about three inches all around her head. She wears it slightly swirled. It's definitely a new trend. We didn't have to cut off her hair. We could have dyed it black. But the wig was better for Carlotta's smoothly polished headdresses. And it's very becoming to Bette.

"Maximilian was the blond. We had to bleach Brian Aherne's hair and make a plaster cast of his face to get the exact shape of his jaw, so his beard would fit. We tied each hair individually to a mask of hairlace (a fine net invented by Westmore in 1924). It took Aherne two and a half hours to put on his beard each morning and he found he couldn't chew when he wore it. He had to drink his lunch through a straw all during the picture.

"Every one of the hundreds of extras playing Frenchmen, Mexicans and Austrians was made up individually. Our make-up people were here at four in the morning, cleaning and labeling the three hundred mustaches used each day, for they had to be ready for the extras at six."

WE get our first glimpse of the shooting of "Juarez" on stage 7, where in the huge gilded council chambers, lined with painted tapestries, Louis Napoleon (Claude Rains), his Empress Eugenie (Gale Sondergaard) and his ministers are sitting around a table. Director William Dieterle is rehearsing the players.

The first shot is a long or establishing shot of the players at the council table. This one is made with the camera and cameramen perched on top of a long crane suspended above the heads of the players. "Okay for sound," calls the mixer. They can begin the scene.

Louis Napoleon has undertaken the conquest of Mexico because the United States has been too busy with the Civil War to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Word comes to him that the North has won the battle of Gettysburg.

"It's your business," Claude Rains yells at his Minister of War, "to know which side will win a battle *before* it is fought."

To save Mexico for France, Eugenie suggests creating a puppet emperor, perhaps Maximilian of Hapsburg, who will return to France the lands confiscated by Juarez, the Mexican president.

"Of course, the request for a sovereign must come from the Mexican nation itself," Gale Sondergaard says slyly, meaning that they will hold a fake plebiscite (like Hitler's).

MOST scenes last about a minute, or part of it. But this scene lasts nearly two minutes. Now it is broken up into medium shots and close-ups so that the facial expressions of the players will be seen. These will be intercut with the long shot.

The two archvillians in this scene, Gale Sondergaard and Claude Rains, go off the set to relax. "I don't mind playing a villain," Gale Sondergaard tells us. "Eugenie is a fascinating character, even though she does everything she can to balk what the picture stands for—the cause of democracy. I'm proud to play Eugenie because she shows up the side of dictatorship in its true colors. This is the most magnificent script I've ever read."

Claude Rains, having his goatee adjusted by the make-up man on the set, bears a striking resemblance to the Winterhalter portrait of Louis Napoleon in the Tuileries (bought by the studio to hang in Maximilian's palace in Mexico). "They had to cut down my mustache," he tells us, "otherwise, you'd see only my mustache in the close-ups."

The rest of the week will be spent shooting all the scenes which take place in the council chambers on stage 7. But Gale Sondergaard gets sick. Jack Sullivan has to switch the schedule and call Bette Davis to play one of her insanity scenes.

THAT night, set carpenters hurriedly construct the set of a Paris hotel room. Scenic artists paint the backings of buildings to be seen through the window. Overhead pipes are laid to give the effect of rain.

The next morning the set-dresser "dresses" the room with dark draperies, a little oil lamp and plush furniture of the period.

When we see the set, it is as dimly lit as an ordinary room. We ask Tony Gaudio, director of photography, why there is so little light.

"We're using a new kind of film, so much faster than any we've ever used that we only need half as much light," he explains. "It gives the photographer a chance to use more natural lighting so that when you see the scene on the screen, you won't feel you're looking at a motion picture set."

Gaudio never touches the camera himself. His operating cameraman does that. But Gaudio directs the composition of every shot and its lighting.

In a corner of the set, director Dieterle is quietly going over the scene with Bette Davis, dressed in gray.

In this scene, she is desperate because she has come to Paris to get help for Maximilian, stranded in Mexico. Napoleon has refused to help her. She is beginning to lose her mind. Now Prince Metternich comes to see her.

Bette plays the scene. Her voice is low, almost indistinct. We see her sitting in a chair in semidarkness, her white face distraught. In the drab hotel room, rain falls against the window.

"Help me . . . help me, Prince Metternich. They want to kill me," she cries.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Photoplay regrets postponing until next month the gay and frolicsome account of teen-age activities in Hollywood, "Young Fry Society." You'll find it in JULY PHOTOPLAY

"Who, your Majesty?" Metternich (Walter Kingsford) asks.

"The Evil One. He is trying to poison me." Tears stream down her face. "Help me to get to my husband."

It sounds so real that we forget she is playing a scene. When it is over, no one speaks. Everyone is moved.

In her dressing room, getting out of her voluminous petticoats, Bette tells us the surprising fact that her last scene has not been difficult to play.

"That's because Dieterle has such an amazing understanding of what I'm supposed to do. He plans all my action for me. I don't plan my scenes in advance. I let them work themselves out on the set. If I went around thinking about my insanity scenes, I'd go crazy.

"The really difficult thing for me," Bette says, "was learning those formal speeches. I usually learn lines by sequence of thought and my lines follow naturally. But for Carlotta, I could say them only the way they were written."

WHEN the Carlotta-Maximilian part of the schedule was finished, the Juarez part of the story began. The palaces were torn down and Mexican sets built in their place. When we visit stage 7 again, instead of Napoleon's council chamber we see an El Paso saloon. In an alcove, three men are sitting—Montares, leader of the Mexican reactionaries (Montagu Love), Uradi, vice-president under Juarez (Joseph Calleia) and a Creole, Le Marc (Louis Calhern). They are plotting to overthrow Juarez and make Uradi president.

In the background, through the latticed screen behind the three actors, we see Mexicans talking and drinking. We notice that they are acting in pantomime. This is because their voices would interfere with the words of the three actors in the foreground. When the scene is finished, the sound mixer makes a recording of their voices and laughter called a "wild track." This will be added to the dialogue later.

Now they take a close-up of Louis Calhern. He has to eat peanuts while speaking his lines. But the peanuts are too much for him. Ordinarily a one-take actor, Calhern muffs his lines. Dialogue director Irving Rapper goes over them with him. By the time Calhern has made a perfect take, he has consumed a great many peanuts. Now everyone on the set is eating peanuts.

THE man replenishing the peanuts is Pat Patterson, property man, who looks a great deal like Spencer Tracy. Patterson is kept busy fetching everything needed from a huge property trailer always on the set. Its index lists items as diverse as chicken coops, adhesive plaster and vultures.

"No matter what's called for, we've got to get it," Patterson says. "When Dieterle wanted John Garfield as Diaz, army leader, to eat Mexican corn in his prison cell, we had to scout around for it. Corn was out of season in December but there's no such word as 'can't' in the movie industry. We finally located the corn in the agricultural experimental station of the University of California, at four dollars an ear, plus postage. Garfield consumed at least a dozen ears for one scene alone and it took three days to shoot the scene.

"There were at least 10,000 separate property items in this picture and at least 1,000 hand props (those which can be carried) like letters, documents and lamps, some of which we had specially made. The rest we got from our own property department. We rented a Napoleonic coach which really belonged to the Emperor Franz Joseph and was brought over here by Eric von Stroheim for 'The Merry Widow.'"

THE exterior scenes are shot on the Warner Brothers' ranch at Calabasas in the San Fernando Valley. Here plasterers, carpenters and scenic artists have spent a month constructing a picturesque Mexican city, stretching for many acres, complete with solid stone buildings, carved wooden doors, cobbled streets and a colored-domed Cathedral.

Hundreds of Mexicans throng the streets in bright shawls, straw hats and sandals—old men, fat women, little children. You follow them into a huge square, where on the steps of a building you see the living impersonation of the Indian Juarez.

You wouldn't recognize Paul Muni. You stare at his dark red make-up, his broad cheekbones, his sleek black hair. You notice his slightly stooped shoulders, his high celluloid collar, his black frock coat. He looks every inch like the pictures of the stateman. His make-up is so complicated that his stand-in wears a rubber mask identically like Muni's make-up. But, contrary to some reports, Muni does not wear a mask. "It's done with mirrors," he smiles.

MUNI is playing one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. Uradi, taking advantage of a loophole in the constitution, has made himself president of Mexico. Juarez comes alone and unarmed to see him in his heavily guarded headquarters. Crowds follow Juarez. Uradi orders his soldiers to fire at him, but one by one they lower their rifles. Juarez turns to the crowd, saying:

"I have come here to confront Senator Uradi in the presence of you all so that you yourselves may judge which of us is honest. Command him to come out."

Uradi is afraid. "I don't dare," he says in his headquarters. "He has an awful power over crowds."

Outside, the crowd keeps calling for him. In desperation, Uradi comes out and orders Juarez arrested. "Kill the traitor!" someone cries. One of the crowd fires a gun at him. Uradi falls dead. Exultantly the crowd shouts "Viva Juarez!"

Dieterle directs all the crowd scenes himself. Standing by the camera above the crowd, he tries to get a mounting tempo. "Raise your fists like this—now 'Kill the traitor,'" he cries passionately. But too many extras shout the lines at once. Then he picks three men with loud voices to say them.

Six times they rehearse until he is satisfied and they are ready to shoot. The Mexicans play the scene to the hilt. "Viva Juarez!" they shout, throwing their straw hats in the air.

They spend the afternoon taking close-ups of Paul Muni addressing the crowd, using "booster" lights to help out the wayward sun.

So ends another day in the production of "Juarez," a picture destined to be one of the most important of the new year, because it has something to say and because it has actors, a director and a cameraman who know how to say it.

Next month you will attend the "Dailies," where you will see the scenes you have watched being taken, you will go into the cutting room and watch the editor assembling the film, you will talk to the composer and hear the orchestra recording the score and you will be present at the re-recording, where all additional sounds are added to the dialogue. You will see for yourself how a motion picture is put together in its final form before it is shown in your neighborhood theater. Watch for this sidelight on movie making in July PHOTOPLAY.

MAN'S-EYE *View!*

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 6)

the audience. The public was tired of wishy-washy comedies, of frothy love affairs. They wanted gruesome pictures and took the bogey twins to heart. Not once was the fact mentioned that the two actors taking the major rôles might, because of their histrionic ability, be responsible for the success of the films. Only superb acting can stand tests like freakish clothes, unreal parts and second showings. Since the fans seemed to enjoy Bela and Boris so much, the "theys" decided to star them both in a super-scarie. The result "The Son of Frankenstein."

There probably won't be an Academy Award for the scene where the monster pleads with unspoken touching pathos to know why he is different from a real man. But only genuine talent could convey so clearly without one word spoken the emotions of the brute. Well, perhaps the producers won't recognize talent under the make-up but the folks referred to as "the box office" do. Maybe the poor morons with their carefully calculated "twelve-year-old-minds" are smarter after all than the Hollywood superintellects.

MISS DORIS MAE CROWLEY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

BUT IT WAS A "BABY DOLL"

I AM not in favor of stark realism. I want my movies a cut above the ordinary life I live. Therefore, I don't mind if my heroine goes through a typhoon or earthquake and emerges lovely and well-groomed. I will also overlook faked backgrounds. When my hero walks through Piccadilly Circus, and I'm reasonably sure he has never been out of this country, I can put it all down to production expediency.

But, when I see a beautifully directed, sincerely performed story, such as "The Citadel" and discover the young doctor with a doll in his hands instead of a new baby, I am jarred right out of my enthusiastic mood. It was such a false note. It was just a plain, everyday hard-bodied doll, take it or leave it. If they couldn't get a baby, why show that particular scene at all? Other than that—"The Citadel" deserves all the credit it has been given.

MARJORIE MURCH,
Schenectady, N. Y.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

I READ PHOTOPLAY and think it is especially good. It lacks only one thing and that is a column for "teens." Us "teensters" want to know how to overcome certain problems, a few beauty hints, manners when going out, etc. I am quite sure many "teensters" will agree with me.

A CONSTANT READER,
Lansing, Michigan.

In next month's PHOTOPLAY *a smart little "teenster" will find lots of hints on what to do when your best beau takes you to the graduation prom — in "Young Fry Society."*

200% AMERICAN

I'M on the warpath against all producers, whose I.Q. is so low they can't imagine the American Red Man as anything but a war-painted, scalping savage. Instead of scientists (the ghouls) digging into the grave of grandfather Indian to find out how he lived in order to write it up in some musty book, producers could gain everlasting fame by taking a traveling studio and visiting the Red Man's grandchildren. Ask him to go back a hundred or more years into the legends, ceremonials and symbolism and record them for future generations. Their legends are more romantic and mystifying than any story coming out of Hollywood. Their code of honor and punishment we would do well to copy. The child mimicking Indian dancing and symbolism has no time for "Dead End" tricks. Hail to this Lochinvar who can rescue from oblivion the only real American!

MRS. VIOLET THUNDERCLOUD,
Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—I am a paleface.

HUMANIZING HEDY

NOW that she is on the tip of America's tongue, what do you say we talk a little about Hedy Lamarr?

For one thing, there's the way she's being handled in Hollywood. I was reading that while she was working on her new picture, the studio discovered that if she spoke too much, her aura of mystery and glamour was lost and it was decided to hold her lines down to a minimum in the future.

Just how long do they suppose they can keep that up without having fifty million once gaga males yawning in her screen face? Stars such as Myrna Loy retain their popularity because they're like mild wine; they but tingle the blood nicely and leave a pleasant memory. A too heavily glamorized Lamarr makes for a "heady" drink that prompts one to wonder groggily what he had seen in it all the time.

I'm not one to view with alarm, but let me point out the classic example of Marlene Dietrich. There are coincidences, too, in both stars' careers. Each made a foreign picture which served to introduce her to the American people. The first made-in-Hollywood efforts of both had closely allied localities which had loaned their names to the pictures' titles: "Morocco"—"Algiers."

In my opinion Hedy Lamarr has excellent possibilities as a star, but she must be more humanized by her studio in order to make the appreciativeness of the average movie fan last longer than the proverbial snowball in Hades.

E. PARUKA,
Chicago, Illinois.

SOMETHING NEW AND DIFFERENT!

FOR just one year I'd like to see things made hard for the producers out Hollywood way. I vote a ban on all "classics," "remakes" and Broadway plays as subjects for the directors to get busy on. Then I'd like to look in on the writers on the studio payrolls burning the midnight oil trying to think up completely original plots, just to find out if there is such a thing as an honest-to-goodness writer among the highly paid literary lights of the movie colony. They've been getting too much in the habit, lately, of dusting off books like "Huckleberry Finn," or "The Little Princess" and digging up old films, or paying fabulous sums for hits from the Great White Way. I yearn for a surprise dish to vary the same old diet of strawberry shortcake.

HELEN CUMMINGS,
Salisbury, North Carolina

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, ETC.

ERROL FLYNN reminds me of the character in "Holiday"—the one who believed that a job and money were not more important than enjoying life while young enough to do so.

I'll admit that he's a strange individual and that his convictions are not of the conservative type or apt to strike most people as being sensible, but I admire him for standing by his beliefs.

He is a very fine actor, but I have the feeling he could do more if he would get down to it. In "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol" he came nearer real characterization than ever before. I should like to see him go deeply into some good rôles, leaving the spectacular physical exhibitions alone, although he has no equal in such pictures and has brought more color, excitement and conviction to his swashbuckling rôles than any other actor.

ELLEN BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HAIL, CESAR

IF ever there was a man who could be called a "charming" villain, it's Cesar Romero. He plays the part with dash, humor and deviltry that tickles the audience. What the screen needs is a few more humorous rascals. I, for one, am glad Romero never wins the gal (though I bet that smile of his draws plenty of them in real life).

KATHLEEN HAYES,
Valier, Montana

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY'S picture story appearing on pages 40 and 41 are:

1. Three Comrades
2. Jesse James
3. Cowboy from Brooklyn
4. Oklahoma Kid
5. Valley of the Giants
6. Too Hot to Handle
7. Gold Is Where You Find It
8. Gateway
9. Just Around the Corner
10. Brother Rat
11. Blondie
12. One in a Million
13. Kentucky Moonshine
14. Tail Spin
15. Love, Honor and Behave
16. Toy Wife
17. Shining Hour
18. Shopworn Angel
19. Mad Miss Manton, The
20. Idiot's Delight

Beauty through Surgery

Continued from page 25)

to membership in several of our well-thought-of medical societies.

Many highly regarded physicians will admit, privately, that they consider this point of view obsolete: they think that a woman who really suffers from possession of an ugly nose is as worthy of the best surgical attention as one whose appearance has been ruined by an accidental scar. Yet conservative surgeons will operate in the second case, and not in the first!

The result of this is that many of the most skillful plastic surgeons refuse to operate for such frivolous reasons as beauty, and that women who insist on cosmetic surgery are denied their help. Some of the cosmetic surgeons are highly skilled, and probably as well equipped to operate as their more orthodox rivals. Others are outright quacks. And it is very hard for a layman to distinguish between the two.

Seventy-five per cent of all beauty operations, say the doctors, are performed to remove the signs of age. But there are dozens of other operations available to a woman who is dissatisfied with her appearance.

IMAGINE the entirely hypothetical case of a youngster who arrives in Hollywood with a comfortable bank account, a homely face and an insatiable desire to become beautiful, nonetheless. She is willing to spend at least $6,000 and six months of her life in becoming a beauty.

Look her over: she has a thick, stocky waist and is fifteen pounds overweight, from the camera's exacting viewpoint. Her nose is an undistinguished hump. Her eyes are narrow slits. Her mouth is too wide, and the lips are too coarse. Her skin shows signs of exposure and neglect. In spite of her youth, there is a suggestion of a double chin. Her chin itself tends to recede. Her eyelashes are short and skimpy. She wears glasses—and needs them. Her teeth are ugly and uneven. Her ears protrude. But she wants to be in pictures!

Very well: her first visit will be to the dentist, who will probably advise her to have her own teeth filed down so he can attach beautiful, gleaming porcelain caps. (This will cost her about $1,000 and will take a month or so.) Next, she must take up the problem of reducing and adopt a stringent diet. Then, she will make her first call on the cosmetic surgeon.

THE first feature which he will attack will be that nose. The doctor and the patient discuss the general outlines of the nose-to-be. If it is an ugly hump or hook type, the bridge must be broken; if only the tip needs changing, no fracture is essential.

Little Jane Doe is given a local anaesthetic and the surgeon sets to work, performing all the changes from the inside of the nose, so that no scars will ever show, but—since he has caused a hemorrhage—the young lady will find herself supplied with two of the finest black eyes she ever saw. She will spend a few days in a hospital recovering, and then take the scaffolding of bandages away to admire her beautiful new nose, which the surgeon-sculptor has designed for her.

Next—the chin. Some unfortunate women with receding chins also have buckteeth: in these cases, the operation must be followed by a straightening of the upper teeth to make them point down, instead of out, and a patient may have to wear braces for a year.

But our little aspirant to beauty has simply an Andy Gump chin, with no complicating circumstances. When she has recovered from her nose complaint, she returns to the plastic surgeon's table and is again given a local anaesthetic. This time he attacks the problem from the inside of the mouth: an incision is made between the lower teeth and the lower lip. If her trouble had been a protruding jaw, he would at this point have removed some of her jaw bone. Since the opposite is the case, he inserts into the chin a piece of ivory, cut to the needed shape, and moors it firmly into place.

The recovery from this operation will not take long and, during it, odd jobs of face-changing can be performed.

The widening of the eyes is an operation which increases the range of vision and has a certain optical value.

Little Jane Doe, in search of beauty, can have her eyes widened in five minutes in the doctor's consulting-room, and will have fully recovered, with luck, in about a week. At the outside corner of the eyes, small slits are made on both the outer and inner edges. While this operation is in progress, the doctor may tell Miss Doe about the quite similar trick worked out to correct the shape of eyes that are too round: the outer edges, in this case, are sutured together, so that they heal closed, and an oval-shaped eye results.

Another common eye-operation corrects the "sleepy" effect of drooping lids: the eyelid is cut along the top of the eyeball and some of its skin removed, a simple task.

By this time Jane Doe is beginning to shape up nicely: her greatest worry now is narrowing her mouth.

This is another consulting-room operation, which should not cut too heavily into her day. The doctor gives her a local anaesthetic and, when this has taken effect, makes two incisions on the inside of the mouth, one along the upper and one along the lower lip. Tissue is removed, if necessary, and the coarse lips made finer. At the same time, the edges of the mouth are sutured together, narrowing it. (If Miss Doe had wanted a larger mouth than she had, slits would have been made at the edges, as they were on her eyes. And if she had asked for a Cupid's bow, these would have been slanted upwards, to correct their tendency to droop.)

She is lucky in having her lips too full, rather than too narrow. The second condition can be corrected, but healing requires rather more fuss and time for the tissue is stretched, after the lip has been opened up, and scar tissue about an eighth of an inch wide is allowed to grow. Similarly, upper lips that are too short can be lengthened by dropping the lip down from the nose.

WHILE all these changes were being made, our young woman has presumably been losing weight, besides. In the past some very dangerous diets have been devised: perhaps the worst one (which peeled off twelve pounds in four days) limited the ladies to a diet of orange juice and required that they take four ounces of castor oil at bed time. The skimmed milk and banana diet was another dangerous one.

Today, Hollywood women have learned not to break down their health while they lose weight. Those whose contracts require that they shall weigh only so much at a certain date sometimes take half a dozen hot paraffin baths at the Elizabeth Arden Holly-

Rochelle Hudson and Patric Knowles in Republic's "Storm Over Bengal"

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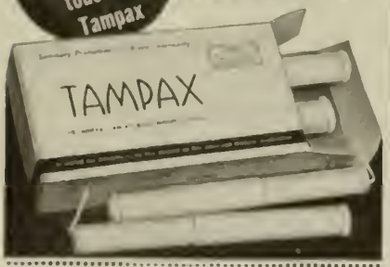

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wood salon: in these, the patient is coated with extremely hot paraffin, which closes the pores, is bundled into waxed paper and piled high with blankets and then permitted to perspire for from twenty to forty-five minutes. In a single bath, one *may* lose two to six pounds—for the time being, at least.

But most actresses, today, resort to orthodox medicine for help in this problem: probably Jane Doe will follow their example. They may resort to the Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara for three weeks and be put on a scientifically suitable diet for their particular condition: Mary Carlisle is one Cottage Hospital alumna. Joan Crawford is another who got her diet from her physician: she doesn't diet now, he says, but her friends have noticed that her luncheon is the usual lettuce leaf and that her breakfast consists of "black coffee and a gardenia," as one of them put it. "Joan sniffs the gardenia."

Our Miss Doe can take off her fifteen pounds by a physician's diet, but this may not solve the problem of that large waist of hers: for this, exercise and massage are indicated.

But if—as may be the case—her face has a sagging look and her breasts are not firm, back to the plastic surgeon.

SUPPOSE that our Miss Doe thinks that her twenty-two years are showing: she will not be, by any means, the first girl of her age to have a face-lift. What comes after the face-lift depends on which surgeon she patronizes: some recommend following an operation with a light skin peel. Most beauty surgeons, however, are opposed to peeling.

A complete face-lift consists of two operations: the "operation," which draws up the skin of the face and neck, and the eye-lift, which does away with crow's feet and wrinkles around the eyes. Either can be performed in an hour or less, and the period of recovery is less than three weeks.

Slight scars remain after these operations: tiny stitches along the lower lid are taken for the eye-lift, and these are easily concealed under the lashes. But the "face-lift" requires lifting the skin around the edges of the ear and leaves a slight scar in the hair line at the side-front. Of this you may be reasonably sure: any actress who wears her hair combed to the top of her head has not had it done!

Miss Doe may have her face lifted either in the doctor's office or in a hospital. A few days later, she will return to have the eye-lift. At the end of two or three weeks, when the stitches are out, she can face the world—or take up the question of a peel.

PEELING—sometimes called shelling—the skin removes the top layers and exposes the delicate, fresh skin underneath. Just how dangerous it is, depends largely on the formula used for peeling, and on the skin itself. Miss Doe, if she is wise, will go to her own doctor for an "allergy" test of the chemicals to be used in the formula: she will discover whether she possesses any idiosyncrasy which might make her react badly to the products used.

One of Hollywood's best-known experts is Irene Hobson, a silent picture actress herself, who now, at seventy, runs an expensive rejuvenating clinic. She includes, besides the peel, reducing diets, exercise, a course in a new outlook on life.

Miss Doe, if she comes to terms with Irene, will now disappear from the world for a month, during which time she will live at the Hobson house. Her face will be treated with a special oil and covered with a mask to prevent blisters. When the old skin has been sloughed off, and the mask removed, the baby's skin underneath will be fed and nurtured with oils until it is strong enough to stand the outside atmosphere.

If our Miss Doe had not already had a reducing course and a face-lift, she could get both of these at Irene's. The "central face-lift" used here is not, however, surgical: it shrinks the face by a lotion made from tree barks. Patients are also taught how to walk, breathe, eat properly and develop a cheerful frame of mind. Irene herself, at seventy, has snowy white hair and a young face.

One of the newer peeling methods is that used by Gloria Bristol, who has branches in both New York and Hollywood. Celebrities have come to her for the removal of freckles. And it was she, she says, who peeled the face of the Duke of Windsor at Cannes, and relieved the bags under his eyes.

The Bristol treatment requires a week or ten days out of Miss Doe's life: after her allergy tests, she appears at the salon and her face is washed with colloidal sulphur soap and swabbed with a mineral salt solution. On the second day the same solution, in much more concentrated form, is applied: the face, at this stage, swells and turns very red. Later it turns brown and gives the effect of a very bad sunburn. For three days the patient must remain indoors and she will probably prefer not to see her family or friends; on the fourth day the mask begins to crack and after one or two days more it is peeled off. Twice a week thereafter, for five weeks, the patient is given plastic masks of herbs and honey. (Such shelling treatments may cost Miss Doe $500 or more.)

SURELY now, you think, Miss Doe is ready for the casting agency. She has beautiful, gleaming teeth, a lovely nose, wide, appealing eyes, a firm, baby skin and a glorious figure. But has she?

Many girls of today suffer from sagging breasts, and this condition might still interfere with her career. Very well, then. Back to the plastic surgeon, who will re-shape the breasts, under local anaesthetic, to accord with the patient's ideal. There are three degrees of uplift possible after breast operations today, and the only scar, in most cases, is a slight one.

These operations are only mildly popular in Hollywood. You probably read of an heiress who nearly died at the birth of her child; it is said that her extreme illness was caused by the fact that her breasts had been lifted in such a way that the milk glands were out of place. This, however, is unusual.

If Miss Doe still suffers from deficiencies of figure, there is little that can be done for her: fat stomachs have been often corrected by surgery, but this drastic method is needed only for much older women, who have allowed their figures to get shockingly out of shape. And as for thick legs—nothing that anybody can do will correct them. One Hollywood aspirant permitted a surgeon to open up her legs, along the stocking seam, and to insert electric wires which burned the flesh away. It returned, however.

But our Miss Doe's ears still protrude: a few months ago, this would not have given her pause. But now, with the hair being worn high, she may wish to have them corrected, provided her face-lifting scars do not rule out this type of hair-do, anyway. Until very recently, ear operations were performed almost entirely on men. This is a very simple cosmetic surgeon's job, and leaves a scar only where the ear joins the head at the back.

In her innumerable trips to her doctor's office, Miss Doe has encountered a surprising number of men patients. In Hollywood today, more men are having their ears and noses changed than women; in New York, the percentage remains about seventy-five per cent of women to twenty-five per cent of men, but this shows a marked increase over a year or so ago.

Miss Doe is now nearly through with her beautification campaign. She has, still, however, to see her oculist.

Perhaps he will be able to correct her eye troubles by exercises: some forms of astigmatism yield to this today. Perhaps not. If he tells her that she must wear glasses, she has two courses open to her. She can wear the dark glasses, which many women wear out-of-doors in Hollywood anyway, and have them ground to fit her eyes. Or she can ask for "contact" glasses. These are invisible to the naked eye, and may be kept on for some hours at a time.

SHE has already spent from $6,000 to $11,000 making herself beautiful: what are the results going to be? That depends, almost entirely, on her talent, screen personality, willingness to work and native intelligence. None of these things can be bought by even the best-heeled young woman eager to storm the studios. And they are the most important elements of all.

For many young girls have run the gamut of the beautification experts, and got nowhere.

Plenty of girls, as beautiful by birth as any doctor could make them, have found that waiting on tables was all that Hollywood would offer them. Yet youngsters eager to make the grade continue to bring most of the business into the cosmetic surgeons' offices.

Will actresses and actors resort to artifice to keep themselves in the spotlight?

Perhaps they will. Some actresses of an earlier age did so, and with more terrible results than today's crop are apt to suffer. A former Parisian beauty, listed in the casting agencies today, plays the parts of hags and witches; she was a woman who resorted to paraffin to regain her beauty and, when it lumped under the skin, she came to the studios to make a living out of her ugliness! Other women have tried to stay young with far less disastrous results, but their hands still give them away, and no plastic surgeon knows of any operation which will restore youth to the aged hands.

And if Hollywood stars should insist, in coming years, on retaining their youthfulness, at whatever cost, they will deprive the colony of some of the most charming characters of any town: the snowy-haired old ladies whose faces show wrinkles from sixty or seventy years of rich, wise living. The great Italian actress, Duse, was a frank seventy-odd when she toured America to packed houses. Marie Dressler did not have her face lifted, and yet death caught her at the very crest of her career.

If Hollywood insists on looking young, the facilities are there. But youth, without talent, is a cheap commodity. And talent, with or without youth, is something every producer is eager to buy.

How much do you really know about make-up? If your face is too round, too long or too square do you know how to apply rouge and powder to simulate the desired shape? If you don't, you will soon learn—for the make-up men of Hollywood, the boys who can—and have—transformed plain girls into beautiful ones, will be here next month to give you the same valuable tips they have given the stars. Watch for MIRACLE MEN AT WORK in July PHOTOPLAY.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Judith Barrett in Paramount's "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 91.

1. The play in which this famous pair will star will be seen on Broadway this summer. Its title is "My Dear Children":

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire
Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore
Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March
Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas

2. This columnist is also a motion-picture producer:

Mark Hellinger *Louis Sobol*
Louella Parsons *Ed Sullivan*

3. She was elected "America's Oomph Girl" by a committee of 25 men-about-town:

Carole Lombard *Alice Faye*
Dorothy Lamour *Ann Sheridan*

4. Lew Ayres was once married to:

Andrea Leeds *Lola Lane*
Adrienne Ames *Judith Barrett*

5. Only one of these actresses is married:

Patricia Morison *Rosalind Russell*
Fay Bainter *Anita Louise*

6. Although she announced her retirement from the screen, this actress will soon be seen in another picture, "Memory of Love":

Kay Francis *Merle Oberon*
Barbara Stanwyck *Arleen Whelan*

7. This star recently celebrated both his 25th wedding anniversary and his 25th anniversary as an actor:

C. Aubrey Smith *Arthur Treacher*
Frank Morgan *Edward G. Robinson*

8. Three of these stars are married to doctors:

Claudette Colbert *Irene Dunne*
Hedy Lamarr *Evelyn Knapp*

9. This picture was kept under police guard during its production in order to maintain absolute secrecy:

Wuthering Heights
Confessions of a Nazi Spy
It Could Happen to You
Sons of Liberty

10. She is playing in the Theater Guild Production, "The Philadelphia Story" on Broadway:

Katharine Hepburn *Danielle Darrieux*
Billie Burke *Joan Crawford*

11. This young actress was discovered while selling candy in a small shop in Hollywood:

Lana Turner *Ann Rutherford*
Virginia Field *Ellen Drew*

12. Two of these actors are the fathers of twin boys:

Dick Powell *Richard Dix*
Bing Crosby *Harold Lloyd*

13. This world famous personality will soon appear in her first motion picture "Hotel for Women":

Eleanor Roosevelt *Elsa Maxwell*
Brenda Frazier *Irene Castle*

14. When this actress was a child, she acted in several pictures with Mae Murray, who wanted to adopt her:

Madge Evans *Loretta Young*
Miriam Hopkins *Carole Lombard*

15. Ten years ago this actor made a hit portraying the Cisco Kid in the first outdoor all-talking picture, "In Old Arizona"; he is now playing the same character in its sequel, "The Return of the Cisco Kid":

Ramon Novarro *Leo Carrillo*
Warner Baxter *Cary Grant*

16. Three of these stars are ex-chorus girls:

Marion Davies *Joan Crawford*
Jean Parker *Jeanette MacDonald*

17. This actor was a plumber's apprentice when he was offered a part in a stage play that led him to Hollywood:

Vincent Price *Leo Gorcey*
Frankie Thomas *Alan Marshal*

18. Because of his outstanding performance in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he was awarded a new long-term contract:

Robert Cummings *Tom Brown*
Louis Hayward *Randolph Scott*

19. Two of these actors were once commercial models:

Lewis Stone *Fredric March*
Neil Hamilton *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

20. He is termed "Czar of the Movies":

Jack Warner *Darryl Zanuck*
Will Hays *Louis B. Mayer*

ROCHELLE HUDSON, *Star of the Republic Picture, "Pride of the Navy"*

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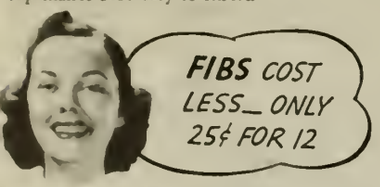

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The Dilemma of Lamarr

(Continued from page 28)

ture. There isn't a remedy for saving a film from being stillborn which they didn't employ. They stopped production and rewrote the script. They made changes in the cast. Then, growing desperately desperate, they switched directors. Mr. von Sternberg went his way, with a big sigh of relief. Mr. Borzage took over, his fingers crossed. And all the time Spencer Tracy, in a co-starring rôle, did the best he could. For the first time, however, Spencer's best was not enough.

When "I Take This Woman" was finally completed, the executives looked at it, returned grimly to their offices, despatched countless memorandums marked "Confidential and Urgent," and at last decided that it was just no dice. "I Take This Woman" was put on the shelf, temporarily at least, and, if it isn't resurrected and partly remade later on, the hundreds of thousands of dollars it cost will be noted in red in a bookkeeping column neatly marked "Overhead," or "Further Grooming of Hedy Lamarr."

It's impossible to say why Hedy's picture was put aside in this manner. Pictures have been shelved before, but not often. It may have been decided that we, the public, who have made Metro a very rich company by our patronage, deserved something better than to have a mediocre film presented to us under a smoke screen of provocative advertising. It may have been Metro's executives have pride as producers and were unwilling to fail where Walter Wanger so brilliantly succeeded.

Many of the most astute producers, directors, writers and stars agree in their analysis of Hedy's brief American career. "In 'Algiers,'" these experts will tell you, "Hedy principally had to gaze into the camera with smoldering eyes. She was the lovely, slumberous pivot around whom the story revolved. She was the woman for whom men plotted and fought. And she didn't have to do anything to make this action on the men's part plausible; her looks took care of that for her.

"But," they continue, warming up to their premise, "in 'I Take This Woman' Hedy got no such break. She played a far more practical and active character. She had many lines to read. Naturally, then, Metro didn't get the same quality from her that Wagner finagled in 'Algiers.' And what they did get instead, obviously wouldn't do."

HEDY herself is, naturally, of the utmost importance in this strange situation. Those who know her like her tremendously. But even those who have the greatest praise for her personally, disagree violently about her chances for continued screen success.

Then there are the girls who have assisted at Hedy's costume fittings. They insist she lacks the energy a motion-picture career demands. They doubt she can "work like a horse, the way stars have to." Never, those girls explain, have they seen Hedy when she hasn't complained she was tired. And they admit it is hopeless to expect her to stand for fittings the way other stars do.

Hedy dieted to get down to the proportions required on the American screen. In her European film, "Ecstasy," she was much heavier. Observe her carefully and you will see her very bones design her for a girl bigger by far than she is at present. And this wouldn't be the first time an actress has impaired her health and her energy by strenuous dieting.

IT would be unfair, however, to quote this incident and omit the thing Sally Eilers says of Hedy. Sally, who knows Hedy well, will tell you:

"She is realistic, a down-to-earth European. She's alert. She's acquisitive. Why, I have only to serve a dish that pleases her and she pounces on my cook for the recipe. Just watch her, that's all I have to say! Her eyes may be slumberous but her soul is practical. She'll work! She'll learn all the things you have to know in this business—and more besides!"

Sally, who always has seen Hollywood and its people with keen perception, unquestionably is Hedy's ardent champion. But, if you challenge her with the fact that Hedy stands in one darn difficult spot today, she will admit this is true.

Cover Fashion Note: metal buttons with acorn motif high light Bette Davis' frock of fuchsia sheer woolen. The neckline band closes with a double knot and ends in long streamers. From I. Magnin, Los Angeles

"It would," she agrees "be difficult even for a well-established star to follow a success like 'Algiers' without losing ground."

That is very true. It's important, too, to remember that a well-established star would have many more points on her side. Cameramen would have discovered exactly how to light and photograph her. Directors would know exactly how to evoke her very best work. Producers would know exactly what she could do and what she couldn't do and be guided accordingly in any story they assigned her. Also, the star herself would have learned one hundred trifling things, individually and accumulatively important, in her years of experience.

Hedy Lamarr has none of these valuable things. She's a stranger to the producers, writers, directors and photographers who guide her destiny.

It might very well be that it would have been much better for Hedy and for her producers if she never had made "Algiers." If, instead, the studio experts had continued grooming her as they have been doing since she arrived in Hollywood in 1937, and if she then had been given lesser rôles in which she could feel her way and stake her claim to a place on the screen, gradually and surely.

It's too late for Metro to pursue any such conservative course now. And it's doubtful that Hedy would tolerate it. She is none too pleased by what has transpired since she returned to the home field at dear old Culver. In fact, it's whispered that members of the press are being kept away from her, as they most definitely are, because she isn't at all inhibited about announcing that Metro doesn't know what to do with her. Also, that she doesn't know what to do with Metro.

For some time now the Culver City studios have resounded with Lamarr conferences. Following the sensational decision to put aside her film, M-G-M made plans to co-star her with Robert Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics."

Hedy is as fortunate to work with Robert Taylor as she should have been to work with Spencer Tracy. Both Bob and Spence, if need be, are capable of holding the box-office fort alone. They are the co-starring stuff that women stars ask for—and seldom get.

Remember how Norma Shearer, returning to the screen in "Marie Antoinette," after her last retirement, fortified herself with that current box-office magnet, Tyrone Power. . . .

Claudette Colbert shops for her co-star or leading man as carefully as she shops for stories. . . .

THE finest plans continue to be made for Hedy, unquestionably. Meantime, while waiting to see what the studio plans for her, Hedy has been occupying herself with romance. She commented upon Gene Markey's cosmopolitan charm, incidentally, before she knew him. And it was Joan Bennett, hearing what Hedy had said, who told her ex-husband about it one afternoon when he came over, as usual, to see their little daughter, Melinda.

That was the beginning of the romance which culminated in marriage at Mexicali a few weeks ago. For let any man know a woman is intrigued by him and immediately he is disposed towards her too—for her superb taste and discernment, if for nothing else. And there are, Heaven knows, any number of other things to be chalked up for Hedy. Black hair. Melting eyes. A mouth like a heavy poppy. And her warm promise in "Algiers."

They're still talking about Hedy at any rate, though there is a different flavor to the things they say, though there now is speculation even in those voices that used to take on a strange green tinge at the mention of her name.

Undoubtedly, that famous Hollywood hostess who discarded the idea of giving a Suppressed Desire party could give it safely now. She abandoned the idea because, as she said, "It would have no variety and, therefore, it would be no fun. For every girl who was honest about whom or what she wanted to be would come in a black wig and looking as much as possible like Hedy Lamarr!"

Hollywood suddenly appears to remember that just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one picture doesn't make a star. All of which means that Hedy's future, like so many things today, is in the crowded lap of the gods.

(Continued from page 59)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES—20th Century-Fox

BASIL RATHBONE plays *Sherlock Holmes* as if he were bored with the character. There is disappointment in this dour picture of one of Conan Doyle's better crime puzzles; it drags at the beginning, works up a pretty good suspense, and then comes to climax without letting the public in on *Sherlock's* methods. Simply, he just discovers all. Everybody lives under the shadow of an old legend, particularly Richard Greene, who plays the squire. Wendy Barrie supplies romance. Nigel Bruce is *Watson*.

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

DON'T go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk with the winnings. Charles Ruggles endeavors to resurrect his old college orchestra; wife Marjorie Rambeau gets swindled when she tries to become a great artist, and the whole family manages to squander the money. Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part.

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

IT'S a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Too bad technique and cast are not better. The idea is that Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, and while there she studies law. Then she is released, gets accomplices, and sets about revenging herself against Samuel Hinds by doing mean things for which the police can't prosecute her, since they are within the law. Part of her campaign is marrying Hind's son, Tom Neal, but things go awry when she falls in love with him. Performances throughout are adequate, but never inspired.

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

ONCE again you must decide how much you like Bob Burns before you decide whether to see this picture. You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor, but Burns does, and goes all the way to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George, as Bob's wife, tries to marry her sister off to some good Englishman, and it's all done with much slapstick. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do pretty good jobs in their small rôles. Burns' homely humor, in this setting, wears thin.

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

HOLLYWOOD is certainly hepped up over the recent spy scares. Here's one of the inevitable results. The story is what you expect it to be: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed, so she joins the intelligence service and becomes a member of a spy ring. So does reporter Allan Lane, because he has to get the story for his paper. Neither realizes the other is innocent, but they fall in love anyway. And if you think real hard you may be able to guess the ending.

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

EAST is east and west is west and occasionally the two get married, which is what Anna May Wong and Akim Tamiroff want to do in this chilling mellerdrammer. Akim takes a beating throughout, being shot once and killed off at last. He's king of the Chinatown area and Anna is a doctor who is trying to get money to help Chinese war refugees. There's plenty of action, a lot of mystery, and one or two scenes are good enough to keep you on the edge of your seat.

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

HEREWITH a delicately wrought love story, with several distinctly fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. The important thing about this picture is that it presented a terrific difficulty to both director and cast; and both have come through magnificently. Each movement, each sequence, is full of little recognizable human details. It begins on board ship; Charles Boyer, playboy, is on his way to New York to marry an heiress. Irene Dunne, ex-cafe singer, is going home to marry her rich boss, Lee Bowman. Boyer and Irene meet, fall in love; and their emotion is crystallized in Madeira when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya. Charles believes he needs six months of freedom to find out if he can become a successful painter, and Irene agrees to wait. The months go by, Boyer's plans work out. But Irene is crippled in an automobile accident an hour before she is to meet him. The doctors cannot be sure she will ever walk again, and until she finds out she refuses to get in touch with Charles, who thinks she has jilted him. Both Miss Dunne and Boyer give fine, clear portrayals. Leo McCarey's direction is unequalled. The portion of this film devoted to the Madeira incident is completely stolen by Maria Ouspenskaya, whose work is extraordinary.

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A LITTLE more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition and possessed of a new poise, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success right onto the gravy train. The piece has great charm, an innocuous but diverting story, excellent production, of course, and well spotted music. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters, in the same locale as the other picture boasted. Both Nan and Helen are in love with the same man, nice William Lundigan, but he proposes to Nan; Deanna, determined to fix everything up, drags in Robert Cummings to console Helen. Instead, it's Nan who likes him. The mess to which all this adds up is properly blamed on Deanna. Surprise of the picture is Cummings, cast in a rôle demanding a good deal of casual charm. He does very well, indeed. Charles Winninger has a splendid bit as the father. Deanna sings some fine old chestnuts beautifully.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly—to Ireland! (*May*)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This has a message—a message to the medicos to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is cute as the hard-boiled nurse out for a rich husband, Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic surgeon. Una Merkel, Mary Howard and Ann Rutherford are the three other gals. (*April*)

GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE—M-G-M

The acting is what counts in this, people, not the story. That's about a man (Franchot Tone) who dates a little Swiss scullery maid (Franciska Gaal) in order to see the rich beauty Franciska works for. What a Gaal comes through with flying colors, as cute as a kitten. (*March*)

GOING PLACES—Warners

Dick Powell is cast as the innocuous young hero who sings, watches the races and falls in love with Anita Louise. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story, just go to hear her—and Louis Armstrong's trumpet. (*March*)

★ GREAT MAN VOTES, THE—RKO-Radio

A political satire on the prohibition and "boss" era, this has an original story, understanding direction and the superb portrayal of John Barrymore who outacts even himself. Playing a widowed historian addicted to the bottle, he rehabilitates himself with the help of Virginia Weidler and little Peter Holden (in "On Borrowed Time"). You could ask little more of a picture. (*March*)

★ GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are the swashbuckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous *Gunga Din*. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (*April*)

★ HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (*April*)

★ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (*May*)

★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (*April*)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (*May*)

★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

The story of the famous Ozark outlaw embellished with all the romantic trappings (including Technicolor) at Darryl Zanuck's command. Tyrone Power as the bad man, Nancy Kelly as his wife, Henry Fonda as his brother, Randy Scott, Henry Hull and a host of others tear through the best combination of a cops and robbers bang-up Western you ever cheered through. (*March*)

★ KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Ye old Southern feuding between two aristocratic horsey families is brought to an end by a boy loves girl (Loretta Young vs. Richard Greene) angle, but despite the old plot you will revel in the magnificent Technicolor shots of the Blue Grass country, the Kentucky Derby and the southern atmosphere in general. An orgy for horse lovers. (*March*)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (*April*)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically manning their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman, as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (*May*)

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LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives you his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-el. All action takes place on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal

Detectives Preston Foster and Frank Jenks manage to trace a blackmail note through a labyrinth of guests at a house party, undeterred by murders and kidnapings. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene. (*March*)

★ LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (*April*)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (*May*)

★ LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the Technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (*May*)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the *Lone Wolf*) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (*April*)

★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (*April*)

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new bunny, playing an American cherine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (*May*)

★ MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (*April*)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the *Higgins* family, *Pa* (James Gleason), *Ma* (Lucile Gleason) and *Son* (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying *Grandpa* (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (*May*)

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

Another series, boys, and nothing to hold your hats over. It has Bonita Granville playing sleuth when a rich graduate of her school is kidnaped before she can endow a swimming pool. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting rôles. (*March*)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr., helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (*April*)

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwy Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself! It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (*May*)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (*April*)

★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

Bing Crosby is a rich cowboy who has quite a to-do making up his mind whether to marry a Paris divorcee (Shirley Ross), or a little peasant wench (Franciska Gaal). The Bing has developed what might be called "Crosbian humor," dry, happy and superbly modern, and Franciska Gaal has plenty of sex with a smile. Elegant. (*March*)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnapings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (*April*)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (*April*)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His doorstep daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (*May*)

SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox

Mother England's highest paid movie star cavorting around as the leader of a vaudeville troupe touring the Thames countryside. Gracie Fields has to be seen to be appreciated; both her comedy and her singing are simply corking. She has fun and so will you. (*March*)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (*April*)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (*May*)

★ STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (*April*)

★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

A well-knit fast-action story laid against the ructious background of slavery and the rivalry between the old stagecoaches and the new railroads in Maryland. Robert Taylor is handsomely cast as the proud young Southerner, Florence Rice is sweet, Wallace Beery is tough, Helen Broderick is humorous—the whole shebang is great stuff. (*March*)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anticlimaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (*April*)

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

Bean porridge in the pot, quite, quite cold. Ken Murray and Johnny Downs are the small-town jitterbugs in the big city who find success, go back to home sweet home to start a garage. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching. (*March*)

★ TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (*April*)

★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners

You may feel that the "Dead End" kids need a bath and a spanking, but here they are again, slit-eyed as ever, co-starring with Warner's new find, John Garfield, in a suspenseful tale of a petty crooked prize fighter. Ann Sheridan adds plenty of uumph and Garfield lives up to his reputation magnificently. (*March*)

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

You might recall that this is the story of *Tom* and *Huck Finn* on *Uncle Silas'* farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. This was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but things aren't as they used to be. (*March*)

TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

This is a dishful of whip cream for them that likes it. Roland Young again plays his bewildered whimsical banker, Billie Burke again flutters through as his dissatisfied wife, Alan Mowbray is again the humorous butler and Connie Bennett is again the ghostly heckling friend in need. The process shots have novelty value. (*March*)

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TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (*May*)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (*May*)

★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

Here's another American documentary film which the Warners do so well. This has the additional virtue of a good love triangle (John Payne, George Brent and Olivia de Havilland) merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. The crash and stunt sequences are fine and dandy. (*March*)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (*May*)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescort can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (*April*)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the daughter who reacts too completely to her liberal mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (*April*)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a smalltime circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (*May*)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What *will* Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (*April*)

★ ZAZA—Paramount

Gloria Swanson originally emoted in this melodrammer of the woes of a French musical star who falls in love with a man who she discovers is already a husband and a father. This has been heavily censored, but the charm of Claudette Colbert and the splendid cast, headed by Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and others, make it important. (*March*)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 87 with these correct ones:

1. Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore
2. Mark Hellinger
3. Ann Sheridan
4. Lola Lane
5. Fay Bainter
6. Kay Francis
7. Frank Morgan
8. Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Evelyn Knapp
9. "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
10. Katharine Hepburn
11. Ellen Drew
12. Richard Dix, Bing Crosby
13. Elsa Maxwell
14. Loretta Young
15. Warner Baxter
16. Marion Davies, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford
17. Leo Gorcey
18. Robert Cummings
19. Neil Hamilton, Fredric March
20. Will Hays

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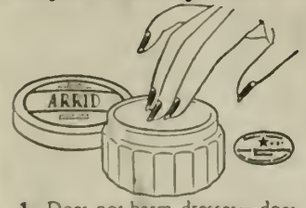

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Casts of Current Pictures

"BROADWAY SERENADE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Lederer. From an original story by Lew Lipton, John Trotter Foote and Hans Kraly. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: *Mary Hale*, Jeanette MacDonald; *James Gregory Seymour*, Lew Ayres; *Larry Bryant*, Ian Hunter; *Cornelius Collier*, Frank Morgan; *Joey, the Jinx*, Wally Vernon; *Judy Tyrrell*, Rita Johnson; *Pearl*, Virginia Grey; *Bill*, William Gargan; *Harriet Ingold*, Katharine Alexander; *Herman*, Al Shean; *Mrs. Dixon*, Esther Dale; *Gene*, Franklin Pangborn; *Forrest*, E. Allyn Warren; *Reynolds*, Paul Hurst; *Mr. Fellowes*, Frank Orth; *Mrs. Fellowes*, Esther Howard; "*Squeaker*," Leon Belasco; *Kitty, the Maid*, Kitty McHugh; *Singer*, Kenneth Stevens.

"DODGE CITY"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: *Wade Hatton*, Errol Flynn; *Abbie Irving*, Olivia de Havilland; *Ruby Gilman*, Ann Sheridan; *Jeff Surrett*, Bruce Cabot; *Joe Clemens*, Frank McHugh; *Rusty Hart*, Alan Hale; *Matt Cole*, John Litel; *Dr. Irving*, Henry Travers; *Colonel Dodge*, Henry O'Neill; *Yancey*, Victor Jory; *Lee Irving*, William Lundigan; *Tex Baird*, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; *Harry Cole*, Bobs Watson; *Mrs. Cole*, Gloria Holden; *Munger*, Douglas Fowley; *Mrs. Irving*, Georgia Caine; *Surrett's Lawyer*, Charles Halton; *Bud Taylor*, Ward Bond; *Mrs. McCoy*, Cora Witherspoon; *Orth*, Russell Simpson; *Barlow*, Monte Blue.

"EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen story by David Butler and Herbert Polesie. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Donny Martin*, Bing Crosby; *Mary Wilson*, Joan Bloudell; *Nicky*, Mischa Auer; *Mona Barrett*, Irene Hervey; *Claudius DeWolf*, Jerome Cowan; *Cyrus Barrett, Jr.*, Robert Kent; *Cyrus Barrett, Sr.*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Baby Barrett*, Sandy Henville.

"HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Adapted from the book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: *Sir Henry Baskerville*, Richard Greene; *Sherlock Holmes*, Basil Rathbone; *Beryl Stapleton*, Wendy Barrie; *Dr. Watson*, Nigel Bruce; *James Mortimer, M. D.*, Lionel Atwill; *Barryman*, John Carradine; *Frankland*, Barlowe Borland; *Mrs. Jenifer Mortimer*, Beryl Mercer; *John Stapleton*, Morton Lowry; *Sir Hugo Baskerville*, Ralph Forbes; *Cabby*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. Barryman*, Eily Malyon; *Convict*, Harry Cording; *Mrs. Hudson*, Mary Gordon; *Roderick*, Peter Willes; *Shepherd*, Ivan Simpson; *Bruce*, John Burton; *Jon*, Dennis Green; *Edwin*, Evan Thomas.

"I'M FROM MISSOURI"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Duke Atteberry. Based on stories by Homer Croy and Julian Street. Directed by Theodore Reed. The Cast: *Sweeney Bliss*, Bob Burns; *Julie Bliss*, Gladys George; *Lola Pike*, Judith Barrett; *Joel Street*, William Henry; *Duke of Warrington (Mr. Arthur)*, E. E. Clive; *Duchess of Warrington (Mrs. Arthur)*, Doris Lloyd; *Captain Brooks-Bowen*, Barry Mackay; *Mrs. Allison Hamilton Crispin*, Patricia Morison; *Colonel Hastings*, Lawrence Grossmith; *Hearne*, Melville Cooper; *Hearne's Wife*, Dennic Moore; *General Starbuck*, Tom Dugan; *Charley Shook*, Spencer Charters; *Walt Bliss*, James Burke.

"KID FROM TEXAS, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Florence Ryerson, Edgar Allan Woolf and Albert Mannheimer. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Original story by Milton Merlin and Byron Morgan. The Cast: *William Quincy Malone*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Margo Thomas*, Florence Rice; *Bertie Thomas*, Anthony Allan; *Aunt Minetta*, Jessie Ralph; "*Snifty*," Buddy Ebsen; "*Okay*" *Kinney*, Virginia Dale; "*Duke*" *Hastings*, Robert Wilcox; *Stanley Brown*, Jack Carson; *Mable*, Helen Lynd; *Farr*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Adam Lambert*, Tully Marshall.

"KING OF CHINATOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Irving Reis. Based on a story by Herbert Biberman. Director, Nick Grinde. The Cast: *Dr. Mary Ling*, Anna May Wong; *Frank Baturin*, Akim Tamiroff; *The Professor*, J. Carroll Naish; *Pip Harrigan*, Roscoe Karns; *Mike Gordon*, Anthony Quinn; *Dolly Warren*, Bernadene Hayes; *Robert Li*, Philip Ahn; *Dr. Chang Ling*, William Law; *Potatoes*, Ray Mayer; *Heath*, Alex Pollard; *Barber*, Sam Ash; *Dr. Jones*, Charles Trowbridge; *Interne*, Archie Twitchell; *Detective*, George Anderson.

"LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Based on a story by Rowland Brown. Directed by Alexander Hall. The Cast: *Marty Black*, George Raft; *Penelope "Penny" Hollis*, Ellen Drew; *Mousey Johnson*, Hugh Herbert; *Dulcey Lee*, ZaSu Pitts.

"LOVE AFFAIR"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Mildred Cram and Leo McCarey. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Leo McCarey. The Cast: *Terry*, Irene Dunne; *Michel*, Charles Boyer; *Grandmother*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Kenneth Bradley*, Lee Bowman; *Lois Clarke*, Astrid Allwyn; *Maurice Cobert*, Maurice Moscovich.

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"SOCIETY LAWYER"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett, Leon Gordon and Hugo Butler. Based on the Arthur Somers Roche story "Penthouse." Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Christopher Durant*, Walter Pidgeon; *Pat Abbott*, Virginia Bruce; *Tony Gazotti*, Leo Carrillo; *Jim Crellman*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Phil Siddall*, Lee Bowman; *Sue Leonard*, Frances Mercer; *Judy Barton*, Ann Morriss; *Layton*, Herbert Mundin; *Lieut. Stevens*, Frank M. Thomas; *Max*, Edward S. Brophy; *Alf*, Tom Kennedy; *Mr. Leonard*, Clarence Kolb; *Henry T. Adams*, Pierre Watkin; *Schmidt*, Ian Wolfe; *Murtock*, Paul Guilfoyle; *City Editor*, Joseph Crehan.

"STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Original story by Ray Harris. Directed by Irving Cummings. The Cast: *Alexander Graham Bell*, Don Ameche; *Mrs. Bell*, Loretta Young; *Thomas Watson*, Henry Fonda; *Gardner Hubbard*, Charles Coburn; *Thomas Sanders*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Hubbard*, Spring Byington; *Gertrude Hubbard*, Sally Blane; *Grace Hubbard*, Polly Ann Young; *Berta Hubbard*, Georgiana Young; *George Sanders*, Bobs Watson; *Barrows*, Russell Hicks; *Chauncey Smith*, Paul Stanton; *President Western Union*, Jonathan Hale; *Queen Victoria*, Beryl Mercer; *Judge*, Harry Davenport; *Mrs. MacGregor*, Elizabeth Patterson; *George Pollard*, Charles Trowbridge; *Mrs. Winthrop*, Jan Duggan; *Landlady*, Claire Du Brey; *Joe Eliot*, Harry Tyler; *D'Arcy*, Ralph Remley; *Mrs. Sanders*, Zeffie Tilbury.

"STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the life story of Irene and Vernon Castle, internationally famous dancers. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: *Vernon Castle*, Fred Astaire; *Irene Foote Castle*, Ginger Rogers; *Lew Fields*, Himself; *Walter*, Walter Brennan; *Maggie Sutton*, Edna May Oliver; *Mrs. Foote*, Janet Beecher; *Dr. Foote*, Robert Strange; *Papa Aubel*, Monty Woolley; *Claire Forde*, Frances Mercer; *Hotel Manager*, Donald MacBride; *Plump Young*, Sonny Lamont; *R. R. Conductor*, Dick Elliott; *Bell Hop*, James Adamson.

"SUDDEN MONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis Foster. Based on a play by Milton Lazurus. Directed by Nick Grinde. The Cast: *Sweeney Patterson*, Charles Ruggles; *Elsie Patterson*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Grandpa Casey Patterson*, Charley Grapewin; "*Doc*" *Finney*, Broderick Crawford; *Junior Patterson*, Billy Lee; *Mary Patterson*, Evelyn Keyes; *Eddie Dunn*, Philip Warren; *Polo*, Joyce Mathews; *Johnny Jordon*, Richard Denning; *Ellen*, Mary Parker; *Mr. Hinds*, Richard Tucker; *McPherson*, James Burke; *Mr. Wixby*, Charles Halton; *Miss Perkins*, Ethel Wales; *Professor Tito*, Alex Melesh; *Phil*, John Gallaudet; *Butch*, John Kelly; *Herbie*, Homer Dickinson; *Joe*, Joe Yule; *Peewee*, Billy Engle; *Mr. Jordan*, Douglas Wood; *Diamond*, Eddie Marr; *Duke*, Mack Gray; *Ted*, Donald Kerr; *Sam*, William B. Davidson; *Gamblers* Stanley Price, Dick Elliott, Robert Brister.

"THEY MADE HER A SPY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Machael Kanin and Jo Pagano. Story by George Bricker. Directed by Jack Hively. The Cast: *Irene*, Sally Eilers; *Huntley*, Allan Lane; *Dr. Krull*, Fritz Leiber; *Major Shaw*, Frank M. Thomas; *Col. Page*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Brock*, Addison Richards; *Ben*, Larry Blake; *Col. Wilson*, Pierre Watkin; *Gillian*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Lucius*, Spencer Charters; *Ella*, Leona Roberts; *Beldon*, Charles Halton; *Canby*, Alec Craig.

"THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning and Hans Rameau. Directed by Henry Koster. The Cast: *Penny*, Deanna Durbin; *Joan*, Nan Grey; *Kay*, Helen Parrish; *Judson Craig*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Craig*, Nella Walker; *Richard*, William Lundigan; *Harry*, Robert Cummings; *Binns*, Ernest Cossart.

"WITHIN THE LAW"—M-G-M.—Based on a play by Bayard Veiller. Screen play by Charles Lederer and Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by Gustav Machaty. The Cast: *Mary Turner*, Ruth Hussey; *Richard Gilder*, Tom Neal; *Joe Garson*, Paul Kelly; *Cassidy*, William Gargan; "*English Eddie*," Paul Cavanagh; *Agnes*, Rita Johnson; *Mr. Gilder*, Samuel S. Hinds; *June*, Lynne Carver; *George Demarest*, Sidney Blackmer; *Helen Morris*, Jo Ann Sayers; *Saleswoman*, Ann Morriss; "*Red*," James Burke; *Inspector Burke*, Donald Douglas; *McGuire*, Cliff Clark; *Art Dealer*, Claude King.

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"—SAM GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. From the novel of the same name by Emily Brontë. Directed by William Wyler. The Cast: *Cathy*, Merle Oberon; *Heathcliff*, Laurence Olivier; *Edgar*, David Niven; *Ellen Dean*, Flora Robson; *Dr. Kenneth*, Donald Crisp; *Hindley*, Hugh Williams; *Isabella*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Joseph*, Leo G. Carroll; *Judge Linton*, Cecil Humphreys; *Lockwood*, Miles Mander; *Robert*, Romaine Callender; *Earnshaw*, Cecil Kellaway; *Heathcliff (as a child)*, Rex Downing; *Cathy (as a child)*, Sarita Wooton; *Hindley (as a child)*, Douglas Scott.

"ZENOBIA"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Corey Ford. Story by Walter DeLeon and Arnold Belgard, from "Zenobia's Infidelity" by H. C. Bunner. Directed by Gordon Douglas. The Cast: *Dr. Tibbitt*, Oliver Hardy; *Professor McCrackle*, Harry Langdon; *Mrs. Tibbitt*, Billie Burke; *Mrs. Carter*, Alice Brady; *Jeff Carter*, James Ellison; *Mary Tibbitt*, Jean Parker; *Virginia*, June Lang; *Attorney Culpepper*, Olin Howland; *Judge*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Zero*, Stepin Fetchit; *Dehlia*, Hattie McDaniels; *Zeke*, Phillip Hurlic; *Mr. Dover*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Sheriff*, Clem Bevans; *Farmer*, Chester Conklin; *Butcher*, Tommy Mack; *Court Clerk*, Robert Dudley; *The Hall Johnson Choir*, Themselves.

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